

SEC'Y TAFT A HUSTLER

Made for Himself Queerest Job in Washington.

ALL OVER THE WORLD

In Panama One Month, In the Philippines the Next—Equipped With High-grade Machinery, He Runs Overtime—His Enormous Capacity for Accomplishing Things.

There never has been a man who has had so queer a job as that of Secretary of War William Howard Taft. For that matter there never has been a man like him in the service of the country, and in a way he has made his own job by giving abundant proof of his extraordinary abilities. One month he is down at Panama seeing that they are not trying to run water uphill; the next he is opening the Philippine Assembly so that it will stay open, and then laying aside his white duck suit and Panama hat he puts on his fur cap and fur overcoat and goes over to St. Petersburg to talk China and Japan with the czar. At times he runs the War Department by foresight for a month in advance. He carries his cabinet portfolio with his myriads of matters in his hat on his long trips, and there never has been a time when things were quite so up to the mark as during his incumbency, though he has spent half of the time away from his desk.



SEC'Y. WILLIAM H. TAFT.

There is a reason for this capacity for work. Every human being is a sort of productive manufacturing plant. Some have small outputs and some big outputs. Taft is one great, big, gigantic plant, equipped with high-grade, high-speed machinery, and there is such a demand for his goods that he runs overtime. It looks as if his reward is going to be more hard work.

No man who has not an infinite capacity for effort should ever presume to put himself in the position of trying to keep step with the big plenipotentiary. The best of them have tried it, but before long they find that Taft begins work before they do and is hard at it long after they finish, and seems to enjoy it and thrive on it. He works harder, plays harder, eats harder, and lives harder than any man in public life to-day, and yet there is always that good nature about him that makes association with him a pleasure.

There is nothing quarrelsome or pragmatic about him, but he has never allowed anyone to impose on him. That was his record from boyhood. Around his old home in Cincinnati he was the boy who never had to whip the other boy twice.

Some men have the faculty of allowing assistants to gather information, digest it, and present it for use. Taft pursues a different course. He has a discerning eye and the same judicial ability which made him so great a success on the bench. When one stops to consider how much there is to know about Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, which no statesman living in the United States could possibly get from reports and correspondents, and which could only be learned by the average man in long residence in each region, one is astounded that the big Secretary in his hurried trips should have been able to form conclusions which in the end have been proven so just and accurate. The American policy in each has been successful because Taft framed it on a correct knowledge of conditions.

The scope of this knowledge is tremendous. Imagine one man going over every part of the grounds accompanied by the plans for the fortifications of Subic Bay; studying the needs of the planter in Pinar del Rio till he knows what is fair to him as well as to the man in Santa Clara; delving into the sanitation of Colon and the transport facilities of the railroads to the Pacific coast for troops, and meantime keeping in touch with the financial situation, the tariff, and the temperance movement in the south and west. Remember this is not other men's printed knowledge he enjoys, but his own knowledge drawn from ten thousand sources and weighed by a master in differentiation.

ORIGIN OF THE HAT BAND.

Reasons for the Plume on the Left Side and Buttons on the Coat.

Wilfred Webb, at a meeting of the Windsor and Eton Scientific and Archaeological Society spoke interestingly of the evolution of dress.

From prehistoric drawings it would appear, he said, that our early ancestors had little necessity for artificial covering. Judging from primitive races at the present day, clothing was not first adopted as a protection from the weather.

...the zoologist learns much concerning the ancestry of animals from the little features which survive in their bodily structure, so can the history of dress be evolved. Starting with the hat, it was shown that the hat band can be traced to a fillet which held in shape a simple piece of cloth. Sometimes this fillet was tied in a bow behind, the tails of which survive in the Scotch cap, the sailor hat and the bishop's mitre.

A little bow inside in the lining of the hat is a survival of a lacing which kept the lining in shape, or possibly takes us back to a time when a hat was made by putting a string through holes in a flat piece of leather, and by tightening it, producing a crown. The plumes in hats are on the left side because in early times the adornments were so interlarded with the use of the sword if worn on the right. The helmet of the freeman is practically identical with those worn by the ancient Greeks.

The large white collar, such as Milton wore, is still in a smaller form worn by the clergymen who preach in Geneva gowns and by Bluecoat boys. Buttons on coat sleeves point to a time when coats were very costly, and it was customary to turn back the sleeves so that they should not be soiled.

Mr. Webb also discussed the origin of the two buttons on the back of the coat, and said that he could find no satisfactory reason why in European countries the buttons on men's clothes should be always on the right side and those of women on the left. The possible connection between the ornamentation on modern boots and the openwork shoes of the Romans was pointed out. The fact that a "clock" means a "gusset" suggested that the ornamentation which we know by the former name may have been originally intended to hide the joins in a stocking when it was made from pieces of cloth.

Women as Collectors of Bad Debts.

"For persistent persuasive bill collecting give me a woman every time," said a dunning creditor recently. "I think the future will see women the only bill collectors. There is something in the sight of a woman bill collector that few men can resist. It seems strange, too, that some of the most refined women take to it. There are a handful of women money collectors in Philadelphia, and you can learn from their employers that they make a great success of their vocation. They would not take to it except for pure love of the thing."

"One woman in my employ, conceded to be one of the most tastefully dressed and best looking women in the business here, is as graceful as a queen in her daily collecting rounds. The most interesting and unique thing about her work is that she never leaves any venom in the hearts of the people whom she duns. I send her especially to the big mercantile establishments and wholesale houses where salesmen are inclined to overlook the matter of long standing bills. Her entrance always causes a commotion, and she nearly always makes good. "She walks gracefully up to where the large groups of salesmen are standing and inquires of the first one handy: 'Is Mr. K. in today?'"

"No," the salesman addressed will reply. He recognizes the woman and thinks to save a fellow worker.

"Well," the undaunted collector will reply: "Will you tell him that I will drop in here every morning at 10 until I see him?" And sure enough she does. Perhaps for a week the woman will enter that building and exactly at 10 o'clock ask sweetly for Mr. K. until his fellow salesmen, taking pity on her and beginning to resent the evasiveness of the dunned, will smoke him out by the usual store of salesmen's jokes, and so the woman walks out one fine day with at least half the bill paid on account.

Lucky Discovery of a Will.

In order to secure some token by which to remember a great-aunt to whom she had been much attached, Mlle. Bertha Chevanne, a young Frenchwoman, attended a sale of the old lady's effects. The girl was poor and most of the articles were beyond her purse.

A shabby old book—a book of devotions—was, however, put up. Nobody bid for it except Mlle. Chevanne, and she bought it for next to nothing. In turning over the leaves she came across a folded paper. It was a will bequeathing her the whole of her great-aunt's estate, valued at \$80,000.

It is the fashionable pose now to speak of your hundreds of dollars' worth, rich with real lace and embroidered, as "a rag of Doucet," and not "fit to be seen." A beautiful country house, abundantly supplied with servants and kept up with all possible luxury, is just "a little box" where "we do everything so simply."—*La Vie Affectionate and self-consciousness of the new rich are responsible for this amiability.*

Stories of Senator Hoar.

Senator Hoar and Senator Evans were implacable enemies when it came to the passage of words, and the honors were about even. One day Evans came off with flying colors. He was chairman of the library committee, and Hoar was a minor member. Evans was lazy and would not call his committee together from beginning to end of a session. A measure which Hoar was anxious to have brought up was referred to the library committee, and there remained doomed to sleep forever. Toward the end of the session Hoar met Evans in the cloakroom. "Whenever you are ready to call a meeting of the library committee," he said with biting sarcasm, "I wish you would notify my executors." "I shall be most happy to notify your executors," said Evans with a smile.

Senator Ingalls was one of those who had been so often rapped by the late Senator Hoar that he took keen delight in saying sharp things at the expense of the Massachusetts man. When the Conkling-Garfield episode came up Hoar was so disgusted with the management of the affair that it was said that he threatened to resign his seat. The question was under discussion in the cloak-room, and some one commented on the probability of Hoar's resignation. "Hoar resign!" laughed Ingalls. "You don't know him. Whenever his resentment at anything reaches that pitch he will rise in his seat and hand in the resignation of Daves, his colleague."

Senator Hoar hated Benjamin Butler—he was the one man that Hoar could not abide—and his son inherited the feeling, as witness this remark made when asked if he were going to attend Butler's funeral: "No, I'm not going; but I approve of it."

Arizona Forever.

The inherent brains and resources of Arizona are forcing her to the front. In every capacity she is asserting her superiority and knocking the persimmon from the tree-tying tournament at El Paso, roped and tied his steer in 28 seconds flat. Our Arizona cowboys, like all other Arizona institutions, are strictly in the lead. They may not have that quality of stove polish on them that distinguishes Eastern stunts, but they simply have the "stuf" in them to "get there."

You cannot shut Arizona off. She has the copper, she has the gold, the silver, the lead, the stock, the capitalizing climate and the brains, the vigor and originality, the self-reliance, and she is irrepressible. All eyes are upon her, a million hopes are stacked upon her resources, her sunshine and her wild, free magnificence, and they will all be realized. The rich man comes here to grow richer, the plain man is here to better his circumstances, the invalid comes here for health and strength, the disconsolate come to Arizona for the comfort and cheer our salubrious climate and hospitable society affords.—*Tombston-Epiphany.*

When to Measure the Foot.

Just before going abroad one of the male leaders of society stepped into his bootmaker's place to get measured for several pairs of shoes for use during his tour. It was then comparatively early in the day, and the shoemaker, who prided himself upon his artistic work, asked his customer to defer the measuring of his foot until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"But why not measure me now?" asked the social leader, with some annoyance.

"It is too early, sir," was the reply. "Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now the shoes would all be a little too small. Walking about on our feet as we do, sir, the feet grow, develop, swell—whatever you choose to call it—from rising time till about 3 in the afternoon. At 3 they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire, when they shrink up again for the night. Hence, to have well fitting, comfortable shoes it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon."

I consider the temperance cause the foundation of all social and political reform.—*Cobden.*

The Wool in India Shawls.

Oriental rugs and India shawls are beautiful and durable, the shawls being quite as beautiful and durable as the rugs; but, while Oriental rugs have become more popular every year, India shawls for a long time have been falling in public favor, until there is, today, no general demand for them at all.

A Burmese at the St. Louis exposition when a statement similar to the one above was made to him, replied: "I admit there is no general demand for India shawls now. That is because women don't wear shawls any more. But the special demand—the demand of artists and museums and collectors—is as good as it ever was. The consequence of this is that India shawls haven't deteriorated in quality. On the contrary, they have improved year by year."

"And a fine shawl brings today as high a price as it ever brought. If you have a fine shawl—a really fine one—fetch it to me, and I'll sell it for you. There are, though, very few fine shawls in America."

"Good India shawls are made of the wool of the Tibetan goat. This wool is delicate and curly. One goat yields, at a shearing, half a pound of it. But do you know how much that half pound is worth? It is worth \$4.25 and sometimes it is worth \$5."

SHAWL MAKING IN INDIA.

The Manufacture of Kashmir Shawls Almost an Extinct Industry.

The manufacture of Kashmir shawls which fifty years ago afforded occupation for whole villages and thousands of families in the province of Kashmir, is an almost extinct industry. Formerly the possession of a pair of the genuine Kashmir shawls was the hall mark of nobility, or at least of high social status, among Indian families.

Today, we are told, the cheap imitations manufactured in the Punjab, and the machine made article from Europe dyed with aniline in striking hues and patterns, are supplanting the hand made shawl of native workmanship. An occasional order for a couple of shawls at a moderate price, to satisfy the passing whim of a potentate, or the fact that the Maharaja of Kashmir has a few shawl tents which require repair and renewal, does not suffice to keep alive the workman or the industry.

The manufacture of the real Kashmir shawl is almost wholly a manual process. The material is the soft wool of the Tibetan goat. Hand spinners are used in the preliminary operation of converting the wool into yarn; the weaving of the yarn into a texture of imitable fineness is done entirely by hand looms manipulated with the utmost dexterity; and the colored wooden border is then interwoven. The dyes are natural and indelible. It is believed that the water of certain lakes and streams in which the shawls are dipped has virtue to make the colors permanent.

Abyss of Ocean.

More than half the surface of the globe is hidden beneath water two miles deep; 7,000,000 square miles lie at a depth of 18,000 feet or more. Many places have been found five miles and more in depth. The greatest depth yet sounded is 31,200 feet near the island of Guam. If Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain were plucked from its base and dropped into this spot, the waves would still roll 2,000 feet above its crest.

Into this terrible abyss the waters press down with a force of more than 10,000 pounds to the square inch. The staunchest ship ever built would be crumpled under this awful pressure like an eggshell under a steam roller.

A pine beam fifteen feet long, which held open the mouth of a trawl used in making a cast at a depth of more than 18,000 feet, was crushed flat as if it had been pressed between rollers.

The body of a man who should attempt to venture to such depths would be compressed until the flesh was forced into the interstices of the bones and his trunk was no larger than a rolling pin. Still, the body would reach the bottom, for anything that will sink in a tub of water will sink to the uttermost depths of the ocean.

The Karite Tree Makes Butter.

In the search for new plants of utility attention has been drawn to the Karite tree of French West Africa and the adjacent territory to the eastward. This is not a forest tree but grows in open spaces and in gardens. Its fruit is edible. The hard shell contains a fatty substance used by the natives as butter and it is suggested that this substance should be valuable for other purposes. The gum—not like rubber—into which the sap coagulates is another article of possible commercial value.

Fast Roadbeds.

A great deal of speed can be put into the track itself. Thus came an era of improvement in the roadbed and grades were cut down and filled up to as near a dead level as possible and cut-offs were built to eliminate bends and curves. So with "a fast track" and high-speed locomotives the modern express trains and "specials" have reduced the distance between points and added to the fast train service without sacrificing either comfort or safety.

Genesis of the Hailstone.

If it were not for the countless trillions of dust particles that float separately invisible in the atmosphere, there could be no rain drops, snow crystals, or hailstones. From a perfectly dustless atmosphere the moisture would descend in ceaseless rain without drops. The dust particles serve as nuclei about which the vapor gathers.

The snow crystal is the most beautiful creation of the serial moisture, condensed about it, is the germ from and the hailstones is the most extraordinary. The heart of every hailstone is a tiny speck of dust. Such a speck with a little moisture condensed about it is the germ from which may be formed a hailstone, capable of felling a man or smashing a window. But first it must be caught up by a current of air and carried to the level of the lofty cirrus clouds, five or six, or even ten miles high. Then, continually growing by fresh accessions of moisture, it being its long plunge to the earth, spinning through the clouds, and flashing in the sun like a diamond bolt shot from a rainbow.

Lake of Quicksilver.

A lake of quicksilver, covering an area of more than three acres and having a depth ranging from 10 feet to 50 feet, has been discovered in the mountains of the State of Vera Cruz, Mexico. The value of the product is estimated at millions.

WHY THE "DOG" WATCH?

A Nautical Problem That Stumped Admirals Fighting Bob Evans.

Ever ask a sailorman or a know-it-all sharp why the dog watch is so called? Chances are he will reply: "Why, the dog watch is two short spells, from 4 to 6 and from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening, to break the monotony of the regular four hour watches, so that the same men will not stand watch during the same hours every day."

Simple and lucid. But hit them with this: Why is the word "dog" applied to this short watch? You have a double half hitch on every son of Neptune, from 6 o'clock to quarterdeck.

The first question was put to the officers' mess of a big battleship and without exception, from executive officer of a quarter century's service on every sea on the maps to the ensign with his first stripe, they all gave the book answer. Not one could explain the why of the dog.

A boat's crew from the same ship could not give even the stereotyped explanation of the general term dog watch, although a gunner's mate allowed that "it might be they once had dogs on ships and they was let loose when this watch was on."

An officer of an Atlantic liner said he never heard so silly a question.

"Why, the dog watch is the dog watch, that's all," he explained. "There's no why or wherefore about it. It's always been the dog watch and always will be. Read sea yarns by the book writers who never saw a greater sheet of water than the village millpond and you'll hear lots about the dog watch."

Having had the matter disposed of so amily by this officer, inquiry was pushed to the East River, where there may be found men who have been going down to the sea in real ships for more years than many of the steamer lines have existed. The pursuit of the dog was useless. Not a grimy old nor a young brine soaked merchantman knew or cared why the dog was before the watch. One old fellow inquired: "Why do you want to know that for?" For information. "Well, I'm blamed if that ain't amazing funny."

That was on the verge of discouragement. Battery Dan was sought but the distinguished authority was on vacation.

"Say," suggested a Harlem boatman, "what's the matter with trying Fighting Bob? He's a bully boy, and if he can't tell you the great American navy will lose caste."

So up to the Read Admiral went the query: "Will you kindly inform me why the name 'dog' is applied to 'dog watch'?" And up from Fort Monroe came the answer:

U. S. S. Connecticut.

Dear Sir: I am unable to give you the information you ask about the dog watch. Of course, we all know why the watch is made two hours, but no one seems to know why the name dog was applied.

Yours very truly, R. D. EVANS.

Think of it—the commander of the great fleet of fighting boats unable to tell why the dog has been on the watch since ships sailed or steamed! The investigation now excited the suspicion of a nature fake, and there was a momentary thought of phoning to Oyster Bay, when a wireless flash suggested the simpler and more fascinating recourse to a public library.

The dictionaries were merely aggravating, telling nothing unknown to the most common seaman. Five Thousand Facts and Fancies (Putnam) was the only book found that sought to throw light on the matter, and its explanation reads:

Dog Watch (a corruption of dogge watch).

The dog watch was introduced to prevent the same men from always keeping watch the same hours of the day; hence on these occasions the sailors are said to dodge the routine, or to be doing dogge watch.

There you have it, as fresh as the gourd of water from the old spring by the chestnut tree.—*New York Times.*

Despite the salubrious climate of the Adirondacks, death not infrequently places its seat upon the forehead of some of the inhabitants.

Recently the wife of a merchant in one of the villages died, and the floral offerings which were sent to the bereaved family to commemorate the affection in which the woman had been held by the community were both numerous and, for such a community, costly.

The beauty of the offerings impressed the bereaved husband, and he sent for the local photographer that their profusion might be perpetuated in a picture.

The photographer grouped the offerings as best he might, and was about to snap the shutter of his camera when a floral cross of great size caught his eye. His curiosity was aroused as to the source of the offering, and he walked up to it to find from the card attached who had sent it. On this card he read:

"To wife and mother, with sympathy of husband and children."

The average fire loss in the United States is said to be more than \$2 per head of the population, as compared with only one-third of a dollar in six of the leading European countries. The difference is ascribed to less rigidly enforced building laws. It has an effect on the cost of business generally in this country.

St. Mary's Boys Asylum.

In the presence of a large and appreciative audience, including Bishop Hickey and several members of the reverend clergy the closing exercises of the St. Mary's Boys Orphan Asylum were held Thursday evening week. The hall was prettily decorated in the national colors while the decorations of the platform were confined to the class colors, green and white, palms were intermingled with large clusters of field daisies tastefully arranged.

The program was in all respects excellent and typified the thorough training received at St. Mary's. Among the many pleasing features were Nimble, Wit and Fingerkin, a play in one act. It inculcated a lesson of industry and perseverance. John Dough from the comic opera "The Gingerbread Man," was well rendered. Walter Royce won the applause of the audience by his skillful antics, graceful movements and pleasing manner. The singing by the boys' choir was excellent. It was really marvelous to hear children render selections in four voices with perfect ease and harmony.

The graduating class was presented by Rev. Charles V. Fischer, chaplain of the asylum. The following boys received diplomas: Edward Acheson, Thomas Burke, William Clark, Joseph Flynn, Denis Hurley, William McDonald and Edwin Reilly.

Gold medals were awarded as follows: The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hickey gold medal for Christian Doctrine to Denis Hurley; the Rev. Charles V. Fischer medal for Catechism to Louis Callan; the Rev. J. E. Gefell medal for Scholarship to Wm McDonald; the Rev. John M. Petter medal for Deportment to Joseph Flynn and the Rev. Patrick J. Smyth medal for Excellence to Edward J. Acheson.

The address to the graduates was delivered by Bishop Hickey. It was beautiful, touching and impressive. He congratulated the boys on their excellent showing and hoped that their future career would be in keeping with the education they had received. He warned them of the many dangers that would beset their paths in life and urged them to keep ever in their memory the instructions instilled into their youthful hearts while under the gentle guidance of the Sisters. He assured them that if they would be faithful to the training of their childhood that they would with the Divine aid become useful members of society, good citizens of our country and a credit to the Church of God. He expressed his sincere and fervent wish that after a well-spent life they would merit to become citizen of heaven and enjoy with their Creator a life of bliss eternal.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday July 6—Gospel, St. Luke, v. 1-11—The Most Precious Blood. Monday 6—St. Pallasius, confessor. Tuesday 7—St. Cyril and Methodius, Wednesday 8—St. Elizabeth of Portugal queen and virgin. Thursday 9—St. Ephrem, bishop and confessor. Friday 10—Seven Brothers, martyrs. Saturday 11—St. Pius I., pope and martyr.

Name of Jesus.

The object of this Mission Chapel is to try to reach and to reclaim some of the 30,000 or more homeless and fallen men who live in the Bowery Lodging Houses. The Bowery of New York is the home or mecca of the drift-wood of humanity from all parts of the whole world. Our Divine Master and Redeemer has said: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost" (Luke XIX—10). We, though unworthy and all unworthy, are trying in our poor humble way, to carry out this wish of the pleading heart of Jesus.

We are sorely in need of means to help and to lift up these poor unfortunate, and for the honor of the Holy Name of Jesus, we ask you to help us in our work, and feel assured that what you do for these unfortunate outcasts of mankind, will not go unrewarded, for He has said, "A cup of cold water given in His name will not go without its reward" (Matt. X, 42). Among these 30,000 or more, are to be found men from lowest to highest walks in life; men graduated from all the universities and colleges of the world, lawyers, doctors, professors, husbands, sons, brothers. Many of them are so sorely tired in the furnace of sorrow, degradation and affliction, that they are longing for some kind hand to whisper to them but a sweet word of encouragement, and perhaps they are saved. We therefore ask you to assist us in this work for souls, and some day in life you will realize what the Holy Spirit meant when he said: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return to you a hundred fold." Will you become a promoter in this great charity for souls?

Rev. J. J. MYERS, Director.