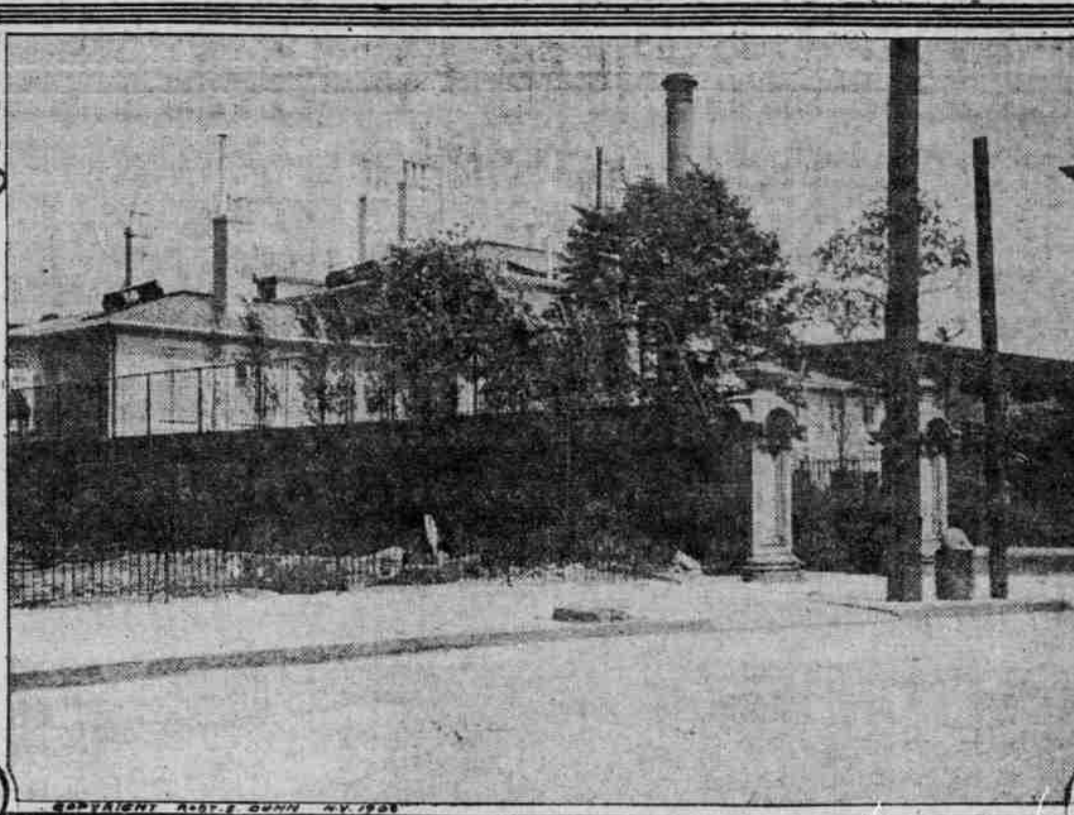


# G.O.P.'S REAL CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

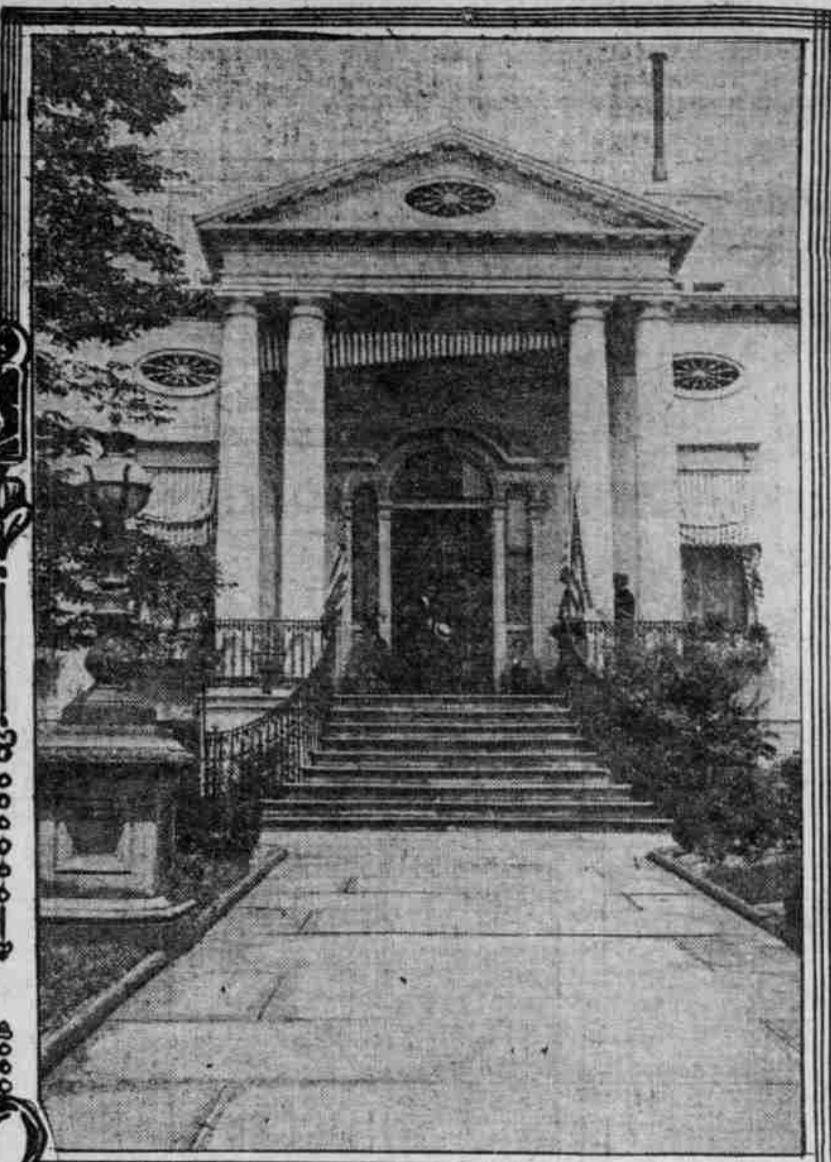


WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, AND JAMES SCHOOLCRAFT SHERMAN, THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES, ON THE PORCH OF THE TAFT RESIDENCE IN CINCINNATI

### Palatial Residence of Taft's Brother Surrounded by Factory Buildings on An Old-Fashioned Street in Cincinnati



THE "SPITE FENCE" PUT UP BY CHARLES P. TAFT TO SHUT OUT THE ROWS OF SIGNS AND TO PREVENT THE FRYING EYES OF WORKMEN INVADING THE PRIVACY OF HIS HOME



CHARLES P. TAFT'S RESIDENCE, THE HOUSE FROM WHICH THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN WILL BE WAGED

THE campaign of William Howard Taft for the Presidency will be made from the sitting-room and the front porch of a house on old-fashioned Pike-street, in Cincinnati.

And no matter who is National chairman, no matter who is Eastern or Western manager, the real manager of the campaign will be the same man who has engineered things from the very beginning, the owner of this house and brother of the candidate—Charles P. Taft.

It was Charles P. Taft who first announced the candidacy of William Howard Taft, even, it is said, before the latter had fully made up his mind. It was Charles P. Taft who started an open fight for the nomination—first in Ohio, which at that time was anything but a Taft state, and then all over the country. It was Charles P. Taft who discovered Arthur I. Vorys and made him manager of the Taft fight. It was Charles P. Taft who personally directed each and every movement of the great political campaign which culminated in the nomination of his half-brother, and it was Charles P. Taft who furnished every single dollar expended in the campaign.

It was very natural, then, that the Taft campaign should be directed from the house of Charles P. Taft, where at all times he can be consulted and where all the many political wires can be ready for his willing hand. And this hand, as heretofore, will guide even to the slightest detail, and it may be said in passing, that it has never met with defeat. Charles P.'s hand is never used for political hand-shaking—he has far better use for it, as results have demonstrated.

And so, when Candidate Taft returns from his brief vacation, he will take up quarters in the Pike-street house.

The house reminds one of the old Biblical adage, "A pearl before swine," inasmuch as this magnificent Colonial residence, one of the finest architecturally in the city, now is completely surrounded and hidden from view by factories and workshops of every description.

Nestling in a beautiful lawn that takes up half of a city block, it is fairly smothered by a combination of soot, dust, blowing whistles and whirring machinery. Eight floors of a power building to the west are occupied by various clothing manufacturing concerns; on the east a great publishing house has its plant, and directly opposite a row of vacant palaces, intermingled with an occasional boarding-house, offers the eye glad relief. And were these houses removed there would be one grand and continuous panoramic performance of factories, as the entire street to the rear is intersected with manufacturing of every shade and description.

Should Candidate Taft desire to whisper a political secret to an intimate, while in this atmosphere, he must have need of a megaphone, and if he should desire to address the populace, it will require an Edison to devise some vocal contrivance to overcome the surrounding noises.

man of Charles P. Taft's wealth and love of quiet dwelling in this settlement of factories, and the conclusion generally drawn is that some sentimental association keeps him to his old home. Especially is this view confirmed when one views the interior of this palace and discovers a \$1,000,000 collection of paintings, slowly but surely hiding their original colors under a coating of grime and soot.

But such is not the case. Charles P. Taft never permits sentiment to interfere with anything. The reason that the Taft residence remains is that Charles P. Taft is a fighter when he knows he is right, and he will probably continue to live there until his last day.

When Charles P. Taft first settled in his beautiful Pike-street home, the thoroughfare was one of a quiet and fashionable tone. With his aristocratic neighbors, he remained there under the impression that there were proper building restrictions to safeguard the residential character of the neighborhood. This impression was destroyed a few years ago when

a piece of property, which was first offered to him at rather a high figure, was sold as a factory site. With the laying of the foundation all of his fashionable neighbors gave one frightened stare and prepared to migrate. When the building had reached eight stories in the air, the only resident who remained was Charles P. Taft.

Within a few months, various enterprising firms had taken up quarters in the structure, machinery was installed, and the entire side of the building facing the Taft lawn was painted a solemn black, with huge white letters bespeaking the names and business of the various firms. A hundred or more windows dotted the wall, and from these windows the peering eyes of the workers disturbed the privacy of the Taft home.

Then Charles P. Taft got his dander up. He did not move—he did not even hesitate. He merely sent for a contractor and gave orders for a huge "spite" fence, sufficiently high as to cut off part of the view of his home from the factory windows.

Following the first came other buildings for manufacturing purposes, as residential sites were deserted by former owners. Today but one original resident remains—Charles P. Taft—and it is from his home in his strange surroundings that the campaign will be conducted.

## WILLIAM H. TAFT AND HIS DAUGHTER HELEN



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT AND HIS DAUGHTER TAKEN IN WASHINGTON, JUNE 10. (Negative by D. N. Davidson. Copyright, 1908, by Photo News Bureau, Washington, D. C.)

### Inconsequential Verse

**The Girls.**  
St. Louis Times.  
Hear the laughter of the girls—  
Pretty girls!  
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip  
unfurls!  
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,  
In the balmy air of night!  
While the stars that over-spatter  
All the blue-veiled ether glitter  
In the soft and mild delight;  
In a softer-kinder rhyme,  
Keeping time, time, time,  
To the tin-tinabulation that, unceasing, ever  
purrs  
From the girls, girls, girls,  
Girls, girls, girls,  
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty  
girls.

**See the flirting of the girls,**  
Radiant girls!  
How the softened brain of lover wildly  
whirls!  
Through the mazes of the ball,  
Up and down the stately hall!  
How he shippeth to and fro,  
And perspires!  
Would that we could tell the idiot all we  
know  
Of the fray  
Into which the false one hurls  
Each new victim—see the flame, how it  
swirls!  
How it curls!  
How it curls!  
Better far that they were churls,  
Than fall victims to the girls,  
To the prattle and the rattle  
Of the girls, girls, girls,  
Girls, girls, girls—  
To the sacking and heart-racking of the  
girls!

**An Ode to His Washwoman.**  
Bohemian.  
Even in the face of financial embarrassment  
the Yale student refuses to be down-  
cast. For when the floral threatens suit  
if his bill is not paid or, when, in walking  
through the city streets, the student sees  
his newest shirt adorning the grinning face  
of his washwoman's young hopeful, it is  
not his nature to spill a bottle of ink on  
a dissertation on the Subconscious Rela-  
tionship of Poverty to Vice. More likely he  
will go whistling back to the campus and  
put in the time some such verses as ap-  
peared in the Yale Record of 10 years ago  
under the title, "Owed to My Wash-  
woman":  
I promise thee that some day I will come  
in answer to thy soft repeated din,  
And in thy eager hands I ten will lay  
The dollars ten I've owed for many a day,  
I will not cease to give for rips and tears  
For e'en the socks that now thy husband  
wears.  
Yes, some day in the dim maturity,  
I'll pay it all, I promise thee.  
And so set the whole campus laughing, if  
not to pay their bills.

**Awakenings.**  
What do we know, in truth, about our  
sleep?  
Only that dreams, sometimes, pursuing,  
creep  
Over the unseem bound we call awakenings;  
Know that we gained refreshment or in-  
rest.  
Whether the dream or waking more was  
blest,  
And that there came a change when day  
break'd.  
What do we know about our little life—  
its toll and pleasure, misery and strife?  
What shall we know when we have passed  
its portals?  
Perhaps we shall remember that we  
dreamed  
That time with sweet or troubled visions  
teemed.  
When we are wide awake, alive, im-  
mortal,  
—Ethel M. Coleman, in the Century.

**Uncle Abner to the Grumbler.**  
Chicago Record-Herald.  
"What's the good of being grouchy?  
When you're wearin' your worst frown  
Does it start the sun a-shinin'?"  
Or stop rain from comin' down?  
Scowlin' only makes you ugly;  
You'd be handseme if you'd smile;  
Why not start out lookin' pleasant,  
At least once in a while?

Do you find complainin' helps you  
Do you ever git much prest?  
Out of merely feelin' blue?  
Grumblin', if it brought men dollars,  
Would it once be all the style;  
But the man that wins is cheerul—  
At least, once in a while.

**The Navy Never Dies.**  
We belong to the Navy that forced Algiers  
To set her white slaves free;  
And has won undying honors  
On all quarters of the sea.  
They braved the fo'cs with Parragut  
And the Hartford in Mobile Bay  
The Navy that crushed the Spanish fleet  
At Cavite at break of day  
And many who fought these battles  
Sleep under foreign skies,  
But men may come and men may go—  
The Navy never dies.

Paul Jones on the little Ranger  
First mounted the heights of fame;  
And Porter in the South Pacific  
Won an undying name.  
Or Winslow and the Kearsarge  
The story is often told.  
McDougal on the younging,  
Wrote his name in letters of gold  
Brothers to them who won their stars  
Under the Cuban skies,  
For Captains come and Captains go—  
But the Navy never dies!

The Kearsarge lies a shattered wreck,  
And a new ship bears the name,  
Of the President, Essex and Congress  
Nothing remains but their fame.  
The Monitor won her battle  
To sink "neath Hatteras' foam;  
And the plucky little Hornet  
Was never welcomed home;  
And many a craft unseared for  
Rotting at anchor lies,  
But ships may come, and ships may go—  
The Navy never dies!

We belong to the Navy that Perry  
Anchored on Nippon's shore;  
The Navy that took Fort Fisher  
To the tune of its cannons' roar.  
Brave men, great Captains and noble ships  
Writ large on the scroll of fame,  
Brothers are we to the full degree  
In which we follow the game.  
We are linked to the past and future  
While a ship the old flag flies,  
And while men serve from love of country—  
The Navy never dies.  
—Army and Navy Life.

**The Zoological Orchestra.**  
H. W. Loomis, in Success Magazine.  
The turkeys played the drumsticks, while  
The puppy took the bones.  
The billydog played an instrument  
That gave the lowest tones.  
The elephant could trumpet, and  
The fiddler was a crab,  
The Katy-did a song and dance  
Upon a graveyard slab.  
The inch-worm counted measures, while  
The woodwind turned the leaves,  
The quail, he had to whistle, for  
Those mocking-birds are thieves.  
The yellow-jacket's organ point  
Was rather sharp and thin;  
The kitten brought an article  
To string the violin.  
The cow tossed off a sole, for  
No one could low so well;  
Her horn was blew and tipped with brass,  
She also rang the bell.  
The bee could play upon the comb;  
They wished he hadn't come,  
For all the music that he knew  
Was "Hum, Sweet Hum."

**An Ivy-Covered Wall.**  
The rugged wall that faced the Winter  
blast,  
Grim and defiant, beads a soft caress,  
And velvet tendrils, clinging tight and fast,  
Its staunch protection and assistance bide.  
Young is the vine that struggles to the light  
From out the mud about the stern wall's  
base,  
Hearing its hands for swift aerial flight,  
It thrills with joy the rampart to em-  
brace.  
Now, mantling green, its stony sides ob-  
scured,  
Each wedged boulder shows a beauty rare;  
The storm-chilled heart, to howling winds  
inured,  
Hides sweet content beneath its garment  
fair,  
—Laura W. Sheldon in New York Times.

**Machine Made.**  
Boston Transcript.  
I live that tinsel "William Tell,"  
That "Stabat Mater" grand,  
When these are played, what joy to me!  
I list almost entrancedly  
The music of the band.  
But when played for the photograph  
These pictures have been "captioned,"  
To hear them thus is martyrdom—  
That band of music death becomes  
The music of the banned.

One is at first surprised to find a