

# INCIDENTS IN W. H. TAFT'S LIFE WHICH SHOW THE STUFF THIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IS MADE OF

**"THERE ARE BIGGER THINGS IN THE WORLD THAN MONEY." HIS REPLY WAS TO URGINGS THAT HE GIVE UP \$6000-A-YEAR POSITION ON CIRCUIT BENCH TO TAKE A GUARANTEED INCOME OF \$50,000 IN THE PRACTICE OF LAW—ORIGINATOR OF THE "AMERICAN PLAN OF DIPLOMACY."**

(By Herbert Corey.)

They say that a nice little city-broke artist once undertook to paint a picture of Pike's Peak. When he was at home, he was a good little artist. He knew just how the Flat-iron building looks in all circumstances of light and shade, and he could do an impressionistic study of the entrance to Central park on his head. But after he had sat out in that gray, sterile plain for days, and studied the imposing mass of snow-crowned hill before him, he got up and deliberately put his foot through his canvas and went off and got drunk. "It's too d— big" was his only excuse.

That's the way any one must feel in trying to portray the character of Secretary of War William H. Taft. He's too big. You can cooper round him on one side, and paint a stave on the other, and maybe comment on the imperfect fit of one of the hoops on another. But after all you must concede that you have only half told the story, unless you fall back on

that best of all possible descriptions: "Strong, faithful, honest." The story goes that when President McKinley was simply at his wits' end to get a big man—a really big man—at head his newly made Philippine commission, he called Judge Day in consultation. He told of his troubles, of the men he had canvassed and found wanting. And then he ended with: "Help me out, Day. I must have a big, broad man; and he must be strong, faithful, honest."

And Day said: "Well, why don't you appoint him; you know him. That description fits 'Bill' Taft to a hair."

And when President McKinley thought it over, he thought so, too. But Taft didn't want the job. "I'm not the man you want," said he. "Why, I have never even believed that the Philippines should be retained." But President McKinley prevailed upon him to accept, for as Mr. McKinley's illustrious successor said of Mr. Taft later on: "He delights in responsibilities."

when he hears it, for it has been ding-donged into his ears ever since he graduated from the age of knickerbockers and pudgy ankles clad in home-knit stockings. The story goes that when the present secretary of war was going to school in Cincinnati, his school report one month showed that the future statesman had devoted more of his attention to hand-ball and other delights of youth than to his books.

Mrs. Taft, mother like, excused the boy. "Even if the report isn't very good he's almost at the head of his class," said she.

No Mediocrity for "Willie." But Judge Taft shook his head. "Mediocrity won't do for Willie," said he.

Unfortunately for Willie, that was overheard, and the other boys in the family, boy like, made his life miserable, if anything could make "Bill" Taft unhappy at that age. But the father was prescient.

Mediocrity won't do for "Willie," sure enough. It never has done for him. Why, even when he was a Junior in Yale the other boys of his class jicked him out for a great man in embryo. It was known then that his real, living ambition was one day to sit upon the supreme bench. And the Yale boys loyally held that it wasn't a question of "Will" Taft getting to that elevation. The only question was how soon would he reach it. And, incidentally, Mr. Taft's warmest admirers today are the boys of Yale, who learned to know him in the self-revealing intimacy of school days, and to estimate him at his worth.

James P. Pigott, now of New Haven, told the other day of his first acquaintance with "Will" Taft. Pigott and Taft were both freshmen in those days. They had just formed a friendship, and one night were

walking up Elm street talking earnestly over some matter of great immediate interest. In those days a freshman had only the bare right of existence conceded him by the sophomores. Certainly he had no right to walk on the clean sidewalks while there was mud in the streets. And as Pigott and Taft, strolled beneath the elms a gang of half a dozen sophs rushed them. Under the sophs' rule, Taft and Pigott were due for a ducking in the mud. Pigott, who was a featherweight, stood aside. Taft said softly: "But I do not care to go out in the mud."

Now, can't you imagine with what unholy joy that soft spoken declaration must have filled those sophs? They gave the war cry and the view halloo, and the other vocal outeries intended to express happiness, and charged.

When they got through charging, William H. Taft was slowly walking up Elm street, arm in arm with James P. Pigott. Out in the cold mud stood the half dozen sophs, beginning to realize that they had tried to butt a fair-sized locomotive off the track. As long as Taft remained at college, he had the freedom of the sidewalks. The whole sophomore class would have hollered for help before they would have tried to fuss with him again.

Not that he was belligerent. He was too peaceful, in fact, to suit his most warlike friends, who learned to respect the enormous physical strength that was bound up in those thick shoulders and those corded muscles. He likes a joke, and he didn't like it any worse because it happened to be the goat. But there were times when even his lamb-like disposition would get up and do stunts.



A LATE PICTURE OF SECRETARY TAFT.

William Howard Taft, secretary of war and leading Republican presidential candidate, was born in Cincinnati Sept. 15, 1857. A graduate of Yale Cincinnati Law school, he began work as a reporter. In 1887 he became judge of the superior court of Cincinnati; in 1890 he was appointed United States solicitor general; in 1892 he became United States circuit judge; in March, 1890, he went to the Philippines, to organize the American government; Feb. 1, 1904, he was appointed secretary of war. He has rendered conspicuous service in the Philippines; in negotiations with Pope Leo; in Cuba, Panama, and to American interests throughout the world.

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### THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I hear the jar  
Of the loom of life, and near and far  
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound  
As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Bustly, carelessly goes the loom  
In the light of day, and the midnight gloom;  
The wheels are turning with a' their strife,  
Forming at last the web of each life.

Click, clack! there's a web of love wove in,  
Click, clack! there's another of wrong and sin.  
What a checkered thing this life will be,  
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time with a face like mystery,  
And hands as busy as busy can be,  
Sits at the loom with arms outspread,  
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

Are you spinners of wool in life's web, say?  
Do you furnish the weaver a thread each day?  
It were better then, O my friends, to spin  
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Say, when will this wonderful web be done?  
In a hundred years, perhaps, or one,  
Or tomorrow, who knoweth? Not you nor I,  
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the year's are slow,  
And each age is nearing the end, I know,  
Soon the last web will be woven in—  
God grant it be love and not of sin.

—Author Unknown.

### AS TO PROFIT SHARING.

When the Steel Corporation was organized a certain amount of preferred stock was set aside and offered to employees of the concern at \$52.50 per share of the par value of \$100.

In addition, these employees were offered a bonus of 5 per cent per annum on their shares as a share of the profits as workmen.

It was profit-sharing, but confined to such employees as would invest something in the capital stock of the company.

THE CORPORATION WAS ROUNDLY ABUSED IN CERTAIN QUARTERS FOR ATTEMPTING TO "HOPE IN" THEIR TRUSTING EMPLOYEES AND SQUEEZE MONEY OUT OF THEM, BUT IT HAS NOT TURNED OUT THAT WAY.

Those who bought have received their 7 per cent dividends and the 5

per cent bonus as regular as a clock, and even in these hard times the stock is quoted at about \$10 a share more than the employees paid for it. The bonus of 5 per cent was confined strictly to those who held the stock.

If they sold the stock they lost the bonus, which was not transferable. Nevertheless a good many did sell, and now it appears that the bonus which the sellers lost has been as a separate fund and allowed to accumulate until it has just been divided among the faithful and which amounted to a 65 per cent extra dividend to those who have held their stock.

It is safe to say that no more of that stock now in possession of employees will be allowed to get away. An investment which pays 12 per cent on par of stock which cost but \$52.50 is as good a thing as there is in the way of investment.

DOUBTLESS THE STEEL CORPORATION IS A TRUST OF THE MOST GIANTIC TYPE, BUT WE ARE OF THE OPINION THAT IT WILL NEVER TRY TO BEAT ITS EMPLOYEES WHO STAY BY IT, BUT ON THE CONTRARY WILL HELP THEM TO MAKE MONEY.

All such concerns would gladly have every one of their employees a stockholder and a sharer in profits when made besides, and that without asking them to make good whenever there may be a loss instead of a profit.

There is a lot more money and a lot more comfort for employees who "stand in" with their employers than can ever be got by those who spend their energies in fighting them.

### DID NOT DODGE THE ISSUE.

The special session of the Nevada legislature has acquitted itself well so far. It disappointed the hopes of such radicals as argued the state did not need a police system.

It surprised even the governor, who, in a communication to President Roosevelt, expressed the fear that the lower branch was in the control of radicals and on that account hesitated to call a special session.

The lower branch, however, voted for the police bill, 31 to 7. A resolution will be sent to the President asking him to keep the troops at Goldfield until the state police can be organized, and the President will probably grant it.

The President insisted the state should assume the responsibility and by his insistence drove the hesitant governor to call a special session.

THE SOBERING INFLUENCE OF RESPONSIBILITY IS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE NEVADA SITUATION. The lower branch, supposed to be in the hands of radicals, voted 21 to 7 for a police bill.

It is one thing to go about irresponsibly condemning the militia and police as preservers of order. It is quite another thing to take such an attitude as a legislative body chosen to guard the interests of the state, which are far broader and far more vital than class interests.

THE NEVADA LEGISLATURE DID NOT DODGE THE ISSUE, AND IT IS WELL FOR THE FUTURE OF NEVADA. Had the radicals prevailed, the state would have suffered the consequences for years.

Some Charter Requirements. The committee on the revision of ordinances is busily engaged in looking over the charter and ordinances and find in many cases that the city fathers have passed ordinances which were in opposition to the charter.

Mayor Rodgers in speaking to a Journal reporter this morning said: "Among the many discrepancies we found that the charter provided that the property owner shall be given ten days notice when sewer improvements are to be made on their property. Also that one-fifth of the cost of such improvement is to be borne by the city."

This part of the charter has been disregarded for years and had the property owners objected to the improvements they could not have been

compelled to pay for them being put in without notice.

Another article which will probably be considered by the committee is the clause requiring that all officers of the city shall be residents of the city for three years previous to their election.

### COFFEE

What is essential to good coffee?  
Good bean ground fresh,  
and a woman of common sense.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best; we pay him.

### X-RAYS.

Senator Tillman with his usual abruptness, commenting on Secretary Cortelyou's mannerism in making his report to the senate on the sale of the Panama canal bonds said: "He assumes the manner of the President before he even gets the nomination."

France is commended by some Americans for not putting a high duty on American coal oil, so as to give her market to Russia, Rockefeller and the balance of us coal oil producers appreciate the considerate thoughtfulness of our neighbor across the pond.

The Vanderbilt-Szechenyi marriage is said to be "a perfect love match." No one has ever doubted it. He loved her money and she loved his title.

The tariff on France's wines has been reduced, now in the interest of the down-trodden capitalist the duties on diamonds should be removed.

An exchange heads an article: "Dry Farmers Meet." What they did is a matter of inference.

The dispatch describing the wedding of the Vanderbilt girl to the Hungry Count, says the foreigners seemed the gayest of the wedding party. Why shouldn't they? Their side got away with the dough.

It looks to a man up a tree that since the government paid twenty million dollars for the Philippines, that it is rubbing it in to make Uncle Sam dig up to buy coal lands on his own property.

### IF YOU KNOW.

The merits of the Texas Wonder, you would never suffer from kidney, bladder or rheumatic trouble. \$1 bottle, two months' treatment, sold by S. C. Ston; drug store, or by mail. Testimonials with each bottle.

The Sullivans from the Howery cannot abide the idea of women smoking in public. The moral element is to be congratulated that the city has such fastidious aldermanic leaders.

New at the Game. "I want to get some salad," said Mrs. Youngwife. "Yes, sir," said the dealer, "How many heads?" "O, gracious! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."—Philadelphia Press.

To Cure Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box 25c.

### We Hear of More Cures

Of troubles originating in impaired scrofula, loss of appetite, catarrh, rheumatism, by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any so-called remedies combined. Some of those cured by Hood's seem to stay cured, and they gladly tell the good news to others.

Scrofula Sore—"My wife had a scrofula sore on her leg for years. Many different medicines gave but little benefit. I turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore quickly healed. It is a good blood medicine." J. N. DARR, Crosby, Texas.

Afflicted 16 Years—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula, with its attendant troubles 16 years, and caused vaccination. My little daughter had scrofula swelling on her neck and Hood's Sarsaparilla also cured her." MRS. HUGHES, Hughey, Tennessee.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere in the usual liquid, or in tablet form. Sarsatabs, 100 Doses One Dollar, compared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Just expect fortune to smile on them in some mysterious way—

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lay the foundation today—

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