

HAS PUT UP A MILLION FOR HIS BROTHER BILL

CHARLES P. TAFT OF CINCINNATI POURING OUT MONEY LIKE WATER TO ADVANCE WILLIAMS' POLITICAL FORTUNES



THE RESIDENCE OF CHARLES P. TAFT IN CINCINNATI WHO IS FINANCING THE TAFT CAMPAIGN; THE HOME OF THE WAR SECRETARY WHEN IN CINCINNATI AND THE PLACE WHERE IT WAS DECIDED THAT W. H. TAFT SHOULD RUN FOR THE PRESIDENCY

THE statements that if William H. Taft is elected President of the United States it will be the result of the expenditure of over a million dollars by his little half-brother, Charles P. Taft, in Cincinnati, who has been working for years to make his brother famous in the political limelight, and that the Taft campaign has gone down in the annals as the most expensive ever waged for a Presidential candidate, are due to the Niagara of wealth the modest brother of the War Secretary is turning into the campaign to land his favorite half-brother into the highest office of the land. The expenditure already made by Charles P. Taft is about ten times that of all the other candidates combined. Practically all of the money spent in the Taft boom so far has been furnished out of the pocket of the little Cincinnati, millionaire owner and editor of the Cincinnati newspaper which first announced the candidacy of the Secretary of War some twelve months ago.

That Charles P. Taft is going to be game in his campaign for "Brother Bill" and will stick to his expensive job he began last April, is shown in the prodigal way in which the Taft money is being showered in the districts where even half a night is being put up by other candidates. Despite the announcement that there would be no interference with favorite sons in their own states, it is said that Charles P. Taft has rondered in every state of the Union gathering up delegates to the Chicago convention. It is known that hardly a day passed without some district that did not instruct for Taft.

Long before the fight was put up anywhere the Taft boom took jumps and bounds in Ohio, financially climbing to the \$500,000 mark, which was the record total of expenditure for the Hanna-McKinley campaign. Since the Taft campaign has become fairly on an additional \$70,000 has been tallied up to the Ohio expenditures.

The reason for the Ohio expenditure topping all the other expenditures was figured out that "Brother Bill" must carry his own state unanimously over the opposition of Foraker and Harmon. As an example of the effort put forth to bring about the desired result, Brother Charles placed the Ohio forces in the hands of Arthur I. Vorys, who separated himself from a princely income to manage the campaign in Ohio that Millionaire Editor Taft was putting up. Not satisfied that Vorys could deliver the goods to a certainty, to make things doubly sure, Henry A. Williams, a well-known lawyer, with an excellent practice, was annexed to assist Vorys manage the campaign. It is interesting to speculate just what this Ohio staff with that of Frank H. Hitchcock in Washington is costing the Cincinnati brother of William H. Taft for no one yet has been found who will stand for the statement that Charles P. Taft is saving a single cent in his campaign for his brother.

If you listen to the anti-Taft people estimating the cost up to date of Charles P. Taft for his brother's run for the Presidency they will show you figures close to the million mark. One Cincinnati man who knows Ohio and Ohioans, said: "The published estimates do not begin to tell the amount 'silent Charles P.' is spending. He is an ideal half-brother, who sticks closer than a real brother, for it is the wealthy citizen of Cincinnati who is writing out all the checks." Cincinnati, April 5.

Sartorial Signs.

Clothes should express the individuality of the wearer.—Frank D. Somers, of Boston. Well, if you really think they don't. You surely have misunderstood the game, and you just bet it won't put you a trifle to the good.

For instance, there's the manly form. You see upon the corner shop. In blue and brass of uniform—Well, that's the city's pride, a cop.

Another, from neckwear to socks. That would touch you a bunch of shocks—An imitation college boy.

There's the he of garments more subdued. Yet fifty upon him hung. Now, not infrequently denote. Um-m-m, he's an old chap being young.

The shapless hat, the sagging coat. The baggy trousers—all don't care—They wear it as a millionaire.

Per contra, other chaps appear. In raiment fresh with each month's span. And then you're not surprised to hear. They always own the taller man.—Indianapolis News.



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WAR SECRETARY AND HIS HALF BROTHER, WHO IS FINANCING THE TAFT CAMPAIGN

THE HOTEL CLERK ON POETS AND SPRING

TOGETHER WITH SUNDRY REFLECTIONS AND COMMENTS ON OTHER VERNAL TOPICS

BY IRVING S. COBB



"VARLOLD J. HICKS was in here a while ago," said the Hotel Clerk, as he met the House Detective in their favorite corner of the St. Rockless Cafe.

"Who's he?" inquired the House Detective. "His name sounds like a symptom."

"He's a poet," said the Hotel Clerk. "I gave him a dollar to get his laundry out. He was wearing a collar with a border on it like a mourning envelope. He's got a bad cold."

"I had a bad cold myself last week, and I ain't no poet at that," said the House Detective.

"I know," said the Hotel Clerk. "But Varlold got his sitting on the hillside in Central Park, where the soft and fragrant grass is growing, or will be in a month from now if we have good luck with the weather. A sparrow cop showed him away in time to save him from pneumonia, but he's got a lovely cold that, with the proper care, ought to last him until time for it to merge imperceptibly into hay fever."

"Got in, thunder, was he sittin' on the ground up in the park for?" inquired the House Detective. "A baby'd know better'n that."

"A baby might, but a poet wouldn't," said the Hotel Clerk. "Not a true poet like Varlold. He was sitting there upon the green sward, only it's not green yet, but choco-late-colored, watching the honking flowerlets and getting inspirations for a poem."

"Where's any noodle flowerlets, or flower lutesces, either, in Central Park this time of year?" asked the House Detective.

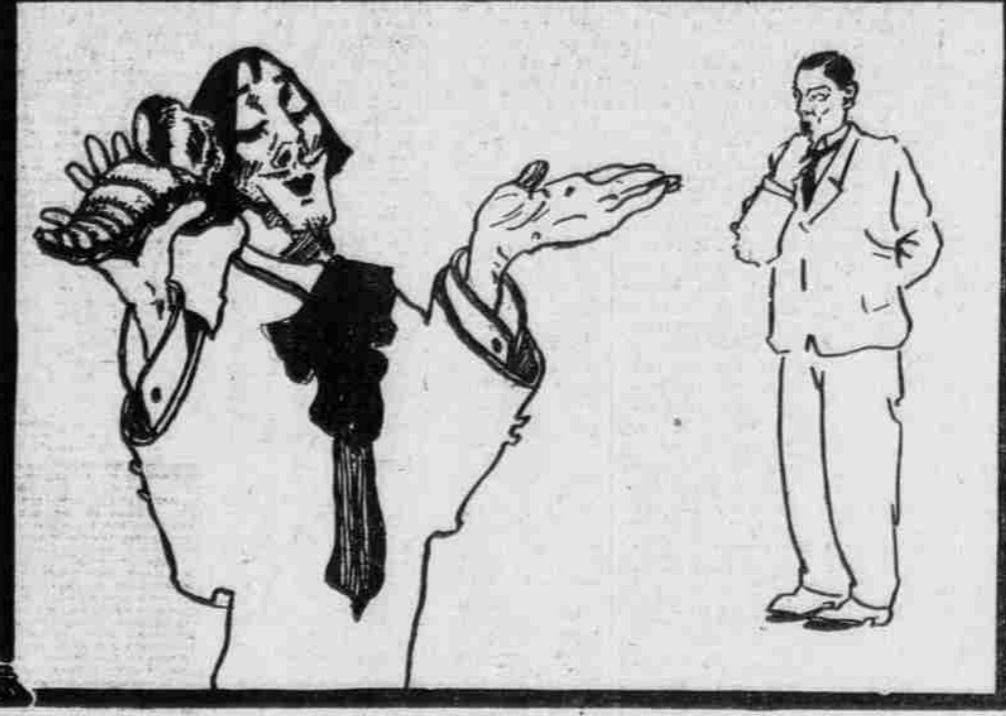
"On the hats of the ladies that were driving past," said the Hotel Clerk. "Cuddles of 'em. They were swirving in their little neck caps and their gray-boat neckties and their little hot lobster neckburg automobiles, and he was sitting on the only grass he could find—one tender young blade, two inches long—beholding them swirl. They were pitying Varlold because he was wearing that two-tone collar I told you about just now, and a coat with glazier effects along the seams. And he was pitying them because they couldn't see anything in the promise of budding Springtime, except mental pictures of shad roe and those new tailored suit coats like all the women are wearing this year with little hip roofs sticking out behind."

"Well, if you're askin' me, I'd a blame sight rather be pirroth along the East Drive in my own little gasoline go-cart than all spread out on a damp slope soppin' up influenza germs through my pores," said the House Detective. "Maybe I wouldn't be able to write no poems in Spring, but any time I wanted any I could give a poet a dollar and a quarter to turn me out one to order."

"Well, I don't know," said the Hotel Clerk. "Sometimes I wish, Larry, that I was a poet. I don't mean one of those sordid, commercial poets that gets \$2500 for thinking up a word that



GETTING INSPIRATION FOR A POEM



I LOVE TO HEAR VARLOLD DISCOURSE ON HIS ART

will rhyme with Rappahannock for the nation 'd, but a true poet who can put his mind above such common earthly things as board bills and room rent—and where he's going to get his next meal—a poet that can spare all thoughts of the vulgar struggle for mere dross, which is a poet's name for United States currency, Larry—and just naturally soar aloft into the stary realms of fancy like a frightened bull-bat. That's the way with Varlold J. Hicks. He wouldn't make a success as a porch-climber or a pawn broker or a United States Senator; or at any other profession calling for the ability to size up the monetary possibilities of a proposition off-hand. But as a poet, he's the real Brussels sprouts. He has no use for money, or very little. No true poet has. When you hear of a poet being financially embarrassed, it means he's come into money.

"I love to hear Varlold discourse on his art. He puts a sea shell to his ear, and shuts his eyes, and hears the murmur of waves and the dash of breakers, and that's poetry. I pointed out to him that you can take one of those old-fashioned tin cupboards and hold it to your ear and get the dash of waves or the dash of orange bitters or whatever it is, just the same as if it was a sea shell you had, yet that wouldn't be poetry. Varlold told me it wouldn't, and he knows if anybody does."

"A lot depends on the point of view. Varlold will know Spring is here by the lush green grass, and you and me'll know it's here by the lush green mint julep. For inshing purposes, I regard the julep as having the grass beaten the length of this bar. But Varlold don't think so. He'll go mooning along trying to pump

divine afflatus out of his system until a cab or something runs over him.

"There's a lot of signs telling me Spring is at hand that wouldn't appeal to him. I guess it's fine in the country with the nervous young debutante then laying the dropped egg and the suburban dairymaid flinging on tapping the new aqueduct and enlarging his business. The sap by now is mounting upward in the water maple and the rah-rah-rah boys. The golden dandelions will soon be buttoning the meadow down the back. With bated breath you will speak to me of young onions, and I will turn my head away, overcome by the rush of reminiscent memories; and together we will promenade to the lunch counter and partake of the new radish, that tastiest of fruits, that sometimes you can taste for hours and hours and hours."

"Then, there's another thing that tells me Spring is here. Colonel George Harvey has emerged from his literary hibernation with his annual suggestion for a model newspaper. As explained by Colonel Harvey, the model newspaper will contain no crimes or scandals or divorce suits, such as everybody deplores so deeply and reads so eagerly. It will be a publication such as you could put into the hands of a young woman with every assurance, and take it away from her again with even greater ease. The only illustration will be a fine view of Greenwood Cemetery on a Monday morning. Its editorial page will be free from sensationalism. There will be a leader on the decline of the stowed-prime industry in Southern California, weighing from 12 to 14 pounds, tray weight; a spirited attack on the pernicious bolt weevil; and two chaste Harveyized paragraphs, but never any more. The sporting department will be edited with the

same care. Parties who desire to know the ration at which Herr Hans Wagner is swatting the leather-clad spheroid with the elongated hickory cudgel must look elsewhere. Those seeking for expert opinions as to whether the newest middle-weight champion has two medium-sized chunks of yellow in him, like a double yolk egg, or one large chunk like a grape fruit, will be disappointed. Colonel Harvey's sporting page will contain a column devoted to chess problems with exciting diagrams, and a story on the result of the membership contest in the West Side Y. M. C. A. His sporting editor will be Edward K. Bok.

"The model newspaper will not be a bulky, cumbersome thing. It will be a small, compact, well-nigh dainty affair, such as can be folded and slipped in the breast pocket and easily forgotten. By putting a heliotope border on the upper edge, and sprinkling it with Florida water, it can be made to pass for a neat pocket handkerchief."

"But there's just one draw-back, Larry. Its circulation will be limited. The circulation will be confined to the faculty of Harvard College, Richard Watson Gilder, and Colonel Harvey's club set. It's going to take a lot of education to wear the masses away from the Sunday newspaper that don't contain anything but two or three thousand columns of cable news and specials, and features, and pictures and magazine pages, not to mention a cut-out puzzle, a paper toy, a water-color painting suitable for framing, a comic section, and the complete words and music of the latest popular song hit as rendered in the Green Cheese musical comedy entitled, 'They Used to Call Me Birdie Because I Had the Thrush.'

"And I know it's Spring, or approximately so, when I stroll up Broadway. The actors that are congested there tell me so. That is to say, they don't tell me in so many words because no experienced actor is going to waste time talking about the seasons of the year when he can assemble together a patient audience of from one person up and talk about a more congenial and attractive subject, to wit—himself. In the interval between the closing of the road show that didn't pay, and the opening of the Summer stock that's always going to pay, old St. Whitlock has a surcoise from telling Ralph Delmore, the wolf in sheep's clothing, that he came there with his slick city vest and his striped ways and stole the little gal away."

"And so rugged old Uncle Si and villainous Ralph and all the Big Road, where there's so much passing, and make life the brighter for the rest of us. The old-timer who understudied Booth, but was a long way under, is here with the setting of moth eggs nesting beneath his fur collar, waiting for the warm weather to hatch out; and the veteran scenery-biter that tells the waiter to bring up his eggs of a morning in a voice like Washington's Farewell Address to His Generals; and the lady who contracted spear-carrier's hip in the first Rice's Evangelical company; but who's still good for igneous if you don't put the accent on the last syllable, and the somber comedian who talks in whispers because some imitator might steal the stuff that he stole from McIntyre and Heath in the Fall of '97, and the newly-sneared girl with the startled-doe eyes and the Dutch cheese complexion—red for the first coat and

then a high polish put on afterwards—they are all with us in the spring-time, Larry."

"Is Spring your favorite season?" asked the House Detective.

"It is until it comes, and then it ain't," said the Hotel Clerk. "And that's the way with nearly everybody else except the Varlold J. Hickses."

Mind Cure for Disease.

Harper's Razor.

We are asked to believe, then, that we can modify our temperaments, that we can eliminate their faults and cultivate their virtues. Belonging to a certain type, that is, we can learn what the laws of harmony are for us, and having learned, we can live without struggle happily and healthfully. Just why this serenity is such a good ideal we do not always know. We need the enlightening wisdom of a medical Daniel to tell us that fight and fuss and worry in our own mind cause our nervous disease. A Wall street braker in the recent panic, when he saw his fortune to the last dollar slipping out of existence, said cheerfully: "Well, I began with a shoestring once, and I can do it again." If we could all meet our enemies in such a spirit, the nerve specialists would have few patients. But most of us would have to acquire by patient practice such a joyful indifference to misfortune. Neither is it the great crises that are always hardest to meet. We, too, can bear them sometimes with a fortitude that is not far short of heroism. It is the little, petty, nagging things that tease us and wear us out.

Alcohol Oddities.

Anecdotes of alcoholism were being narrated by a little group of physicians at the recent convention in Chicago of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"One of my alcoholic patients steals

when drunk," said a Philadelphiaian. "You should see the trophies in his home. His valet is continually unmaking off of mornings with great paper parcels—overcoats, umbrellas, silver, spoon-chests—that the master, smiling in his fear of arrest, has begged him to get rid of somehow."

"I have patients," said a New York specialist in dipsomania, "who in their intoxication steal only particular things. One man, an agnostic, stole Bibles. A woman steals gimlets. A young spinster steals baby things—little shoes and frocks, bottles and rattles, once even a porcelain baby."

"I had a case, an old lady," said a Kansasian, "that I had treated over 12 years. A hopeless case, it seemed. But she had lost her money, and then they began to arrest her as a 'common drunk.' Well, after she had been arrested a dozen times or so, the magistrate said he was tired of seeing her about, and instructed the police to take her to the river, whenever they found her drunk, and give her a cold dip. By Jove, that cured her. Two cold dips cured her. She has been sober now, my old patient, almost three years."

Tribute to the Pancake.

Leslie's Weekly.

A Frenchman noted for his fondness for good eating in dipomania, who in the fashionable restaurants of New York, was asked at a popular club by a New York friend recently what, in his judgment, was the most delicious and distinctive American dish. Without a moment's hesitation the French visitor replied: "The only distinctive American dish that I have found in your country is the one that is put on the list at least before all others, is your 'backwheel cake.' We have various kinds of pancakes, almond, most of them palatable and appetizing and many of them expensive, but your 'backwheel cakes' excel anything of the kind that I have ever tasted. Better than all they are, and they give her everyone and constitute one of your cheapest as well as one of your choicest foods. The light, well-browned 'backwheel cake,' with a dash of honey or maple or karo syrup over it, is the most delicious, wholesome and satisfying breakfast morsel that the world offers. We have nothing to surpass it in our country, and it is a pity that it is so common with your people that they do not always recognize its merit. One of the pleasures of my regular winter trip to the States is the expectation of getting once more in touch with your famous 'backwheel cakes.'"

The Old Slew.

Detroit Free Press.

We have a rascal in our house. The parlor stove is taken out. He doesn't like to sit around about. He misses the old stove, he says. Because he has no place to sit, he sits right on the stove. He says he misses the old stove as much as the top of it he used to swing. And on the coal sign stamps went. It was a most convenient thing. The furnace warms us through and through. But father kicks most every night. Because he has no place to throw. The stuff that should be out of sight.