

Colds Colds

Cold after cold, cough after cough. One cold no sooner cured than another one comes. It's a bad habit, this taking-cold habit. What you want is a medicine that will break up this habit, heal inflamed membranes, strengthen weak tissues. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ask your doctor if Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is not just the right medicine for such cases. He knows all about it. Then follow his advice.

BIG BILL TAFT ON THE PLATFORM

(Written for The Capital Journal by Robert Lee Dunn.)

There was a small crowd of men gathered at a wayside station on a mountain a few weeks ago, standing in the chill wind awaiting the coming of a westbound train. The train was late but the crowd was patient and expectant. They had heard that the secretary of war, the probable next president of the United States was aboard and they were anxious to get just a sight of him. They hoped for no more. That was enough to satisfy them. If he never came that way again they could always say they had seen Bill Taft, and some of them had come ten miles in seasons, over awful roads, for that purpose. The train usually stopped only long enough for the conductor to dash into the telegraph office, scratch his name, train number and time in a book, get his orders and then signal to the engineer to pull out. But fate willed that the train despatcher should see fit to stop differently with the train that day.

profoundly embarrassed and said nervously in self defence. "Hello, there." "Hello, son Glad to see you. What's your name?" "Jake Miller." "Shucks, it's Skinny, ain't it fellows?" interposed Jake's best friend. "Well, Skinny, we would make a pair, wouldn't we?" "You're not as big as I thought you be, Mister Taft," observed a man at the left. "That's not my fault. I eat often and I eat lots," answered the distinguished visitor. The crowd laughed.

"Goin' to make up a speech?" asked another of Skinny's friends. "Say, do you know," answered the big man shaking his head sadly, "my friend, the brakeman, here, must not like this town. I could have fixed up a nice little speech for you but at the last stop we made he told me that was the only place they wanted a good speech and I gave it to them. You'll have to send over and get it or else take it out of the brakeman or the railroad company, but I heard a good story the other day—" He told the story, then another and when the engine bell began to ring he climbed on the car step and stood there waving his hand back at the laughing crowd until they were lost to view by a group of trees.

"By George, this township's gone Democratic since the war," observed the grain elevator boss, "but I bet my old hat she's straight Republican this trip."

If I were searching for a finer example of the manner in which William H. Taft comes in contact with the great American public, I could not find it. This is typical of his way, no matter whether it be a crowd of farmers at the wayside or a large body of distinguished men in evening dress at some club banquet.

He goes straight to the front always with the same frank, plain manner, never a careless bonhomie, because he knows he is among friends, never a guarded suavity because he is certain he is among enemies. The people are fellow Americans if at home, and fellow human beings if abroad and he makes no attempt to impose on them, sincerely believing that since he is absolutely honest in his own facts and promises that he will be on pleasant ground with every honest man among them and as to what the dishonest may do or think he does not care the snap of his finger.

Indoors his approach to the stand

is never an easy matter unless there is a private entrance. Nine out of ten times he must come through the crowd and never will they have left quite enough room for him to pass. One meeting I recall, the place was packed like figs in a basket, with a little bit of a narrow aisle between humanity laden chairs leading from the side door to the rostrum.

The secretary stopped, looked at the path and at the people nearest to him.

"Some of you have got to come out before I come in. I am two-man wide and it don't help matters if I try to go sideways. Also, I warn you not to get stepped on."

"Suppose we carry you up," suggested the nearest man, a big brawny Irishman.

"Thank you, but I want you to stay and hear my speech, and that will be hard enough even for a husky fellow like you."

If he is late, which is very seldom, for he believes in being on time, it is impossible to persuade him to enter and interrupt the speaker then on the platform. He always defers to the rights of the man who has the floor. When he reaches the platform he seems disinclined to march to the place of honor always reserved for him, glancing about to see if he cannot find some one else more worthy to fill it. That is one great fault his friends find with him, while he is impregnable in his determinations and always sure of his opinions and policies, he believes there are so many other, greater, wiser and better men around him that he is willing to put himself at constant disadvantage.

Past experience has taught him to be careful of his chairs. He always settles into them guardedly. Many a fine old piece of furniture has gone on for years supporting human frames and earning respect and affection from its owners, its weaknesses never suspected until Secretary Taft has come along and deposited his three hundred pounds on it. Then it has been retired.

A curiosity vendor in Manila was offering a chair for sale, its claims for unusual price being that it was the one which Taft sat on when he opened the Philippine congress. Gov. Smith, who happened to sit next to Mr. Taft on this particular occasion, listened thoughtfully to the Spaniard's picture of the glory that must hang around it in years to come.

"I'll take it," said the governor. "It's all right about the souvenir value. Taft sat in it, is the main thing, so I know it's a damned good chair."

A broad smile and a friendly nod, with, perhaps, a wave of the hand is the secretary's response to the unfeeling applause attendant on his appearance and then he settles to the serious business of the meeting, listening with absorption to every word of the speakers who precede him and thoroughly unconscious of the attention diverted to himself. This is by no means a pose or intended to compliment the speaker or audience. He listens because he knows he is going to learn something and he has a thirst for information as some men thirst for drink and some women for admiration. Also it is plain that he is not thinking about his own speech. It has been my opportunity to sit with many of the greatest men of recent years and be present on the platform where I could watch them closely, and I must say that all of them, with the exception of Taft gave little signs of being conscious that in a few minutes they themselves would be speaking and were engaged in preparing little things to fit the make up or the special humor of the audience or were preparing to trim what they had to say to agree with or to oppose the views of the man who was then speaking.

When his time comes he steps slowly to the front his eye roving the sea of faces before him and it is certain to alight on some one wearing a welcoming smile. The big man smiles back and then he smiles at the people who are not smiling and they suddenly loosen up and smile themselves. The speaker evidently refuses to immediately take the situation seriously.

Out in a little town in Michigan, where I once knew everybody, there was a big, wholesome, whole-souled country doctor, who never took any interest in partisan politics and had a little leaning toward prohibition. If anything, and many a time when calling on a patient he was very likely to forget to leave any medicine but never failed to tell two or three wonderfully good stories. In times of local tribulation, when there was a warm session of township trustees, some one would usually send for Doc Empidge and he would come in and talk the trouble over with his fellow townsmen and thereafter they usually found an easy way of settlement. That is just the way that Taft has often impressed me when

he talks to a crowd. When I attempt to describe it I feel as if I had paralysis of the adjectives. It is not fatherly, it is not in the way of an oracle, it is not as the vernacular has it "jollying." It is not diverting, yet it is something of all four. It clarifies the situation, gets down to brass tacks good humoredly and produces wisdom with laughter. On one occasion Taft must receive a large delegation of Filipino chiefs. To speak to them in English would be foolish, to speak Spanish would still leave some one out of the circle of understanding, and so he received them informally and observing that one of the chiefs had a watch and chain put to the front with some small show, Taft looked at it, asked about it, showed his own and the entire delegation was as interested and delighted as a lot of boys.

There are times when a man in public life must discuss matters from the platform in words that are exact and carefully chosen. He must not lay himself open to misinterpretation and must prepare to avoid being misquoted, especially when a hostile press is ready to seize on any pretext for distortion or to make a false impression. Then he must use manuscript and Taft does this occasionally. When he does his hearers may be sure that his remarks have a great importance. He keeps the manuscript in the background and leads up to its introduction reluctantly, sometimes taking ten or fifteen minutes of off hand speech to pave the way.

Even then he will pause at times, throw it down and talk straight from the shoulder, taking off his glasses and holding them by the bridge as he drives straight at his listeners with marvelous force and clearness.

His voice is that of an honest man and is commensurate with his size. It is nearly impossible for him to drop its tone to a whisper. He has no occasion for whispering and I have been with him when there were delegations waiting on him with inquiries and propositions and not one word of what they said could be heard ten feet away. On the other hand when Taft spoke his words were clear and plain to all about. Whenever he has anything he does not wish to say he says nothing at all—he has no use for whispering and conivling, it is not consonant with his open frank nature.

For large audiences he has a better voice than even the one possessed by his dear friend, the late Wm. McKinley, who could reach the last man in the last row of any assembly without appearing to strain or make any undue effort. Its tone is not the most mollient or capable of fine oratorical shadings like that of ex-Senator Charles A. Townes, Bourke Cochran, Martin Littleton or Williams Jennings Bryan, but his enormous lung capacity gives him power with ease and his marked facility of language never fails to leave a pleasant impression. He obtains conviction, not with emotional oratory, but with common sense logic and obvious sincerity.

A congressman who has a reputation for elocution was listening to Taft one day down South and remarked aside:

"It is too bad that the secretary goes out study out a few more graceful gestures; they would go very well."

"Perhaps so," answered a noted editor sitting with him, "but I can't afford to illustrate every paragraph of his speeches with snapshots of his gestures and I must say that the people who read my paper seem to think his stuff goes bully without them."

He has a way of extending both of his big arms with the large strong hands outspread at the end of each crumpled sleeve and emphasizing each phrase with a certain positive jerk that is most convincing. And again when argumentative he will extend his left arm and tell of each point with a smack of three fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left. Wild sweeps, rising inflections, low stooping, intensity, facial grimaces and abrupt gyrations are incomprehensible to him. He likes to push back the sides of his cutaway coat and put his hands in his pockets and talk plain business. An old habit of his, contracted when on the bench and delivering decisions, is to fold his hands across his ample front and quietly say what he has to say.

The man's appearance is very marked. There is no figure in history with whom he is quite comparable. He is a giant in size and his huge bone and muscular frame has a somewhat obvious layer of fat on it. Even so, there is nothing about his gait or manner to lead one to believe that he would not be a very dangerous man in a hand to hand encounter. His hair is grayed and his moustache, which is lighter still

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naturally, has a faint tawny tinge. It conceals a strong, sensitive, refined and markedly humorous mouth. His teeth are of medium size, well set and meet squarely. His head has a splendid development, especially the brow and his blue eyes are a little less than the average in size but are very clear and frank. Some air of ability and wisdom emanates from them, perhaps the heavy folds of care and thought above and below them diversified by the laughter wrinkles I have mentioned combine to stamp his face as that of one who has thought, seen and done much and can do more.

His clothes are always plain and just neat enough to escape being careless. He is a very poor man for one of his position and standing and the cost of a wardrobe sufficient to stand the wear and tear of his world trips and arduous duties is quite an item with him. His favorite attire for public appearance is a dark cut-away suit with a small stripe, white linen, the collars of the wing variety, and a plain black tie. Once in a while he wears a little scarf pin and the watch and chain I have mentioned are of gold, plain and inexpensive. From the chain depends a little ornament and in ordinary thoughtful conversation and sometimes in his speeches, he fingers this ornament slowly.

There are speakers who work their audiences up by successive climaxes. Taft never does this and wastes no time on unnecessary talks—the only time he has to spare is to joke and tell stories, and after a long experience with him, I am compelled to say that I am undecided as to which of two things he would rather do—sit down to his desk after an hour's golf and a hearty meal and work, work, work till everyone else has quit and gone hours before, or get before a good crowd of real American people and laugh and tell stories with them.

Southern Pacific R. R. Time Card

Time Card No. 52 Effective Sunday December 20th, 12.01 A. M.

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No. 16.—5:53 A. M. Oregon Express

No. 18.—8:40 A. M. Cottage Grove Passenger.

No. 12.—2:45 P. M. Roseburg Passenger.

No. 14.—9:13 P. M. Portland Express.

Toward Portland Freight.

No. 222—5:00 P. M. Portland Fast Freight.

No. 226—10:40 a. m., way freight arrives.

No. 226—11:28 a. m., way freight departs.

Toward San Francisco Passenger.

No. 11.—11:03 A. M. Roseburg Passenger.

No. 17.—6:45 P. M. Cottage Grove Passenger.

No. 15.—9:56 P. M. California Express.

No. 13.—2:01 A. M. San Francisco Express.

Toward San Francisco Freight.

No. 221.—2:43 A. M. Portland Fast Freight.

No. 225.—11:29 A. M. Way-Freight

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