

WHY THE "RUN" THE PRESIDENT

Side Lights on Several Unprominent Folk Who Live Close to Taft and Direct His Movements or Serve Him

HOW President Taft can dispatch the immense amount of executive business which comes before him daily, and at the same time meet the many social obligations which devolve upon him, is a mystery to many. It is a matter of constant wonderment to the people of the country. The fact is, neither President Taft nor any other President could travel the pace of the Chief Executive without the assistance of a first-class body of office men and personal attendants, whose duty it is to relieve the President of as much work as possible, and contribute to his comfort in other ways.

The daily routine of the President is practically ordained for him by his subordinates. He frequently comes to the executive offices in the morning without the slightest idea of what is going to happen to him, although every minute of the day has been provided for by Secretary Fred W. Carpenter and his assistants. The calendar is simply laid on his desk, and he is expected to follow it. Head Doorkeeper Thomas E. Stone attempts to see that he does follow it, and about all the President has to do is to carry out the programme which, whenever possible, is made out so as to conserve his time and give him a chance for recreation when it is completed. Of course, the President makes many appointments on his own account, a record of which is kept by his subordinates, and made to fit in with each day's programme.

It is rare that the men who run the President ever get into print. They are modest, unassuming men, who could tell much inside history if it was not their business to treat everything that comes before them as confidential.

Indispensable Archibald Butt.

If there is any one individual in the White House who is indispensable to President Taft, Captain Archibald Butt is the man. He is the social aide, the walking encyclopedia, the Jack-of-all-trades, the absolute necessity of the President. Whether in Washington or elsewhere, he was always remarked by a wit near the close of President Taft's long tour of the country last summer, the President nearly always "has the time of Archie Butt's life."

Somewhere, somehow, the impression has got abroad that just because Archie Butt, Captain, U. S. A., wears regimentals most of the time and travels in presidential company, there is something wrong with him. But Archie Butt is a good deal above the ordinary in many attainments. He is a natural born executive, full of energy, and a man no enemy would want to meet, specially in the dark. His unflinching good nature and his docility are among his chief assets. Wherever he has come he has made good. He put the military club at Manila on its feet when everybody else had given up in despair, and as military attaché to the legation at Mexico, he made such an impression upon President Diaz that when the latter met President Taft at El Paso last fall, he insisted that Butt should be present at the private interview, although his own aide was left to cool his heels outside.

Incidentally, Butt would be something of a politician if the President did not only quit giving him away. On a recent trip, Butt saw a man coming toward the President whom he recognized as a prominent citizen of the territory of New Mexico.

"Here comes a man you met down in New Mexico, Mr. President. His name is Brown, and he is an influential citizen down there," said Butt to the President.

"Why, hello, Mr. Brown, I am glad to see you. But I don't know you. You were in New Mexico, but I don't remember you, or where it was I met you," said the President, illustrating that frankness and candor which are the lack of political sagacity, with which he is generally credited.

But Butt has never expressed his opinion of that incident to his most intimate friends, but it is said that he has given up all hopes of making a politician out of Mr. Taft.

Not long ago, Captain Butt followed President Taft into Masonry, and now salutes the East with full military dignity. He can swing a golf club on a par with the President, and he knows the history of every dish, piece of furniture and rag in the White House. When some indiscreet article is produced in that historic mansion, Captain Butt can be depended upon to save it from the scrap heap by giving it a place of honor in the White House. He is the man who, when the White House chief happens to slip up in pressing some course at dinner, Butt will make it palatable by informing everybody that they are eating it off a plate used by Abraham Lincoln or some other by-gone President. His social duties also bring him in close contact with Mrs. Taft, and he is frequently consulted on White House affairs at which men are to be present.

Lake Secretary Carpenter, Captain Butt is a bachelor. If he were not, he would certainly be in a constant state of perplexity between love and duty, for he is on the job whenever the President is out of bed.

Colonel Cosby.

Next to Captain Butt, Colonel Spencer Cosby, U. S. A., is the man who runs the White House for advice on social matters. Cosby is another tie which binds President Taft to the Philippines. He was chief of the Philippine Legation at Luzon in the Philippines during the Taft administration as Civil Governor, and the President's confidence in him is being to him. Cosby, like most of the White House force, affords a striking contrast to the President in size. In dress, he is one of the most dapper individuals around the executive office.

Officially, Colonel Cosby is known as the superintendent of the White House grounds and buildings. He plans all the improvements, both interior and exterior, and it is needless to say that the White House takes a good deal of his time. He is comfortable for the President and family. After a winter's social campaign, in the course of which thousands of people have passed through his doors, it is scarcely up to Colonel Cosby during the summer months to bring it up to the mark for the next campaign.

Colonel Cosby was No. 1 in his class at

West Point in 1881. He saw actual service in Porto Rico as a Major of engineers, on the staff of General Brooke. When he went to the White House, he was a bachelor, but has since taken unto himself a wife. The eight young officers of the Army and Navy who are assigned to the White House for special special occasions report to Colonel Cosby.

President's Serious Secretary.

Fred W. Carpenter, private secretary to the President, has been known to smile feebly at a good joke. When the joke was extraordinarily funny, he laughs, to quote one of his best friends, sounded "like somebody cracking eggs in the next room." This characterization, however, has nothing to do with Mr. Carpenter's qualifications or ability to hold down his job. Without him, President Taft might as well be in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in a tub.

The job of secretary to the President is one of the most discriminating character. The demands upon the president by the public far exceed the power of human endurance to meet, however willing the flesh may be. As an illustration of the value of Carpenter's acuteness and tact in handling persuasive Congressmen seeking favors at the White House, there is an excellent example of recent date in which the President got exceedingly "stung" by overriding his private secretary.

During the Easter holidays, Washington is annually overrun with excursionists from girls in seminaries, high schools and various "rah rah" institutions. To this class of people, the home Congressman is of no use on the face of the earth unless he can secure introductions for them to the President.

Consequently, the White House is besieged at such times by Congressmen seeking engagements for their constituents.

"And how many did you say there were in the party?" inquires Mr. Carpenter, after listening to a tearful plea from said Congressman.

"Only a few," replies the Congressman, drawing down the corner of his eye in an endeavor to be diplomatic if not truthful.

"I regret exceedingly that the President's time will be occupied on the day you mention that he will be unable to receive your party," replies Mr. Carpenter, suavely, and the Congressman would receive them at 10 A. M. the next day.

At that hour, there was a line in front of the White House five or six abreast and reaching from the front door to the outside gate, a block away. After the President had been hankering for an hour, his feet began to hurt. He called for Carpenter, and inquired:

"How many people did I say I would receive?"

"Eight hundred," replied the secretary.

"Well, how many have I shaken hands with since this thing began?" asked the President.

"About 1600."

"How many more are there outside?"

"About as many as there were when you began."

"Shut the doors at once," shouted the President. "This is too much of a good thing for me."

This order Carpenter promptly carried out, all the time smiling to himself. Both he and Assistant Secretary Foster had told the President the night before just what he could expect for violating their orders, and they enjoyed the joke, even if the President did not. It transpired that other Congressmen who had heard of the "open door" at the White House had joined the throng, as well as a lot of old residents who shake hands with the President at every opportunity and brag about it to their children and grandchildren.

If every man who writes the President a letter flatters himself that the President sits down in a quiet nook to absorb its contents, he is badly left out of three hundred letters which reach the White House every day on an average. Secretary Carpenter and his assistants weed out all but ten or fifteen. If they did not do this, the President would never get a chance to do anything else. Under the system evolved in the White House, officers by George Cortelyou when he was a President's secretary, everybody who has anything to do with the President, and everybody else's notes in shorthand. Consequently, Assistant Secretary Mischler answers all the letters he can get his hands on.

The job of an Assistant Secretary Foster, who is one of the best office men in the employ of the Government, is to carry out a portion of the presidential mail. Finally, Secretary Carpenter takes a look at what is left, and when the whole is boiled down, President Taft gets the remainder, which, as noted above, rarely ever amounts to more than ten or fifteen letters.

Secretary Carpenter is a university graduate, unlike all his immediate predecessors, and a lawyer. He learned to ride horseback in the Philippines, and, being an unmarried man, gives his unmarried affection to a black horse which he frequently rides. He maintains an apartment in Washington, the chief attributes of which are his Philippine memories and an excellent library of classical literature.

Taft's "Blame-it-On-Loeb" Man.

Assistant Secretary Wendell W. Mischler is the "blame-it-on-Loeb" man of the Taft Administration. It will be recalled that during the Roosevelt administration, William Loeb, Jr., secretary of the State, was the man who, whenever anything happened to affect the personal popularity or political standing of that President, not in recent years has there been a President in the White House who has talked so often and so much, extemporaneously, as President Taft. Mischler is the man who is taken down all these speeches. He is not only held responsible for his own mistakes, but if he makes any mistakes, he gets blamed for that also. Sometimes, the President's friends wish he were a stenographer, but not quite so accurate.

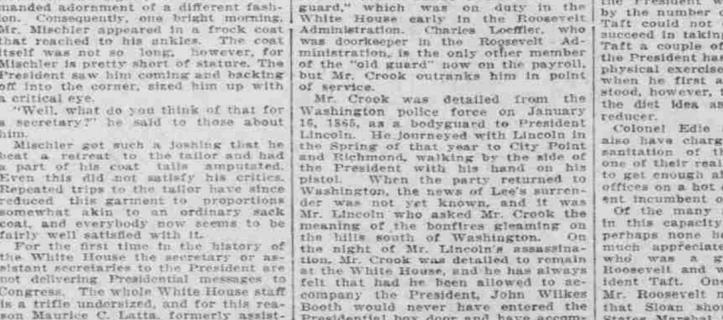
Mischler came over to the White House from the War Department with Mr. Taft. He used to think that a com-



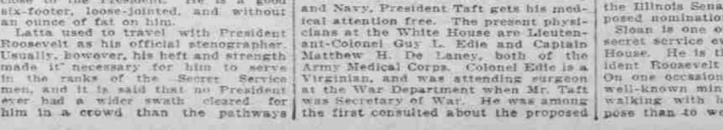
FRED W. CARPENTER, WHO, AS PRIVATE SECRETARY, IS THE CHIEF OF ALL THE MEN WHOSE BUSINESS IS TO RUN THE PRESIDENT.



ARCHIE BUTT, CAPTAIN, U. S. A., WHO IS THE SOCIAL AIDE OF THE PRESIDENT.



WILLIAM H. COOK, WHO SERVES PRESIDENT TAFT AS FAITHFULLY AS HE DID PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



JIMMY SLOAN, THE FAVORITE SECRET SERVICE MAN OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND TAFT.



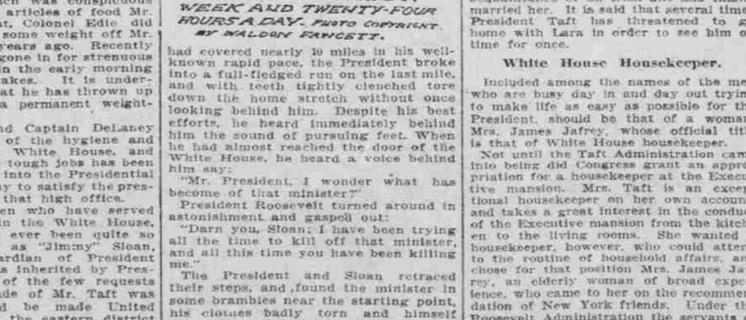
AT THE LEFT, CAPT. ARCHIE BUTT, WHO ACCOMPANIES THE PRESIDENT EVERYWHERE, AND AT THE RIGHT, COL. SPENCER COSBY, A WHITE HOUSE SOCIAL EXPERT.



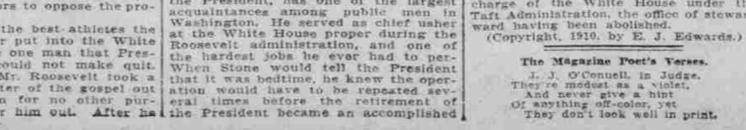
"BILLY" PENNELL, WHITE HOUSE DOORKEEPER WHO ENLIVENED THINGS ON THE TAFT PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN TRAIN.



LOPEZ LARA, THE PRESIDENT'S FILIPINO VALET, WHO TRIES THE PRESIDENTIAL KITCHEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AND TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, PUPA O'BRYEN.



THOMAS E. STONE, CHIEF DOORKEEPER TO THE PRESIDENT, HAS ONE OF THE LARGEST ACQUAINTANCES AMONG PUBLIC MEN IN WASHINGTON.



J. J. O'CONNELL, THE PRESIDENT'S VALET, IS A VETERAN.

The Magazine Post's Veres. J. J. O'Connell, in Judge. And never give a hint of anything off-color, yet they don't look well in print.

fact, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Roosevelt would always meet his suggestion by slanting his book and saying, "By George, I'll do it."

From the first floor the President would look out at the boat, and if Stone or Mrs. Roosevelt did not collar him, the chances were nine out of ten that he would go to ridding again.

President Taft's "mother" during the Presidential campaign was "Billy" Pennell, who was his doorkeeper seven Mr. Taft was Secretary of War, is now doorkeeper to Secretary Carpenter, and hence still helps to run Mr. Taft. Pennell had nothing to say. Lara never gave him a chance to say anything. When Mr. Taft was civil governor of the Philippine Islands, Lara was one of those Filipinos who attached himself to the "big father" and refused to shake himself loose. He never was known to be on time but once in his life, and that was when Mr. Taft sailed away from Manila to become Secretary of War. Lara was not only at the boat, but on the boat, and refused to quit. He insisted on going along, and good-natured Mr. Taft could not resist his entreaties.

Personal Valet of the President.

Monico Lopez Lara, a native Filipino, is the personal valet of the President. He is the one man in the White House whom the President chooses. After his arrival in the United States, he picked up English rapidly, formed the acquaintance of an Irish girl and finally married her. It is said that several times President Taft has threatened to go home with Lara in order to see him on time for once.

White House Housekeeper.

Included among the names of the men who are busy day in and day out trying to make life as easy as possible for the President should be that of a woman, Mrs. James Jaffrey, whose official title is that of White House housekeeper.

Not until the Taft Administration came into being did Congress grant an appropriation for a housekeeper at the Executive mansion. Mrs. Taft is an exceptional housekeeper on her own account, and takes a great interest in the conduct of the Executive mansion from the kitchen to the living rooms. She wanted a housekeeper, however, who could attend to the routine of household affairs, and chose for that position Mrs. James Jaffrey. She wanted a woman who was under the control of the White House, under the Taft Administration, the office of steward ward having been abolished.

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