

HAS TRAVELED AS FAR AS THE MOON

PRESIDENT TAFT'S COMING TRIP WILL BRING HIS RECORD
UP TO 222,000 MILES.



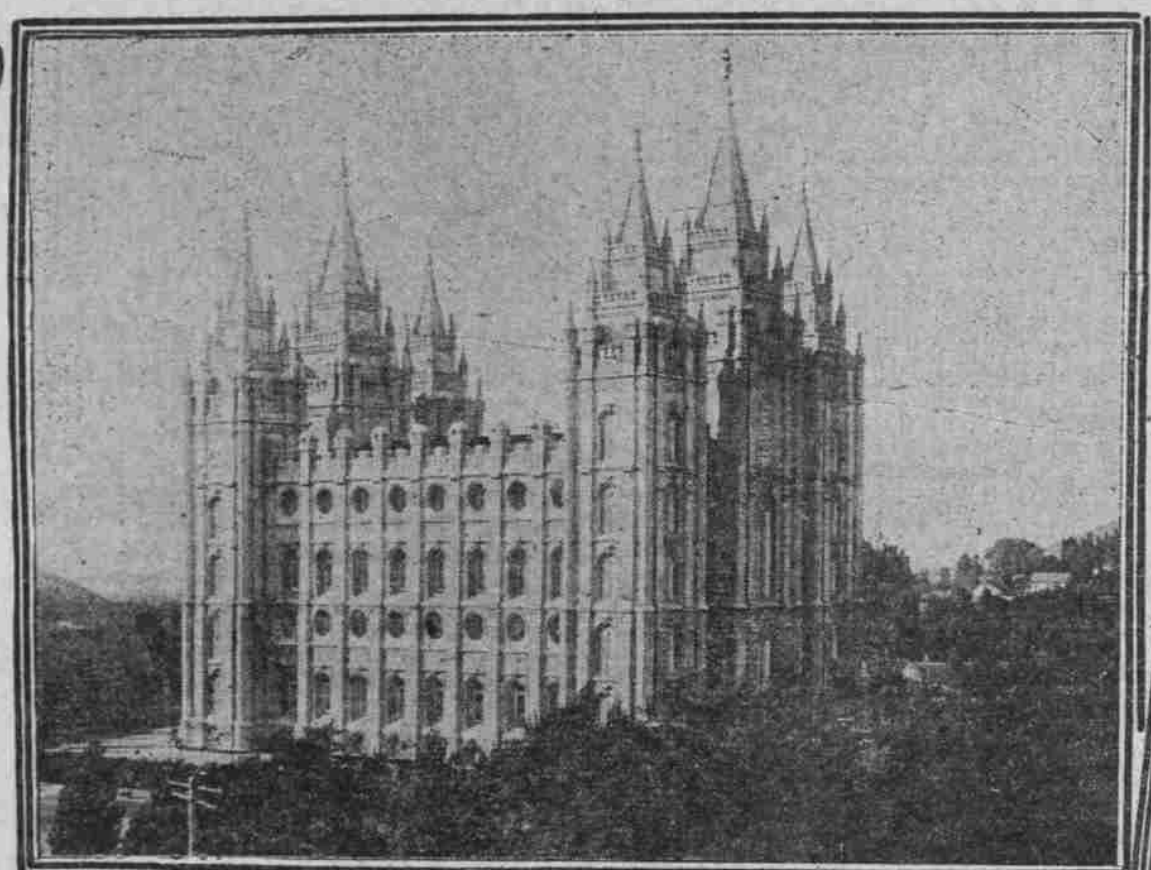
PRESIDENT TAFT,
WORLD'S CHAMPION
TRAVELER ON
OBSERVATION
PLATFORM



THE OLDEST LIVING KING,
MARIPOSA GROVE



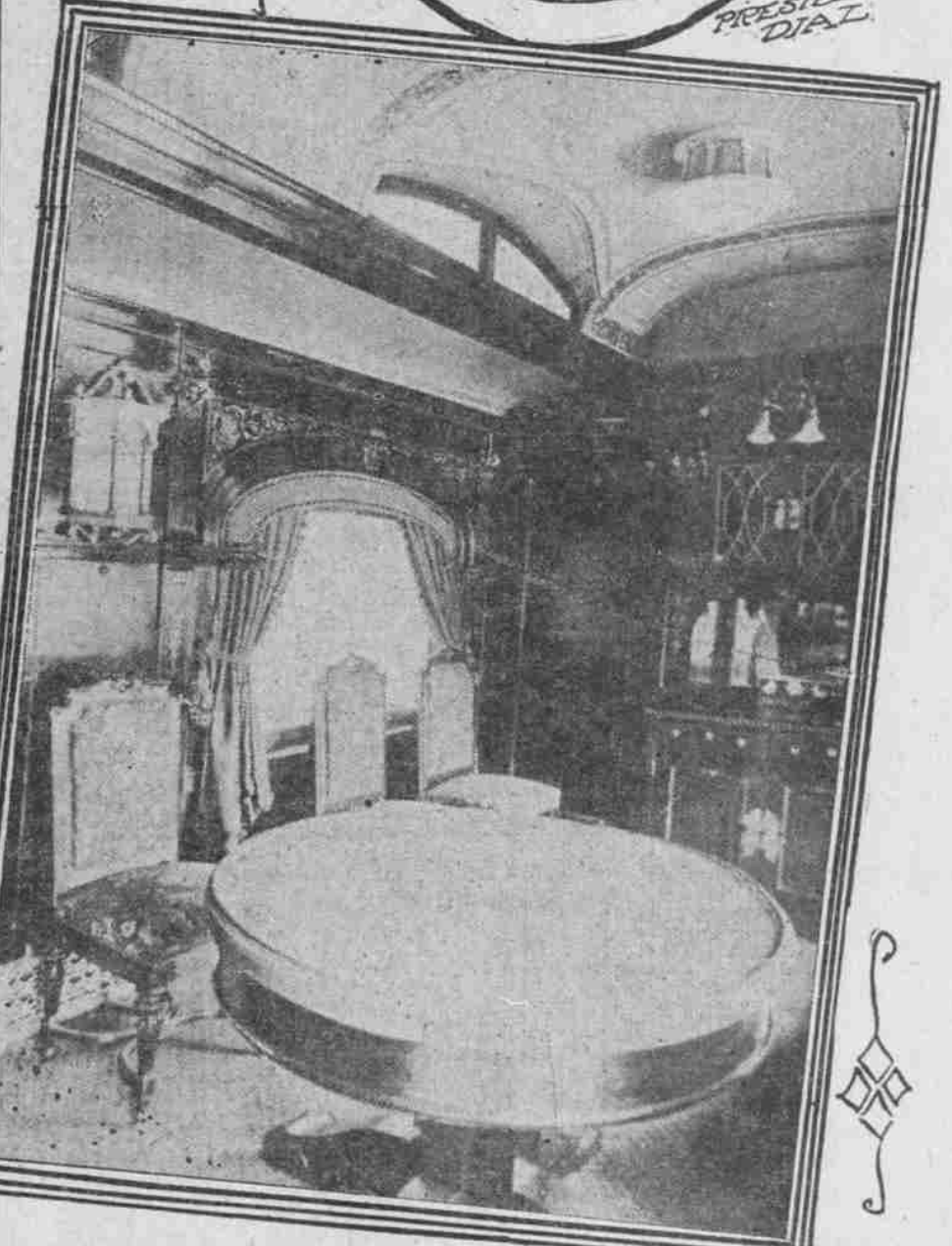
YOSEMITE VALLEY



MORMON
TEMPLE,
SALT LAKE



PRESIDENT
DIAL



DINING ROOM TAFT'S CAR

BY JOHN ELPHRETH WATKINS.
TAFT TOUR TO THE MOON!
The mere distance involved in such a proposition is appalling to your imagination, is it not? Yet it is more than true that at the end of his coming tour our President will have globe-trotted over a distance greater than from the earth to her silvery satellite. You doubt it? Let us see. Here are the figures compiled only from May 24, 1900, when Mr. Taft became Governor-General of the Philippines, until November 16, 1909, when his coming swing around the globe will have swung him back into Washington. In 1900 and 1901 he covered 24,750 miles; 1902, 21,165; 1903, 20,000; 1904, 11,734; 1905, 21,550; 1906, 14,075; 1907, 25,400; 1908, 42,230; 1909, before inauguration, 800; since inauguration, 1200; coming tour, 11,000; total, 221,954 miles. And the distance within which the moon approaches the earth is a trifle less, or 221,500 miles.

Such will be the Taft record for nine years, five months and 17 days, and it will include only official tours. Mr. Taft's travels during the first 45 years of his life, including his peregrinations on his judicial circuit, are not included, nor are his many side trips since he entered public life.

Has Slept 556 Nights in Berths.
Nine and a quarter times around the earth this mileage would wind, and he will have slept in berths aboard trains and steamers through as many nights as mark their black stripes across a year, six months and ten days—556 nights in all; 325 snored through aboard sleeping cars; 231 aboard steamships.

The coming Taft tour—the 1300 swing around the circle—will cover 12,000 miles or more than half the circumference of the earth. These miles if stretched in a straight line would more than reach from New York to the Antipodes. The 65 cities scheduled upon the itinerary as regular stops, where the President will alight to address the people, total 7,000,000 in population. Thirty-five states and territories will be visited. The only states not to be touched are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland, West Virginia, Florida, Delaware, Wyoming, Michigan and Nevada. The tour will cover eight weeks, or 56 days. Thirty nights will be spent aboard the Presidential car, four aboard a steamboat and 22 in hotels or houses. About one in every 50 American citizens will see the President during this time and he will make about 70 speeches. He will touch all of our four coasts, those of the Atlantic, Great Lakes, Pacific and Gulf, and he will twice cross each of the great time belts,

setting his watch anew eight times. He will dip into the country's every climatic belt—will leave the balm of a late New England summer to skim the breezy lake shores and then dip down through the warm plains to meet the equinox in Denver. Then the first days of crisp autumn will be spent in a spin up the Rockies to Montana and across to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, thence down the Pacific Coast and eastward again for a month's Indian Summer travel, touching every southern state except Florida.

\$5000 Just to Haul Him.

The railroad charges for hauling the Taft special over the 12,000 miles of track will amount to from \$5000 to \$5000 per car. It is estimated by railway men. Another large item will be the cost of food and service, but this will depend upon the number of persons served aboard. This will vary, as various persons will be invited to share the Nation's hospitality at different times aboard the Presidential train. Frederick Carpenter, the secretary to the President, and Capt. Archibald Butt, U. S. A., the personal soldier-scribe, who acts as Mr. Taft's military aide, major demo and companion, will take the tour from end to end. Along with them will go also a corps of stenographers and secret service men. Capt. Butt will be in uniform throughout the trip.

The train will be a White House on wheels. The recent extra session having very properly voted the President \$25,000 for traveling expenses, in addition to his salary of \$50,000, the Nation and not the railways will be paying for the Presidential quarters, just as though it were the Executive Mansion in Washington.

Yet it is not true to state that Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt were the first Presidents who did not have to pay their own traveling expenses. Their predecessors did not pay their own travel bills. The transportation companies dead-headed all high government officials wherever they wished to go and in return they expected immunity from Federal interference.

By Auto Train and Boat.

Every modern mode of travel except airship will be employed by the President in the course of this tour. He will start from Beverly by automobile, swing around from Boston to the Pacific and back to St. Louis by train, sail from St. Louis to New Orleans by boat and return to the home stretch behind the Iron horse. The first 24 hours of the rail route will be without scheduled speech or stop, and Chicago will claim him before he makes his first public appearance.

The next morning will find him in Wisconsin, the hotbed of the insurgents' country, and the camping ground of La Follette, the little Aquilado of the insurgent forces. Then there will be a loop up into Minnesota, where the powerful insurgent chieftains, Nelson and Clapp, have their tents pitched. But in this state a stop will be made for an evening in Winona, where the President will pay tribute to Representative Tawney, the Republican watchdog of the Treasury, who stood loyal during the recent insurrection of the Western progressives.

President Roosevelt once declined to put Winona on his itinerary, but found his train mysteriously disabled at this point, where a throng persuaded him to speak. It is believed that the same hoodoo would overtake the Taft special at this station if it were not listed to stop there. After the President has given Representative Tawney a certificate of political merit, his special will dart down into the confining insurgent stronghold of Iowa, where the chieftains Dolliver and Cummins have their defiant banners unfurled to the early autumn breezes.

Then Nebraska will be crossed on the seventh day out, and while he is in this disloyal territory Mr. Taft will apply all of his genius to make good the name as the walking delegate of peace, and the peripatetic promoter of pacification.

Wonders of the World to Be Viewed.

Some of the seven wonders of the new world are now to be seen. On the last Summer day of the calendar the Taft special will be climbing the Rockies into Denver, where, after two nights and a day have been spent at a delightfully high altitude, it will spin down along the mountains past the Garden of the Gods to Colorado Springs and thence to Pueblo, up again to Glenwood Springs, down again to Grand Junction, and over to Salt Lake. On this lap the President and his fellow travelers will behold the chief beauties of our native mountain scenery. They will skirt the picturesque Arkansas River, pass through the canyon of the Arkansas and the Royal Gorge of the Rockies, will steam near the Mountain of the Holy Cross and the Cactus Valley, skim along the Grand River and across the Green to climb over the Wasatch range into the old Mormon metropolis. Here during a two days' stop will be viewed the great Mormon temple and tabernacle, the harbors of Brigham Young and that new world wonder of the first magnitude, the great Salt Lake. Then the trip is continued on up through the mountains, across the Bear River and the Blackfoot Indian country, into Idaho, where there is no scheduled stop. Across the Blitter Root range is now found Montana, where the great pacifier must placate the rangers who are disgruntled over his victorious fight for free hides. Over the northern neck of Idaho he rushes westward and the end of his second week finds him hurrying to the Seattle Exposition, there to spend two whole days.

A spin is then taken straight down the Pacific slope, with stops at Portland and the Golden Gate of the Western world, thence eastward to Oakland.

In that most picturesque playground of the Nation, the Yosemite valley, the President will spend three days and a half, from the 6th to the 10th of Octo-

ber. Here he will enjoy some of the most magnificent scenic wonders of the world. The Bridal Veil falls, precipitated from a height of 900 feet, or twice as great as that of the Washington monument; El Capitan, that majestic block of granite with a vertical edge 3200 feet up; Glacier point, commanding a view of the valley nearly a mile below; the Nevada falls, the Three Graces, the Merced River and all of its undecipherable fairland of the Yosemite Park.

The oldest of all living things of earth Mr. Taft will view in the adjacent Mariposa grove. These are those wonders of the world, the giant Sequoia trees, some of which have been standing since five millenniums before the birth of Christ of Nazareth, and which now tower over 400 feet into the air, half again as high as the cap of the Goddess of Freedom on top of the National Capitol or the torch of the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor. After his rest in this place of delights the chief magistrate will make a run through Southern California, with brief stops at Merced and Fresno, followed by two whole days spent amid the beauties of Los Angeles.

A Place of Wonders.

That place of wonders, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, will ingulf him on the day that he begins his fourth week. Here his eyes will gaze in wonder down a sheer descent of a mile and a quarter into the river of colors. The next lap will be south-eastward through New Mexico to the banks of the Rio Grande, at the westernmost point of Texas.

The most picturesque International event of our recent history will take place on the 16th of October at this point, where Mexico and the United States are joined by the International bridge spanning the Rio Grande. Porfirio Diaz, part Indian, part white man, wonder of modern statecraft, President and ruler of Mexico for 25 years, will proceed across this bridge from the Mexican side and grasp the hand of President Taft.

Whether President Taft will respect Americans traditions and take care not to overstep the International bridge is yet to be seen. There are those who affect to believe that were Mr. Roosevelt to figure in this ceremony he would roughride across into Mexico and take a look at the country.

At the Taft Ranch.

The longest stopover scheduled for the Taft special will now be made after a two days' spin across Southern Texas to Taft. At this town, named not for the President, but for his brother Charles, a four days' visit will be paid to the latter's vast estate, the famous Taft ranch. This property embraces 120,000 acres, and although Charles F. Taft is the ostensible owner, it is said that the President has an interest in it. It lies on a picturesque spot upon the Gulf of Mexico and upon it the Tafts have been waging a successful fight against the beef trust by slaughtering their own cattle, dressing their beef in their own packing-house, storing it in their own cold storage plant and marketing it in their own meat shops established in all of the towns within a radius of 100 miles. As a result the price of beef has been reduced several cents

a pound in this part of Texas and the refrigerator cars of the trust have abandoned the territory.

One of the most beautiful country homes in the United States will shelter the President during his four days spent here. It overlooks Corpus Christi Bay. It is built upon the lines of an immense hunting lodge, has an armory of sporting guns and gun racks, and is equipped with a capacious stable and garage. The region near at hand is a paradise for hunters and fishermen and the President can take a hand at either sport if he sees fit.

A four-day river trip will be one of the most interesting features of the Taft tour

while it is on the home stretch. From the Taft ranch the executive train will whiz up through Eastern Texas and across Arkansas and Missouri to St. Louis. Here, October 25, the Presidential party will go aboard a light draft side-wheel steamer and sail all of the way to New Orleans, where two days will be spent. Thence the homeward lap will be made through all the Southern states touching the Atlantic seaboard save Florida, and this part of the journey—from New Orleans—will consume ten days, the presidential wing of the new Union station at Washington being reached November 16, three weeks prior to the opening of Congress.

The sentimental side of the President's nature is displayed in his selection of his birthday, September 15, for the beginning of this remarkable tour. He will be 52 on that date, and doubtless will receive bushels of birthday gifts on his way from Boston to Chicago. And an interesting coincidence of his trip is the fact that the birthday of the two Presidents who are to take part in the international coronations at El Paso both fall on this date. But President Diaz is 27 years the senior of President Taft. When he claps the latter's hand in October he will be in his 50th year.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 21.

Parody on Recent History Made by a U. S. Senator

DRAMATIS personae—Never mind about them. Only a few people appear, and these are of no consequence. Curtain rises disclosing interior of dining car, too familiar to be detailed. Odor of ham lends proper atmosphere. Flying scenery observed through the windows may be simplified by moving-picture effects. If this is too much trouble, pull down the blinds.

Gumshoe Bill, tall, angular and sinuous, makes a snaky glide to a seat. Waiter approaches, napkin over arm. Looko expectant.

Gumshoe Bill—Here, you nigger, bring me a chop and bring it in a hurry.

Waiter—Yessah, yessah. Rar' aw well done, sah?

Gumshoe Bill—See here, you impudent dog, don't you know I represent the dignity of the United States? What's the country coming to when a tip-grabbing, kinkly coon not more than three-fourths white presumes to address questions to a gentleman from Missouri? You get that chop!

Waiter—Yessah. (Starts to go.)

Gumshoe Bill—Hold on, confound your black hide; how do you know I don't want something else? Say, bring me a slug of whisky and a big glass of water. D'y'e hear?

Waiter—Yessah. (Goes out.)

During the brief absence of the waiter, Gumshoe Bill bites pieces out of china and twists a fork into a corkscrew.

Waiter returns with whisky and small glass of water.

Gumshoe Bill—You doddering and idiotic son of a pirate, didn't I say a large glass of water? A large glass? Chase yourself out and if you come back without the sort of glass I ordered I'll pin your carcass to the wall.

Reader will consider that the scene has been shifted to the kitchen of the car, where the cook and waiter are seen in earnest consultation.

Cook—Aw, g'wan an' sarve him. Mobbe he won't kill you'al.

Waiter—Deed, an' Ah won't do hit. I've fished for a watah an' got to lug watah to a will' beas' show. Oh ain't no lion tamah.

Loud alarm. Gumshoe Bill breaks into the kitchen, his eyes ablaze with denomiase fury. His waiter on each cheek, meanwhile muttering maledictions that have no place in a family journal. Cook chases him out with a potato masher.

Scene is subjected to more shifting until it lands in a police court. Gumshoe Bill telling his story to a sympathetic judge.

His Honor—My distinguished friend, do I understand that you hit this truculent and aggressive waiter only once or twice?

Gumshoe Bill—That is all.

His Honor—I am astonished at your forbearance. You may go, unless you want to stay and prosecute the fellow.

Gumshoe Bill—No. The truly great ever lean to mercy.

After adjournment Gumshoe Bill and

His Honor go out arm in arm. "Just between us," His Honor is saying as they pass from hearing, "what did you want of that watah?"

As the scene is about to be shifted some more the shifter strikes. The weather is too hot for foolishness, he says.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Millionaire's Son.

Omaha Bee.

In a recent interview, John Arbuckle, the millionaire, launches the scornful spectacle of the sons of rich Americans who travel over Europe and haunt home pleasure resorts making fools of themselves. Mr. Arbuckle is not the only American who is ashamed of these money-burners, for every self-respecting American blushes at the recital of their insane doings. He is unable to comprehend how men whose energy and business acumen have accumulated vast fortunes can possibly be fathers of such worthless sons. Every rich young man who starts out to demonstrate his eligibility to the footlocker class finds plenty of help, and so long as the money lasts it is a continuous performance on a 24-hour basis. His assistants will even show him how to improve on his home training, and by the time he reaches middle age he can qualify for stellar roles. The millionaire's son may have no greater natural ability in this line than the poor man's boy, but he has superior opportunities for improvement and better press agents to spread his fame.