

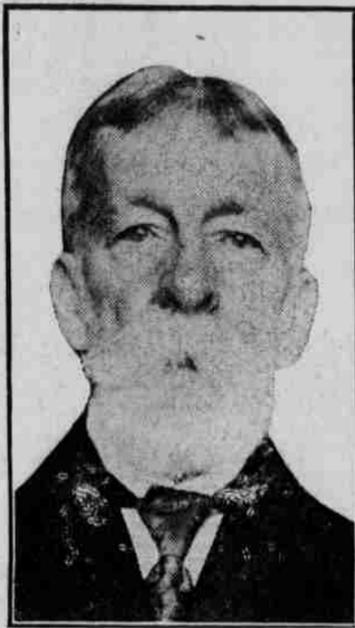
BROTHER CHARLES P.

HAS GREATLY AIDED WM. H. TAFT
IN RACE FOR FAME.

Cincinnati Editor Is a Man of Hobbies,
the Biggest of Which Is the Re-
publican Candidate for
President.

Cincinnati.—In a quiet corner office of a high building which he owns, in this city, with only a bookkeeper to keep him company, you will find any day, when he is not in New York looking at old masters and porcelains a quiet, slim, white bearded man. But for him William H. Taft might never have gone to the Philippines or become secretary of war or a candidate for president.

"Did we beat the P— on the baseball extra last night?" Charles P. Taft



Charles P. Taft.

calls downstairs to the editor of the newspaper which he owns. He enjoys his newspaper which has as lively headlines as any in the middle-west. Baseball interests him equally with Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshuas. He owns a large interest in the Cincinnati baseball club, in the gas works and the street car lines, in the leading hotel and the opera house, not to mention much real estate; or rather, he and his wife together. Her fortune he has multiplied.

One day the editor told him of a smart baseball reporter who was looking wistfully at a broken down league team and sighing for capital. "How much do you want?" Charles P. asked the reporter. "One hundred thousand dollars." "Very good," said Charles P., who had been watching that young man for a year. "We'll go into partnership." A quiet man who makes business deals in this fashion naturally needs only a bookkeeper, and when he wants a stenographer he can send for one downstairs in the editor's office.

Everything the "Herr Doktor," as he was called among his fellow American students at Hiedelberg, has touched since he came home from finishing his education in Germany seems to have turned into money or art. He has been a Republican, mostly with the local boss, though sometimes against him. On the boardings of the city he has been cartooned villainously as a sinister "interest," and smiled over it and bought another china jar. In matters of music and art, Cincinnati agrees that he is her foremost citizen. "How do you like the interior of the hotel?" he asks the visitor from out of town, for Charles P. looked to the mural decorations in person. They are deservedly praised.

In the evening he goes to an old-fashioned house, once the Longworths', whose domestic establishment is maintained for less than that

of many houses occupied by a man of one-twentieth his income. But no one of moderate means could afford such furnishings. To be vulgar about it, there are well over a million dollars' worth of art treasures in the Taft home.

ONLY WOMAN CABBY IN RUSSIA.

Received Rough Treatment at First,
But Is Now Popular.

Moscow.—Russia can boast only one feminine "cabby." This phenomenon is to be found in Moscow. She is dark, fat and 50—and her name is Anna Petrovna.

Moscow is more conservative than even other Russian towns—therefore, when she began to drive a sledge people called her "bezobrazju" or senseless. She took to cab driving to support her family. Her husband, a mason, was injured years ago by falling from some scaffolding. This winter her only son, who kept the family-pot boiling by cab driving, died of typhoid. She followed his coffin to the snow-clad cemetery without the town and on her return home went to the little stable for the horse. Once, when still a well-to-do peasant's daughter, she knew how to drive. She harnessed the horse, put on her dead son's cap and added cloak and drove to the open space near the Kremlin where drivers wait for fares. The plucky woman was greeted by a chorus of jeers from the men already on the rack and the crowd which collected plied her with questions, satirical compliments and snowballs. As nobody had the courage to take a sledge which attracted so much attention Anna Petrovna returned home that night without having obtained a single passenger and the little horse got straw instead of oats or his supper. It is to be feared that 'ts new owner got still less. But next morning she returned to the Kremlin, greatly to the joy of the crowd.

Her first fare was a short-sighted general from the provinces who did not realize he was being driven by a woman till he reached his destination and was proud to think his new uniform attracted so much attention. He was so angry when he discovered the ruth that he gave Anna Petrovna only half the amount he had bargained for (there are no fixed fares in Russia so that you can go as far for a cent as for a dollar if you possess the necessary talent for haggling) and told her to go home and cook her husband's dinner. "I've got to earn it first, excellency," was her spirited retort, which so pleased one of the spectators that he hired her for a long course.

But "Senseless" Anna's troubles were not over. The cabbies at the Kremlin swore revenge. First they tried to make her drunk and, when that failed, spread a report among the loafers that she would give a bottle of vodka to the first man who hired her before noon next day. When she drove to the stand next morning she was besieged by would-be passengers and the four strongest, who fought their way into her sledge, ordered her to drive to a vodka shop at the other end of the town, thinking it best to get as long a drive as possible for nothing. Of course, on arriving at their destination they demanded the vodka. On her indignant refusal they set about pulling the sledge to pieces and cutting the harness. The poor woman fought them lustily, receiving several cuts on her face and losing several teeth. At last the police interfered and the whole party was taken to the depot. Anna Petrovna told her story so well that she was discharged.

Before many hours were over all Moscow had heard of the woman cabby and all Moscow went to look at her. She quickly became the most popular person in the town. New harness was bought for her by subscription and it was considered "the thing" to be driven about by Anna Petrovna. She has now bought a second horse and piles so good a trade that, were it not for the fear of sharing the rough treatment she got at first, other women would follow her example.

CARE OF SOFT-WOOD FLOOR.

Method Advocated by Writer in Suburban Life.

A soft-wood floor can be made just as attractive and as easily kept clean as a hardwood floor, according to Suburban Life. I have used the following method with success on my floors: First, the floor must be thoroughly cleaned, then planed smooth and the cracks filled. An excellent preparation for filling cracks is made as follows: Put some sawdust in a dish, and pour enough boiling water over it to cover it, and let it stand until it is almost pulpy, stirring occasionally. When the sawdust has reached this stage, put it over a fire and boil until it is about the same consistency as good paste. Strain off all moisture, and add enough thin glue-water to soften a little. Press this into the cracks between boards and let it harden. The next step is to go over the surface of the floor with a good, ready prepared wood-filler, which may be bought of any dealer in varnishes. When the filler has dried, apply several coats of floor varnish. To keep such floors clean, all that is needed is a daily brushing over with a broom, over which there has been slipped a cheesecloth bag, and an occasional wiping over with linseed oil, applied sparingly, and rubbed in with the grain of the wood.

BEST FORM OF WHITEWASH.

German Preparation Is Declared to Be Waterproof.

A formula for a whitewash which can be applied to lime walls and which afterward becomes waterproof, so as to bear washing, is given by a German paper. Resenckek of Munich, mixes together the powder from three parts of silicious rock (quartz), three parts of broken marble and sandstone, also two parts of burned porcelain clay, with two parts of freshly slaked lime, still warm. In this way a wash is made which forms a silicate if often wetted becoming after a time almost like stone. The four constituents mixed together give the ground color, to which any pigment that can be used with lime is added. It is applied quite thickly to the wall or other surface, let dry one day and the next day frequently covered with water, which makes it waterproof. This wash can be cleansed with water without losing any of its color; on the contrary, each time it gets harder, so that it can even be brushed, while its porosity makes it look soft. The wash, or calcimine, can be used for ordinary purposes, as well as for the finest painting. A so-called fresco surface can be prepared with it in a dry way.

Maple Sugar Cake.

Put one pound of shaved maple sugar, one-half of a pound of butter and four-tablespoonfuls of milk in a saucepan; let it cook slowly until the butter is melted; take from the fire and cool slightly, but add while still hot one-half of an ounce (one tablespoonful) of ground ginger and three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour. Beat thoroughly, add a heaping tablespoonful of baking powder and bake in thin sheets. This quantity of flour will be too much for spring wheat, but I should add a little at a time until the cake is the proper consistency. This is very rich and delicious, but should be used while warm.

More flour may be added to the same batter, the baking powder omitted; the dough after being well worked may be rolled thin, cut in small cakes and baked in a moderate oven.

Baked Eggplant.

Drop the eggplant in hot water and simmer five minutes; remove it, cut into halves lengthwise, and take out the inside; chop this, add an equal part of soft bread crumbs, a small cup of chopped nuts, and seasoning of salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits. Heap the two shells and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes, basting with melted butter mixed with hot water.

HAZY.



Publisher—The third chapter in this manuscript is so blurred I can't make it out.

Author—Yes; that is where I used London atmosphere. That is the fog, you know.

ITCHING HUMOR ON BOY

His Hands Were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over Body—Cured in 4 Days By Cuticura.

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were nothing but a solid mass of this itching disease. I purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him and took the Cuticura Ointment and anointed him with it. I did this every evening and in four nights he was entirely cured. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 208 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

Not the Chair.

He was a collector for an installment house, new at the business, and sensitive about performing an unpleasant duty. He was particularly embarrassed because the lady upon whom he had called to perform this unpleasant duty was so exceedingly polite. Still, the van was at the door, the lady was in arrears in her payments, and he remembered his duty.

"Good morning," said the lady. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

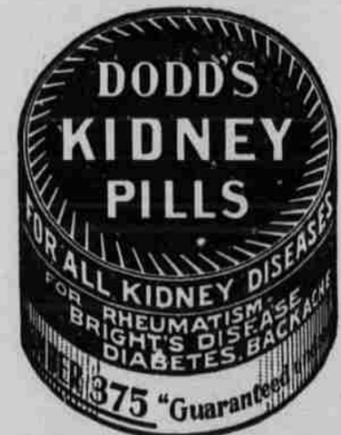
"Beautiful," he agreed. "Won't you take a chair?" she said. "Er—no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I've come to take the piano!"—Exchange.

Readjusted Conditions.

"Do you think these trusts and mergers have put the great capitalists on terms of friendship?"

"Not as a rule," answered Dustin Stax. "It has simply brought the fighting to closer range."—Washington Star.

The place should not honor the man, but the man the place.—Agesilaus.



ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

If you suffer, call or write me at once and learn of something you will be grateful for the rest of your life. R. V. J. R. RADER, 823 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.