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Mrs. Taft As "First Lady."

Well Fitted For Position.

She and her Family Represent all that is FINEST, Sanest and Surest in American Society.

Philadelphia Press.

Cincinnati, Nov, 4th, 1908.

Hanging upon the wall of Mrs. William Howard Taft's dainty boudoir in her Washington home is a much-read slip of yellow paper, modestly framed. It is the telegram which announced to the wife of the President-elect his nomination by the Republican National Convention. And now that there is a second message of success—well Mrs. Taft is always going to keep the first one as a souvenir.

She has kept in touch throughout the campaign with every step that has been taken on her husband's road to the White House. She knows every detail of the big winning fight that has won for her the gracious title of "first lady in the land." But of the honors and responsibilities that might accrue to her from her husband's election she has thought not at all. Her interest has been wholly on her husband's account and it is because of her absorption in his campaign and his success that he himself has more than once referred to her laughingly as "the real politician of the family."

"You know," remarked her husband jovially one day when the fight was at its hottest, you know you oughtn't to ask me these things. Go talk politics with my wife. She's the campaign manager. Ask her."

A LEADER BY NATURE.

And yet to call Mrs. Taft a capable politician, as she undoubtedly is, is quite to underestimate her fitness for the position of mistress of the White House. Mrs. Taft is tactful, alert, keen-minded, a woman of wide interests, broad knowledge and unerring executive ability. She is the kind of woman whom other women instinctively recognize as a leader, to whom men may bring not their homage but their comradeship. But first of all is she a home-loving, domestic American woman, splendidly representative in her Americanism, and very, very womanly indeed. She will prove not only a gracious mistress of the White House, but, in all the best and widest sense of our interpretation of the title, the "first lady in the land."

A busy housewife who, as she remarks, smilingly, "has no time for fads," a wise mother who, while maintaining always a strict family discipline has been to all her children at once helper, confidant and real "chum;" a charming hostess whose rare tact, unfailing memory for names and faces, kindly sympathy and brilliant conversational powers have won her an enviable reputation among the "Cabinet set" of Washington; a woman of strong convictions and gentle disposition, and a musician of remarkable talent—this is Mrs. Taft, who, for the next four years, will reign in the White House.

Although she declares with truth that she is too busy with her household and official duties to take up any feminine hobbies, Mrs. Taft has many interests outside the round of her domestic affairs. Of these the greatest is her music, which, as she says, she has studied all

"When I was a girl I played a great deal," she explains modestly, making no mention of the trophies, prizes and medals that have come to her both at the Cincinnati Conservatory and since the completion of her musical training. Mrs. Taft was for several years president of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and now—

"Well, I have time to play a little and hear a good deal of music," she said, "I also keep in touch with the latest works of musical criticism.

"It is one of my real regrets that none of the children are musical," she went on. "Of course, they are fond of it, and Helen, at least, plays very well. But it isn't with any of them the real passion that it is with me.

TREMENDOUSLY PROUD OF CHILDREN.

"But then"—Mrs. Taft laughed with conscious mother-love and mother-pride in her voice—"But then, the children are so much else. They are all studious and they are all doing splendidly at school, and I'm—O, I really am tremendously proud of my children."

There have been rumors at various times that Mrs. Taft opposed her daughter's decision to enter college and devote four years more of her winsome young existence to school work. However this may be, it is said that Helen Taft's mother prefers her to take her place at once in the social life of Washington, making her debut next Winter. Mrs. Taft is no enemy to the so-called "higher education of women." And even if she were, no difference of opinion could be strong enough to break up the happy, whole-souled friendship that exists between the President-elect's wife and her 17-year-old daughter. They are great good comrades, this quiet, sweetfaced girl, who is a popular freshman at Bryn Mawr, and her mother.

"Helen may do exactly as she likes about going to college," Mrs. Taft is quoted as saying, when her daughter, having won the Bryn Mawr scholarship at the Baldwin School, the subject of "higher education" was brought up for family discussion. "Personally, I am not sure that I want her to go to school any longer, as most of her girl friends in Washington are leaving school and getting ready to enter society and I don't like to think of her devoting four years more to school life. But, of course, that is for her to choose. As to the education of women—why, I believe, of course, that the best education is that which makes a woman more womanly, finer, of broader culture, wider knowledge, greater readiness to discharge responsibility. It does not seem to me that a college course makes a girl unfit for domestic life. It should make her more so. A woman's education should be just as full, just as adequate, just as complete, as possible.

"A woman's destiny? Well, I am old fashioned enough to think that the highest type of usefulness for a woman is to preside over a home. But all women are not fitted for this."

Proud as she is of her schoolgirl daughter, Mrs. Taft has quite as much cause for gratification in the college career of her son, Robert Alphonso Taft, who, at 19, is a Sophomore at Yale, and has already won prizes not a few. He is a popular chap, is young "Bob" Taft, and he brought joy to his parents' hearts last Spring by winning the Woolsey scholarship, the award of which is the highest honor that can come to a Yale Freshman. Two years ago, when he was admitted to college, young Taft won the prizes for the best entrance examination in Latin and Greek passed by any of the hundreds of applicants. Throughout the two months of his Sophomore year he has stood well at the head of his class and has become a prime favorite with his fellows.

The two older children of the President-elect's family have been away from home during the greater part of the last two years, and there are all sorts of family rejoicings when vacation time comes around. But, to keep Mr. and Mrs. Taft from being lonely while the young collegians are away, there is always Charlie.

THERE'S ALWAYS CHARLIE.

Charlie plays first base on Quentin Roosevelt's baseball nine, and when some one asked him last Summer if he would like to be elected President, he replied, in a matter-of-fact tone, "Sure! It's fun to live in the White House. The Roosevelt boys have all sorts of jolly times!" Charlie is 10, and he and Quentin are boon companions. When he isn't playing ball with the other boys, or going to school, or running races, or amusing himself with all manner of boyish pranks—Charles is as original as he is fond of fun—this next White House youngster curls up in a big chair in his mother's dressing room and reads aloud to her from his favorite books of adventure. He loves to read, does Charlie, and he loves exciting stories.

"So does mother," Charle announces, proudly. "She likes all the books I do and we read em together—detective stories and wild West ventures, and all!"

Altogether, it is a very happy family, this which will move into the White House next March. Simple, kindly, cultured, wholesome folk are they, people of quiet tastes and unaffected good humor and simplicity. One thinks of them inevitably as standing, even as the Roosevelts have stood, for all that is best in American life for all that is best and safest and surest in American society.

Because the nation has chosen them, they are the "first family in the land" to-day. And it seems as if the country could not have selected a truer representative of American womanhood, and of the American family ideal, than this gracious lady who will be for the next four years mistress of the White House.

Baltimore Sun.

Washington, Nov. 7th, 1908.

When Mrs. William Howard Taft was Helen Herron and sweet 16 she paid her first visit to Washington, and that first visit was to the White House to visit "Aunt Lucy", Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes.

It was in her pleasant home in K street, which until recently was the Washington residence of the Tafts, that Mrs. Taft told the writer all about it.

"Aunt Lucy, as we always called Mrs. Hayes, wife of my father's law partner and my mother's most cherished friend, had asked us all to visit her when she had gotten things settled in her home, and as there were six girls in our family we had to take our turns. The White House contained the offices in those days, and the Hayes family had little space for guests.

"My turn to visit came almost two years after the Hayes occupation, and never shall I forget the awe with which I was ushered upstairs into my room. I spent a whole month there, and it seemed that even in fairy tales no girl had ever been so happy.

"Mrs. Hayes gave a small party for the young people, and my delight in my toilet for the occasion has never been equaled, so far as a social function can be reckoned.

HAYES AS A CARVER.

"But what I loved was the supper which Uncle Rutherford always had spread on a great big table in the hall, and which the younger folk were asked to share with the grown-ups. The President loved to have a big ham to carve or some cold roast, and at a later visit which I made in the winter a tremendous turkey would occupy the place of honor.

"We had the most glorious cider—no champagne ever equaled that cider—and all kind of good things—jellies (many of which Mrs. Hayes made herself,) cakes and pastries fit for the gods, or as Uncle Rutherford said for healthy young people like his children and the Herrons.

"We did ample justice to that fare, and Aun Lucy always said that her husband delighted in those suppers and ate more heartily than at any banquet which could be prepared.

"I must confess that I fell in love with life at the White House right then and there. None of my succeeding visits ever destroyed the glamour. I used to smile with pity at the critics who talked about architectural defects and inconveniences connected with life in the Executive Mansion. Aladdin's Palace did not seem to me more desirable.

"One day in talking with President Hayes I announced as dogmatically as sweet 16 sometimes does that I intended to marry a man who would get to be President, for I wanted to live in the White House. Uncle Rutherford smiled and said 'hope you will my dear, and be sure to marry an Ohio man, for he has a finer chance in every way.'

"When I went home to Cincinnati, my friends generally gained the impression that I was stuck up after visiting the White House, and it was talked around that I expected to marry a man who would be President. Some years after that I discovered the one man in the world for me, and I did not question whether he would be President or not. But somehow he heard of my youthful ambition, and, always fond of a joke, he would sometimes remnd me of it.

HER DREAM COMES TRUE.

"We discussed this many times. One day my husband remarked casually that since I had married him for love he would endeavor to fulfill the dreams which I had woven around that ideal husband which I had selected at 16.

"When Mr. Taft was nominated I felt at last my dreams were coming true, but, of course, this is a mere trifle compared to the joy and gratification of seeing my husband reach the summit of ambition which comes to American citizenship."

Mrs. Taft, like President Roosevelt, felt perfectly confident of her husband's success just as soon as the choice of the convention was announced. And then she began to plan in genuine fashion or, as she says, her dreams took substance. She talked with her friends about changes which she had determined in the arragement of the White House. Of course it can never be again the White House which her girlish fancy admired so ardently, but she had solved schemes for restoring some familiar features.

One thing she decided on is to select in the state suite of drawing rooms, possibly the Red Room, as it lends itself more readily to her idea, a place where all of Mr. Taft's gifts can be displayed. Probably no Chief Executive ever came to the White House so laden with gifts from distinguished men and women. He has some of the most magnificent and most ancient teakwood furniture in existence, some the gift of the Sultan of Sulu and some from the Dowager Empress of China and the big men of the various tribes of the Filipino archipelago.

HER MAGNIFICENT GIFTS.

The bedroom set which was presented to Mrs. Taft by the Manila Council is regal. The bed is Titanic, being about once again the size of the ordinary bed. It has a canopy lined with brocaded rose satin, and accompanying the bed was a lace spread, which is almost fabulous in value.

The article of furniture being too huge for the ordinary home has been in a state of honorable captivity in the garret of the Charles P. Taft residence in Cincinnati, but it will be installed in the White House in time for the Taft occupation after March 4.

There is a dresser which accompanies this bed and a great table where the Orientals displayed their toilet articles.

Mrs. Taft has a teakwood cabinet, which has been familiar to Washington in her small drawing room and where she kept some of the more valuable presents of silver and bronze given by the Empress of Japan.

An exquisite carved ivory crucifix is one of the gifts from the late Pontiff Leo XIII. A mosaic casket is another and there are some small mosaic pieces given by the lesser officals of the Vatican.

Mrs. Taft has has a fine illuminated portfolio presented by the Papal Secretary of State Rampolla, with whom Judge Taft conducted his successful negotiations about the Philippine church property.

The cabinets could find easy quarters in the Red Room of the White House. It is the only one of the suite which has no particularly valuable or historic furnishings. The present equipment was selected when the White House was renovated, and is only rattan and willow, with tapestry covers.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

In Mrs. Taft the White House will have one of the most accomplished mistresses in its history. Mrs. Taft has diligently studied the foreign languages for 10 years past, and is an adept in French, Spanish and Italian. She writes Spanish as readily as English, and recently she devoted many hours to French and Italian composition and to conversation.

Her musical qualifications are well known. She studied music thoroughly, and she remarked one day last winter that should she ever be compelled to earn her own living she knew she could make a comfortable competence teaching music.

After graduating at the Cincinnati College of Music, the coming First Lady of the Land held a professorial chair for one year, and it was only with reluctance that the authorities accepted her resignation when she was about to marry the President-elect.

It is characteristic of her that she is very proud of her record as a professor of music.

MAGARET B. DOWNING.

The Good Will Habit.

A habit of holding a kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesseses; it encircles and enlarges the whole life. Where we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, if we have formed the goodwill habit.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good-will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of that will further our own interest, our own comfort, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic and uninteresting, says Home Chat.

Blind Soldier Gets Sight.

Science has once more worked a seeming miracle in the case of Guy Bryner, of Connellsville, Pa., a private in the Tenth Regiment, National Guard. Rendered almost totally blind by lightning during the fearful storm at the Gettysburg camp last summer, Bryner was taken to the Medical Chirurgical Hospital, in Philadelphia.

After months of efforts on the part of the physicians and specialists at that institution Bryner's sight was virtually restored and he returned home Thursday. One of the most wondeful facts of the case is that the cure was worked without use of the surgeon's knife.

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Also at the same time and place the following personal property will be offered for sale promptly at 10 o'clock, A. M., 1 Gray Horse, 2 Butcher Wagons, 1 one-horse Wagon, 1 Spread, lot of Harness, 1 Platform Fairbank's Scales, 1 Emery Stone and lot of other personal property.

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Mr. Wm. B. Thomas Writes to Congressman Lafean About the Lincoln Boulevard.

Sometime ago Mr. Wm. B. Thomas, of this city, wrote to Congressman Lafean, of York, Pa., highly commending the project of a grand national boulevard from Washington, D. C., to Getttysburg, Pa., as the most fitting way to honor the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Lafean thought so well of the communication that he promptly acknowledged its receipt and gave it out for publication. Upon Congressman Lafean's re-election last week Mr. Thomas wired his congratulations and his telegram has also been acknowledged, with the assurance that he, Mr. Lafean, is more earnest than ever in his purpose to push the boulevard project in Congress. His re-election, from a strong Democratic District, gives him added influence and brightens the prospect of success in his effort to secure the passage of the bill to create the great memorial highway. The original letter of Mr. Thomas to Mr. Lafean, referred to above, is as follows:

Westminster, Oct. 13, 1908.

Honorable D. F. Lafean:

My Dear Sir—Having read an article copied from the Gettysburg Star & Sentinel of Pennsylvania referring to the "Lincoln Way," I hope you will pardon me for addressing you. It is my great pleasure to congratulate you on such a patriotic and kindred subject, of having conceived so popular a plan to do honor, to add glory and praise to our deceased and beloved chieftain, Abraham Lincoln.

Statues of marble, granite and bronze, finished in the most artistic style and reared in their majestic form, piercing the fleecy clouds, are but objects of notice, and a passing admiration, and time their destruction. The great national road way, "Lincoln Boulevard," appeals to the hearts of patrlotic Americans. Ninety millions of its citizens ask but to do honor to so great a hero and revere his every act. I sometimes wonder if that memorable address on the battlefield at Gettysburg was not one of inspiration from the spirit world.

Where is the man whose soul is so shriveled and sordid, who would oppose so exalted and magnificent a monument, as a great thoroughfare, from the capital of the greatest known nation in the world to the historic battle ground of Gettysburg, known in modern history as one of the greatest battles fought, where now sleep the defenders. It was my pleasure recently to meet some of the leading officials from Washington, and in discussing this road they frankly and freely expressed a great desire to see it built and would render such assistance and give all aid that was possible. Not only men holding high positions, but all feel a common interest in the promotion of this national enterprise. The nation's capital is not only the centre of attraction to our own countrymen, but foreign subjects honor it as well, and when one reaches Washington and knowing of the historic battlefield he has a great desire to see it, and with easy access over a beautiful highway with various ways of transporation and the way beautified with trees and shrubbery and only a few hours travel, he will naturally avail himself of the opportunity. The shortest distance from Washington to Gettysburg is 72 miles, and should you be successful in passing your bill for the appropriations required, myself or any of our people in this section of country, who could aid you in any way, will cheerfully do so. I am pleased to tell you that several years ago, I was connected with a number of gentlemen, who contemplated a steam railroad from Washington to Gettysburg and a committee was appointed to investigate the most desirable country and we had several surveys made and our committee reported a desirable route which is at your service. The people are with you and the more you ventilate the thought, the stronger will be your following. I have spoken to a number of persons and all favor the building of the road. The tide of sentiment is with you and their name is legion. I beg to sign,

Yours sincerely,

WM. B. THOMAS.

City Boarder. You should be arrested for getting money under false pretenses.

Farmer Ryeton. What now, neighbor?

City Boarder. Why, you said after I had been here a week I'd have an appetite like a horse.

Farmer Ryeton. And ain't yeou, mister? Begosh! I saw yeou eating corn off the cob at dinner.—Chicago News.

First Burglar—Well, did yer get anyfink?

Second Burglar (disgustedly)—Nah! the bloke wot lives 'ere is a lawyer.

First Burglar—That's 'ard luck. Did yer lose anyfink!—The Sketch.

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