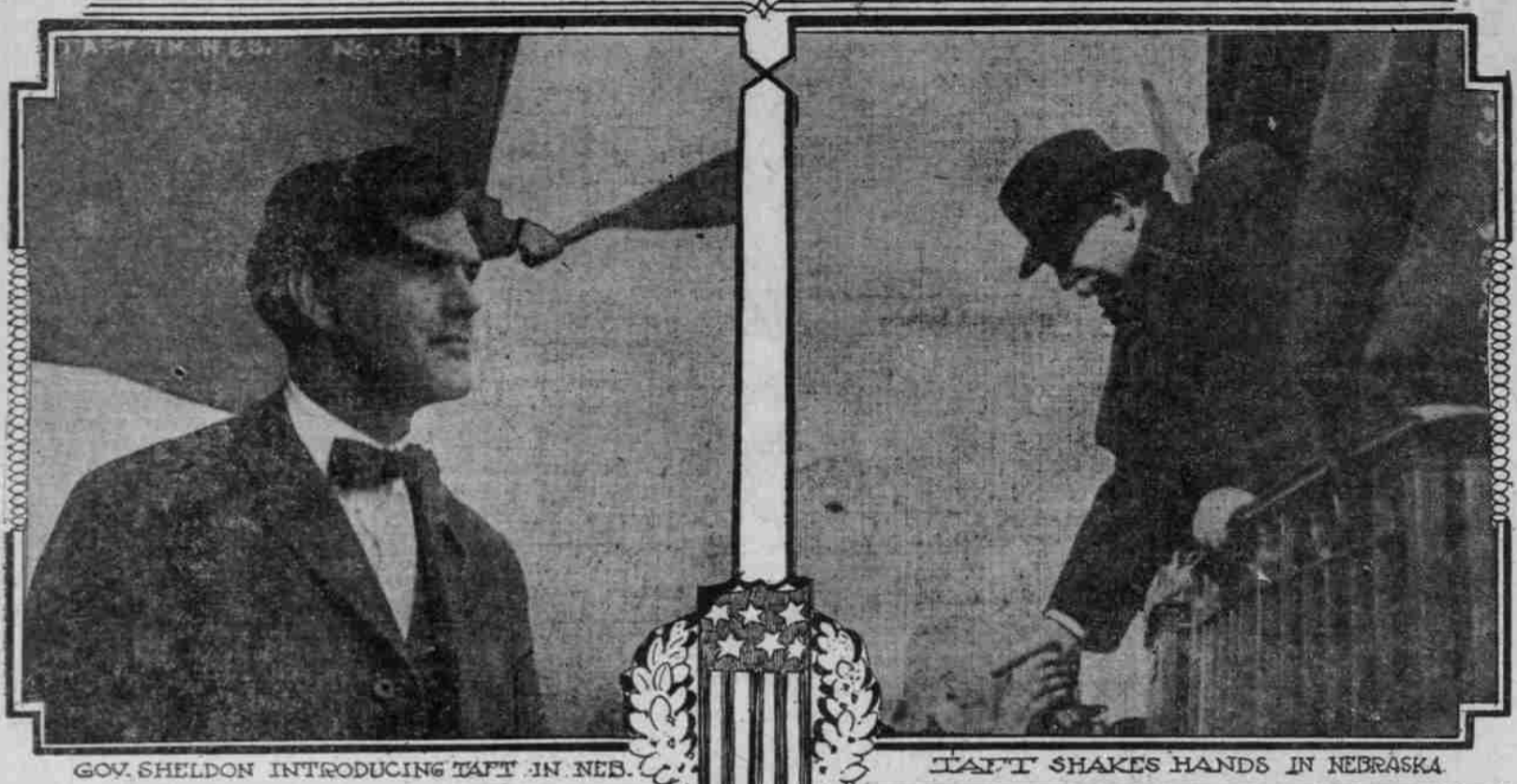


INCIDENTS AND HUMORS OF STUMPING TOUR WITH CANDIDATE WILLIAM H. TAFT

MANIFESTATION OF PUBLIC EAGERNESS TO SEE AND HEAR HIM ALWAYS IN EVIDENCE—PEOPLE'S WISHES GENERALLY GRATIFIED



GOV. SHELDON INTRODUCING TAFT IN NEB.

TAFT SHAKES HANDS IN NEBRASKA



TAFT IN NORTH WEST

TAFT IN NEBRASKA

CONGRESSMAN BOYD

GRAY fog lies heavily upon an Iowa cornfield—one of those spacious cornfields of the Middle West that stretch for a mile or two in every direction without a fence or a road to interrupt the monotonous and seemingly endless sequence of six and eight-foot stalks, ranked as compactly and exactly as a crack regiment of infantry on parade. The red target of the sun is just commencing to bore a tunnel of ruddy light through the mist. The vapor lies low, so close to the ground that a giant could walk with his head in clear air without being able to see below the top button of his waistcoat. In the midst of the thicket of corn, with the weighty ears of the nearest stalks inclining so heavily that their silky beads brush the dew from its varnished sides, looms a big Pullman car.

There it stands as natural as life, as if it were the thing most to be expected in the world; and a Pullman should be marooned at sunup in the middle of an Iowa cornfield. As the fog lifts a bit, and grows thinner, succumbing to the voracious onslaught of the sun, one sees a dull metallic gleam which gradually merges into a double line of steel, springing from beneath the wheels of the car and leading off vaguely into the mist. This is a switch, the track upon which the Pullman rolled hours before, and came to rest for the night, with a squealing of brakes and a farewell snort or two from the engine that backed it upon the switch from the main line of the railway, a few hundred feet off yonder.

Crowds Come With Dawn.

A fat negro, shivering in the morning chill, stumbles out on the car platform, yawns with a prodigious display of ivory and vanishes inside. Blue smoke wreaths begin to ascend from the pipe that protrudes from the roof over the kitchen of the car. Breakfast is under way. Pretty soon voices are heard in the gray ocean that swirls and billows over the cornfield, the clink of heavily-shod feet scuffling along the cinders and crossties of the right of way. Half a dozen men spring out of the fog; then a dozen, two score, a hundred, until the observation platform of the car is surrounded.

"Here she is," cries one of the crowd. They hang curiously and bashfully for a minute, until finally the bolder spirits began to call softly.

"Hey, Bill! Come on out. We want to see you. Three cheers for Taft!"

The cheers are given with about half of the soft pedal on. They grow bolder and more earnest about it, reinforced by more people who come stumbling up the track. The door opening upon the observation platform swings wide, and an elderly man, with his coat collar turned up about his neck, and his hair mussed, steps out. He is very suave and phenomenally smiling, considering that the morning is cold and his eyelids are still weighted with sleep.

"Gentlemen, I am very sorry, but you will have to excuse Mr. Taft," says the man, hunching up his shoulders in a shiver. "He is very, very tired, and we want to let him sleep as long as we can. He has a hard day before him, and you'll admit that it is pretty early for you to be paying a call."

man is Colonel Dan Ransdell, sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate. He is in charge of the Taft tour. His mission is to make the trip as easy as possible for the candidate, and to save him as much bother and annoyance as he can. But the crowd is persistent.

"We're up a darn sight earlier than Bill is," says a tall, lean-visaged farmer in the fore rank. "We heard he was anchored out here, and we just wanted to have a look at him and tell him that we're for him, all right."

"Gentlemen, you are very kind," recommences Colonel Ransdell. "Mr. Taft will appreciate it, know, but it really wouldn't be fair for me to call him. I will tell him you called, and—"

"Three cheers for Taft," some one interrupts. "They are given, and then they wouldn't be fair for me to call him. I will tell him you called, and—"

"Then the Train Moved. But the uproar grows and grows. Inside the car newspaper correspondents grunt and growl, and wonder aloud and profanely why hard working men like themselves cannot be left in peace to finish their matutinal snooze.

In the stateroom a stalwart figure, after an uneasy roll or two, sits bolt upright. He grins to himself, slides from his bed, slips on his trousers and shoes, wiggles into a long raincoat, and strides out into the car. As he does so there is a bump and a hissing of air, as the engineer tries his brakes. The locomotive has come to whirli the Taft car westward.

Before Mr. Taft reaches the platform the car has started. He only has time to say "My friends," and smile as the white faces of the crowd, with the cold mist bedewing beards and mustaches with white rime, grow dim and vanish. The villagers see a good-natured face, surmounted with tousled hair, and a huge hand waving farewell to them over the polished brass railing. They lose their speech, but they have seen Taft and they are satisfied.

"By ginger," comments one man, "he's a mighty good feller. He climbed out of bed to see us, and we'd had a darn good speech, and maybe shook hands with him, too, if that blasted engine hadn't come along."

It lacked half an hour of 6 o'clock when Mr. Taft disappeared from the disappointed and early rising enthusiasts. His day had begun. It would end after midnight, in a city hundreds of miles away, when the audience in the opera-house would file out with resounding cheers for "Our Next President" and persistent sealoats, keen to shake the candidate's hand could be persuaded, more or less tactfully, to disperse and seek his car and repose.

work of those who accompany him, of Private Secretary Carpenter, Colonel Ransdell and the others. Is to try to persuade Mr. Taft not to overwork himself and his voice. It is a question which has the hardest job. Mr. Taft is a good campaigner. How good he himself nor any of his friends, suspected, until he took the stump in this campaign. Nothing pleases him more than to get out among the people. Mr. Taft, certainly, has had few chances to come face to face with the great, curious American public. He had done plenty of speaking in the big cities, but had rarely spoke to rural audiences, such as those which gather at the small stations and collect from miles around to size up the man who is appealing for their suffrage. He has had no time. There was too much to do in the Philippines, in Cuba, in Washington and at Panama.

The car upon which Mr. Taft had made his home since he left Cincinnati on his first invasion of the Middle West, and into some parts of which were called the "enemy's country," but which were really "Taft territory," is an ordinary Pullman sleeper, with a dining-car attached, such as anyone who had the money to pay 18 full fares for every mile traversed, may hire, if he feels so disposed. Mr. Taft has the stateroom. The berths are divided among the newspaper correspondents and secretaries, stenographers and "camp followers." At one end is an observation platform and compartment. The platform is needed for speaking purposes, and the compartment, with its upholstered chairs, is necessary for the reception of the local committee.

Speeches for Appetizers. By breakfast time Mr. Taft probably has spoken twice, as an appetizer. A third stop is made just as he is about to plunge his knife into a thick porterhouse steak, smoking hot from the kitchen. He deserts the steak. It is a five-minute stop. The crowd is unusually enthusiastic and hospitable. There are an unusually large number of labor men in it. Mr. Taft gets to talking about labor legislation.

"Five minutes up," cautions Colonel Ransdell, hand on bell rope and tugging at Mr. Taft's coat tails. "Well make it ten minutes, then," says Mr. Taft. "I want to tell these men how I stand on labor questions, so that they'll know that I am not against them."

The five minutes stretches to 15. The steak is stone cold when Mr. Taft resumes his seat at the table, but he doesn't care. He knows that he has been frank with the laboring men, and he believes that they believe him, when he said that he had never been antagonistic to their interests.

Pretty soon the train halts opposite a foundry. A platform has been built so that Mr. Taft is able to step directly from the car into the dim, dusty, machinery-filled building. Workmen in overalls and jumpers, and with smudged faces and grimy hands, clamor upon the inert mechanical giants to hear what he says.

"Mr. Gompers says that he can deliver the labor vote," he begins. "He can't deliver ours!" shouts a man. A mighty cheer rises.

In another town he is whisked into a carriage and drawn through lines of cheering thousands to a town square, where a stump of a huge tree serves him for a rostrum. A little girl is pushed forward and bashfully hands him a bouquet. He bends down, and, as courteously and painstakingly as though he were addressing a queen, he thanks her. She trips away, confidence fully restored, and the happiest little girl in seven counties.

Three men come jugging a giant watermelon aboard the car in one town. It is labeled: "From the Democrats of Such-and-Suchville." How the crowd roars and the men smack their thighs with their hands as Mr. Taft says:

"I am very much obliged to the Democrats of Such-and-Suchville. I would much rather have a watermelon from them than a lemon."

Three speeches interrupt his luncheon, and his voice is growing husky. The physician, who accompanies him, sprays his throat. It is a disagreeable process, but Mr. Taft submits uncomplainingly. He would do anything rather than have to stop because of hoarseness.

More local committees pile on the train. There have been 18 speeches so far, and the afternoon is only half spent.

Three thousand Republicans want to say "Hello Bill." Won't you please stop and let us see you a minute?" reads a telegram that is handed aboard from a little station 20 miles ahead. Colonel Ransdell shakes his head. "We're late now," says he. "What's the odds," says Mr. Taft.

Then the next morning he gets up and does it all over again. It is hard work, but the people demand it.

Jailbreak Plot Foiled. SHERMAN, Tex., Oct. 17.—"Bill" Hatfield, in jail here on a charge of murder committed in California, and other prisoners, were discovered in a plot to break jail last night. Says had been passed to the prisoners, and they were making considerable headway when discovered. Hatfield was immediately transferred to a dungeon. Hatfield's lawyers are preparing to resist extradition to California.

Nance O'Neil Must Stand Trial. NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Nance O'Neil, the actress, and her manager, McKee Rankin, must go to California to stand trial on a charge of infringing the copyright provisions of Herman Suderman of the play entitled "The Fires of St. John."

Find Balloon; Occupants Gone. YARMOUTH, England, Oct. 17.—The German balloon Hergesell has been picked up in the North Sea. There was, however, no sign of the occupants, and the two are believed to have perished. The Hergesell was found floating high deflated 100 miles northwest of Heligoland by the Norwegian steamer Naddod, and was brought in here.

WEAK MEN

There's no economy in employing an amateur to do an expert's task. Nine times in ten failure follows. In a large percentage of instances the result is harm. The average physician is an amateur in the treatment of men's diseases. He doesn't treat enough cases to know a great deal about them. His time is so fully occupied in treating a few cases of human ills that he cannot devote special study to any particular branch of practice. Most diseases are sufficiently simple as to require no special training other than that received in the medical colleges and that afforded by experience in general practice. The more complex and perplexing ailments the family practitioner seldom cares to treat.



My Fee Is \$10 In Any Uncomplicated Case

I Will Wait For My Fee Until You Are Well

DR. TAYLOR The Leading Specialist

VARICOCELE Under my treatment the most aggravated cases of varicocele are cured in a few days' time. There is no pain, and it is seldom necessary that the patient be treated from his occupation. Normal circulation is at once restored throughout all the organs and the natural processes of waste and repair are again established. If you are afflicted with varicocele, consult me at once. Delay can but bring on aggravated conditions and nervous complications that will impair the vital functions and involve the general health. No other physician employs a like treatment, and there need not be the slightest fear of a relapse into old conditions.

"WEAKNESS" I am confident that I have cured more cases of so-called "weakness" than any other physician. There may be doctors in the large Eastern cities who have treated more cases than I, but they cling to the old and ineffective practice of dosing with tonics. "Weakness" is merely a symptom of local disorder that requires permanent cure. My method is original with myself and is employed by no other physician.
FREE CONSULTATION. To judge my ability without personal consultation may be an injustice to yourself that will cost a lifetime of suffering. Consultation is free and confidential and you place yourself under no obligation to me whatever by coming to talk with me about your case.
SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON Others dose the system with mineral poisons scarcely less dangerous than the disease itself. The best they hope to do by this treatment is to keep the disease from manifesting its presence upon the surface of the body. Under my treatment the entire system is cleansed. The last taint of virus is destroyed. Every symptom heretofore appearing no more. I employ harmless, blood-cleansing remedies. They are remedies heretofore unknown in the treatment of this disease. They cure by a subtle and safe process of destroying the poison in the system. Such cures cannot be other than complete and permanent.
A WORD IN CONCLUSION My ability to cure all diseases of men both quickly and thoroughly is merely a matter of superior skill; which is nothing more than what is applied directly to the disease. My knowledge, gained through unusual advantages for attaining the utmost proficiency.
MY COLORED CHART of the male anatomy will be found both interesting and instructive—free at office. If you cannot call, write for diagnosis blank.

The DR. TAYLOR CO. Cor. 2d and Morrison, Portland Private Entrance, 234 1/2 Morrison St.

"we can afford to be a little late to please 5000 Republicans..."

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S.S.S. BEST TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

The entire inner portion of our bodies is covered with a soft, delicate lining called mucous membrane; this is kept in healthy condition by the nourishment and vital vigor it receives from the blood. So long as the circulation remains pure this membrane will be healthy, but when the blood becomes infected with catarrhal impurities and poisons this inner lining of the body becomes irritated and diseased, and the unpleasant and serious symptoms of Catarrh commence. There is a tight, stuffy feeling in the nose, watery eyes, buzzing noises in the ears, often slight deafness, difficult breathing, etc. The disease cannot be reached by external treatment, though such measures afford temporary relief in some instances. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all impurities and poisons. Then as rich, pure blood circulates through the body, the inflamed, irritated membranes heal, the discharge ceases, headaches are relieved and every symptom disappears. Catarrh, being a disease in which the entire blood circulation is affected, can only be cured by a remedy that goes to the very bottom and removes every particle of the impurity from the blood, and this is just what S. S. S. does. Book on Catarrh and any medical advice free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

"STOP TAKING DRUGS" SAYS THE DOCTOR

Don't ruin your stomach by dopping it with poison. Drugs were made to relieve, not to cure. The first impulse of a man who finds himself ailing in any way is to take some kind of medicine. Doesn't matter what kind, just as long as it gives him temporary relief. That's where the danger lies.

The action of drugs is like that of whisky. Whisky will cause a man to "brace up," feel strong and full of vim for a few hours, but when the effect of the alcohol passes away, the old stupid feeling returns worse than ever.

Now, drugs will give you relief for a few hours, but when the trouble returns as soon as the drug loses its power to stimulate. Every minute that drugs give relief they are busily engaged in doing harm. They destroy the delicate machinery of your body and weaken the nerves. They mix with the digestive juices, causing poor digestion and constipation. Every part of your vitals that is affected by drugs is weakened by them.

There's only one way to cure any ailment. That way is to assist Nature. Drugs don't do that. Nature is the best doctor, and sometimes will accomplish a cure in spite of drugs, but the drugs get the credit for what Nature alone did.

The help Nature needs is electricity. It's the power that runs the machinery of your body, and most all ailments are due to the failure or breaking down of some vital part of the stomach, liver, kidneys, heart or nerves. The reason any organ fails to work properly is because it hasn't the power—electricity. Restore this force where it is needed and pain and sickness will disappear. I do this with Electro-Vigor.

Electro-Vigor is an electric body battery, applied while you sleep. It sends a stream of electric life into every nerve and fiber of the body, building up vitality and strength, and removing the cause of disease. Electro-Vigor does not shock or blister. The only sensation is a mild, soothing glow. Electro-Vigor is not an electric belt. It never needs a charging, for it makes its own power continuously.

Electro-Vigor has proven a great success. It has cured people all over the West, whom drugs had failed to benefit.

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EXPERT Advice Free

Do you stop to think what expert means? This is not used as a catch phrase, it means literally expert advice. Years of experience and special study devoted exclusively to the sensitive and delicate centers, makes it possible for me to qualify before any court in the world as an expert in diseases of men. If you need advice

YOU NEED GOOD ADVICE

and it is better to get it in the beginning than in the end—action after it is too late is like rain after harvest. Keep your youth as long as possible, there is plenty of time to grow old, but by his aim, and a good doctor should not be known so much by his claims as by the results he is able to show. The best that catches the loudest does not always lay the most eggs. Think these points over.

WHEN LOOKING FOR A DOCTOR

Frequently an office is advertised in the "first person" when no such doctor lives in the state. If deception is attempted on this point look for it clear down the line.

If you are not physically sound you ought to be, and it is better to do your duty in this respect than to wish was done.

We have the largest and most complete offices and equipment in the state, have been longer established, and furnish best bank and personal references. We treat people just as we would want them to treat us under similar circumstances and handle their cases on terms to best suit their convenience. A patient desiring treatment can pay cash and get discount or in payments to suit circumstances, and as the benefit is plainly apparent or, if desired,

CAN PAY WHEN CURED

Our entire time and practice are devoted to the cure of BLOOD POISON, VARICOCELE, STRICTURE, LOST VITALITY, HYDROCELE, PILES, FISTULA, DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, BLADDER, PROSTATE GLAND, CONTRACTED DISORDERS, WEAKNESS AND ALL DISEASES COMMON TO MEN.

If you have made mistakes in the past correct the mistakes. Consultation and advice—free. If you cannot call at office, write for self-examination blank—many cases cured at home.

Hours—9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays, 10 A. M. to 12.

ST. LOUIS MEDICAL DISPENSARY CORNER SECOND AND YAMHILL, PORTLAND, OREGON.

