

EXERCISING WITH TAFT

Physical Director's Experience While Training the President.

LIVELY WORK WITH GLOVES.

Under Dr. Barker's Tutoring Chief Executive Develops a Nifty Wallop. Hard Man to Throw in Wrestling Bout—Gym Work to Reduce From 205 Pounds to 280 For Coming Trip.

Dr. Charles E. Barker of Madison, Wis., has developed another "phenom" in the pugilistic world. The latest celebrity is President William Howard Taft. Dr. Barker is President Taft's physical director. The president has been put through all of the gymnasium stunts known to the doctor, who has qualified as an expert. Now the president is teaching his tutor and giving him the time of his life for an hour each day at Beverly, Mass.

The new "champ" tips the beam at 205, is six feet one inch tall and if it were not for a bulge in front would have a remarkable reach. His boxing partner, Dr. Barker, is a middleweight of 158 pounds. He stands five feet ten and a half inches in his stockinged feet and wears an elegant mustache to be aimed at.

The president's mustache puts him in the erstwhile Champion John L. Sullivan's class. The big blond mustache of the chief executive is a constant banter to Dr. Barker in the daily morning bout in the Taft gymnasium. In due regard to social proprieties, neither the president nor Dr. Barker goes for the face, but confines himself to body blows.

President Has the Punch.

Dr. Barker's experience proves that the president has a nifty wallop in his right arm and a vicious whip to the body with his left. He is not as shifty on his feet as the younger and lighter man, but a course in shadow boxing will help some. Barker is quick, and the president has a busy five minutes when he puts on the gloves with him.

The president does not desire to pose as a ring hero, and he is not encouraging any undue talk from the doctor. Incidentally he is not entertaining any bids for the moving picture rights on any of his bouts.

Wrestling is another feature of the Taft exercise. Dr. Barker says it takes a pretty good man to put the president on his back, and a tussle with him is like a tug of war with a lot of healthy sailors.

The little gymnasium over on the second floor of the Taft garage is fitted with several kinds of exercisers. There are chest weights, a rowing machine, leg weights and a platform punching bag. The president plays the whole string out when he gets started, and Robert and Charlie use the gymnasium when their father is not engaged in his exercises.

The work in the morning with Dr. Barker is a routine feature of the day. It begins before breakfast, right after the president has emerged from his tub. He walks about 150 yards across the lawn from his cottage and meets Dr. Barker, who lives in Beverly and makes the trip to the garage in a White House automobile.

Trained to Finger Tips.

Once at the gymnasium no time is lost. The physical instructor puts Mr. Taft through muscle exercises even down to the fingers. A rubdown and a thorough kneading follow, and then, to loosen up, wrestling and boxing are begun. After this the president takes his shower and is ready for his breakfast, in the vernacular of the ring, "in the pink of condition." Golf follows the gym work, and it may be said that all of the president's waking time until 3 o'clock in the afternoon is devoted to getting his body in good shape for his western trip.

That Dr. Barker is succeeding is shown by the indicator on the scales. A year ago the president bordered on 250 pounds. Hard work at Hot Springs and Augusta got him down, it is said, to 270. The campaign and the long tariff siege sent him up to 326 and then a C. Q. D. message for Dr. Barker called the physical director from Washington. The tramps over the Essex Inks, the automobile rides and the daily work in the gymnasium have taken off the flesh slowly, but steadily. It is the hope of the two athletes that the president will be down to 280 before the western trip begins.

Good Body Builder.

Dr. Barker's reputation as a good body builder was started by ex-Senator John C. Spooner. He prevailed on Barker to go to Washington from Madison, Wis. President Taft, while secretary of war, heard of him and got him to prescribe a diet and a course of exercises. After the secretary of war became a candidate for the presidency he sent for Barker again.

One other doctor will be called in soon to help the Taft body do its work to the satisfaction of the president. This is Dr. J. J. Richardson of Washington, throat specialist. He accompanied Mr. Taft on all of his speech making tours and kept his throat so that it could utter audible sounds. He has promised to make the western trip with the president. — Beverly (Mass.) Cor. New York World.

Pillow of Wires.

A wire screen supported at the ends by curved metal springs has been patented by an Illinois man as a pillow, which is claimed to be cool, comfortable and sanitary.

HAY FEVER MEN'S SNEEZEFEST

Thirty-sixth Annual Gathering to Be Held in Bethlehem, N. H.

"Od to Bedleham, Dew Hampshire" is now the slogan of members of the United States Hay Fever association. The thirty-sixth annual sneezefest will be held in Bethlehem, N. H., beginning Friday, Aug. 27, and lasting until the supply of handkerchiefs is exhausted. William M. Patterson of New York, the secretary, or main sneeze, announced recently that all arrangements had been completed and that the meeting would be the most interesting ever held.

Secretary Patterson says that one of the most important contests this year will be over the selection of a floral emblem. Many of the delegates favor the water lily, while many others are partial to the onion. Prizes will be offered for the best sneezes in the different classes. There will be \$50 in gold for the man who can send his silk hat the highest on the first blow and a box of silk handkerchiefs for the man who can break his shoe strings with one sneeze. Powder puffs will be awarded to the women members who show the greatest proficiency.

According to the annual report, there are 3,000,000 on the eligible list. Candidates have to undergo the strictest kind of an examination before they are admitted. They are compelled to perform before the testing committee, which is composed of the champion sneezers of the United States. The dues are 25 cents a year, which puts it within the reach of all. This money pays for the convention hall. There is no other expense. The members furnish their own music.

The association was formed for the purpose of getting information on the subject of sneezing from sufferers in all parts of the United States. At the annual convention views and sneezes are interchanged, and in this way the members learn how to get the loudest reports with the least physical effort.

Besides Mr. Patterson the officers of the association are Samuel A. Harlow, Grafton, Mass., president, and Clayton E. Delmater, Providence, R. I., vice president.

BALLOON EXPRESS.

South St. Louis Aero Club Soon to Start a Line.

You can go up into the clouds in a special car and express flies or an accommodation when the South St. Louis Aero club's equipment of balloons is complete, says a St. Louis dispatch. The flat rate for sky tourists will be \$20.

M. A. Heimann, president of the club, said recently that the two new balloons, the South St. Louis, with a capacity of 78,000 cubic feet, and the South St. Louis, Jr., 17,000 feet, will be finished within a few days. In addition to these the 39,000 foot Melba will still be in commission.

The tariffs will be so arranged that each member of a party of five will pay \$20 to ride in the largest balloon. Each member of a party of two will pay the same price for an ascension in the Melba. The South St. Louis, Jr., will carry one passenger at the same rate. This is the result of the recent cut rate war between the South St. Louis club and the Aero Club of St. Louis. The prices originally were \$45 a passenger.

GODDESS TO BE SCARECROW.

Stone Representation of Justice Purchased by Nebraska Farmer.

For twenty-five years a stone Goddess of Justice, twelve feet high, has surmounted the dome of the Douglas county courthouse in Omaha, Neb. In a short time the goddess is going to be out of the job she now holds, for a new courthouse is being erected. The goddess will be taken out into the cornfields to engage in the humble occupation of posing as a scarecrow to frighten the birds away from the grain of the farmer who has purchased her.

The county commissioners tried to sell her for lawn decoration purposes, but there were no buyers. She is too big for a house ornament. The question of her disposition was solved when George H. Giles, a farmer residing a few miles northwest of Omaha, appeared before the board and offered \$10 for a bit of property that originally cost \$500.

Paris School of Aeronautics.

In November a high school of aeronautics will be opened in Paris under the direction of Commandant Roche, who will be assisted by MM. Lecour and Painlevé and Commandant Rehard. The instruction will be on practical lines, the idea being that a pupil after leaving the ordinary polytechnic or technical college requires more specialized instruction if he is to take up aeronautics thoroughly. Former pupils of these institutions will have the right to enter the high school, but other applicants will be required to pass an examination. The course of instruction will extend over a year and will cover the whole field of aeronautics, special attention being given to the practical side.

Peaches on Indiana Grapevine.

Mrs. Anna Anderson of Greensburg, Ind., is exhibiting peaches on a grapevine, accomplished by nature in a whimsical mood and which is astonishing persons of Greensburg. A large grapevine grows in Mrs. Anderson's yard and near it a peach tree. In some manner a section of the vine is now producing a shoot on which is a cluster of tiny peaches. A few are large enough to show, when cut open, the single seed forming, which resembles in every way the full grown peach seed.

THE TWO PATHS.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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A gentleman with an artistic cut of beard crossed the famous Signoria square in Florence, Italy, and turned into the entrance of the Uffizi gallery. Passing through the rooms, he stopped to look at the half finished copy of a Titan. The copyist, a shabbily dressed man, looked up and, divining that the visitor was a capable critic, asked in good American English for his opinion of his work.

"You being a fellow countryman of mine," replied the other, "I will give you a truthful opinion. You are making a batch of it."

The copyist sighed.

"Let me take your seat, and I will help you out."

In half an hour under the visitor's touch the copy was an exact replica of the original painting.

"There!" said the man who had finished it. "Come and dine with me this evening at my hotel. Nothing remains to complete the work but to take the freshness out of it."

The stranger accepted, ate the first good dinner he had had in a month, drank a quart of wine, lighted a Havana cigar and asked:

"To what do I owe this interest from a stranger?"

"Sympathy. I was once a struggling artist myself."

"And how, may I ask, did you come to prosper?"

"By painting pictures."

The guest removed his cigar from his lips and looked at his host in astonishment.

"Your name?"

"Tom Barrons."

"I confess I never heard of you."

"I have a great many aliases, all of which you have heard often. Listen and I will tell you the story of my success. Having a fancy for art, I became a painter. Having struggled for recognition for ten years without getting it, I began to ask myself why.

The answer was that I could originate nothing. Then I started in to make a living copying noted pictures in foreign galleries. I discovered that I could not only copy; I could imitate. Not long after this an art dealer in Paris announced that an original Giotto had been discovered in a secret chamber of a building that was being torn down. He had purchased it and offered it for sale. I shall not mention the exact price he got for it, but it was a fortune for any man. One day an Italian from Florence arrived in New York with a Titian—a head of a girl, stiff as a fourteenth century girl, but lovely under a head of sunny hair. He sold it to a merchant prince for a fortune. Still later one of the London picture shops stumbled on a Guido Reni. There was no one in England rich enough to buy it, and a subscription was started to keep it in the kingdom. The critics vouched for its genuineness, and thousands of pounds bought it. An art journal published a long article by a struggling critic enumerating twenty-four points in the picture that were found in all Guido Reni's pictures. This critic is now the Ruskin of Europe."

"This wine is not to my taste. Let us try champagne. That's better."

"At intervals original Correggios, Rembrandts and pictures of other famous artists were found in out of the way places, most of them incrusted with the dirt of centuries and the names of the painters partly illegible."

They were always approved by critics, though on some these gentlemen differed. Nevertheless they were snapped up at enormous prices."

The speaker paused.

"And you are?"

"Giotto, Guido Reni, Rembrandt and a lot of others who lived before men had learned how to paint."

"And you perpetrate these?"

"Only as accessory before the fact. I painted the pictures, the dealers did the rest."

There was a long silence between the two, after which the seedy man said:

"I have a garret across the Arno with a number of my unsold pictures in it. Will you go with me and look at them?"

"With pleasure."

Arriving at the room, the occupant displayed one painting after another on an easel. When the last had been seen the rich man said:

"You have what I lack, originally, while I have what you have not, the power of imitation. Besides, you are genius. Possibly had you been born in some village near Munich or Dresden you might have been one of the great modern painters. As it is you must continue to be a bad copyist. Fine pictures to be paid for in America must bear a foreign stamp. To produce a fortune they must bear the name, genuine or forged, of an artist who has been dead three or four centuries."

"Give me an opportunity to soothe my conscience by accepting a gift from me."

"What gift?"

"It may not be too late for you to achieve that success which your abilities are capable of producing. I will furnish funds to introduce your wares."

The seedy man drifted away into thought. Finally, returning to his surroundings, he said:

"I do not condemn you for following the path you saw before you leading to success. It is the path of a man of business rather than an artist. As for me, my path, though it leads to failure, is the one for me. The good God has given me a gift that neither the critics nor the public can take away—the gift to enjoy the beautiful and some power to portray it."

The Baby Turtle.

Turtles lay their eggs in the sand and let the sun bathe them out. They do not lay them all in one place probably because they think it safer to scatter them. Then, even though one be stolen or broken, the others may escape. The mother turtle covers them all carefully up, one after another, with a thin sprinkling of sand and then apparently never gives them another thought, considering her maternal duty done. Certain it is that she has never been discovered going near these egg shells again, and when they hatch at last the tiny soft backed creatures at once begin crawling around in search of flies and other food as independently as if there were no such thing as a mother in the world. A little girl who found one of these odd oblong turtle eggs on a sandy river bank in Louisiana took it home and put it in a teacup on the table for safe keeping. A few hours later a slight noise was noticed in that direction, and on looking in the cup again she found a baby turtle, full fledged, but tiny, scrambling about among the bits of its broken eggshell rind.

Ravens and the Hapsburgs.

Henri de Weidde tells the story of the late Empress Elizabeth and the ravens which Maurus Jokel gave in an article at the time of her majesty's tragic death. Early in her life Elizabeth wrote some verses in Hungarian on the subject of the raven, the bird of ill omen, which plays a great part in the history of the Hapsburgs. According to the imperial poetess, a flight of ravens was hovering over Olmutz when Francis Joseph received from his uncle's hands the crown which was destined to inflict upon him such miseries. A raven followed Maximilian and Charlotte on their last walk before their departure for Mexico, and when Maria Christina was starting to receive the crown of Spain, which was one day to be so grievous a burden, a raven flew over the horses' heads and accompanied the carriage to the railway station. These incidents were the subject of the poem.—Westminster Gazette.

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