

WATCHING PRESIDENT TAFT AT WORK

(Continued from Page One, Section Two.)

magazines are what he calls a subsidy from the postoffice department. It appears to him giving impetus to the periodical press to attack the government which amounts to contributing millions of dollars to its support. On account of the attitude of his purpose he finds it impossible to understand how persons so well informed as are the political writers for the magazines and the correspondents of the daily papers can impugn his motives or give to political news the representations which he reads in the press.

As to Speaker Cannon. To a visitor who begged the President to give the country some assurance as to his attitude toward the Speaker of the House of Representatives Mr. Taft replied:

"I don't think that anything that I could say would persuade the country to understand me in this matter. What I am anxious about, anyhow, is not to be understood, but to get the work done that I want done. I suppose the public imagines that when I want to put a measure through Congress, all I have to do is to send across to the capital and say so. The fact is, of course, I have to use what influence I possess in the way that premises best. I have to use the machinery of the party. Mr. Cannon is the head of the party in the House of Representatives. He is the head of the organization. I have to work by means of the organization and of its head. I have need of the Speaker and of the votes of the organization, just as I may have need of the insurgents. When the country gets through with me, perhaps it will understand that. Meanwhile, I just go ahead in my own way."

As for the Cannon question, it will settle itself. I don't concern myself much about it. I have other things to think about. All this was said before the Congressional revolution of March 18.

Those about President Taft have understood perfectly his attitude toward the Speaker. He has treated him with consideration because he has been a power in Congress and the head of one of the branches of government. He believes the Speaker has been promiscuously abused. But he probably hopes that his term as Speaker will end with the present Congress. He is not responsible for Mr. Cannon's position, and he believes that the duty of dealing with alleged abuses of the Speakership lies with the Congress and with the Executive. The President has felt that his business with Congress was not to reform it, but to get out of it all the legislation he could.

At the time of my visit to the White House, the President expressed himself as hopeful that the chief of the measure recommended by him to Congress would go through. His program at this time included acts to regulate the issuing of injunctions without notice; to authorize the President to make temporary withdrawals of areas of public lands; to authorize the sale of certificates against the redemption fund; to establish postal savings banks; to amend the interstate commerce law, and to confer separate statehood on Arizona and New Mexico.

"Jim" Watson, late Republican whip in the House and later unsuccessful candidate for Governor of Indiana, came in one day to confer on party conditions

in the Hoosier state, and casually imparted his emphatic conviction that Arizona would send two Democratic senators to Washington. He did not succeed in shaking the President's faith in Secretary Hitchcock's assurance that the new state would be Republican.

With his congressional visitors, the President discusses measures as one man with another. His manner is earnest but always pleasant, his personality entirely captivating. Those who have seen and heard Mr. Taft on the platform have little conception of his winsomeness. He does not draw, he draws. The atmosphere about him is filled with sunlight and serenity. His soul is as open as his eye is limpid and clear. In him speak sincerity, consciousness and indifference to everything but what he regards as public good. His zeal is not so much tempered with good nature as steadily enforced by it.

Dealing With Candidates. "I entered on the Presidency," the President said, as he discussed with Mr. Streyer the possibility of finding a place for somebody from Kentucky in New Hampshire. "I entered on the Presidency under very peculiar conditions. No President was ever situated quite as I was in respect to patronage. Practically all the appointees of President Roosevelt were as much friends of mine as they were of the President who appointed them. I couldn't ask them to step down, and there are very few unspiced resignations, I assure you. The result is that I have had few chances to make appointments. No President, I believe, ever had so few places for his friends."

Replying to a criticism of an appointment, the President remarked somewhat sadly, "I am afraid I am not suited to this place. I confess I can't take it much to heart who gets a job through or a position. One does the job about as well as another, and I don't seem to be properly weighed down by the responsibility of having to make a choice. In the filling of one kind of office, however, the President is thoroughly interested. He was wrestling, during my week in Washington, with the appointment of four or five federal judges. Delegations and candidates from Texas, northern Ohio, Maryland, come and go. The President impresses it upon all that he desires and seeks but one thing, namely, the best man who can be found and persuaded to take the place. He asks many direct and searching questions. Does the suggested candidate stand at the head of his profession in his neighborhood? Is he in active practice? What are the facts as to his health? What was the real truth about this or another episode of his career? Is he a college graduate? (This is always an early question.) A man of general culture, breadth of view?"

"I find no part of my work more difficult," the President said to me at the close of a day almost entirely given up to the scrutiny of judicial candidates, "than this. It is hard to get at the facts. Friends of candidates always put their eulogies in general terms. When I ask particular questions, they can't answer; they don't know."

"This is particularly the case with regard to southern candidates, and the conditions are peculiarly hard in the south. Other things being equal, naturally I want to appoint Republicans, but there are some districts where no Re-

publicans can be found of quite the first rank."

Defense of the Corporation Lawyer. Two men from northern Ohio have appointments and are ushered in at the same moment. A doorman's lack of intelligence, "one is a candidate, the other a friend of a rival candidate. I suspect it was a bit of Presidential humor which seemed to be unaware of the circumstance till they were seated side by side before the Executive desk. At all events, the situation led to candor."

I observe that the President seems more interested in what the friends of one candidate say about the other aspirant than in what they say regarding the man they came to recommend.

"What do you know about Judge G.," he asks.

"Never heard anything against him except that he has been a corporation lawyer."

The Taft smile slides off like magic, and the Taft eye lights up with fire. "Why shouldn't he be? and why shouldn't we get his services if we can, and take him away from the corporations?"

"There is a lot of thoughtless nonsense in the outcry against lawyers because they allow themselves to be employed by corporations. Corporations have the right, as anybody has, to employ the best talent in sight. That is no reason why the United States should not get the best talent for itself if it can."

"There are two classes of lawyers, those who sell themselves, body and soul, to their employers; and those who perform to the best of their ability the duties of honest counsel to their clients, meanwhile keeping their own independence and self-respect, their own opinions as citizens."

"What I want to know is which class does your man belong in? Corporation lawyer or not, is he an honest lawyer, a conscientious man, a good citizen of independent opinion and liberal outlook on life?"

In a day not long past, the war veteran was the daily hero of the White House procession. The sun of military glory has set. Today, the lawyer is the man who gets the best reception at the hands of the country's Chief Magistrate. There are plenty of them who come to get it, too. Every legal light whom an appearance before the Supreme court or one of the commissioners brings to Washington gravitates to the White House on one excuse or another, but really because he wants to swap a legal yarn or two with "Judge Taft."

He goes away with a new pride in his profession, usually with a new idea or two, the need of a general code, the tragedy of dilatory justice. A young attorney detailed on the revision of the United States statutes was discussing with the President some of the curious enactments cunningly tucked away in totally irrelevant laws, such as the prohibition of the sale of liquor in the capital. He turned to me and opened up on the subject so that before a bill should be finally passed, it might be studied by a specialist familiar with the body of the federal statutes. The President referred to the legal committee which thus guards the enactments of the British Parliament.

One busy morning the President could not refrain from devoting half an hour to discourse with a group of judges.

"I envy you gentlemen," he said. The joy of taking up a problem with absolute indifference to the result except to solve it on its merits is a joy which only a judge can know.

"I envy you. I wish I were still in the midst of the happy experiences of my days on the bench. They were days which would be called 'hard work.' Very often I put in twelve hours of uninterrupted study. But I was never conscious of exhausted nerves. I did the very best that I could, and hoped that I was right, but remembered that if I had gone wrong, there was another judge who would correct me. So I let him walk the floor and I went to bed."

Senator Elkins, who has come in great haste to discuss with the President a bill on which his committee is going to act that afternoon, has time to give his version of the story told at the death of Senator Platt regarding the delivery of the New York state delegation to Benjamin Harrison in the Republican National convention of 1888. Mr. Elkins knows what did happen better than any other living man. The ruddy-faced and bushy-browed Duke of West Virginia is conscious of nothing humorous in the detailing in the White House of the arrangements which made Mr. Harrison an inhabitant of the historic mansion.

A Mr. White of Kentucky—Mr. White is as black as the ace of spades—introduced by Senator Bradley and the entire Kentucky Republican delegation, wants to be appointed minister to Hayti.

"But I can't do that," responds the President. "Mr. Furness is as able a minister as we have in the corps. You know Mr. Furness, don't you Mr. White? He is a colored man, and you wouldn't want me to call him home just to find you a place, would you, now?"

Mr. White's wandering eye answers that he is in no particular anxiety about the other colored brother's fate.

"Better not designate any particular post. Just leave it to me. I had another colored man in here a while ago whom I offered to send as secretary to Liberia. He didn't accept, and that is open. We are going to take over some responsibility about Liberia, and I shall want several of your race to go out there. We'll find something. I haven't forgotten Kentucky."

The delegation's spokesman makes a little speech on the importance of recognizing the Republicans of the state. "Kentucky ought to be Republican," Senator Bradley urges. "There are a lot of good negroes in Kentucky. Everything looked very hopeful until this last tobacco excitement came up."

"What's the matter?" inquires the President.

"Well, they brought indictments against a lot of them. They didn't use force; just persuaded a planter to unload his tobacco after he had it loaded for shipment, and now they've indicted them. There are 100,000 of them are tobacco growers, and 50,000 of them are Republicans. I don't know what the result will be for us."

The President laughs loud and long. He is especially interested in Republican progress in the south, the President was never more so—but this turn of affairs "strikes him funny."

"So the anti-trust law is beginning to work both ways!" he exclaims, and lets the Kentuckians go.

Ohio, too, is in a disturbing condition of affairs. Senator Dick is on hand to talk it over. He has a set of memoranda in his hand. First, there is the case of

the postmaster at Sandusky. The President thinks there has been delay enough; he touches a button and dictates a note to the postmaster-general, mentioning a name. "I believe that I will send this name in without waiting any longer. It seems pretty well agreed upon."

The President wants Senator Dick's aid in restoring harmony in Ohio. It is curious how much harmonizing Ohio requires. Dick promises everything in his power. He will make a personal canvass of the state.

A procession of New York congressmen have a great deal to say to the President. New York state affairs are troubled and troubling. Things are in a hell of a fix," sighs the vice-president as he waits a second for the president to free himself.

Senator Jones, of Washington, gets the President into the cabinet room and urges the appointment as a United States district attorney of a man with the biblical, though unassuming, name of Cain.

Senator Keen of New Jersey presents a recommendation for the appointment of a New Jersey man as Commissioner of the Exposition of Arts in connection with the Rome celebration of 1911. The recommendation, which comes from one of the editors of the Outlook, is written on the letter-head of that publication.

The President reads the names on the letter-head, gravely asks the Senator if the gentlemen named are constituents of his and if he can vouch for their good standing. Senator Keen replies that, with one exception, they are all his constituents, and that the good company in Theodore Roosevelt is also a man of reputable character.

The private burdens that are unloaded on the President's broad shoulders are enormous. An army lieutenant who has had a fall from his horse and who contracted fever in the Philippines has come to a moment when he must be examined for promotion. He could never pass an examination. Personal friends of every friend of President Taft bring in the officer's mother and make a plea for action in his behalf. A youth prospering at West Point has developed suspicious heart symptoms. His father, son of a former President of the United States, speeds to the White House and lays the case before the commander-in-chief. A letter is written directing the army department to take no action until a Johns Hopkins specialist has reported. A modest colonel, ranking first in seniority and third in rank for his grade, with recommendations from every brigadier under whom he has served, has not been recommended for promotion. The son of an old enemy of President Taft turns up with a plea. The widow of an old civil servant, who committed suicide, leaving his family in poverty, must be looked after. But there is not a single vacancy outside of the classified service.

Of course these things ought never to come to the President at all. But what is to be done when a senator or near-neighbor brings them up? A President's day is thus loaded with a multitude of private sorrows and needs. Mr. Taft feels them; it is easy to remark how deeply his sympathy is enlisted by the little personal story. The office which he holds was created, however, not to deal with individual tragedies, but to take a directing part in the great national and international drama.

Somewhat such, then, are the scenes which attend President Taft in the execution of his duties in the White House. When he is in Washington, the hours of a long morning are devoted invariably to public work. For the rest of the day he is, of course, by no means free, but now he goes into retirement and labors on, often quite alone. The President's luncheon hour is 1.30, but more often than not it is 2.30 before he sits down at the table.

The afternoon is usually free from appointments, except that on Tuesdays and Fridays (cabinet days) members of the diplomatic corps are received in the White House, generally with an aide or two in attendance.

The President returns to his office very soon after luncheon. Now he enjoys a few hours of uninterrupted work. He has commissions to sign, a mass of business to dispatch, plans to make, communications to compose. No one calls in the afternoon, except at the President's request. At 5 o'clock he knocks off work and goes home or out for a walk or a drive.

Mr. Taft goes out evenings more frequently than on other President of late. He enjoys the theater and is often in attendance. Not infrequently, however, when he has a series of speeches or a message to prepare, he sends for a stenographer and works with him far into the night.

The future will put the true assessment on the twenty-seventh President of the United States. It is true that the first year of his administration closed without the applause of the people. His expected nothing different, I think. Perhaps he expects too little of the future.

He will proceed, I fancy, with the program which he has laid out and the methods which seem best to him, whatever the popular feeling may be.

President Taft's place in history is by no means yet determined. As a contemporary figure they do him injustice who see him otherwise than as a man of rare courage, of absolute and unimpeachable sincerity, doing a hard job with unflinching devotion, not undiscouraged, certainly, but always with a true heart and a cheery face.

Second-hand Automobiles for sale. McAdoo Garage Co.

Illustrated Catalogue FREE. DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL Business College.

More BANKERS induce DRAUGHON'S than in any ALL OTHER business colleges COMBINED. 10 years success. POSITIONS secured. Bookkeeping, shorthand, etc. taught at COLLEGE BY MAIL. Address: J. F. Draughon, President, or A. M. Finner, Manager, Finner Building, Raleigh, N. C.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO ENROLL NOW.

Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Douche.

Ask your druggist for it. If he does not supply the MARVEL, except on order, let your druggist know you are particular and direct him to the nearest branch in Raleigh, N. C.

MAIL Address: J. F. Draughon, President, or A. M. Finner, Manager, Finner Building, Raleigh, N. C.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO ENROLL NOW.

Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Douche.

Ask your druggist for it. If he does not supply the MARVEL, except on order, let your druggist know you are particular and direct him to the nearest branch in Raleigh, N. C.

MAIL Address: J. F. Draughon, President, or A. M. Finner, Manager, Finner Building, Raleigh, N. C.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO ENROLL NOW.

Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful Marvel Douche.

Ask your druggist for it. If he does not supply the MARVEL, except on order, let your druggist know you are particular and direct him to the nearest branch in Raleigh, N. C.

MAIL Address: J. F. Draughon, President, or A. M. Finner, Manager, Finner Building, Raleigh, N. C.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO ENROLL NOW.



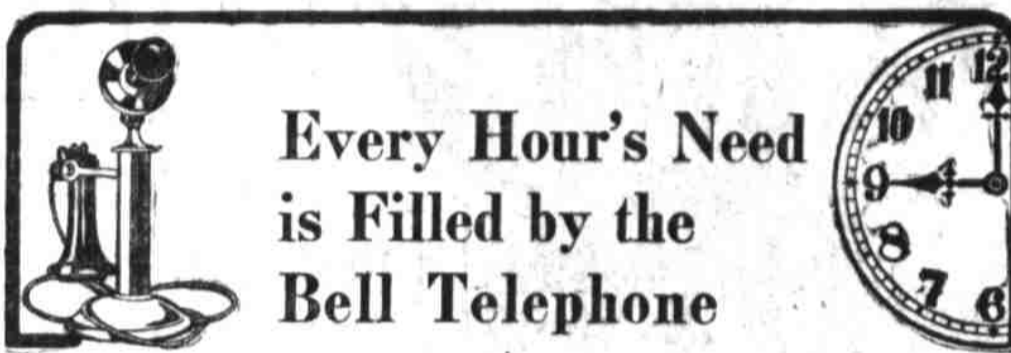
Have You An Employee Who Drinks?

A brilliant man perhaps who was once your most trusted employee? Maybe he is still all right—as brilliant as ever—when he is sober. But you can't keep him in the same responsible position because you never can trust him any more. And so you have to cut his wages and finally when all patience is exhausted and all hope seems gone—you have to discharge him and set him adrift.

Yet in spite of everything you hate to do it. You hate to see a good man go like that—for you have spent so many years in training him and good men are so hard to get. You know you can't train up another man as good in four months or even in four years. But did you know that in from four to six weeks you could bring your trusted employee back to his old self? A credit to himself—a joy to his family—and a money-making investment to you?

Too good to be true you say! Not a bit of it. We have cured 6500 patients here at the Greensboro Keeley Institute the past eighteen years since I've been president of it and the great majority of them are happy and prosperous men today. We can do just as much for your old employee. For his sake, for his family's sake, for your own sake, write today for our descriptive booklet.

W. H. OSBORN, President
THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Greensboro, North Carolina



Every Hour's Need is Filled by the Bell Telephone

The requirement of the modern office and home is for comprehensive telephone service. This is supplied only by the Bell System. Your Bell Telephone keeps you in constant touch with everybody locally and by means of the extensive long distance lines you can talk to any point reached by the Bell System. If you are not a subscriber you are depriving yourself of one of the most valuable assets of the age.

Efficient Service
Reasonable Rates

Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company

REFERENCE GUIDE

- SIGNS.**—Cone Sign Works, 842 S. Elm.
- LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIAL.**—Gulfport Lumber Mfg. Co., 524 Ashe.
- LIVERY, WOOD.**—C. B. Wilkerson, 811 Lewis.
- JEWELER, OPTICIAN, REPAIRS.**—R. C. Berman, 208 S. Elm.
- HIDES, WAX, FURS, JUNK.**—West & Clark, 155 Lewis.
- HARDWARE, SPORTING GOODS.**—Greensboro Hardware Co., 231 S. Elm.
- HARDWARE, PAINTS, STOVES.**—Reall Hardware and Implement Co., 132 W. Market.
- FANCY GROCERIES, SEEDS.**—C. Scott & Co., 303 S. Elm.
- EYESIGHT SPECIALIST.**—Dr. J. W. Taylor, Greensboro National Bank Bldg.
- EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.**—Reaver Infirmary, 113 S. Elm.
- DRY GOODS, SHOES.**—J. M. Hendrix & Co., 223 S. Elm.
- DRUG STORE.**—Fordham's Pharmacy, Phone 491, 514 S. Elm.
- DISEASES OF STOMACH.**—Dr. C. W. Moseley, 131 S. Elm.
- DENTIST.**—Dr. A. H. Johnson, Greensboro National Bank Bldg.
- BOTTLEERS—GOLDEN TIP GINGER ALE.**—J. A. Long & Co., Phone 80.
- BOOKKEEPING, SHOETHAND.**—Southern Com. School of Greensboro—Borven Bldg.
- BANK.**—Greensboro Loan and Trust Co., Capital, \$200,000.
- AWNINGS, PLUMBING.**—P. M. Pettit, 114 E. Market.
- ACCIDENT, HEALTH, FIRE INSURANCE.**—O. W. Carr & Co., New McAdoo Bldg.
- ART GOODS, FRAMES.**—Greensboro Art and Mfg. Co., 204 S. Elm.
- ARTISTIC PORTRAITURE.**—Euterer Studio, 113 1/2 E. Market.

- VEHICLES, HARNESS, HORSE GOODS.**—M. G. Newell Inc., 314 S. Elm.
- UNDERTAKERS.**—Wilson Undertaking Co., 600 S. Elm.
- TYPEWRITERS—"NEW FOX" AND ALL MAKES.**—Barker Bros Typewriter Exchange, 118 W. Market.
- TAILORING.**—Greensboro Pressing Co., 234 1/2 S. Elm.
- TAILORED CLOTHES.**—J. E. Cartland & Co., 113 E. Sycamore.
- STOVE MANUFACTURERS, MACHINISTS.**—Glascock Store and Manufacturing Company.
- SHEET METAL WORK, HEATING, BLOW PIPE.**—Columbia Corning and Skylight Company.
- SEWING MACHINES, REPAIRS, SUPPLIES.**—James A. Wright, 106 W. Washington.
- REAL ESTATE BROKERS—TWIN AUCTIONEERS.**—American Realty and Auction Company—Penny Bros.
- PRESSING, CLEANING.**—W. J. Meares, 207 E. Market.
- PLUMBING, HEATING.**—Adams & Hunt, 114 W. Washington.
- PIANOS—"KIMBALL," "HALLETT & DAVIS."**—Cheek-Brunton Piano and Organ Company, 234 S. Elm.
- PIANOS—WORLD'S LARGEST MFG.**—Coble Piano Co., Inc., A. P. Frazier, Mgr.
- PAINTER, DECORATOR, WALL PAPER.**—T. G. Proctor, 114 E. Market.
- OSTEOPATHS.**—Des. S. W. and Elizabeth H. Tucker, 402 McAdoo Bldg.
- "MY TAILORS."**—Potter & Patterson, Benbow Arcade.
- MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS.**—Mrs. I. F. West, 101 E. Washington.
- MILLINERY, HAIR GOODS.**—Mrs. N. C. Weatherly, 109 W. Market.
- MANTELS, GRATES, TILES.**—South side Mantel Company, 829 S. Elm.
- LUMBER (WHOLESALE), REAL ESTATE.**—J. S. Moore & Co., 1 Greensboro Loan and Trust Building.

Be RISKY YOU TAKE IN DRUG STORES

EVERY time you have a prescription filled you take a big chance of getting inefficacious drugs. The adulterated material is cheaper. Belladonna that was half olive pits, gentian that was all olive pits, ipecac that was two-fifths olive pits, were recently handed over the counter to a federal agent. The practice has grown until it is a distinct menace to the sick. The retail druggist seldom knows of adulteration in his standard materials, but that doesn't help the sick man. Just how extensive is drug adulteration is told in Pearson's Magazine for June. The story also suggests what you may do to be certain that the drugs administered to your sick are of proper standard of quality. It is a mighty important article if you ever have prescriptions filled.

If you are tired of talk about the cost of living, if you really want lower prices, read how other countries hold down the cost of living in the same lines in this magazine—a story full of practical suggestion. Why Cuba would prefer return of Spanish rule to American annexation is also explained; that's astounding, but it's true; America has demonstrated what bad faith means. How "protection" takes your money is the subject of another article by Alfred Henry Lewis; it is the first comprehensive and simple explanation of what a high tariff means to the average man. The meaning of the Milwaukee election is explained by Victor Berger and the new Mayor. Another story full of romance and adventure explains the source of the photographs which fill newspapers and magazines, and for fiction there are eight complete short stories, including a new one of the dashing Hopalong Cassidy.

Pearson's Magazine for June