

WILL CUBA DO FOR TAFT WHAT IT DID FOR ROOSEVELT?

May Not an Errand of Peace Accomplish the Same Result as a Rough Rider Halo?

The Big War Secretary's Diplomatic Skill and His Famous Fetching Smile.



TAFT'S FAMOUS SMILE WHICH HAS WON HIM FRIENDS AND SMOOTHED OVER MANY DIFFICULTIES

LATEST PHOTO OF SECRETARY TAFT

MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT



SECRETARY TAFT ON HIS LAST VISIT—GREETING SOME OF HIS OLD FRIENDS IN THE PHILIPPINES.



MRS. HELEN TAFT DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR in Cuba sent Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency. Will the present trouble in the Isle of Unrest do the same for William H. Taft? It is a question that interests the whole American people, and suggests a train of coincidences.

Before the Maine went to the bottom of Havana harbor no one had seriously entertained the idea that Roosevelt might some day occupy the chair of Washington and Lincoln.

The New Yorker, originally a reformer, whom the regulars regarded with suspicion, had acquitted himself with credit as Commissioner of Police in New York City, and was regarded as a man of ability, but no stretch of imagination had pictured him as one to suddenly vault into the Governorship of the Empire State, the Vice-Presidency, and finally the Presidential chair by the biggest majority ever given to a candidate for the office.

The glory that came with the descent on Cuba, the Rough Rider halo, did all this for Theodore Roosevelt. It discovered to the American people that he was a man of capacity in all directions. He has borne the subsequent test, and deserved his honors, but it cannot be denied that without the events of the brief struggle in Cuba he might never have been mentioned for the highest office in the land.

Taft has gone to Cuba on a different errand. Roosevelt went there as a man of war, Taft for peace, but the Ohio man ought to find a happy augury in the experience of the present incumbent of the White House.

The Spanish-American war brought Taft, like Roosevelt, to the front as a man of varied abilities. He had been an able member of the Ohio bar, and had quickly been elevated to the bench by Governor Foraker. Then President Harrison made him Solicitor-General of the United States, from which place he resigned to accept a United States Judgeship in the Sixth Judicial Circuit.

Taft in the Philippines.

This was where he stood when President McKinley, always partial to the men of his native state, asked him to accept the chairmanship of the Philippine Commission at a time when the problem that the commission had to solve was the most vexed before the country. Taft had been an able, useful citizen, and an ideal Judge, but he was in no sense a National figure, until from motives of purest patriotism he resigned his congenial place on the bench to go to the Philippines.

Taft's work in the Philippines called for more skill and diplomacy than any phase of the tangle following the struggle with Spain, but the 37-

year-old Ohioan threw himself into the task with splendid enthusiasm, and did all that was required, using his famous smile and perpetual good nature as a balm to smooth away the hurts. He danced at a public ball given in his honor on his arrival, and the way he piloted his bulk through the mazes of the Spanish fandango delighted the Filipinos more than could the most profound expression of statesmanship.

It must not be understood that Taft's work in the Philippines was all plain sailing by any means. He and General Chaffee differed as to the necessity of keeping the islands under strict military law. Taft thought a policy of pacification better; Chaffee argued that to ease up in the least bit would be to forfeit all that had been gained by the dangerous and costly war of months.

The Governor prevailed eventually, and the Filipinos soon came to look upon him as their greatest friend.

Taft passed from the post of Governor of the Philippines to that of Secretary of War, when that post was vacated by Elihu Root.

Once again he proved the right man for the right job. More than any man in the country he understood the conditions that had grown up in Cuba and the Philippines, problems by no means solved yet, but which must be matters of concern for years yet to come. It was a queer choice, big, good-natured "Bill" Taft, the man of peace and fun, to be charged with administering the National military service, but the Cabinet has known no abler member.

Next to Roosevelt.

It is no secret in National Republican political circles that once President Roosevelt is eliminated, and he has most positively stated that he will not run for another term, Taft stands closer to the chance of getting the Republican nomination for the Presidency than any other man. Not that there are not plenty of other candidates; Root is one, so are Fairbanks, Beveridge and perhaps Cannon, but of all these the leader is Taft.

Even without having been chosen to restore order out of the Cuban chaos, Taft had the best expectation, but the publicity that will come to him in the next few months, and the virtual certainty that he will be successful in restoring a satisfactory condition in the Pearl of the Antilles makes the speculation on Cuba as a new mother of Presidents an interesting one.

and savage people at warfare with the flag of the Republic.

Now in Cuba Taft has been dealing with still more extraordinary conditions than he has met in any other part of the world and the United States recognize as a republic, but whose government was voluntarily and cheerfully turned over to Taft because its own authorities admit their inability to prevent rebellion, strife, bloodshed and anarchy.

A position of more delicate could hardly be imagined. It is a post that requires firmness, tact in the early stages an outbreak should work damage to American interests and result in loss of life.

To come out of all this complication successfully as Taft has done, calls for abundant patience and good nature.

It has been the experience of Taft to have to accomplish the unusual, that for which there was no precedent.

When he went to the Philippines he confronted a situation such as the United States had never known before. It was a new thing for Uncle Sam to become the owner of a foreign island

how much I look like George Washington, 'our long struggle is at an end. We have been out here, fighting' drowsiness, for weeks and weeks, but finally our junta has made America set up 'take notice. I see where this thing is going' to be settled by arbitration, and the most approved plan of arbitratin' things is to give the leaders o' both sides the best job in sight. Two hours will be added to our sleeter today in honor of the glad news we have received.

"My words prove prophetic, for we are summoned to Havanner, and the Yankee emissary holds up a baseball bat and says: 'Now, you fellows will choose up sides on this bat handle, just as if you was playin' two-ole cat. So I toss the bat to the president of the Ins, and he grabs it by the middle with one hand. Then I put one hand above his hand, and he puts his other above mine, and so on till we get to the top, when we yell, 'No fair squawin'!' And the Yankee, amazin' sary passes a knife blade around the top of the bat, to see the last hand ain't overlappin'." Then he says, 'Cal, it's your first choice.' So I grab the office of president of the noo Cuby library outfit, and the man who has been president of the Ins, he takes the foremanship. Then I appoint my army as segundo, and so we go down the list till we have filled all the offices down to night-berd and horse-wrangler, each side havin' half the plums. Then I declare my insurrection at an end, and dissolve my Noo York junta, so its members kin come home an' draw their independ' salaries. The Yankee warships in the harbor fire twenty-one guns in honor of the noo gov'mint, and we steps into our sevral offices and pries open our roltop desks and proceeds to close-herd the sal'ry roll."

"But how long does your government last?" asked the Tenderfoot.

"Well, there was a puncher worked for this outfit once, who was always singin' a song about 'It May Be Per Years an' It May Be Forever,' said Chuckwagon Cal, as he let down the

tailboard of the wagon preparatory to mixing biscuit, "but I'm thinkin' now that everybody is gettin' onto the business opportunit' of the midnight express, in the tropical bush, and gov'ment of the Cubyans, by the Cubyans and for the Cubyans wouldn't last much longer than it could take some noo delterber of the peace to hike for the jungle and start another insurrection."—(Copyright, 1906, by Great West Syndicate.)

Tony Pastor's Costly Parrot.

This tale was related to me a little while ago by the principal actor of the story:

A number of years ago, in the days of the old Boston & Providence Railroad, Tony Pastor approached Baggage-master Davis, of the midnight express, which was bound for New York, and said:

"I have here a parrot which I am very desirous of having delivered at my theater in New York tomorrow evening, and for the favor I am willing to compensate liberally, also any time you want to attend a performance at my house, call around and mention you are the man that brought the parrot over from Boston."

Davis grasped the opportunity, saying: "Thank you, Mr. Pastor, I shall see that the parrot is delivered, and shall avail myself of the favor on the first occasion."

That night Davis told some boys on the train of his good fortune.

A couple of months passed and the baggage-man inquired for Mr. Pastor at the box office.

"The manager is very busy," said the ticket seller, "what did you wish to see him for?"

"Just tell him," said Davis, "I'm the man that brought the parrot over from Boston."

Turning on his stool, the man repeated his request.

"For my sake, John," belloved out Mr. Pastor, "send that parrot back to Boston. There have been twenty railroad men around here trying to work that parrot yarn on me."—Boston Herald.

Chuckwagon Cal on Cuban Politics

The Cook of the Calf Wras'lers Outfit Gives the Plainsman's View on the Getting Up of Revolutions



BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

"I'VE EVER sit chafinated with my present job o' pamperin' the delicate appetites of a lot o' second cousins o' Azgora goat herders. I think I'll try to get a roundup hand's chance with some Cuban insurrection outfit," said Chuckwagon Cal, after the daily

wrestle with the roundup camp's tattered newspaper in the shade of the mossy wagon.

"Sometimes I git about half a disgust with cookin', spite o' what the post hands out about bein' able to live without poultry, planners and books, but civilized man dassent fire his cook. I s'pose it's 'cause civilized man has got to have somethin' he kin cuss, either publicly or under his breath, and a cook is the handiest oblect fer such purpose. A cook, if he is a real cook, has got to be proof against any cuss word ever invented. It used to bother me some when I first started in, when some cowpuncher, after makin' an aboin void in a big kittle o'

beans and hog linn', would tell me that any Apache squaw had me hobbled when it come to the art o' cookin'." I used to lay awake nights, wonderin' how I could improve the grub layout to suit the Epicurean taste of the roundup outfit, but it didn't take me long to learn better. Now if any puncher sets up on his haunches and rales the long howl because of the grub he's been demollishin', I walk over to him, and lookin' him square in the eye, I say gently but firmly:

"Swaller yer words without salt or pepper, and apologize fer profitin' this outdoor edition of Delmonico's with yer chatterin' complaints. A cow camp is no place for a poverty-struck youngster son of a down-at-the-heel British family to bring the inherited indigestion, which is the only thing he ever picked off the family tree. Understand that in this country the little finger of a cook is more to be revered than the thumb of a sacred cow o' Injy. And also understand that any perarie cook kin beat you ridin', ropin', shootin', or doin' plain or feather-bone asswin'." So, after this, you amashoor critic, it's your play to set up like a tongue-tie perarie dog when you hear me holler grub pile!"

"But you might find it different cooking

for Cuban insurrectos," said the Tenderfoot.

"Why, man, I wouldn't any more waste my talents cookin' down there than any genuine cowpuncher would put in his time ridin' a movin' machine or a bar rike. What's the use o' any cookin' in a country where a man has to look out when he's walkin' through the woods, fer fear he'll bat his brains out aginst a bunch of bananas, or where a mistep is liable to impale him on the cactus-like pompadour of a pine-apple? We tried our heavy, air-tight meals o' civilization in that country, and every time one of us fellers in khaki stuck a can-opener to the hilt in the hissin' vitals of a tin o' jungle food we stared death in the face. No, our heavy-weight style o' eatin' is the last thing to worry about in the tropics. If I started an insurrecto outfit, all I'd need would be a few sody crackers and a junta. If you are goin' into the insurrecto business in a country where Latin or hog-Latin is spoke, you must have a junta. It don't matter if you are shy o' men and ammuni' ion—if you have a good, live junta in active workin' order you kin make insurrectin' a life job. And the beauty about a junta is, it don't require capital to start. It is just a sort o' corner grocery store of revolutionary politics, where the friends o' all the out-

comes to spit on the stove and plot treason aginst them that's in. A junta is an incubator that can hatch a bird o' freedom outen a donkirk. I would hate one o' these juntas established in Noo York, and there a busy corps o' press agents would be kept hard at work supplyin' news about the progress o' the glorious uprisin' on the home ranch. The junta would hand out pieters and stories about Chuckwagon Cal, the whikery leader o' the 'Cubyan insurrecto' forces. There would be photographs o' Chuckwagon Cal in all poses, but his natural one o' slumberin', and he would be hailed as a man who made a throne totter or a president tremble every time his spurs jingled. Occasionally the junta would send out dark hints o' filibusterin' expedition to carry arms to Chuckwagon Cal's forces. All this would keep up Yankee interest in the insurrection—and when us Yankees git interested in anythin' like a scrap we have to set up till the movin' pieters are in showin' the knockout blow in the last round.

"In the meantime here I am, a-takin' life easy in the Cuban jungle. There is no night hawk to rout me outen my frost-spangled tarpoleen at 4 o'clock in the mornin', and no foreman to make the blue vault of heaven resound with his yell because the apple sass has run out. I am swingin' there in a hammock, as comfortable as a bobcat asleep in a treetop, when in comes a barefoot kid from the nearest telegraf office, with a message fer me.

"Seven American warships have started fer Havanner," says the telegram, which is from my never-sleep junta, which has a worse case of business insomnia than the Pinkerton agency. 'Five o' the ships are carryin' the Secretary of War, who's goin' to put the Pearl of the Antilles in a Star-Spangled Banner settin'. Congratulations and vivas."

"Whereupon, I summon all my forces, consistin' of one man, ridin' a descendant of the Matanzas mule. 'My brave musketeer of freedom,' I says, standin' three-quarter face to him, so he kin see