THE HONORABLE WM. H. TAFT

Jolly Good Fellow Who Will Become Secretary of War.

BIG, burly Bill Taft, six feet tall, in weight 300 pounds, in manner democratic, in politics straight Republican, jurist and statesman, will take up the War portfolio which Elihu Root will lay down next January.

It would perhaps be more dignified to write "Hon. William H. Taft," but to the thousands who have grasped his hand, heard his hearty laugh and felt the infection of his genial "I'm mighty glad to see you," he is "Bill" Taft. At Yale he was sometimes called "Bull" Taft on account of his big frame and the determined way in which he broke down obstructing barriers.

He has, however, no difficulty in establishing his title to "Hon." A glance at his biography is enough. Assistant prosecutor for Hamilton County Ohio, Collector of Internal Revenue at Cincinnati, Judge of the Superior Court of Ohio, Solicitor-General of the United States, Judge of the Sixth United States Circuit Court, member of the Circuit Court of Appeals, president of the Philippine Commission, and first Civil Governor of the Philippines, besides twice refusing a place on the Supreme Court bench, make a list of honorable positions that needs not the addition of Secretary of War to guarantee the title.

Judge Taft is of fair complexion, and some people think he looks like ex-President Cleveland. He is taller than the Sage of Princeton, weighs more and has a little more hair, although there has been a decided thinning out of his light brown locks in the last few years. He wears a light brown mustache, somewhat long. His face is full and indicative of geniality, but a pair of steel-gray eyes, that usually twinkle with good nature, can give warning that his geniality is not to be trespassed. He can get mad, but never without reason, and heaven pity the poor mortal who provokes his wrath.

In one respect Judge Taft is much like ex-President Cleveland. He dislikes to dictate to a stenographer, and does a great deal of his own writing by hand. Like the writing of Mr. Cleveland, that of Judge Taft is in a small, feminine hand that would suggest anything but the big man behind it. His autograph is in as great demand as that of any other public man, and he is immensely good-natured about giving it.

One result of Judge Taft's residence in the Philippines has been the introduction of the "glad hand" in those islands. No better proof is needed of his democracy and his success as a mixer. As he traveled from Manila to the uttermost provinces of the archipelago, establishing local civil government, his loud, hearty laughter and magnetic handshake dispelled centuries of Spanish dignity and reserve, and left a democracy that would delight the most enthusiastic spellbinder. As an example of his influence in this direction on the Filipinos, the following will serve:

He went into the province of Bulacan to inaugurate a local civil government. Naturally, he inquired for the most prominent citizen of the place, who was produced in the person of Senator Jose Serapio, an ex-Captain of Spanish Volunteers and Presidente of Malolos. The gallant Captain was stiff with dignity, and on his uniform coat hung half a dozen gaudy decorations received in his military and civil career. He was prepared for some grand ceremony, and all the people expected to see the new American Governor appear in gold bullion, glittering stars, shining belts and all the blazonry of military pomp. Instead Taft came along in a suit of light linen, and when presented to the foremost citizen grabbed the little fellow's hand with a hearty "How d'ye do? Glad to see you," and a chuckle that startled the Captain out of his dream.

Two weeks later Captain Serapio received his commission as Governor of that province. When he appeared to take office the natives were surprised to see him in plain white clothes. The fine uniform and handsome decorations were gone.

"How is this?" was the cry.

"It is no longer customary," replied the Captain, as he shook hands and greeted his people in imitation of Taft's democracy.

The Filipinos caught on, and a class of "glad hand" politicians has arisen in the wake of the Governor-General.

"You have described 'Billy' Taft," said ex-Secretary of State Day to the late President McKinley one day in 1899. The two were traveling on a railroad train to Canton, O., and earnestly discussing the most absorbing Administration problem at that time—the government of the Philippines.

"I want a man to head the Philippine Commission," said Mr. McKinley, "who is strong, honest and tactful. A man of education and executive ability. A man fearless, but conservative, and one who will get along with the military authorities."

President McKinley's schedule of the qualities desired in the head of the commission immediately brought Judge Taft to the mind of Mr. Day, and the choice was then determined.

How Taft would regard such a proposition was another question. He was asked to Washington, and in President McKinley's private office there occurred a conference that showed the stuff the future Governor of the Philippines was made of. There was then looming up a probable vacancy on the Supreme Court bench, to which Judge Taft would be appointed if he so elected. At this conference there were present President McKinley, Secretary of War Root and Judge Taft. The President and Secretary of War wanted Taft to go to the Philippines, and it was left to Mr. Root to put the matter before the Judge. Mr. Root had only a short personal acquaintance with Mr. Taft, but sufficient to enable him to read so open a character.

"Judge," he said, "we need you in the Philippines. You are now confronted with two propositions—an easy one and a hard one. You are now occupying an honorable life position on the Federal bench, with a prospect in the near future of reaching a seat on the Supreme Court bench, the goal of every lawyer's ambition who puts reputation above dollars. You have money enough with your salary to live comfortably. You can remain upon the Supreme bench for life. That is the easy proposition.

"On the other hand, we need you in the Philippines. You may be prostrated and wrecked physically by the diseases incident to that climate. You may die at your post. You have the opportunity of being the savior of the little brown men, advancing them centuries in civilization and still be damned by the public for your work. You may administer affairs with great success and still have to feel the sting of ingratitude. You will have to resign your Circuit Judgeship. The chance of going upon the Supreme Court bench may never again come to you. That is the hard proposition. Which will you accept?"

Several hundred of his old college mates who have seen "Bull" Taft take hard knocks at Yale and tackle the most unpromising propositions, could have answered for him as he did for himself: "I go to the Philippines."

Judge Taft is not a man of fads or fancies, except one. He is an intense, enthusiastic, loyal, uncompromising Yale man. If you want to see his steel-gray eyes snap and flash, just reflect upon the glory or prestige of "Old Eli." All the honors and achievements of his life since graduating in 1878 are nothing to him compared with his triumphs in his four college years. Away out in the Philippines it has been no unusual thing to hear his voice raised in the songs of Yalensia, just as he used to sing when sitting on the college fence with his classmates about him.

"BILL" TAFT, THE JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

There are a hundred or more of Judge Taft's old classmates, men prominent in business, church and politics throughout the country, who would take off their coats at any time to fight for him. A quarter of a century has not lessened their loyalty, and their devotion illustrates the esteem he commanded in Yale from the time he entered until graduation.

Young Taft went into Yale from Andover with a choice lot of boys who formed a clique that ruled their old class, and to a great extent the whole college. Of this party the athletic Taft was facile princeps. Formed by nature for victories in the athletic field, Taft denied his inclination and entered the sphere of mental achievements. He rowed, played football and practiced in the gymnasium only enough to keep his body in trim. He was not so devoted to his books, however, that he failed to respond when his class was in a rush, row or contest of any kind. He was always in the fore front of the fray.

His father, Alphonso Taft, Secretary of War and Attorney-General under Grant, and in the diplomatic service under Arthur, was a Yale graduate, and he wanted his son to take high honors from his alma mater. Bill did not disappoint his parent. He graduated second in a class of 120, and was salutatorian and class orator.

"I'll never be content until I throw Bill Taft again," laughingly said Herbert W. Bowen, Minister to Venezuela, one evening while in Washington conducting negotiations for the settlement of the Venezuelan imbroglio. Mr. Bowen was a member of the same class with Taft at Yale. They were the two biggest fellows in the college, and a friendly rivalry existed between them as to strength and ability to wrestle. Bowen was a little taller, but Taft was the heavier of the two. They were pretty evenly matched in wrestling.

"Up to our last year it was about a standoff between us," said Minister Bowen, "but I think I had just a shade the better of him. In the last week of the commencement of 1878 we had two or three rounds, and Taft threw me. I will never be satisfied until I have another go at him."

Mr. Bowen's wish may be gratified. When Judge Taft gets settled as Secretary of War and Minister Bowen comes to Washington on a leave of absence, there is nothing to prevent their having an old-fashioned wrestling bout. President Roosevelt can take them up to his gymnasium in the attic of the White House and act as umpire while the pair have it out on the mat used by the President in his wrestling exercises. It would be safe money to bet on Bowen. Taft has laid on flesh of recent years, and now tips the beam at 310.

Since Judge Taft's residence in the Philippines, physical bulk has become a badge of rank among the Filipinos. They imagine that every big man must be a high official. Judge Taft is their hero. Another man they have respect for on account of his avoirdupois is Mr. Ferguson, the disbursing officer of the Philippine Commission. He rivals Governor Taft in weight, and he is respected accordingly by the natives. It is said that should Ferguson be a candidate for appointment to the vacancy that will be created when Taft leaves the Commission, his large size will be a recommendation. He will remind the Filipinos of Taft, who has so thoroughly commanded their obedience and respect.

In all the positions he has held, Judge Taft has never changed in his manner. His characteristics have remained the same, and when he reaches Washington as Secretary of War, the thousands who know him predict that his laugh will be just as loud, his handshake as hearty, his good humor as infectious as they were in college, in court circles or away off in the Philippines. He will throw himself back in his chair and enjoy a good story with as much zest as he ever did. Taft is not much of a story-teller himself, but he is at all times bubbling over with good humor, so that while his narratives may not always be pointed and witty, they are bound to create a laugh by the very force of his good humor. He likes to chaff those who are disposed to put on official airs and dignity. His associates on the Philippine Commission have frequently been the object of his jokes, and he has the faculty of infecting those about him with his own manners and good spirits.

"I was not a month with Judge Taft until I was shaking hands with every one I met and greeting them with a laugh," said Rutherford Corbin, son of Major-General Corbin, who was Governor Taft's secretary for some two years in the Philippines. "I never saw any one who could so thoroughly dominate everybody about him and saturate them, as it were, with his own geniality."

Governor Taft is as strong in his dislikes as he is in his likes. Soon after reaching the Philippines he came in conflict with General MacArthur. A bitter feeling grew up, and, as Judge Taft felt he was in the right, the coolness still prevails. He had a difference also with General Chaffee, but it was altogether good-natured. They argued their points with each other and were on the most intimate terms during the whole controversy, always addressing each other by their first names. The trouble grew out of a conflict between the civil and military governments, and each considered himself in the right.

JOHN E. HIGGINS.

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CHIMMIE FADDEN STORIES

The Bowery Philosopher Gives Mr. Paul's Modern Views on National Politics.

"I AM PROUD," says Whiskers, "dat we has a man in de White House at last."

"A man," says Mr. Paul, "is ever de cause for pride. But what has dat lively and interesting Mr. Roosevelt done this time for again to deserve de name of 'Man?'" he says.

"He has took another country," says Whiskers, trunning out his chest so dat I had to dodge de buttons dat shot off from his jacket. "What do we hire Presidents for if not to pick up a country now and den? Dere is so many countries lying out of doors around de Dago middle of dis hemerspear dat de wonder is no President has not made a record of picking a dozen or two."

"True!" says Mr. Paul. "It is a monument to their modesty dat no President has ever beat de record of Mr. McKinley, who stopped short after picking only two or tree. But as you was saying, sir, it is hard to tink how a President can help swiping a country now and den, any more dan a good healty boy could help swiping a apple now and den if he was going trough a orchard and de farmer was off to church. Dere is too many countries lying around loose on dis side of de woild, anyway. Countries to de nort of us, to de sout of us, to the east of us, and to de west—no, I forgot—we has swiped dose already. But, sir, dere is so many of em, dat de few, more or less, dat we may swipe will never be missed. But whose business is it if dey is missed?"

"Now, Paul, you are talking sense, and showing de benefit to your politics and morals from being my son-in-law. Haven't we de ships, de men, de money? Eh!" says Whiskers, taking off his specks, so dat he could see. "Is dey to be idle property, earning notting for deir keep, and eating deir heads off, and wearing out, and rusting out, while a lot of impudent little Dago countries is ripe for to be picked! Mr. Roosevelt, sir, is a man!"

"You put it too mild," says Mr. Paul. "He is not only a man, but is is de man. He is de man of de hour, de man on horseback, de Johnnny-on-de-spot! No saucy little nation like Uryagua, and Booraboo, and Mexico, and Canada, and Brizil, and de confederacy of de India rubber and gold-bearing state of Central America can carry on de nefarious trade of freedom witout foist asking Mr. Roosevelt's permission. And will dey get it? Nay, nay. What has dey to do wit freedom? It is too precious a ting for to be put in de hands of a lot of Dagoes and Canucks who don't speak our language—or, if dey do, dey speaks it wit a London accent. Why, sir, de ting is prepostuous! Is it not de history of de Presidency dat no man ever left de White House wit one term only who had, in a idle moment, picked up a country on de side. Mr. Roosevelt, he knows his business. Let Mark Hanna take a seat in de back of de hall while Teddy is picking up nations. De best chairman of de National committee is a record of picking up a nation on de side, and adding it to de territory in which we will have free trade in pauper labor for to mine our coal."

"Now, Paul," says Whiskers, "you is beginning to talk nonsense. Who talks of pauper labor to mine our coal is a nannychist and a free trader, and a convict, and a villain, and an enemy of his country."

"Dere can be no doubt of dat, sir," says Mr. Paul, looking over my way to see had I pulled de plug from de pint he had ordered. "But now dat you has mentioned it, what do we want dese job lot of countries for, dat Mr. Roosevelt treatens to hand out to us?"

Whiskers looked like he tinks Mr. Paul must be joking, but Mr. Paul was as sober as de judge in de Tombs, and he says: "Give me de benefit of your cool and wise judgment in dese matters and put me wise, if not next on de game; what do we want wit dis bunch of sunkissed nations Mr. Roosevelt is hanging on to de door of his wigwam?"

"Paul, you surprises me!" says Whiskers. "Foist, we has no reasons to give to de woild why we takes a nation now and den. Haven't we got a hundred million plunks for to spend on de Navy dis year? Dat is answer enough for dose traitors who asks why we picks up a nation now and den—particularly before de delegates is elected to de National convention. Besides, it's good for de nation what we take in out of de danger of being stolen by tramps. We only takes away from 'em deir liberty, and gives to 'em de blessings of Wall street, Dowie, Tammany, Chicago streetcar strikers and Lieutenant Peary's dreams about de Nort Pole! What do they want? Take Canada, what has she?"

"Not a ting," says Mr. Paul. "Not a ting but land, labor and capital. But come to tink of it dey is radder hot stuff to take. Is Mr. Roosevelt going to take Canada?"

"Is he going to fly in de face of manifest destiny? How can he help taking Canada? Isn't she dere to be took? Isn't she wort taking? Can't we take her? Is dere any one or anyting can stop us taking her? Paul, you asks such foolish questions! Of course, we'll take her. De wonder is she has not been took before dis."

"Ah, ha!" says Mr. Paul. "Now I begins to see, under your clear reasoning, de beauty and extent of our National programme. Take everyting in sight dat we're able to take. Fine! It is simple; it is beautiful; it is strenuous; it is Teddy! And yet I suppose de foolish Democrats will go and waste good long green by holding a opposition convention! Poor things! By de way, sir, will we have to fight for dis splendid programme! If so, I'd best put in me bid for a Major-Generalship, before de doctors get 'em all."

"No," says Whiskers, comfortable like, "dere will be but little fighting. Dat isn't de way now. We do tings different. Say, we wants Panama. Well, some Frenchmen flies airships, some has nations to trade. In dis case a Frenchman puts up at de Waldorf, and he writes to Secretary Hay saying he has some shares in de canal company what would have warmer feet if de U. S. owned Panama. Did we want Panama! Mr. Hay says dat it was a little late in de season for Panamas, but if it was a job lot he'd take it and hold it over till de market called for de goods. So de Frenchman says it was de jobbiest lot ever knocked down at a bargain. Only one or two hundred millions for a canal, forty millions for him and de odder stockholders, a little pin money—merely a few millions—for de bunch of professional revolutionists he had staked out down dere, and de trick was toined. Mr. Hay says dat it seemed like taking candy from a child to get it so cheap, and de contract is signed, de Frenchman hands over Panama, wit a patent de factory and a de jury attachment, and all join in singing, 'My Country, It's Up to Do De'; and Mr. Roosevelt can't keep from winking de next time he see Mr. Hanna. Dat's de modern way of doing de trick. It's higher diplomacy."

"Fine!" says Mr. Paul. "Fine as silk. No more sassy questions from Europe, eh?"

"Oh, as to dat," says Whiskers, "a question or two, for de form of de ting. Russia cables over, and says 'Hey, Rube, what's doing?' and we says: 'If you don't want your Uncle Sammy messing around Manchuria, don't get fresh wit us.' Den King Edward, he cables, and we says has he got notting to do in Egypt, dat he has so much time to get busy wit us, and Edward he takes de hint. Perhaps Emperor William he asks a question, and we says if he has any time on his hands dat his Congo business don't need, we'd like him to advise us how to run our business. So de concert of Europe having sung its little song, goes back to deir nation-taking, and leaves us to ours. Modern diplomacy consists of two bluffs and one wink."

"All as simple as bon jure!" says Mr. Paul. "As de poet fellow says, 'Because de good old rule suffices dem—de simple plan, dat dey should take who have de power, and dey should keep who can.' Dat's de talk! But, sir, if it's all going to be done wit'out no fighting, what is de use of dose hundred millions for de Army and Navy for ever?"

"Sometimes," says Whiskers, "de fellow what is took from, gets silly, and wants for to put on de mitts, get into de ring and have it out. Human nature is unreasonable, and will fight just because it tinks it is getting de woist of a bargain."

"Naughty, naughty," says Mr. Paul.

"Now dere's Columbia," Whiskers goes on. "Some fussy nannychist down dere may say dat as we made our bargain for a slice of its neck of woods, witout asking her permission, or giving her any of de rake-off, she will fight for her rights. It is wicked to tink of, but some folks is so silly dat dey will put up a fight for what dey tinks is deir rights, even when we points out to em kindly, dat we has ten tirteen-inch guns for every one of deir tin swords. Den we has to go and spank em. It isn't much of a job, except for de Pension Bureau, which takes six monts to enter de names of de honest voters who might have been wounded if dey had been in de war, and derefore is entitled for to have a pension. But dat is a detail for mugwumps to chew de rag over. It has notting to do wit de higher diplomacy, nor with patriotism, nor wit de getting of delegates to de next convention. We is a peaceable people; but if we has to do it, no people will sell deir worn-out yachts to de navy for twice what dey costs to build em; put up de price of food and fuel, and draw down our extra dividends on coal road shares, and packing house stock; sell paper shoes to de army, and take de profits; pay ten prices for armor plate, and boom United States Steel; make new Government loans, and pocket de war-rate of interest on de coupons—no people will do dese patriotic tings quicker dan we will when de bugle call to arms stirs our blood, and quickens de life spirit of trade in Wall street. We may be a nation of shop-keepers, Paul—but we know how to keep shop!"

"Sir," says Mr. Paul, "you rouses de tirst for war in me sluggish blood—Chames, anodder bottle, quick! I shall polish up me trusty blade, and buy steel preferred; I shall put new flint in me old squirrel rifle, and lay in a few reams of coal road stock; I shall mount me gallant charger, and invest me savings in a few old hulks dat can be pumped out and kept afloat until de Gover'ment has grabbed em off at me own price, for transports for to carry our gallant troops to de hated foe—or as far as de noble ships can be induced to stop on top of de ocean. Hurrah!" he says. "Chames," he says, "make it a quart. Let de honor roll of major-generals hold de names of every doctor what ever played polo wit a President. What care we! Let me make de nation's wars, and I care not who pays its pensions! If you can't get a delegate by argument, get him by bayonets!"

"Paul," chips in Whiskers, "you is beginning to talk ridiculous. Who said anything about pensions? Dese objectionable subjects has no place in patriotism, patronage or politics. Dey isn't American. Away wit em!"

Savants Were Mistaken.

At the beginning of the last century the Royal College of Bavarian Physicians sought to forbid steam railway travel because it would induce delirium among the passengers and drive the spectators crazy, while an English quarterly said that it would as soon expect the people to suffer themselves to be tied to one of Congreve's rockets as to trust themselves to the mercy of a locomotive going at the prodigious rate of 12 miles an hour.

The Genial Idiot . . By John Kendrick Bangs

"BY THUNDER, look at the date, will you?" said the Idiot, pointing to the headline of his morning paper. "November 29, when it seems only yesterday that we sat up and watched the old year die. Seems to me old Father Tempus should be arrested for fugitting beyond the speed limit."

"He certainly flies fast," observed Mr. Pedagog, with a sigh. "I am getting on in years—past 60 now, and somehow or other it doesn't seem as if my days were more than four or five hours long. I'll be 100 before I know it."

"You have too good a time, Mr. Pedagog," said the Idiot. "That's what makes your days seem short. You are enjoying your dium cum dig in a scorching age."

"Do you call it ease to have to teach children nowadays?" asked the Schoolmaster. "I don't. Compared to how things used to be, it's quite the reverse. Not only is the modern child harder to handle than his father, but somehow or other he seems instinctively to know more. He's a great deal harder to keep up with, and what with that and the new methods of teaching which must be learned, there's precious little spare time for a schoolmaster to devote to his own pleasures."

"The modern kid is one of the most interesting developments of the 19th century," said the Idiot. "And I should think you would find daily contact with him quite inspiring. I've got a bunch of nephews myself, and I think they're a ripping lot and each of 'em in a different way. Bobby is 5, Tommy is 10, and Jack is 15, and ten minutes with any one of 'em is a liberal education."

"I hope they are not acquiring any of their stores of knowledge from their Uncle," said the Bibliomaniac. "If they are, I'm going to write to the Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Children and denounce you."

"No—I'm too selfish to share with anybody the rich stores of learning that I have acquired from years of breakfasting with you gentlemen," returned the Idiot. "I'm a miser with the information I've got at this board—I just hoard and hoard and hoard it. When you tell me something I never knew before, I wrap it up tenderly in cotton and put it away in a trunk with my other treasures, such as my first sock, and my little blue kid shoes with the white pearl buttons, and the lock of hair my first love cut off one of her switches for me when at the age of 8 I tried to get her to desert her grandchildren and run off and marry me. Let your mind rest easy, Mr. Bibliomaniac, on that score. I love my nephews devotedly, but I'll see 'em grow up in ignorance before I'll share with them any of that confidential information which you, from time to time, lavish so generously upon me. Some day I shall use it for the benefit of the public in a ten-volume edition of 'The Idiot's Encyclopedia,' which I intend to have published among my Posthumous Works."

"I dare say, judging from the quality of your discourse," observed Mr. Brief, "that on the contrary you have gained all the information you possess from them, eh? Your facts have a juvenile ring that suggests the idea, anyhow."

"That's it," said the Idiot. "Most of the things I know thoroughly, they have taught me. All my theories in regard to the Panama and Nicaragua Canals, for instance, I have got direct from Tommy, the 10-year-old; my views on the subject of literature are at least traceable to Bobby, who, though only 5, has a pretty sane view of modern literary conditions, and as for the details of a complete philosophy of living, that 15-year-old Jack has got the whole thing at his finger ends."

"What nonsense," said the Bibliomaniac. "The idea of a boy of 10 having views on the Panama-Nicaragua business that are worth anything!"

"Well, Tommy has," said the Idiot. "He was talking about it only the other night. My brother and I were having a discussion on the subject, and it was getting pretty hot. He was for Nicaragua and I was for Panama—"

"That's like you," said the Lawyer. "What the Dickens has made you a Panama advocate? Do you know anything about it?"

"Why, I have a sort of notion that if the Panama Canal goes through the people down there will be rich enough to buy their own hats, and so relieve the United States of the necessity of wearing 'em," said the Idiot. "On aesthetic grounds I object to Panama hats now that men have taken to shaping them so that they look like inverted coal-scuttles and sugar-scoops. But my brother and I were fighting mad about it, and just as he was reaching for a lump of anthracite to throw at me, as a final proof that Nicaragua was the only route worth talking about, and I had grabbed the poker to poke Panama down his throat, Tommy puts in with, 'Aw, dig 'em both, an' come to supper.'"

The Poet smiled broadly. "That is a solution that doesn't seem to have occurred to anybody else, at any rate," said he.

"All sorts of ideas that never occur to anybody else occur to Tommy," said the Idiot. "He advanced the proposition the other day that the only part of arithmetic that was of any practical value as far as his experience went was subtraction, because his allowance was never added to, multiplied or divided, but always subtracted from, a theory that fits snugly into the financial condition of 99 out of every 100 citizens of this country. To spend years learning how to write with a pen, when typewriting machines can be bought for a song, he regards as a great waste of time and energy, and to study spelling when you can have a secretary to do your letters for you is silly. As for history, he considers it useless to stow away in your head until it aches pages of stuff that you can find in a book whenever you need to use it, advancing the undeniable truth that what's going to happen is better worth the knowing."

"By Jove!" laughed Mr. Brief. "He's your nephew, all right, isn't he?" Ideas of that kind seem to run in your family."

"Yep," returned the Idiot. "That's one reason why I don't like to spoil the youngsters with the commonplace ideas that anybody can have. What's the use of a special point of view if you don't avail yourself of it?"

"I should like to hear about the 5-year-old literary prodigy," said the Poet.

"He's a dandy," cried the Idiot, enthusiastically. "His comment on Browning, to my mind, sizes up the situation to perfection."

"Oh, come off," said the Bibliomaniac. "What rot. I don't believe any 5-year-old boy except possibly the Boston lad of the comic papers, who never existed, ever read a line of Browning. You are drawing upon your imagination."

"I never said Bobbie had read Browning," retorted the Idiot. "Save in your imagination. It is you who are overdrawing your account."

"How the deuce can he size Browning up then if he hasn't read him?" demanded the Bibliomaniac triumphantly.

"By listening when others read him," replied the Idiot. "My brother is very fond of reading aloud, and if walls had ears, and could spout what they have heard, there isn't a British poet that the plaster of his library couldn't reproduce. Last Sunday night he began on Sordello and stuck at it manfully to the end. Bobbie was sitting on the floor counting up his marbles, and apparently not paying much attention. My brother had read about 20 minutes when he paused to cut two pages apart with his paper knife, when Bobbie put in, 'Say, Pa—if a little boy got lost in the middle of that poym, do you think he'd ever find his way out again?'

"That boy is all right," said the genial old gentleman who occasionally imbibed. "I feel exactly the same way—when I'm sober. I can't understand half of Browning's poems, unless I've had half a dozen cocktails and then I am so tongue-twisted I can't explain 'em."

"You should wait until next morning," said the Poet, with a twinkling eye, "and then write out your solution."

"The trouble with that," replied the genial old gentleman, "is that when next morning comes, I've forgotten the explanation."

"Well, that's too bad," laughed the Idiot. "If you only could remember, you could write a sort of Baedeker to Browning which would fill a long felt want."

"Pah," ejaculated the Bibliomaniac. "I have no difficulty in comprehending Browning—though you've got to take him in small doses and think it out—that I admit."

"You're perfectly right there," said the Idiot. "I can testify to that. I have found by personal experience that taking Browning one word at a time, I can understand. When he speaks of embers I know that he doesn't mean snowballs, and an allusion to blossoming trees can't be mistaken for a reference to lawn-mowers by a man who stops to think. It's when he combines the words in sentences that I get off the track."

"What does Bobbie think of the historical novel?" asked the Doctor. "Does he approve of that?"

"I was coming to that," said the Idiot. "I caught him sitting in a hammock one Sunday morning off in the country last Summer, and he had Susan Brinckeroff Sudberry's 'Red Feather of Provence' in his hand. He was chuckling away to himself to beat the band. 'What's the joke, Bobbie?' said I. 'I'se yeadin',' he chuckled. 'And you like the book very much, eh?' I queried. 'Yes,' he said. 'It's orful funny. I'se yeadin' it upside-down.' And he was. By Jingo, I believe that boy has the making of a critic in him. His favorite characters in fiction are Ernest Thompson Seton and Noah, because they know all about animals. In history he has a pronounced liking for Jack the Giant Killer and Theodore Roosevelt, and for the Babes in the Wood he has no use at all, because thhey hadn't sense enough to telephone for the police and have their wicked uncle arrested as soon as he began to treat them badly."

"I should judge that that young man will be an author some day," smiled Mrs. Pedagog.

"He is already, Madame," returned the Idiot. "He has delighted me frequently with a romance of his own in which Little Lord Fauntleroy goes out to capture an Ogre, and is eaten by the latter before he has a chance to draw his riding whip and stab the wicked giant to the heart. It is a very short narrative, but it is full of dramatic situations, and in so far as pure fiction can be so, it strikes me as being relentlessly realistic."

"Did I understand you to say that there was a 15-year-old in that family who has reasoned out a philosophy of living that is worth while?" asked the Lawyer.

"Yes," said the Idiot. "He belongs to the 'Doh't Worry Club.' When he plays golf, and his ball lands in a hole he doesn't use intemperate language the way his elders do, because, as he remarked the other day, he never knew a golfer to swear a ball out of a hole yet. When he broke his arm at football and I began to sympathize with him, he cut me short with the statement that it might have been his head, and then he couldn't play chess. When his father remonstrated with him for getting a six in Greek, he reminded the old gentleman that five would have been worse, and in response to his mother's mournful remark on a dark, dreary day recently that 'there wouldn't be any sun today,' he smiled and said that there would be just as much sun as ever

"Ha," said Mr. Whitechoker, "He is a philosopher."

"Regular Sunny Jim, eh?" suggested the Bibliomaniac.

"That's what," said the Idiot. "It seems almost incredible that a boy of that age should be so calmly philosophical. But those are the facts. He's far ahead of his father in that respect."

"Oh well—there's nothing new about it after all," said the Lawyer. "We have had the word of the Sages for centuries that the child is father to the man."

"Yes," said the Idiot, "but this twentieth century boy is better than that. He is a regular grandfather to the man. By and by if things keep on the way they are going posterity will put ancestry out of business altogether."

(Copyright, 1903.)

The Wayside Well.

Walter Learned.

He stopped at the wayside well,
Where the water was cool and deep;
There were feathery ferns 'twixt the mossy stones,
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell,
Why the master stooped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep, creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's side
The water splashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy,
As he stooped o'er the brim to drink,
And muddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the rim of the old straw hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh;
Nor could footman or coachman tell
Why the master stopped, in his ride that day,
To drink by the wayside well.

WINTER IS COMING BRINGING CATARRH

Every sufferer from Catarrh dreads the coming of winter, for with the first breath of the frost-king this miserable disorder is fanned into life and renewed activity, and all the disgusting symptoms come back. With every fresh cold the temperature begins to rise, the skin becomes hot and dry, the head aches almost to the point of bursting, the eyes are inflamed and red, the nostrils are stopped up, and the mucus discharges, at first thin and watery, gradually become thicker and yellow and often exceedingly offensive. The throat and all the inner passages and cavities of the head are irritated by the acrid secretions, resulting in loss of smell and deafness, and injury to the soft bones of the cheek and nose, while the voice loses its natural tone and has a harsh, rasping, unnatural sound.

But, if not arrested, Catarrh doesn't stop here; the mucous poison passing from the throat into the stomach and bowels is taken up by the blood and distributed through the system, and the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bladder and all other parts of the body become infected, and the disease which was considered so harmless and simple in the beginning has become constitutional, far-reaching and serious. Catarrh must be treated through the blood, for it is a systemic disorder, a taint in the blood, that inhalations, washes, powders and salves cannot reach, and those who have tried them know the effects are only temporary, that as soon as winter comes with its cold rains, heavy fogs and chilling winds, it brings back Catarrh and sweeps away all the good that a long and faithful use of local remedies has accomplished.

To reach inflamed membranes, check excessive secretions of mucus and cleanse the feverish blood, requires an internal remedy—one that enters into the circulation and drives out the catarrhal matter, and just such a medicine S. S. S. has proven itself to be. It has been tested too often during the 40 years of its existence to need further proof of its efficacy. To attempt a cure alone with local remedies is an unending task, for it is impossible to check with douches, inhalers or other local means the streams of mucus and catarrhal poison continually flowing into the blood. S. S. S. has no equal as a blood purifier and tonic. This great vegetable remedy goes into the circulation, reaching all parts of the system, removing the foul secretions and thoroughly cleansing and purifying the blood, and at the same time gives vigor to all parts of the system. Catarrh makes you feel bad all over; it affects the digestion, produces nausea, destroys the appetite, makes you nervous, restless and too utterly wretched for work or anything else. It is a common and almost universal complaint and the most humiliating and disgusting of all diseases. If the blood is all right winter's coming brings none of the discomforts and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. Write us full particulars of your case should you need medical advice, which our physicians will cheerfully furnish without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

NO ONE COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Gentlemen:—I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S. and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well to day as any man.

I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S., than I do.

Lapeer, Mich. M. MATSON.

FELT LIKE A NEW MAN.

I take pleasure in commending your S. S. S. as an A-1 good blood purifier. In fact, my opinion of it is that it has no equal. I recently used some dozen bottles of it and the effects were all that I could desire. My blood was bad and S. S. S. thoroughly cleansed and renovated it. I had Catarrh of the nose and throat, and to my gratification S. S. S. cured me of this troublesome complaint, at the same time it built up my general health. It increased my strength and vigor, improved my appetite, and, in short, when I got through with your medicine I felt like a different man. JAMES M. LYDEN.

811 Brownsville Ave. Pittsburg, Pa.
27th Ward, S. S.