FIERCE LIGHT THAT WILL BEAT ON TAFT

THE MANY THINGS THAT THE NEW PRESIDENT MUST NERVE HIMSELF AGAINST FOR AT LEAST FOUR YEARS

A WHITE HOUSE CALLER'S ARRIVAL BY OX TEAM DRIVEN FROM OREGON

PRESIDENTIAL CARRIAGE FLANKED BY SECRET SERVICE MEN

WAITING TO SHAKE PRESIDENT'S HAND, END OF LINE TWO BLOCKS FROM WHITE HOUSE DOOR.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

FIERCER than the proverbial "fierce light that beats upon a throne" is that which glares upon the office into which Mr. Taft will be inducted Thursday next.

No crowned ruler upon earth is so much the victim of the inquisitive mob as is the President of the United States, who cannot issue a mandate turning down the limelight that shines upon him, as did the Kaiser the other day when he curtailed the court bulletin.

Mr. Taft will be the greatest show feature, the biggest drawing card in the land, for the next four years. Thousands of men, women and children, in a snake-like line two squares long, will wait outside his door to shake his hand when he gives a public reception. Everywhere he goes people will stare at him as though he were the Siamese twins or the sacred white elephant. Only when shut in behind guarded doors will he escape the gaping multitudes, whose staring eyes will haunt his very dreams. Long before the end of his stay in the White Hiuse he will fully understand why his predecessor chose to lose himself for a year, far out in the untenanted jungle of Africa.

Mr. Taft has already received his initiation. Since he became a Presidential possibility every detail of his life has been press featured and magazined. His ancestors have all been dug up and carefully scrutinized, and had any of his grandfathers, even with a dozen greats, been hanged for stealing sheep we would have heard all about it long ere this. Already we have been told all the details of his religion, his anthropometric measurements, his diet, his clothes, even to the time of his daily shave and the particular key in which he snores at night. But his troubles have barely commenced, and enough money to make you or me independent for life will be annually paid to a corps of circumspect gentlemen especially selected to act as buffers 'twixt him and the elastic-necked throng—to keep them from tearing the very buttons off his clothes, or even his clothes off their very buttons, in the eager grab for Presidential souvenirs. For the President of the United States has been "lit" against the whole nation in an endless game of hide and seek, since the days when George Washington himself uttered his lamentation that the tourists surging through the then Presidential residence in New York stuck their inquisitive noses even into Mme. Washington's bedroom.

Every Freak Will Seek Him.

Every freak and phenomenon who crops up in the land will imagine that Mr. Taft is restless with impatience to see him. The accompanying picture shows in front of the White House an old Oregon pioneer who drove all the way across the continent to call upon Mr. Roosevelt. Mrs. Tom Thumb has called on every President since Lincoln. She came to see Mr. Roosevelt only a few days ago. Another recent caller of this class was a man who was walking around the world on a wager and who wanted Mr. Roosevelt's autograph, which he got.

Then there are the lunatics, who present a problem much more serious. Every insane man with any imaginary grievance or a pet scheme for saving the country will want to confide it to the new President. Mr. Roosevelt has been the drawing card for the largest assortment of cranks that have visited any president in history. A few days ago a caller of this class presented his card, on which was printed, "Acting President Roosevelt," and some time before that there appeared a New Yorker, offering to sell his leg to the President for $800. He followed a lunatic who wished Mr. Roosevelt to remove a "hypnotic spell" which had been put upon him. The procession of cranks increases from year to year, in spite of the fact that each is promptly clapped into "St. Elizabeths," the awesome national bedlam, and there detained until his state authorities send for him.

Constant Suggestion of Danger.

Although the system of espionage which will perpetually protect Mr. Taft from these cranks is as perfect as human ingenuity can now make it, it is doubtful whether, when outdoors, he can ever banish the suspicion that some deluded person, hidden in the cheering crowd or along the roadway where he drives, may be laying for him. Since Lincoln's time all presidents have doubtless felt this dread, although none would, of course, admit it. Mr. Cleveland was long haunted by it and had a sort of superstitious dread of the old Sixth-street station, with its brass star marking the spot where Garfield stood when shot. Mr. Cleveland for some time alighted from trains outside the station yard, where his carriage awaited him.

Secret Service espionage over Mr. Taft commenced as soon as he was nominated, but its full force will not be felt until he rides in the inaugural parade with detectives lining his carriage on both sides. But it will grow so oppressive that he will soon come to feel like a prisoner with a death watch set upon him, and than he will try to kick over the traces and escape his guards. Once he steps out of doors he will never be out of reach of those inquiring eyes, for even if he wishes to hike out for a solitary stroll in the woods the Secret Service men must keep watch on him, whether he likes it or not. Such an incessant suggestion of danger must, indeed, be nerve-trying. Even within the private confines of the White House there will be guards watching every corridor and hallway leading to the room in which he happens to be. Should he slip out into the sleeping-room corridor in the middle of the night there will be a guard even there to witness the Presidential pajama parade.

Limelight's Perils to His Children.

Mr. and Mrs. Taft have had to nerve themselves also to the realization that their children, too, will be continually in this limelight glare for the next four years. This danger caused Mr. Roosevelt considerable anxiety. When he entered the White House he impressed upon his children that they were in no wise superior to any other youngsters. How this training took effect was shown once in a reply by young Archie to a fawning society woman, who had asked him if he did not dislike going to public school with "all those common little boys." He answered: "My papa says there are only two kinds of boys—good and bad boys." Again, when Quentin was asked, "Are you the President's son?" he replied simply, "My father is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt."

The Taft children will be followed about with camera and notebook. When Miss Roosevelt slipped down on an icy pavement the papers described the details next day, and young Theodore's arrest for a college prank at Harvard was double-leaded all over the country. Of course, all of this and such like was legitimate news, but when one paper published a canard describing alleged cruelties inflicted upon a White House turkey by the Roosevelt children, the President temporarily suspended the press privileges accorded by Government officers to the responsible correspondent.

The Target of "Reformers."

Mr. Taft will find himself the target of many so-called reformers. There will be constant public protests against the serving of wine at state banquets. Mr. Roosevelt was censured by a temperance convention for allowing wine to be served on board the special train carrying him on one of his Western trips. Whether Mr. McKinley drank wine or not at state dinners was a constant topic for discussion at temperance conventions. Once, when there was a convention of bishops in Washington, one of them came to the White House and cross-examined Mr. McKinley as to this. He later reported that Mr. McKinley had alongside his champagne glass a separate wine glass from which he sipped apollinaris and the wine remained untouched. Once, when Mr. McKinley was at the Capitol signing bills, some mineral water was carried in to him, and a spying temperance woman reported to a preacher that the President was guzzling wine, and the divine in turn continued to announce this at meetings until called down by an official in charge of the President's room at the Capitol. Mr. Cleveland was continually harassed in this way, and once when a minister accused him of intemperance before a religious conference in Massachusetts, he issued a statement branding the divine as "a disseminator of wholesale lies and calumnies not less stupid than they are cruel." A French journalist who visited Washington some time since wrote a story which set forth how Mr. Roosevelt, while seated with him in one of the White House parlors, smoking a cigar, was reminded by a liveried lackey that smoking was not allowed in the apartment. This was true, save for the fact that Mr. Roosevelt does not smoke and that there are no liveried White House lackeys. And now various associations of busybodies are passing resolutions protesting against Mr. Roosevelt's shooting game in Africa.

Calumny and Insult.

Like all of his predecessors, Mr. Taft must expect a generous share of insult and abuse. Some time ago the postal inspectors were trying to ferret out the sender of a grossly obscene card mailed from Richmond. Willett, the New York Representative, who recently abused Mr. Roosevelt in the House, repeated a cruel calumny which had it that the President had angrily struck the horse of a schoolgirl who had crowded him on the road while he was riding. The House expunged this speech from the Record and the mother of the girl wrote a denial of the story. But this sort of thing has been going on since President Washington was charged with overdrawing his account. Jefferson was another of the early victims, and one of those who abused him worst was the Irish poet, Tom Moore, who published some almost unprintable things about the father of Democracy. Our National resentment at these insults was emphasized a century later by the omission of Moore's name from the honor roll of poets inscribed on the walls of the Congressional Library.

Advertising Value of Taft.

Manufacturers, boomers and promoters by the thousands will fall over themselves to exploit Mr. Taft as an advertisement for their schemes. Real estate boomers will offer him beautiful country homes by the score if he will only come and live in them in the Summer and lend his name to the community. All of these men will want to use him as Harrison was used when he was given his famous cottage at Cape May. But Harrison, when he realized that he was being used as a real estate advertisement, drew his personal check for the value of the property. Even as an ex-President, Mr. Cleveland found that he boomed surrounding property, wherever he bought. As soon as he settled in Princeton building lots there took a sudden upward spurt. Dealers in every article under the sun will send Mr. Taft generous samples of their wares with the hope of receiving some word of praise which can be advertised as a testimonial. A mere acknowledgment from the White House secretary will suffice as a basis for a poster, "President Taft Uses Snooks' Soap." Mr. McKinley, while in Congress, once sent down from his hotel room a note to the cigar stand asking for some perfectos of a certain brand. The shrewd dealer kept the note until Mr. McKinley was elected and then had facsimiles electrotyped and pasted on each box of these cigars. A piano manufacturer once wrote to Mr. Cleveland that 2000 of his admiring workmen wished to present a piano to the first lady of the land. The President accepted the offer, but when he learned that the 2000 workmen with a band marched with the piano to the station, and that at every point en route the piano was featured as "destined to be played on by the fair fingers of the first lady of the land," the Clevelands became disgusted and sent the piano back. Scores of such experiences led to the rule, now strictly enforced, that the White House steward shall buy nothing from a dealer who will not guarantee that the presidential patronage shall not be used for advertising purposes. Mr. Roosevelt has been strenuous also in rebuking all concerns which have used his portrait in advertisements. Some time ago he went so far as to request the withdrawal of a booklet by the Spokane Chamber of Commerce using his portrait on the title page. An order of 50,000 of the pamphlets was canceled and steps were taken to call in those which had already gone out.

This magic of the Presidential name is seen wherever it is written or printed. One of Mr. McKinley's autographs on a piece of paper otherwise blank sold at auction for $6.25 a few weeks after his death. In another generation it will doubtless be worth 10 times as much. Twenty-two volumes of the works of Theodore Roosevelt, each volume bearing the Presidential autograph, sold for $3200 in Philadelphia in 1904. And as soon as Theodore, Jr., entered the plant of the manufacturers who lately employed him their business is said to have realized a boom on the strength of the magic of even his name.

Wall Street Will Trade on His Health.

Wall street will trade on Mr. Taft's pulse and temperature. When they go up the stock market will go down. The daily procession of figures on the tapes of the tickers will be altered also by what he says and writes on industrial topics. Men will be employed to guard the manuscripts and proofs of his messages and speeches against possible leaks which might allow some especially informed stock jobber to enrich himself at the expense of those who have not had an equal chance of informing themselves. When Mr. Roosevelt made his western tour in the Fall of 1907 he took special precautions against the furnishing of advance press copies of his speeches to Wall street publications and the ticker service. His Provincetown speech of the previous month had leaked in some way and advance copies had gotten into the hands of brokers, who profited by it.

Mr. Taft is nearly nine years older than Mr. Roosevelt was when the latter succeeded to the Presidency. But what he may lack, by comparison, in physical elasticity is more than compensated for by his far greater tolerance. He knows what is coming to him and will lose no sleep over the attempts that will be made to exploit, harrass and insult him.

But his proverbial good nature is of the sort which too often tempts imposition. Rather let us reward it by trying to be kinder to him than we have been to his predecessors.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 19.

FROM CLOAKMAKER TO TRAGEDIENNE IS YOUNG GIRL'S CAREER.

MAY SIMON, THE YIDDISH BERNHARDT.

NEW PORK, Feb. 27.—(Special.)—May Simon is the Yiddish Bernhardt. She was formerly a cloakmaker of the East Side, New York. When she went on the stage she soon became known through all the section around the Bowery as a tragedienne. Her fame extended to the Old World, and she was taken abroad to act in Lemberg, Austria; Buda Pesth, Vienna and Paris. Now she has come back to act on the Bowery again. She is still only 20. She went, on her return, to the tenement in Attorney street, where she lived before she went abroad, and says she prefers to continue to live and act among her own people.

FAMOUS SINGER ABANDONS OPERA FOR CONCERT TOUR.

—Photo Copyright, 1909, by Geo. G. Bain.

MADAME EMMA EAMES.

NEW PORK, Feb. 27.—(Special.)—The Metropolitan Opera-House recently lost the wonderful voice of Sembrich. On Monday evening it lost that of Emma Eames, one of the greatest of the many artists America has produced. Mme. Eames is not retiring from the operatic stage, however, as Mme. Sembrich has done. She is merely retiring from the Metropolitan company to go on a concert tour which will embrace Boston, Washington, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Toronto, Montreal, Atlanta, Columbus and other cities. Mme. Eames has long been the most beautiful, as she has been one of the most tuneful of the songbirds of opeta. Her fame in the musical world is associated in recent years chiefly with the role of "Tosca," which was interpreted in this country originally by Mme. Ternina, but which Mme. Eames has made entirely her own since Ternina's retirement. She is also a remarkable "Aida," and her "Marguerite" in "Faust" is one of the loveliest on the operatic stage. Mme. Eames was the wife of Julian Story, the Philadelphia artist, but two years ago she obtained a divorce from him and she has not remarried. While she has not signed a contract for reappearance at the Metropolitan Opera-House next season, the music-lovers of New York still hope that she may. Like other great singers, she finds concert appearances more profitable than singing in opera.

Emperor Maximilian of Mexico

Veteran Warrior Recalls Thrilling Experiences of Ill-Starred Ruler.

GENERAL E. A. LEVER, late Commander in the army of the Republic of Houduras, one time soldier of the United States and later a Major in the Liberal forces of Mexico, like Othello "has used his dearest action in the tented field," and also like the swarthy Moor, he can speak of "most disastrous chances, of moving accident by flood and field," and of "being ta'en by the insolent foe."

General Lever is a good story teller, and a short time ago he entertained the writer with some of his reminiscences of that memorable campaign which led to the undoing, and finally to the execution of Miximilian, the Austrian dreamer, who sought to found a great empire in the republican west.

"During the vicissitudes encountered at the siege of Queretaro, and of the incidents they led up to," began the General, "I was a Major on Escobede's staff, and was an actor in a small way in most of the exciting scenes that were enacted on that vast stage.

"The town was held by General Mejia, who had 14,000 troops at his command. Maximilian joined him about the middle of February, before the place was invested, bringing with him Generals Mirimon, Costello and Mendez. On March 6 Escobede, with 7000 men, formed a juncture with General Ramon Carona, who had 18,000, and sat down in front of Queretaro, determined to capture Maximilian and avenge the bloody decree of October 3, 1866, which condemned the whole of the Liberal people to death.

"General Escobede was senior in rank and took command of the combined forces. He went about his task slowly, and with careful method, and by March 9 the town was completely invested. The Imperialists made many sorties, and one of those dashes which enlivened April 28 I well remember. The sortie was led by General Mirimon and Prince Salm-Salm, a German nobleman, a soldier of fortune, who had served with the Forty-fourth New York in the Civil War.

"The attack was well-ordered, and the Imperialists fought with such fury that they smashed the left wing of Corona's army. Had Maximilian acted promptly, and profited by the diversion created, he could have easily made his escape, but he showed that same dilatoriness which characterized his entire reign, and instead of dashing out in true cavalier style, he remained inactive behind the fortifications, and so lost his only chance.

"While Corona's left was in confusion, we of Escobede's force rallied to his assistance, and the Imperialists, after a sharp fight, in which scores were killed on either side were forced back into the town.

"Some weeks before the Mirimon sortie the Imperialists made an attack on the Hill Campana. The attack was planned as a diversion and while Escobede was repulsing it General Marquez, at the head of 900 cavalry, escaped from the invested town. Marquez was sent by Maximilian to recruit an army in the capital, and his instructions were to return with force and raise the siege. We might as well dismiss Marquez from our story now. Instead of obeying orders he marched southeast to Pueblo. However, he was not to remain in possession long, for General Porfiro Diaz drove him out and totally defeated him at Los Llanos del Abram. Marquez fled to Mexico City, with Diaz in hot pursuit, and remained shut up in the capital to the end of the campaign.

Man-Woman, to Talk Back.

Exchange.

A man never wants to be a woman except when a woman abuses him; then he would like to be a woman, to talk back.

In the Whins.

M. Hurl, in the Westminster Gazette.

I was moikin' a dhrop iv patheen
In the whins at the fut iv
The hill,
As the gray iv the evenin' slid over the green,
An' covered myself an'
The still.
I was waitin' for Patsy McCann
That lives on the edge iv
The Roe,
He always comes over t' gi' me a han'
An' keep a lookout for—
Ye know.
"It's time he was here be now,"
I was thinkin' an' sayin'
He sits,
When into the whins dashed a big roaney cow,
An' frightened me out iv
Me wits.
"Oh, the divil go wid ye!" I cried,
As she made an attack on
The still.
"Is it me that's the divil?" a sweet voice replied,
From the whins at the fut iv
The hill.
"I was bringin' her home from below,
When the tether she broke an'
Made off;
But what brought her here is more than I know,"
Thin I heard a sweet lilt iv
A laugh.
"Och, Moira mavourneen," said I,
"There's wan thing I'll tell ye,
I will.
Be me sowl, it spakes well for the baste's sense iv smell
For t' land on the tap iv
A still.
"Afeerd iv the peelers, asthore?
Well, iv coorse they could gi' me
A start;
They might capture me still, but yerself has done more,
For, mavourneen, ye've captured
Me heart."
Then the still-fire smouldhered away,
An' the cow roamed around at
Her will;
An' sweet Moira said what I axed her to say
In the whins at the fut iv
The hill.