

**Evening Ledger**  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY  
CITY OF PHILADELPHIA  
Charles H. Loring, Vice President; John C. Martin,  
Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins, John B.  
Williams, Directors.  
EDITORIAL BOARD:  
C. H. LORING, Chairman.  
P. H. WHALEY, Editor.  
JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager.  
Published daily at 1000 Locust Building,  
Independence Square, Philadelphia.  
Subscription Terms:  
By carrier, six cents per week. By mail, postage  
paid at Philadelphia, except where foreign postage  
is required, one month, twenty-five cents; one year,  
three dollars. All mail subscriptions payable in  
advance.  
Notwithstanding address change must  
be given as well as new address.  
RELL, 1000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 2000  
Address all communications to Evening  
Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.  
ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-  
CLASS MAIL MATTER.  
THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION  
OF THE EVENING LEDGER  
FOR FEBRUARY WAS 104,115  
PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1916.

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;  
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!  
—Pope.

All the details for catching Villa seem  
complete except for information as to which firm  
has the moving-picture rights.  
Next thing you know, Mr. Ford will be  
starting an agitation to get the boys out  
of the cactus before Christmas.

With eggs selling at \$1.50 per dozen in Eng-  
land, we can see no reason why so many  
British actors are leaving home to tour the  
United States.

Enver Pasha wishes it to be understood  
that he is not dead. He has just been away  
from Constantinople inspecting the Turkish  
troops in Asia Minor.

Mr. Roosevelt says that he will not enter  
into any fight for the nomination, this being  
the first instance on record where he passed  
up a fight of any kind.

A New York writer says that the candidacy  
of Justice Hughes would seriously embarrass  
President Wilson. Yes; especially as it would  
leave him with another Supreme Court  
vacancy to fill.

The artificial aura borealis proposed as a  
feature for the convention of the "ad" men  
next June would be highly appropriate and  
significant, too, in its symbolism. Advertising  
is the illuminant of the modern business  
universes.

Maryland has been good in the line of eats  
to the Rev. Mr. Sunday, who interrupted a  
homily to thank the good people for hampers  
of hams, biscuits and other toothsome deli-  
cacies of the Eastern Shore. And when he  
was here nobody thought to send him some  
salvage.

Salvador, the euphoniously named republic  
down South, has indorsed President Wilson's  
plan for mutual guarantee pacts. The chief  
importance of this item is in its information  
that the President of the republic is named  
Molendin, thereby "slipping one over" on  
"what do you know?"

Delinquent taxpayers never like to see their  
names posted for public inspection. Over in  
Camden delinquents threaten to make it warm  
for the political party which initiates enforce-  
ment of a law requiring newspaper publicity  
of their names and delinquencies. The method  
is very efficacious, however. This year certain  
Delaware County boroughs tried it to collect  
the annual dog tax, and receipts were larger  
than any on the records.

William of Wied has been restored as Mpret  
of Albania, just as Austrian guns are pound-  
ing at the outer works of Avlona. Yet the  
Mpret made himself scarce in the Sanjak of  
Novibazar when the Montenegrins were hav-  
ing their hour of triumph in Albania. He  
went to a Swiss resort, differing from the in-  
trrepid Akhond of Swat, who led his forces in  
the fray. For does not the poet speak of  
"Swats who has w' Akhond bled?"

Mrs. Isaac Rice, who tried to make New  
York quiet, has a local emulater in Director  
Kruken. Milkmen, ice-men, coalmen and other  
disturbers of the morning rest must abate  
their noise, according to a decree of the  
Health Department. Every assailant of the  
tyranny, except the Schoenbergs and Strav-  
inskys of modern music, are included in the  
peace and harmony ruling. Some of them, of  
course, are incapable of harmony.

One wonders now how the city got along  
without the domestic relations division of the  
Municipal Court when the record of its  
annual report is read. Reaching 300,000 per-  
sons in its ministrations, which adopt the  
policy of conciliation and reconstruction in-  
stead of the old punitive methods, the court  
has smoothed the domestic path for more than  
a thousand estranged couples, has "big-  
sistered" hundreds of wayward girls, and has  
exercised common sense judgment in 16,600  
juvenile cases.

If every American could get into the mental  
attitude of Mrs. Mildred Farwell, the news-  
paper woman who was with the Bulgarians  
and Serbians for three months, there would  
be no doubt anywhere of our neutrality. Mrs.  
Farwell went into the war zone prejudiced in  
favor of the French and English. Here is  
how she feels now:

I don't think I am pre-arranging any  
more, unless prearranging it is for their  
convictions that I respect man, and if their  
convictions are strong enough to make them  
willing to die, how can any prejudiced sur-  
vive that?

Why can't Philadelphia parents witness a  
convincing demonstration of what their taxes  
are doing in the public schools in the line of  
what used to be called educational fads? Once  
that was the term of reproach applied to  
sewing, cooking, manual training, etc. No  
educator, nowadays, deprecates the disci-  
plinary as well as practical value of these courses,  
which are, in a very definite sense, as impor-  
tant as the formal branches of the curriculum.  
Parents know that these once despised "side  
hustles" culled the interest of their children and  
were as a sort of candle coating for the  
candle academic studies. Some children,  
who are incapable by temperament of caring  
very much for even one of the three  
h's, can be reached through manual training  
or domestic science. Up in Bloomington the

pupils of the Columbia County rural schools  
displayed 20,000 pieces of their handwork at a  
school fair last week. Possibly some such  
exposition could be held here. At one time  
the League of Home and Schools Associa-  
tions held an educational carnival on a  
large scale. This could be revived as the  
basis of a school exposition, which could be  
supplemented by the drills, choruses and  
dances which formerly constituted the pro-  
gram of the carnivals.

**A TRICK THAT SHOULD FAIL**

The plan to tie up local option to the  
Brambaugh presidential boom is a trick to  
deceive the voters. The liquor laws are to  
be made by the members of the General  
Assembly and not by the delegates to the  
Chicago convention.

There is no hope for the passage of a  
local option law next winter unless Bram-  
baugh delegates are sent to the Republican  
National Convention in an insult to the intelli-  
gence of the children in the civil government  
classes in the public schools.

They know that the laws of the State are  
passed by the regularly elected members of  
the General Assembly. They know, too, that  
the Republican National Convention has no  
power to interfere in the local affairs of this  
Commonwealth.

There is no relation between local option  
and the nomination of a candidate for the  
Presidency. Every delegate elected to the  
Chicago convention could be an ardent sup-  
porter of the present Brooks high license law  
without in any way weakening the case for  
local option here.

The only way to secure the changes in the  
license law which the local optionists desire  
is by the nomination and election of enough  
members of the Legislature to carry the pro-  
posed bill. It is not necessary that all the  
members of the Legislature favorable to local  
option should be Republicans. A man can  
favor enlarging the control of the communis-  
ty over the sale of liquor and still be in  
favor of the reelection of President Wilson.  
Local option sentiment exists in both parties.  
If we are to have a satisfactory law it must  
have the support of the best elements in all  
parties, just as no satisfactory national de-  
fense program can be prepared and carried  
out which does not commend itself to the  
best judgment of the citizens regardless of  
their views on the questions which divide the  
voters into party groups.

The delegates to the Chicago convention are  
to be elected to assist in the nomination of  
a candidate for the Presidency. It is probable  
that the candidate for whom they will vote  
will be a resident of some other State who  
is not at all interested in the local questions  
which agitate the voters here. The delegates  
from Philadelphia may believe that the Taylor  
transit plans should be thrown in the ash  
heap and that Mr. Taylor should be drawn and  
quartered for being guilty of the crime of  
seeking to serve the best interest of the com-  
munity. But no one cares what they think  
about the Taylor plans provided they will  
combine with the broad-minded and concilia-  
tory delegates from the rest of the country  
in the selection of a candidate for the Presi-  
dency who can unite the party and command  
the full Republican vote next November.

The national issue must be considered apart  
from the local issue.

The only way to insure the passage of a  
proper local option law is to nominate and  
elect enough members of the General Assem-  
bly committed to such a program. They are  
to be nominated at the same primary election  
that will select delegates to the Chicago con-  
vention. In the preliminary canvass every  
candidate for the General Assembly nomination  
should be forced to come out in the open  
and declare himself on the issue. The local  
optionists who oppose the presidential ambi-  
tions of the Governor are entitled to the  
support of all other local optionists, regard-  
less of their attitude toward the personal for-  
tunes of any man in national politics. And  
if any anti-local optionists, who are trying to  
get control of the State political machine  
with the aid of the Governor, seek nomi-  
nation to the Legislature, the local optionists  
should have intelligence enough to vote  
against such men, not because these men are  
backing the Governor on another issue, but  
because they are opposing him on a vital  
question of State policy.

The names of the candidates for nomination  
to the Legislature will appear on one part of  
the ballot, and the names of the proposed de-  
legates to the Chicago convention will appear  
on another part of it. It will be easy to dis-  
tinguish between the two sets of men—just as  
easy as it will be to distinguish between the  
two issues.

It would be a calamity if the efforts of  
those who are trying to place the control of  
the liquor traffic in the communities of the  
State were dependent for their success or  
failure on the failure or success of the men  
who are trying to make Governor Bram-  
baugh a national figure. But when one recalls  
that the Brambaugh boom is not really in-  
tended to advance the fortunes of the Gov-  
ernor, but to strengthen the hands of a group  
of factionists, it becomes difficult to escape  
the conclusion that the plan to tie the Bram-  
baugh and local option together is one of the  
most outrageous pieces of political trickery  
that has been attempted in many a day.

**MAN IS MORE THAN A MACHINE**

OUR great-grandfathers would have been  
somewhat at a loss to account for the ap-  
pearance of a society for the encouragement  
of liberal studies. For them most studies were lib-  
eral and the great movement for practicality  
was but beginning to show itself. Now, with the  
pendulum swung to the other extreme, the  
Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of  
Liberal Studies finds hard work to do, and its  
third annual meeting next Saturday will  
hardly be a world-shaking event. The whole  
question of the classics is, in reality, only a  
small part of the great question of why  
young men and young women should study.

The feeling that every hour of book-learning  
should be not only represented by but trans-  
lated into a given amount of money is pre-  
valent, and the colleges of the country have  
humored the feeling to their own temporary  
advantage. Eventually they may find that  
they have lost their most precious gift. What  
the college needs most to do is to fight  
eternally against the claim of immediate  
values and against the intolerable narrowness  
of technical training. It is obvious that once  
a man leaves college he will have little time  
for study, little leisure for finer things than  
those which make up his business, commercial  
or industrial life. The college can anticipate  
the confining influences of necessity and can  
convince each student that Homer has been  
and Aristophanes has been, and that these  
men will continue to be. Because if these  
things are not learned before they will never  
be learned properly. The difficulty now is to  
lead pupils enough to justify the really great  
advances in the teachings of the humanities  
which has been made in recent years.

**Tom Daly's Column**

SOME time ago we uttered a Macedonian  
cry for a copy of James Jeffrey Roche's  
"Her Majesty—the King" and a fairy ap-  
peared and handed it to us. Some day we  
hope to give extracts from it.

In the meantime, the lovely fairy has  
favored us again. She and another appeared  
suddenly at our elbow the other morning. She  
said: "This is my sister and this is myself."  
"And your name, O Queen?" "Ruth Plumly  
Thompson," said she, "and here is a copy of  
the Saturday Evening Post which my great-  
grandfather once sent to my grandmother,  
with certain things marked for her to read.  
It has other things in it which may interest  
your readers."

Indeed it has. First of all we notice how  
strong and comparatively unyellowed by the  
years is the single sheet upon which the four  
six-column pages are printed. They used good  
rag paper in those days. The Saturday  
Evening Post then, according to the blurb  
on the front page, was "a family newspaper—  
devoted to literature, morality, science, news,  
agriculture and amusement." It was "pub-  
lished by Samuel Coats Atkinson, No. 112  
Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth  
streets and directly opposite to the Postoffice  
—Counting-Room on Hudson's Alley."  
Here's part of a "colym" we find in it:

**Epitome of News**

There were 56 deaths in Philadelphia  
during the past week, viz: 48 adults and 37  
children, of which 22 were under 1 year of  
age.

Old-fashioned Corsets—The only healthy  
corset, says the editor of a Georgia paper,  
for a lady's waist, is a husband's arms.

The number of Militia of Delaware is  
9229 and the sets of uniform 1450. This  
is little over 6 men for each uniform.

An Irish gentleman was lately fined 150  
for language tending to provoke a Magis-  
trate to fight a duel.

The Washington Telegraph informs us  
that General Jackson was in good health on  
the 5th inst., and expected to leave home  
by way of the rivers on the 20th.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette  
has visited the apartments prepared for the  
President-elect, at Gadsby's Hotel, and re-  
ports the two drawing rooms, which may be  
thrown into one fine saloon, front on  
Pennsylvania avenue.

We are obliged reluctantly to omit a num-  
ber of advertisements and several inter-  
esting articles of news which are in type,  
but crowded out for want of room.

A gentleman left the city of Boston on  
the 6th inst., and by stage and steamboat  
reached Natchez in 16 days!

**LEAVING BACHELORHOOD**

The sort of single blessedness  
That I consider fun  
Is what will come to me and Bess  
When she and I are one.

For the loss of voice a simple and effective  
remedy is to beat the white of an egg to a  
froth, add the juice of half a lemon and  
a teaspoonful of sugar. Take this once  
or twice an hour.

—Morning Contemporary.

**DOGS**

BREED GUINEA PIGS  
—From a classified ad.

Dear, dear! Animals seem to be getting  
more and more intelligent and wonderful all  
the time!

Sir—Will you please publish the following  
poem, and let me have your opinion of the  
same, and oblige,  
A CONSTANT READER.  
J. G. S.

**SOME TIME**

The day is bright, sunny and clear,  
For me to get a can of beer.  
It gives me joy and lots of cheer,  
To see myself with a can of beer.

The bartender smiles as much as to say,  
"I haven't seen you for many a day."  
"Here, Johnny, have one on me," he said;  
"Thanks! It's a little too strong for me."

Well, would you blame me for refusing?  
I guess you wouldn't if you were in my shoes.  
To have some one offer me a brace  
When I swore off a year ago.

Everything quiet, no noise about,  
By golly! I'll have a drink of stout.  
Rattle the dishes and play the drum,  
Down goes my first one.

I'll take a smoke and read the paper  
To make me feel a little more at home.  
Looky for me, the wife has gone!  
I think I'll have another one.

To make things a little more lively  
I'll invite the chambermaid.  
"Will you have one on my health, Nancy?"  
"Sure! And I'll take another one."

Jack! There goes my doorknob!  
Quickly must I get rid of this.  
Poor fellow was too late,  
I think you can guess.

P. S.—This poem was made up and typewritten  
in ten minutes as a result of a wager, and your opinion  
of the same, will undoubtedly win the wager for me.  
Thank you in advance.  
J. G. S.

Our guess is that if your typewriting ma-  
chine had been a later model, you could have  
done much better than 10 minutes.

**Not Impressed**

"Yes," the new Shade was boasting. "I was  
one of the leaders of the Great Beef Trust. I  
told you, we cornered cattle to suit ourselves."  
"Yes!" replied the old Shade with a long  
beard, moving away with a yawn.

"See!" the new Shade called after him, "you  
don't seem to be duly impressed."  
"No," I had a corner in live stock myself  
once. My name's Noah."

**GOOD GOLVERS**

KEEP THE EYES  
ALWAYS ON BALL

Even Jerry Travers Often Com-  
mits This Error—Master  
of Overabundance

Does our own dear paper, in printing the  
above head, wish us to believe that Jerry is  
not a good player?

**WERE afraid this is not absolutely new,**

but just to please our English nephew,  
who told it to us, here goes:

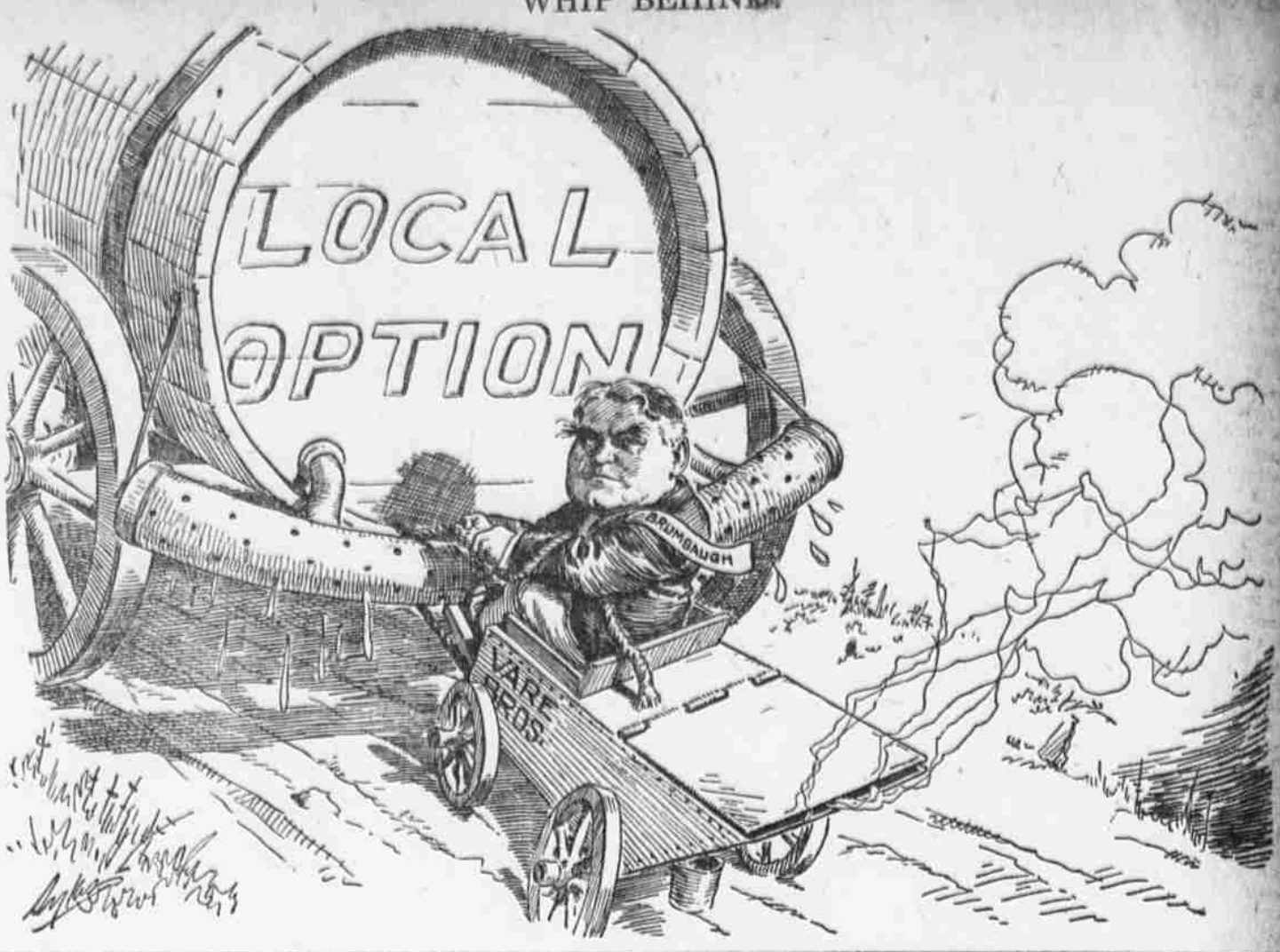
Q—Why do the Germans spell Culture with  
a K?  
A—Because the British have control of  
the C's.

Sir—I have a fine old mother who lives in  
New York and who came yesterday to spend  
a while with us. Knowing we have but two  
bathrooms, one of which the misus and I use  
and the other the kids and we having said  
nothing to her in the matter, when she woke  
up and saw the bright light shining in the  
window, she listened, and hearing no sound,  
hopped out of bed and tripped lightly to the  
nearest bathroom. She had her bath in comfort  
and went back to her room. Much to her sur-  
prise, it was absolutely dark. She turned on a  
light and looked at her watch. It was 3:30. The  
moon had set.

Sir—Here's another instance of the antiquity  
of our present-day slang. It's from Dickens'  
"Black House," chapter 37 written about 1850:  
Inspector Bucket, speaking to Father Sumner-  
son about the vacillating character, Harold  
Skimpole, says: "Whenever a person claims to  
be, in worldly matters, a child, you con-  
sider that that person is only saying off from  
being held accountable and that you have got  
that person's number, and it's No. 1."

**On**

"Yes," said the red-eyed clerk. "I'm a little late  
this morning. The midnight oil you know."  
"Ah! yes," broke in the employer. "Well, the  
next time you paint the town I'd advise you to  
use water colors exclusively."



**FROM STATE BOSS  
TO U. S. SENATOR**

Tom Taggart, Proprietor of So-  
called American Monte Carlo,  
Takes the Toga—His Ready  
Smile a Help to Fortune

NINE months ago it seemed that Tom Taggart  
faced political annihilation. Now  
comes word that he has been named by the  
Governor of Indiana as successor of the late  
Benjamin F. Shively in the United States  
Senate. Tom Taggart,  
who stands for everything  
in politics against which  
a quickened American  
political conscience is  
struggling—Taggart,  
master gangster, one of  
the greatest political  
wizards of the Middle  
West has ever produced—  
Tom Taggart has been  
promoted to the United  
States Senate, has been  
honored with the Sena-  
torial toga. Behold the  
"miracle man."



THOMAS TAGGART

Last June the former chairman of the  
Democratic party, who for a decade has made  
Senators, Congressmen, Governors and vir-  
tually every officer of Indiana, was accused  
by a Grand Jury of felony, and 47 other  
election crimes. He was arrested and then  
released under \$10,000 bail. In October the  
case against Taggart was dismissed. The  
action may be taken as exonerating him from  
personal participation in the election crimes  
at Indianapolis, but not as lifting the Taggart  
machine from disrepute to an honored place  
in public estimation.

At Terre Haute the United States Govern-  
ment placed under arrest 114 machine hench-  
men, and later sent more than 100 convicted of  
conspiracy to serve sentences at Fort Leaven-  
worth. Indianapolis saw the same political  
game played in the same way as in Terre  
Haute. Slush funds and stuffed ballot boxes  
were the order of the day. Machine politics  
was exhibited at its worst. Yet out of it all  
has come a United States Senatorship for the  
State boss.

**Man With a Smile**

Oh, well, it's possible to see something  
romantic in the career of this distinguished  
Indiana politician. Our great American  
romance is the romance of success. It even  
makes a man somehow likable. Ah, here we  
have it. As one enthusiastic biographer has  
said:

"The power of personality never was better  
illustrated than in the career of Thomas Taggart,  
the Indiana—and national—political lead-  
er. Irish by birth, Taggart must have car-  
ried the blarney stone from the earliest days  
of his infancy to the day of his departure for  
American shores. This is not to say that he  
is an orator. He is nothing of the sort. On  
the contrary, he is no speech-maker at all.  
But when it comes to saying quickly, in pri-  
vate conversation, or in passing greetings, the  
right thing in the right way at the right  
moment, Taggart is without a superior in  
the whole country. Not even his bitterest  
enemy will find the slightest fault with Taggart's  
ever-brilliant, ever-pleasant smile. That  
was the gift with which he began life. That  
was his talent and his capital. A cheery smile,  
a firm, friendly handclasp, a ready sympathy—  
these went with it. And the combination el-  
evated Thomas Taggart from a clerk's position  
behind a depot lunch counter and a salary of  
eight dollars a week to the highest position  
of political bossism in State and nation and  
to the millionaire's status in point of fortune."

Thomas Taggart was born in Ireland in  
1856. When a youth he came to this country  
and settled in Xenia, O. Later he moved  
to Indianapolis, and then to Garrett, Ind.  
Indianapolis first saw him in 1877. The lad's  
first position was that of a waiter at a rail-  
road lunch counter. History has it that his  
genial disposition, his wit, thrift and in-  
defatigable energy soon lifted him from the  
ranks of the servers into those of the prop-  
rietors. The future boss of the Middle  
West became owner of a third-rate establish-  
ment which he metamorphosed into a first-  
class restaurant. He always had the ability  
to make money and to keep it. His restau-  
rant enlarged into a hotel, and before the  
people of Indianapolis knew it this Irish im-  
migrant was part owner and then proprietor  
of the Grand Hotel.

Even in the lunch-counter days Taggart  
had a leaning toward politics. He had a  
peculiar facility for lining up and taking  
care of "the boys." Like all true politicians,  
he stuck to his friends. This trait was ex-  
emplified last summer, following his arrest.  
He immediately secured his own release, but  
refused to leave the city until he had arranged  
nearly \$300,000 bail for "the boys," as he ex-  
pressed it. He first ran for office as County  
Auditor in the early 80s. For years Marion  
County had been Republican. Taggart, the  
smiling Irishman, carried it by 1890. In 1898  
he became County Chairman, and showed his

leadership in the county, carrying it for  
Cleveland, despite the fact that Indianapolis  
was Harrison's home city.  
In 1895 Taggart nominated himself for  
Mayor. Two years before, Denny, Republi-  
can, had won by 2800. Taggart carried In-  
dianapolis by 3200. In 1896 the city gave Mc-  
Kinley 6000 majority, but in the following  
year Taggart was again elected by a ma-  
jority of 4700. He was re-elected in 1899, but  
refused to run a fourth time. During these  
years the Taggart organization was con-  
structed cog by cog throughout the State.  
From those days to the present Senators,  
Congressmen, Governors, county and State  
officials have been made and unmade by this  
man. He even has been fairly successful  
with the Vice Presidency.

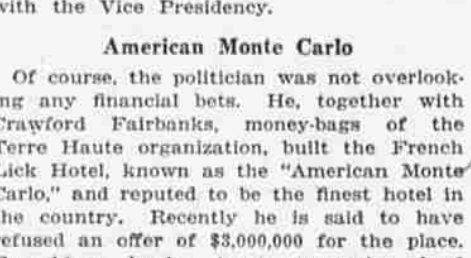
**American Monte Carlo**

Of course, the politician was not overlook-  
ing any financial bets. He, together with  
Crawford Fairbanks, money-bags of the  
Terre Haute organization, built the French  
Lick Hotel, known as the "American Monte  
Carlo," and reputed to be the finest hotel in  
the country. Recently he is said to have  
refused an offer of \$3,000,000 for the place.  
Franchises, banks, trust companies, land  
deals and hotel speculations have netted him  
millions.

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men, and later sent more than 100 convicted of  
conspiracy to serve sentences at Fort Leaven-  
worth. Indianapolis saw the same political  
game played in the same way as in Terre  
Haute. Slush funds and stuffed ballot boxes  
were the order of the day. Machine politics  
was exhibited at its worst. Yet out of it all  
has come a United States Senatorship for the  
State boss.

**Man With a Smile**

Oh, well, it's possible to see something  
romantic in the career of this distinguished  
Indiana politician. Our great American  
romance is the romance of success. It even  
makes a man somehow likable. Ah, here we  
have it. As one enthusiastic biographer has  
said:

"The power of personality never was better  
illustrated than in the career of Thomas Taggart,  
the Indiana—and national—political lead-  
er. Irish by birth, Taggart must have car-  
ried the blarney stone from the earliest days  
of his infancy to the day of his departure for  
American shores. This is not to say that he  
is an orator. He is nothing of the sort. On  
the contrary, he is no speech-maker at all.  
But when it comes to saying quickly, in pri-  
vate conversation, or in passing greetings, the  
right thing in the right way at the right  
moment, Taggart is without a superior in  
the whole country. Not even his bitterest  
enemy will find the slightest fault with Taggart's  
ever-brilliant, ever-pleasant smile. That  
was the gift with which he began life. That  
was his talent and his capital. A cheery smile,  
a firm, friendly handclasp, a ready sympathy—  
these went with it. And the combination el-  
evated Thomas Taggart from a clerk's position  
behind a depot lunch counter and a salary of  
eight dollars a week to the highest position  
of political bossism in State and nation and  
to the millionaire's status in point of fortune."

Thomas Taggart was born in Ireland in  
1856. When a youth he came to this country  
and settled in Xenia, O. Later he moved  
to Indianapolis, and then to Garrett, Ind.  
Indianapolis first saw him in 1877. The lad's  
first position was that of a waiter at a rail-  
road lunch counter. History has it that his  
genial disposition, his wit, thrift and in-  
defatigable energy soon lifted him from the  
ranks of the servers into those of the prop-  
rietors. The future boss of the Middle  
West became owner of a third-rate establish-  
ment which he metamorphosed into a first-  
class restaurant. He always had the ability  
to make money and to keep it. His restau-  
rant enlarged into a hotel, and before the  
people of Indianapolis knew it this Irish im-  
migrant was part owner and then proprietor  
of the Grand Hotel.

Even in the lunch-counter days Taggart  
had a leaning toward politics. He had a  
peculiar facility for lining up and taking  
care of "the boys." Like all true politicians,  
he stuck to his friends. This trait was ex-  
emplified last summer, following his arrest.  
He immediately secured his own release, but  
refused to leave the city until he had arranged  
nearly \$300,000 bail for "the boys," as he ex-  
pressed it. He first ran for office as County  
Auditor in the early 80s. For years Marion  
County had been Republican. Taggart, the  
smiling Irishman, carried it by 1890. In 1898  
he became County Chairman, and showed his

leadership in the county, carrying it for  
Cleveland, despite the fact that Indianapolis  
was Harrison's home city.  
In 1895 Taggart nominated himself for  
Mayor. Two years before, Denny, Republi-  
can, had won by 2800. Taggart carried In-  
dianapolis by 3200. In 1896 the city gave Mc-  
Kinley 6000 majority, but in the following  
year Taggart was again elected by a ma-  
jority of 4700. He was re-elected in 1899, but  
refused to run a fourth time. During these  
years the Taggart organization was con-  
structed cog by cog throughout the State.  
From those days to the present Senators,  
Congressmen, Governors, county and State  
officials have been made and unmade by this  
man. He even has been fairly successful  
with the Vice Presidency.

**American Monte Carlo**

Of course, the politician was not overlook-  
ing any financial bets. He, together with  
Crawford Fairbanks, money-bags of the  
Terre Haute organization, built the French  
Lick Hotel, known as the "American Monte  
Carlo," and reputed to be the finest hotel in  
the country. Recently he is said to have  
refused an offer of \$3,000,000 for the place.  
Franchises, banks, trust companies, land  
deals and hotel speculations have netted him  
millions.

**What Do You Know?**

Queries of general interest will be answered  
in this column. Ten questions, the answers  
to which every well-informed person should  
know, are asked daily.

**QUIZ**

1. Who is the American Ambassador to France?
2. In what part of Florida is St. Petersburg?
3. Who was the last American