

Taft's Gymnastic Feat On Board the "Minnesota"

He Demonstrates That It Would Not Be Easier for a Camel to go Through the Eye of a needle, than for him to climb through a Man Hole to the Deck

Special Correspondence.

BOARD S. S. MINNESOTA, Sept. 27.—Three men stood today between decks of the Minnesota—way up in the eyes of the ship—and contemplated a square hole 19 feet above their heads through which the white sunlight shone. An iron ladder led perpendicular to the deck. The circumference of the manhole seemed about like that of the top of a sugar barrel.

One of the men was tall and square, lean as a greyhound and wiry. The second was short and somewhat round, of about 19 pounds more than a hundred-weight. The third weighed 285 pounds—more than the other two put together.

"It would be easier for the camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for you to get through that hole," bantered the little man, Judge Thomas Burke of Seattle.

"I wouldn't care to try that stunt," confessed, said the big man, Ambassador O'Brien, just accredited to Tokio.

"Well, I don't know," rejoined the 285-pound secretary of war. "It looks like a tough proposition."

For a minute the three turned aside to examine something to which Capt. Austin, who was acting as their guide, on an inspection of the ship, called their attention. Mr. Taft turned to the foot of the ladder, and regarded it apprehensively. The others had deduced from his manner that his men tal processes can something like this:

"That's a hard climb, and that hole looks smaller than my body, but those fellows don't believe I can climb up and get through the hole. I believe I can, and I'm going to try it."

Before he was noticed, the secretary had scaled half the ladder. Judge Burke and Ambassador O'Brien, despite their lesser weight, expressed in their faces an approximation of dismay when they saw what the secretary was doing.

"You'll never make it; come back," advised the ambassador.

"Look out the ladder doesn't break," said the judge.

Round after round the sturdy calves of the secretary progressed until his body was halfway out of the hole. When the greatest circumference of his girth came into conjunction with the greatest circumference of the hole, it was a toss-up for a minute who would win. But the secretary proved that he had an elastic waist line, which won over the unyielding limits of the hole.

TAFT TRIUMPHANT.

Still, it was a struggle. He stuck to it grimly and doggedly. The lifting of the muscles of the arms is a task which would tax the strength of a fat lifter more. He wriggled and squirmed and finally managed to get one foot above the combing of the hatch. With this purchase the rest was easy. A final heave, and the secretary hopped as lightly as a boy to his feet.

He was smiling all over. He had won. Quite likely he would have stayed in the hole and fought it out for an hour rather than retreat.

Nothing was left for Judge Burke and Ambassador O'Brien to do but to hold up their end of the game of "Follow my leader," which their chafing had insuited. None of them negotiated the passage easier than Mr. Taft did, regardless of his handicap of weight and size. The little judge was panting and dewy of brow when he emerged through, while the grave and elderly ambassador frankly acknowledged that he would have preferred to come up by the companions way.

"All you fellows need is a little exercise," said the secretary, with one of his big, jovial laughs. "Heavy as I am, I wager I can beat you both in a hundred-yard dash."

"You can, I'll admit; there is no opportunity for an argument there," said the ambassador.

NO LOSS OF WEIGHT.

Mr. Taft weighed 285 when he left Seattle. Despite diligent dieting and abstemious pacing of the deck, he has reluctantly been forced to admit that the 285 of too, too solid flesh is still doing business at the same old stand. Mr. Taft has walked six miles daily, and now and then nine. Six rounds of the Minnesota's bridge deck make a mile. Ambassador O'Brien and our or two others have usually shared his morning and afternoon walks. Other ambitious men have tried it, but they found the pace set by the secretary too much for their lungs and legs.

He tries himself to do three miles an hour. This is not so hard ashore, where the good, solid earth may be depended upon to be right there and meet and greet when they are planted down. But on shipboard, especially when the long cause the deck to bob about as the sea has that of the Minnesota this trip, the extra strain upon the leg and other muscles used in locomotion and in preserving one's balance quickly causes one to tire and redoubles the work.

With cap pulled down over his eyes a thick coat buttoned to his throat and gloved hands, the secretary hits it up. He keeps track of the number of rounds he traverses by doubling a finger upon the palm for each round. Seemingly, the exertion of walking does not use up Mr. Taft's wind as fast as it does that of most men of 40. For he is able to roll off the laps and maintain brisk conversation with a companion at the same time.

An hour of this sends him to his bathroom, ruddy and feeling like a colt for a rambow, and followed by a rest. He repeats this in the afternoon. He has not eaten fifteen burritos this voyage, but frankly he doubts if this helps much in keeping down flesh. On his appetite at breakfast and dinner is doubly keenized.

"I will be a sky-pilot out there," he said today, "riding around and preaching to rough men. It will be totally different from my experience here. My office will be in the saddle, for I will not have a fixed residence."

In 1891 the Rev. Dr. Paddock was vicar of the pre-Cathedral, and started a wave of reform in the lower east side. He proselytized among foreign servants and stirred up a great deal of enthusiasm among the people with the result that vice got a black eye.

A year later he was called to the Church of the Holy Apostles, at Ninth Avenue and Twenty-eighth street.

He will go into the haunts of the miners and out on the ranches, preaching and praying and agitating against the vices which flourish there.

ALWAYS WAS SICK.
When a man says he always was sick—brought with a cough that lasted all winter—who would you think if he should say—he never had a single day without Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Such a man exists. Mr. J. C. Clark, Denver, Colorado, writes: "For years I was troubled with a cough that would last all winter. This cough left me in a most miserable condition. I tried many remedies, but nothing helped. What had not I had a sick bone in my body? That's what it did for me." Hold to Z. Clark's Drug Dept., 32 and 34 South Main St.

TAFT LOOKS BRIGHTLY DURING DISEASE.
For two hours today Mr. Taft followed Captain Austin's lead over the ship, conversing with the crew and inspecting their quarters and food, peering into the steerage, and descending to the space between decks allotted to the Asiatic passengers. Bay No. 1, where the Chinese wait, a short, squat Chinaman made the crew bring out their trinkets and candies to show the secretary. He was much interested in the tiny Chinese quail of which almost every other sailor has one in a cage as a pet.

The tour of the ship brought the secretary, for the first time, in an opinion of the Chinese characters. The men were in an odd sort of dress for the decoration of the pipe and the poppy juice is an important and necessary adjunct to the Asiatic steersman. Mr. Taft examined

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MONDAY.

MONDAY.	MONDAY.
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MONDAY.

MONDAY.	MONDAY.
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