

# ROOSEVELT'S YOUNG MAN ALBANY

James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Speaker  
of the Assembly, Who Has  
Made Good.

Yale Man, Practical Farmer, Sports-  
man, Soldier, Politician and Pos-  
sible Future Statesman.



JAMES W. WADSWORTH JR.  
AS A SOLDIER IN  
PORTO RICO

ALBANY, N. Y., March 5.—(Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.)—Six feet tall, slender but muscular, alert with an engaging smile, a bearing that suggests both the college athlete and the soldier, a direct gaze, an impulsive way of speaking, a voice hearty, yet well under control—that is James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of Genesee.

As he goes down Washington avenue every morning on his way to the crumbling State Capitol men and women turn and regard intently his erect, swinging figure.

JAMES W. WADSWORTH JR.  
AS  
ASSEMBLY  
SPEAKER

Our 23-year-old college boy Assembly Speaker, says a grizzled veteran in state politics to a visitor in town. He has more games to think about than baseball and hunting foxes on horseback this year, let me tell you!

### The Celebrated Genesee Hunt.

The Genesee Hunt was organized nearly 20 years ago, and the Wadsworths have always been its main supporters. It is W. Austin Wadsworth, not the J. W.'s, who supports it mainly, but there isn't a Genesee Wadsworth alive who isn't interested, or one who doesn't take more or less of an active part in the meet.

day there is a great gathering of farmers, with their families, and sometimes many guests, in horse, "democrat" wagons and other rural vehicles, to see the start. After the fox has got away the farmers follow the riders as well as they can for miles, sometimes keeping to the roads, of course. Often the farmers display surprising knowledge of Reynard's probable course, and are able, when losing sight of both hounds and riders, to make short cuts by road to the best places from which to watch the progress of the hunt.

"Jimmie Wadsworth's making good," says a younger man. "I don't envy him his job, though, for it's no cinch. But if he wins—"

These are held three times a week on the average in the Fall when the weather is good. The present Speaker confessed the other day that he had followed the hounds only once or twice in the past year or two. But that, he explained, was because he had two other jobs on his hands, politics and the running of his farm.

It is held every October, and has been for many years in a wide, level area near the river, known as the Big Tree Field, perhaps a mile from the village and belonging to the Austin Wadsworth estate. No admittance is charged, and the whole countryside is invited to come and see the high jumping, the steeplechase riding, the fancy driving and all the other stunts in which the exhibitors display themselves and their horses. Special invitations are also sent to society people in New York, Rochester, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Boston and elsewhere.

First of all, in the eyes of the people, he represents in Albany "that man in Washington," and what he stands for in politics.

There are perhaps a dozen families in the Genesee Valley who cooperate with the Wadsworths in keeping up the hunt—the William Littners, the Withrop Chasers and the Crays and the Runseys of Buffalo among them, but without the Wadsworth support it would certainly go down.

It goes without saying that the farmers furnish entertainment to the society people as well; thus the Wadsworth horse show is a real addition to the joy of living in the beautiful valley of the Genesee.

His youth, personality, antecedents, affiliations, the strained situation in his party in this, the President's own state, and the fact that the insurance investigating committee's report would be received by the Assembly with him the presiding officer have added to the public interest in him.

Mr. Wadsworth planned a "refoxing" of the valley, however, and in order to bring it about he arranged with the farmers, both on and off the Wadsworth estate, to kill the foxes. At first the farmers objected, but he assured them that he would refund all damages in the way of missing chickens and the like, and proved his sincerity by settling promptly for the first case of mischief proved against the foxes. He also arranged to pay for whatever damages might be done to crops or fences by the hunters.

He wouldn't have been following the Wadsworth traditions at all had he failed to do so; Wadsworths do not hunt from wherever there is any real fighting, and it wasn't the fault of James W. Jr. that he couldn't get into the Rough Riders, or that there was no fighting to do in Porto Rico when he got there. Roosevelt would have got him into his command had he been able to, but the demand for places was too great; he got Craig Wadsworth in, and that was all he could do for that family just then.

Young Wadsworth distinctly belongs to the Roosevelt set politically, socially and in every other way.

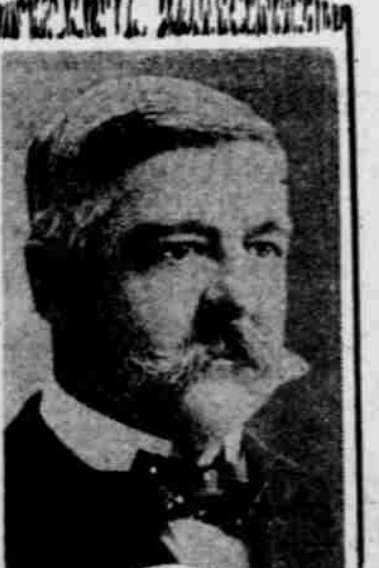
More than one farmer, otherwise never mixing with the society cross-country riders always to be found at a Genesee Hunt meet, is accustomed to following the hounds whenever he finds it convenient and make welcome by the master of the Hunt. But enjoyment of the Genesee Hunt meets is by no means confined among the farmers of the valley, to those who are qualified to follow the hounds. In fact, the meets are the classic free amusement in all that part of the valley. Whenever the weather is fine on a meet

day there is a great gathering of farmers, with their families, and sometimes many guests, in horse, "democrat" wagons and other rural vehicles, to see the start. After the fox has got away the farmers follow the riders as well as they can for miles, sometimes keeping to the roads, of course. Often the farmers display surprising knowledge of Reynard's probable course, and are able, when losing sight of both hounds and riders, to make short cuts by road to the best places from which to watch the progress of the hunt.



CROSS COUNTRY RIDERS  
OF THE GENESSEE HUNT

JAMES W. WADSWORTH JR.  
AT GROVELAND,  
NEAR GENESSEE VALLEY



JAMES W. WADSWORTH JR.  
REPRESENTATIVE  
IN CONGRESS

It took two hours, and some of the men might have balked if the young employer hadn't gone at it so enthusiastically.

Young Wadsworth had to learn how to do ordinary farm labor when he was early in his teens. He had to cart wages, too, by his father's direction he used to work by the day for one and another of the Wadsworth tenant farmers, beginning at 25 cents a day. He hoed corn, he rode the horse-rake, he "hooded" hay, and grain—a beastly job, by the way; it answers to the "trimming" of a ship's cargo—helped about the "separator" or on the straw-slack at "threshin' time," and did all the other things a boy's strength was equal to in summer time and early Fall, though, of course, he was in school the greater part of every year.

Undoubtedly "Jimmie" Wadsworth got a good share of his training in politics while working "with the men," both when a boy and since; he is as democratic among them as if he was drawing wages the same as they. His political training when a boy was not limited to mixing with the hands, though. He used to pay almost as much attention as his father to whatever political doings were on when he was home in vacation time, and he knows a lot about that bulwark of our liberties, the local caucus. He wouldn't give much attention to the Fall campaign at home, though, for in the Fall he was always at school.

of the other Wadsworths perhaps than of the Speaker and his father, the Congressman.

Those two carry on their own farms, the others leasing theirs on terms resembling those commonly accepted in England. They are evidently satisfactory to all concerned, since while all the leases are yearly ones, a Wadsworth lease rarely throws up his holding unless compelled to by sickness or old age.

Running the Wadsworth Estates.

are "business" farmers, not "scientific" farmers, as you might expect them to be; they have never put gone in heavily for the chemical analysis or the new "insulation" of soils, the making of elaborate scientific experiments or modern intensive farming. They believe that great advances are to be made along those lines, though, and this is especially true of J. W. Wadsworth, Jr.

Talking with a friend the other day he said that he purposed always being a farmer; the business, in his opinion, being as good in every way as any other business, considering the capital required and its stability. Given a fair grade of soil, proper knowledge of its qualities, plenty of hard work, strict attention to detail and the same observance of business principles practiced in other businesses, he said farming ought to pay 5 per cent on the capital invested year in and year out.

Some businesses yield more, but the risks are greater and bankruptcy comes oftener. Plenty of farmers fail, but the percentage is smaller than in some other callings. It has often been stated that 90 per cent of all the young men who go into mercantile manufacturing and financial enterprises drop out; nothing like this proportion of failures has been reported from the farmers.

Farmers on a medium scale, who own their own farms, sometimes complain of the small amount of actual money they see in a year. "I don't see much money in it," said Mr. Wadsworth, "and compare themselves unfavorably with the merchant on a moderate scale, and, sometimes, with the man who earns a salary of \$2000 or \$3000. But those farmers forget that the farm furnishes the place for the family to live in, and so there is no house rent, no store rent, no shop rent, no pay.