

SECRETARY TAFT CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY ON OCEAN

Special Correspondence.
SECRETARY OF WAR WILLIAM H. TAFT celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth today on the high seas, 100 miles from land, and it may be added for the benefit of nautical sharpers, in latitude 41.94 north and longitude 127.66 west. All of the 136 first cabin passengers drank the secretary's health in water, and cheered enthusiastically a suggestion that a few months more than another year would see him at the head of the government.

A delegation of second-cabin passengers came to present their felicitations and good wishes to the secretary. The dinner tonight was turned into an affair of even more high ceremony than in the evening meal on the first day of the week aboard the transatlantic liner. It was a spontaneous and not at all prearranged tribute to Mr. Taft, and, importantly suggestive of the regard which his fellow-passengers on the Minnesota have come to hold for him in the last few days.

GIFTS ON BREAKFAST TABLE.
 Gifts from Mrs. Taft, Charles, their son, and the other Taft children, as well as from his brothers and the members of his party, were laid beside the secretary's plate at breakfast.

Tiffin came with many vacant seats at the table. All day the steamship had been wallowing and staggering through heavy cross-seas, kicked up by a gale from the northwest which waned down on her about midnight. Expectations that a speech might come from the secretary in response to birthday congratulations proved more potent even than seasickness, and gradually the sufferers came to their places, pale but determined not to miss anything.

Captain Charles Austin, at whose right the secretary sits, frankly acknowledged his inability to do oratorial justice to either the day or the guest of honor, but in the estimation of the passengers he belied his confession of incompetence by delivering a spirited eulogy of Mr. Taft, saying that by adoption he was "the favorite son of the Pacific coast" because of the interest he had displayed in the commercial interest of the coast trade, and in the furthering of commercial relations between the coast points and the east.

TAFT FOR PRESIDENT.
 "To the next president of the United States" was the toast with which Captain Austin ended. He called upon Thomas H. O'Brien, United States ambassador in Japan, to convey the good wishes of the passengers to Mr. Taft.

Mr. O'Brien, who attained a high reputation as a post-prandial orator during his service at the court of Denmark, from which he has just been transferred, briefly reviewed Mr. Taft's public career, and tactfully referred to the growing desire of the country that he succeed Mr. Roosevelt in the White House.

"And if duty and the demands of his countrymen should call him to all more exalted stations in public life," said Ambassador O'Brien, "no one who has followed his career from the bench to the cabinet, in the Philip-



pinas, Cuba and Washington, whether dealing with the savage and sullen tribes of the eastern islands, diplomatically adjusting matters of delicate import with the pope in the Vatican, or doing his duty as a man wherever his duty calls him, can doubt that in this higher office—if such is to come to him—he will acquit himself with similar distinction. The country needs men like William Howard Taft.

"In his case it has always been the office seeking the man, and not the man the office. And the office will seek Mr. Taft until, wearied by the burden of his affairs, of great deeds successfully accomplished, he may retire to enjoy and to follow wherever occupation or diversion suits him best, and claim the reward which posterity ungrudgingly and properly accords statesmen of his breadth of mind, scope of thought and firm and unswerving adherence to the right."

TAFT TELLS SOME STORIES.
 Mr. Taft was exceedingly happy and apt in his reply. To a man of 50, he said, 50 years seemed few, and advanced the point of perspective where men of one age think men of more years old, regardless of what their own age may be, to at least 65 or 70. While he might truthfully say that he felt almost as young as at 25, when a man of 50 seemed to him to be over



Birthday Congratulations Just Offered

the border line into the mere and yellow, he was forced to admit that he had grown, if not in wisdom, surely in avoidfulness.

"We people out in Ohio," said he, "are generally regarded, I believe, as being possessed of the officeholding habit, and of employing a considerable portion of our time while in office in looking around for another office. It seems to be born in the blood."

"I am reminded of old Jim Robinson, down in Kentucky, who came down to Frankfort from the mountains one time when a new state administration was taking hold of things. I thought he was broke, but he was looking for it hard. At first he lived at the best hotel, but as his money went and the job did not come, he gradually descended into more humble lodgings."



Where going Jim? they asked. Home, said Jim. Then he added: 'Say, boys, you know I've been here looking for a job. They say that the job's got to seek the man. Well, if any of you see a job looking for a - oh, tell it that you just saw Jim Robinson going down the Versailles turnpike on his old mare Jimmy—and he wasn't riding very farmed fast, either.'"

Reverting to old age and the utility of men of advanced years, the secretary recalled a visit made to Murray Bay, Canada, where he spends his summers, by Dr. Osler, the Baltimore physician of "chloroform" fame at 40. He was chatting with Justice Harlan, of the supreme court, hale, hearty and highly useful at 74. Dr.

THEN GOES BROKE.
 "Finally he was broke, and mounting his old gray mare, he carefully started back home. Going past the Capitol hotel he was hailed by a group of his friends who were sitting out in front."

Frederick by a powerful sketch of a boy's head, and the Princess Clara of Bavaria, by an ambitious and successful etching.

The German emperor, as is well known, is an artist of much more than average skill. One of his pictures, "Eight Between Battleships," is a remarkably powerful piece of work, exhibiting rare skill and technical knowledge; while his design for the tower of the Church of Our Saviour at Jerusalem proves that he is no mean architect and draftsman.

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But perhaps the most interesting of the royal artists of Europe is Prince Eugene, fourth son of the king of Sweden, who follows art not as a hobby, but as a profession. For four years he studied in Paris, leading the life of the ordinary art student, and known to his brothers of the brush as "Monsieur Eugene." During these strenuous years he worked at his easel early and late, refusing to go into society, and his reward came when his first picture appeared on the walls of the salon and found a prompt purchaser, who was quite ignorant of the identity of its distinguished painter—Titi Bits.



Watching Sports on Taft's Birthday

Older, waxed enthusiastic over the beauty of Murray Bay and what it offered as a refuge for retired business and professional men.

SPEND REMAINING YEARS.
 "Don't you think, Mr. Justice," asked Dr. Osler, "that it would be an excellent, a kindly project, to bring men of 60 to some beautiful, quiet place like this, where they might spend the few remaining years of their life in peaceful, placid communion with nature? Don't you think it would be infinitely soothing to them if they knew they could do this, and relinquish the responsibilities of life to younger men?"

Justice Harlan, who at 74 is younger than many men at 40, listened with impatience as carefully disguised as courtesy to a guest dictated, but when Dr. Osler finished he burst forth vehemently:

"No, sir; no, sir. It wouldn't do, it wouldn't do at all. And do you know why, sir? Because, sir, the country and all of us would go straight to the devil, straight to the devil, sir."

"Possibly all active men of 60 or more think as Justice Harlan does," said Mr. Taft. "And maybe some of them at 50 feel about the same way."

Favors were placed at each plate at dinner, and with the dessert a solemn Chinese-boy, bearing aloft a huge birthday cake and escorted by a guard of honor composed of his fellows, marched to the head of the table to be measured (and the Chinese gone). The cake was inscribed: "Compliments to H. B. William H. Taft, Our Next President."

The secretary cut the cake, and shared it with the others at the captain's table.

A TAFT MAGAZINE.
 Mr. Taft's birthday inspired the first—and probably the only—issue of "The Half-Century Magazine." The publication was got out in an afternoon of toil and tribulation by the newspaper men aboard, who immured themselves in a stateroom and strove valiantly to maintain their balance in the tremendous heaving and tossing while they wielded shears and pastebrush.

The magazine consisted of two pages—big ones—and was exclusively a 75-cent number. Photographs of the secretary were worked up with type lines cut from advertisements into lay-outs more or less pertinent to events in the secretary's life and career.

One of the lay-outs showed the secretary watching his son fishing. The pictorial picture of Charles was snatched on the shores of Yellowstone lake. To the end of the boy's line was pasted a fish clipped from a cod liver oil ad and inscribed "office." The secretary was represented as saying: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is older he'll go it—and we can prove it." Charles was remarking, apropos of the fish, "Biggest I could get, daddy!"

The subscription price of the magazine was fixed at \$5.00 annually. Although there are several millionaires aboard, none has been induced to subscribe—not even Judge Burke, who is what the Irish say "the dead spit" of Andrew Carnegie, the laird of Skibo—Robert H. Murray.

CURES WINTER COUGH.
 J. E. Gover, 31 N. Main St., Ottawa, Kan., writes: "Every year it has been my wife's trouble to catch a severe cold, and therefore to cough all winter long. Last fall I got her a bottle of Horehound Syrup. She used it and has been able to sleep soundly all night long. Whenever the cough crosses her, two or three doses stops the cough, and she is able to be up and well. The life and sold by Z. M. Drug Dept., 12 and 14 South Main St."

A FULL BEARD OF BEES.
 The cut is from a photograph taken from life. It shows an adventurous English beekeeper with a swarm of bees depending from the lower part of his face in the form of long and very thick whiskers. For the sake of those who are made nervous by the "very idea," it may be stated that the little honey makers are of the domestic Italian variety and are harmless.

CURIOUS FRENCH AMBULANCE.
 The improvised ambulance shown herewith has been used by the French in their recent effort to put an end to the civil war in Morocco. On the near pannier is a wounded sphul, and on the off one is a dead body. The cut is from a photograph taken under incessant fire on the field near Casablanca.

Royal Artists Skilled in Use of Paint and Brush

WE wonder how many of our readers are aware of the fact that King Edward cannot only boast that he has had a picture exhibited at Burlington House at an earlier age than the most precocious of our present royal academicians, but that his picture was purchased for a substantial sum before the public even set eyes on it.

This remarkable and little-known episode in his majesty's life occurred more than half a century ago, when Queen Victoria's children contributed sketches to an exhibition which was held at Burlington House in aid of a fund for the soldiers wounded in the Crimean war. The record price in the exhibition was realized by a sketch entitled "The Battlefield," the work of the Princess Royal, which found a purchaser for the sum of 250 guineas. The Prince of Wales' sketch was only 13 at the time; he was bought for 65 guineas; and drawings by the still younger princess and princesses fetched 30 guineas each.

In those early days his majesty displayed a marked aptitude for art, as is evidenced by several pictures which are still preserved at Sandringham House and Marlborough House, notably a very clever imaginative presentation of Faust, Queen Alexandra, too, has produced several charming landscapes; and not long ago sent some very clever botanical sketches, which were much admired, to the amateur art exhibition.

There is, as a matter of fact, scarcely one of Queen Victoria's descendants who has not inherited in some degree her love of art. The late Empress Frederick was, throughout her life, passionately fond of painting, and exhibited so much skill that the Berlin Academy of Arts enrolled her among its members in recognition of her "talent as a composer and a draughtswoman." Princess Henry of Battenberg is little less skilful with the brush as is proved by the free beautiful landscapes which for so many years hung in Queen Victoria's sittingroom at Osborne, and by many other pictures which have honored places in almost every royal palace in Great Britain. Princess Christian's talent takes the form of exquisite designs for the tapestry produced under her direction at the Royal School of Art Needlework; and Princess Victoria, her daughter, is one of the most skilful amateur painters of flowers in England. But, undoubtedly, the best artist in our royal family is Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who can produce with equal skill a beautiful picture or a life-size statue which will compare not unfavorably with most professional work.

Nor is proficiency in art by any means confined to English royalties. It is not long since a sumptuous volume published for a charitable cause, the illustrations of which were largely supplied by royal artists. The German emperor contributed a striking picture of a large ship riding at anchor on a placid sea, surrounded by smaller boats, and with a background of distant snowcapped mountains. Queen Amelle of Portugal was represented by a study of a donkey's head, ornamented with gaily-colored trappings; the Queen of Spain, by an exquisite study of flowers; the Empress

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THE RESIDENCE OF A DIVORCED ENGLISH QUEEN.



The picturesque dwelling shown herewith was once the home of the unhappy Anne of Cleves, one of the wives who did not succeed in winning the affection of Henry VIII. After her divorce the discarded princess wished to return to Cleves, but the king compelled her to live in the house shown in the cut, still standing in the town of Lewes, Sussex.

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