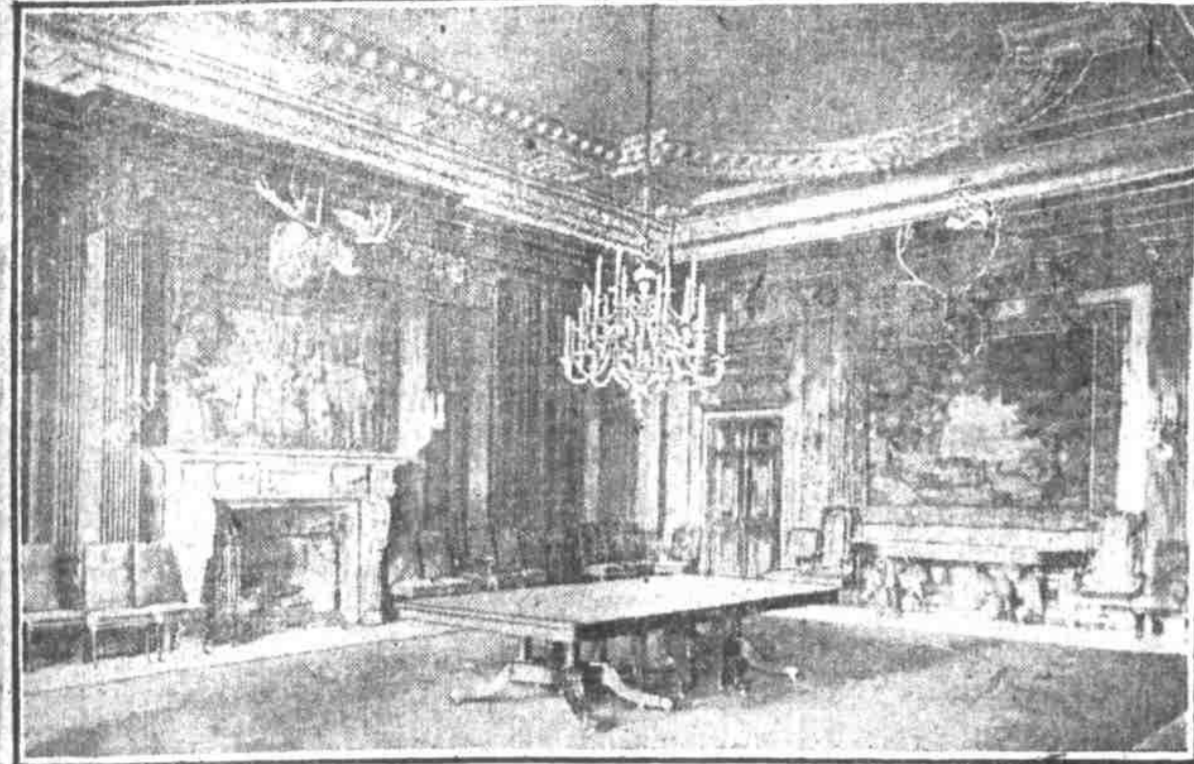


THE FUTURE BELLE OF THE WHITE HOUSE



State Dining Room in the White House
The Pleasing Personality of the Daughter of the House of Taft.



Miss Helen Taft
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her from her journey around the world with her parents. But her one concern, just now, is with her progress in her studies. She has a keen sense of her responsibility as a student, for her father excelled in his classes; her brother Robert, leads his class at Yale in scholarship, and she herself won class honors two years ago at the National Cathedral School in Washington, and matriculated at Bryn Mawr as the winner of the \$300 scholarship for the student passing the best entrance examination. So the studious, brown head that is bent over her books in the cheerful room at Bryn Mawr belongs to a girl who, however splendid the sequel she can anticipate, is far from anticipating anything of the kind. Which is as it should be—but very often isn't.

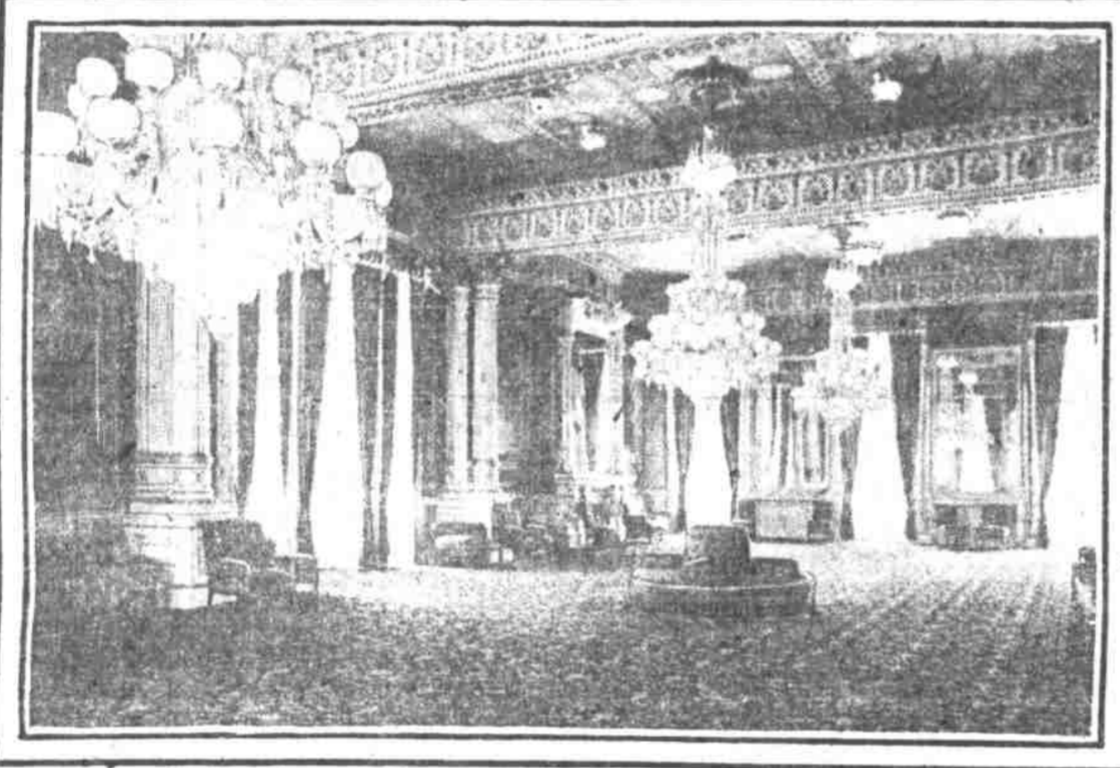
BENT over the pages of a schoolbook, in a pretty "den" such as the college girl of today loves to adorn, studying hard, very hard, at Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia, is a head covered with a wealth of light brown hair, in which golden tones catch the light that streams from the near window.

The studious attitude differs but little from that of hundreds of other girls at Bryn Mawr, except, perhaps, that it evidences a trifle more of intencness, of concentration, than is characteristic of most other girls, even in that place of assiduous learning.

It would not be especially noteworthy if it belonged to any of those other girls. But it is the present attitude of devotion to her studies, and of complete indifference toward the rest of the world, of Miss Helen Herron Taft, the daughter of the President-elect, who can look forward now to making her debut in society in the White House, at Washington.

Few, indeed, have been the schoolgirls who have anticipated the ending of their studies with as desirable a sequel, and fewer those who have so consistently maintained the same unchanged absorption in the "grind" of study, when once the assurance of the brilliant future was received.

It is a most brilliant future that awaits Helen Taft—but, then, it is a brilliant Helen Taft who awaits the future.



Where White House Balls are Held and where Miss Taft will probably make her Debut.

quite appreciate all it means to have such a sufficing, attractive domicile for her very own.

The other splendors of the White House will, however, become ultimately more less than, perhaps, even her mother's, for mothers with a single daughter coming out into society, however pressing the responsibilities of business may be, have an informal trail of really living in the spirit of the girl rather than enjoying life on their own account. That is one of the things it means to be the belle of the White House.

The state dining room of the White House may take on the pleasing personality of her father, the President, for he is a man whose bent outside as well as his individuality, makes an effective impress wherever he appears, and the state apartment where the White House balls are held will be presided over by her mother. But, throughout the dwelling, with the likelihood that the great social event of her life, Miss Taft's debut, will take place in that ballroom, and with the presence of the White House belle in evidence continually, it will seem to all her young friends almost as though the dignities exist for her pleasure.

Will she take kindly to it all, or will she had her chief delight in the big library, where her father can install the furniture of his choice, carved oakwood when he bought while he was in the Philippines?

It is a question which does not answer itself for the present, at least. Thus far, the one conspicuous note, unmistakable to all who have met her, is that the daughter of the President-elect is a very sensible, calm and unassuming, bright girl, who understands fully the honor which has come to her father, yet resists so firmly that she is a girl whose affair with

life, just now, is simply straightforward study, like any other girl in her circumstances, with her opportunities.

The vanities which are ordinarily an integral part in the make-up of a girl are emphatically wanting in Miss Taft. She is an attractive girl, of the type that oftentimes expands into the handsome woman.

She has the height, and she has features that are strongly indicative of character. But when, some little time back, growing public interest in her father and his family brought an urgent request for a photograph that would treat her fairly in its reproduction, she was more than indifferent to the opportunity of an informal debut in print. But the penalty of publicity becoming apparent, she consented, as an indifference, to give a class picture, taken when she graduated at the school preparatory for Bryn Mawr.

Now that was exactly what wasn't wanted. At the time there had already been a series of appraisals from photographers for a chance to obtain a genuinely satisfactory likeness. Mrs. Taft's judgment had finally come around to the view that some such likeness should Miss Taft care to consent. She thought it over, while she regarded the modest class picture critically. "Well, mother," she remarked, finally, "I don't think this is so bad a likeness. I don't think I'll get anything better."

The same attitude of unselfish disinterestedness characterized her greeting of the definite news of her father's election, as the returns reached her, in company with a party of special guests who were assembled in Philadelphia.



Bryn Mawr Dormitory which is Miss Taft's present Home.

Curious Facts

WHAT is said to be the steepest railway line in the world is that recently opened near Boxen, in the Tyrol. The Mendel railway, with a gradient of sixty-four in 100, and the Vesuvian with sixty-three, have hitherto held the record. But the new line in its steepest parts rises seventy in 100, and in other parts sixty-six. It leads up the mountain side to Virgl Terrace on the river Isack. The system employed is that of the electrical wire rope, and the ascent is made at the rate of five feet a second, or five minutes for the whole distance. In future the boxes containing butter shipped from Queensland to Great Britain are to be made of straw, and a company has been formed to work the business. Butter boxes hitherto have been made of pine, but the draft upon this timber, owing to the heavy exports, has been so severe that the wood is rapidly going up in price. In the new box a mixture of kaolin and straw is used. It can be produced and sold for 25 cents. At present 3,000,000 boxes are used in Australia annually, costing \$1,000,000. The new box will save the dairy business about \$200,000 a year. The total number of stars exceeding the seventh magnitude is 5,900. Therefore the naked eye can never see from any one spot of the earth's surface more than 2,000 stars.

Besides the mighty empire of the sea created by Mistress Ching, the adventures of Anne Bonny and Mary Read on the Spanish Main, for years famed as the only women pirates, dwindle into insignificance.

Both Anne Bonny and Mary Read were tried, in 1720, for their piracies and were condemned to execution. The sentence was remitted because of their condition, and they died in prison.

Mary Read was an English girl who disguised herself as a boy and shipped on an English man-of-war, deserted, entered the army, fought in Flanders, married a fellow-soldier and took up the peaceful calling of inn-keeping until her husband died.

She resumed her travels and adventures until, being captured by pirates during a voyage from Holland to the West Indies, she turned pirate herself, and was one of the most daring of them all. She was on the ship of Captain Rackham when Anne Bonny, daughter of a Carolina planter, who had dined with that picturesque pirate, encountered her and the pair fought side by side on the bloody decks of the pirate ship, the only dare-devils of the whole company when, in fierce engagements, the rest of the crew skulked behind decks.

Quaint John Esquemeling, he of the curious diary so treasured by all lovers of books under the title, "The Buccaneers of America," tells, in his personal memoirs of Sir Henry Morgan's sack of Panama, of a prisoner brought to Morgan from the islands of Tavoga and Tavogilla:

"A gentleman of good quality, as also no less virtue and civility, who was wife to one of the richest merchants of all those countries. Her years were but few, and her beauty was so great as peradventure I may doubt whether in all Europe any could be found to surpass her perfection, either in comeliness or honesty." Morgan sought at first to make her his by lavish gifts and luxurious care. When she repulsed him, he visited upon her all the ignominies and hardships his evil ingenuity could devise, and threatened her with the direst penalties, until her unyielding virtue conquered even his abandoned spirit, and he released her, unharmed.

The greatest and most imposing of all the world's pirates, he had offered to that girl the position which Mistress Ching attained only after years of conquest, with the alternative of bitter suffering and torture as punishment for refusal. It is curious, indeed, how, out of the current rockings of empire and out of that jetam of the sea, splendid moral uprise, fitted to the uses of our most prosaic lives, needed for the ambitions of our homeliest civilization.

Pirates in Skirts the World Has Known



The world is still acclaiming the extraordinary qualities of that exceptional woman, and opinion seems to be unanimous that only in Catharine of Russia and Elizabeth of England is it possible to find her peer among women for all the attributes that go to make the ruler.

But in her own empire, on the seas, there was, a century ago, a woman whose career paralleled that of the late dowager empress of China so closely that it is hard to refrain from the suspicion that the more famous ruler whose end came recently did not find her inspiration in the wonderful exploits of mighty Mistress Ching, queen of all women pirates.

For there have been women pirates, as veritably as there roved and robbed such men marauders as Captain Kidd and the buccannery of the Spanish Main.

THE Chinese pirates in 1800 dominated the empire of the southern seas, capturing cities, levying tribute, defying and defeating all the forces the vast kingdom of China could bring against them, ruling the coasts they controlled with the same arrogance as if they were princes of the blood.

Their domain extended from Tonquin to Foochow, and their base of operations was among the islands at the mouth of the Pearl river and along the shores of the southern province of Quang-Tong.

There were six squadrons of the pirates, the most powerful of all being the Red Flag, which was under the command of Mistress Ching, widow of Ching Yih, a famous pirate leader who had perished in a hurricane. Among the pirate captives was a lad named Chang Paou, the son of a fisherman, handsome and intelligent, whom the dead chief's widow chose as her lieutenant. In the years that followed the name of Captain Paou, was destined to become a word of dread as far as Europe and America. But the true terror, with the true power, was one of such dread and awe that her subject pirates, lay in the delicate hands of Mistress Ching, whose name themselves scarcely dared utter after it aloud.

In 1808, in a great sea battle, the pirates sank three government ships and captured fifteen, with the com-

mander. Immediately afterward General Lin was defeated, and half a dozen of his best war vessels were added to the pirate fleet. In 1809 the Chinese government gave Admiral Tsuen 300 ships to wipe out the power of Mistress Ching. Captain Paou was permitted to meet that mighty force, and he was beaten, with a loss of 200 prisoners. The Chinese admiral, elated, prepared for a second battle.

But now, with her prestige impaired by the first serious repulse she had ever encountered, the pirate queen resolved that her favorite's daring could be effective only when directed by her genius. She assumed supreme command of the pirate fleet, and, like Cleopatra, sailed forth to meet the foe. Within a few hours the great Admiral Tsuen and his vast squadron were overwhelmingly defeated, and fourteen of the ships were in the hands of the pirates.

An English prisoner of the pirates in that year found that Mistress Ching's squadrons numbered 800 large warships and 1000 small ones, with crews amounting to 70,000 men. What height the great Mistress Ching might have risen to had not Opatae, commander of the Black Flags, conceived a bitter jealousy of Captain Paou it is impossible to guess.

Opatae, at a critical time in the war with the government, withheld aid from Mistress Ching's favorite commander. Paou, in a reckless rage, hurled against his associate an inferior force, and was repulsed. Opatae, in the hour of his victory, was filled with dismay, for he realized that Mistress Ching would punish him with utter destruction.

In his apprehension of her wrath he appealed to the government for pardon, a boon which the beaten and discomfited Chinese admiral rejoiced to grant. The defection of Opatae revealed to all the pirates that there was a way open to them of escaping the penalty for their heinous crimes, with their sole alternative the desperate one of conquering the whole empire of China.

The offer of complete amnesty even to Mistress Ching and to Captain Paou brought about a grave council of all the pirate leaders. Paou stood out boldly against acceptance. But Mistress Ching at length decided that the end must come sooner or later, and bade all her followers surrender. Paou was made major in the Chinese armies, and the greatest pirate queen who ever reigned passed into an obscurity from which history has since been unable to extricate her memory.

DAINTY SUITE FOR DAUGHTERS

That room was occupied, until the death of her first wife, again, by Miss Elizabeth, who, when she came as the guest of Mrs. Taft, in the fall of 1907, yielded to the wishes of her father and consented to become the mistress of the White House, and, later, by Miss Mary Brown, Mrs. Taft's daughter, when she passed the winter of 1907-8 at the White House. The modernizing of the mansion in accordance with the increased demands of the executive family, with the resignation of the business offices to the government some years ago by President Roosevelt, greatly increased the space at disposal for living purposes and, incidentally, afforded the daughter of the White House a full suite of apartments in place of the single room, which, in the new arrangement, became the sleeping chamber, with commodious bath-room and sitting room communicating.

These new accommodations by reason of her position as the older daughter, now, they are given over to her sister, Helen. They are decorated in dainty blue, and have the most charming of silken curtains and ornamentation in silver.

This is the really ample and beautiful suite that, to Miss Taft, will be "home" whenever, temporarily or permanently, she forsakes her student "den" at Bryn Mawr. Only a girl, and a young girl at that, can

In mourning such as no great nation of the earth has known for centuries, because no other great nation, except Russia, has for centuries existed so completely under the sway of absolute monarchy, the teeming millions of China are now paying their last tribute to the abject abasement to which they were brought by the inflexible will, the tireless diplomacy and the unscrupulous chicanery of the slave girl who rose to be their empress.