REAL FARMERS ARE AMONG NATION'S LAWMAKERS

MANY SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES HAVE WEALTH INVESTED IN THE SOIL

BY. E. J. EDWARDS.
ONEST, now, as you look down from the visitors' gallery upon the deliberations of "the most august legislative body in the world"-that's our very own United States Senate, you know as per description of some distinguished somebody or other who wanted to be omplimentary, doubtless - would you take any of the solemn-visaged, careworn and frock-coated gentleman below just plain farmers in private life? Real farmers, you know. Not the kind that is meant when somebody says, "Oh, you farmer!" But the sort that patiently tickles a more or less grouchy soil to smile beautifully, that the National stomach may be filled and the National back garmented. Now, would you?

Of course you wouldn't-because you've got the prevalent idea that "race sulcide" among the farmers of the country long since extended itself to the National capitol, and into both of its wings. But the real truth of the matter is, that whatever may be said about the failure of agriculture in the United States to keep pace with the population, as far as Congress is concerned, both in the Senate and the House, the farmers of the country are actually holding their own in proportion to membership in that body. When it is recalled that only seven members of the first Congress of the United States out of a total of 25 members were farmers or planters, it is easy to see that the 25 or more farmers of all descriptions in the present Congress represent a larger proportion of that useful element in society than obtained in the early disys of the Republic.

But right here the comparison should stop; for, while in that first Congress the farmer members were farmers or planters, pure and simple—there were no state agricultural schools in existence than, you know—the modern Congres-sional farmer is a sort of "jack of all It is also noteworthy that the farmer representatives in the present Congress come almost exclusively from the South and West, whereas, in the first Congress, there was Jonathan Grout, of Massachusetts; Paine Wingate, of New Hampshire; George Clymer, of Pennsyl-vania, and Daniel Carroll, of Maryland, representing the northeastern section.

Who the Farmers Arc.

Who are the farmers in Congress to-Why, some of the leaders, men names are on the lips of their countrymen a good part of the open National legislative season, and in the closed period, too. Hist! Thera's closed period, too. Hist! There's entire Senatorial delegations from South Carolina and Mississippi, Smith and Tillman; Money, the minority leader, and Percy, recently succeding James Gordon, that delightful old Confederate veteran who has been a farmer all his years and loves the life so much that he has written poetry about almost every nock and cranny of his plantation. Then there's Bankhead, of Alabama; rugged old Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, who is one of the few Senators who adorns his with real former-like whiskers. Clay chin with real farmer-like whiskers; Clay,

As for the other wing of the capitol, even in your wildest dreams of the per-sonality of the Speaker, have you ever imagined him as a tiller of the soil? Yet imagined him as a tiller of the soil? Yet about the only thing in which he takes an active interest outside of politics is such an active interest outside of politics is and an active interest outside of politics is such an active interest outside of politics is such and among the farmer himself, rather there dended that the South Carolinfan was on the job day and night, fighting for the rights of the cuton outside that the South Carolinfan was on the job day and night, fighting for the rights of the cuton outside that the South Carolinfan was on the job day turned the laugh on the Wyoming have of two transes of their business put on the free list, including that he all the of Wyoming by Senator Warren, the latter had certainly exhibited to him the heat of debate, let there be mentous and other accessories. Still more recently, the Senator has been engaged in a lively campaign to put the dealers of futures in cotton on the New York, who dealers of futures in cotton on the New York, who dealers of futures in cotton on the New York, who dealers of futures in cotton on the New York, who dealers of futures in cotton on the New York, who was so well grounded in the philosophy of the steer that he told me that one of its chief provid fellow solons take seriously his state-ments that he is a full-fledged farmer.

A Millionaire Farmer.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding, and so on, right to the end of the chapter, Colonel Lowden-via the mili-tary staff of the Governor of Illinoisowns and lives on one of the best farms in all that wonderful farm state from which he halls; and aside from being a congressman, Mr. Lowden can truthfully say that he has no vocation in life other than to make this farm of his, which groans under the name of Sinnissippi Farm, produce results. But just you tell any of his colleagues that he is a farmer, and see what happens. You see, after he had been born and raised on a farm in Iowa, the Colonel went to Chicago, became a successful lawyer eventually marginal. cessful lawyer, eventually married a daughter of George A. Pullman, of sleeping car fame, and right there spoiled forever his chances of being regarded as a farmer, though farmer he now is, by hits congressional co-

innissippi Farm is in Ogle County, Illinois, and Hes on rolling ground Leroy Percy, who is one of the largest overlooking the scenic Rock River. It planters in all Mississippi. Senator has every modern appliance, from a Hernando de Soto Money, the minority patent milking-machine to a flock of Angora goats, which are set to work at sunrise each day to eat the underbrush off the place. One day, while riding over the farm, its owner happened to meet his army of goats at work, and climbing down off his horse stood admiring them. As soon as the work, and climbing down out his horse stood admiring them. As soon as the goats caught sight of him they advanced so suddenly that the doughty Colonel thought it best to be found with both feet on the ground rather than with one foot on the ground and one in the stirrup. As the Colonel tells the story, the goats started in to get the hoots off his feet. sat the boots off his feet, and fearing that their voracious appetite might lead them higher up; and having no barrel handy, he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, mounted his horse on the offside, and escaped.

Colonel Lowden is an all-around congressman. He enjoys a reputation as an orator which extends beyond the confines of Illinois, and he is a pror nent member of the House committee on foreign affairs, which recently re-ported his bill to Congress for the purchase of sites and the erection of build-ings for our ambassadors in European capitals. At one time he was a candidate for Governor of Illinois and his candidacy precipitated a convention which lasted for nearly two weeks before his opponents could muster votes to beat him. Like several of the other farmers in the present Congress, he should be classed among that constantly growing group of tillers of the soil who are classed as millionaire farmers.

South Carolina's Two Farmers.

It was from the farm that Senator Tillman sprang into the eye country on the crest of the Populist craze. Many a hard and picturesque battle he has been in since then, but through all the years in private life he has remained a farmer, and he has never given up a farm of from 3000 to 4000 acres in Edgefield County, South Carolina, on which he raises ordinary farm produce and great quantities of

And he is a farmer who, outside the capital and notwithstanding his uncouthness of expression and his radicalism, enjoys a larger circle of friends, perhaps than any other Senator now in



SENATOR MONEY FAMOUS AS A LARGE MISSISSIPPI COTTON PLANTER.



REPRESENTATIVE E.A. HAYES, WHO TILLS A CALIFORNIA FRUIT RANCH.



SENATOR FRANCIS E. WARREN, A FARMER WHO IS WORTH



REPRESENTATIVE FRANK O.I OWDEN. WHO OWNS AND LIVES ON ONE OF THE FINEST FARMS IN ALL ILLINOIS.

larger crowds when he speaks. Let it but be known that he intends to make a speech on a certain day, and the Senate galleries will be packed. As his colleagues long since found notand the country, also,—he is certain to have something new to say, or, at least, to say old things in a new way, and by the way, despite the bitting words he has flung at many of them, today the senior toga wearer from the nether Carolina is a great favorite with his colleagues, all of whom admit his honesty and integrity of purpose.

But Senator Tillman does not know any more about the proper methods of raising garden truck and cotton than does his colleague, E. D. Smith, who is not only a cotton planter of some considerable consequence in South

is not only a cotton planter of some considerable consequence in South Carolina, but is a business farmer, as well. He entered the Senate pledged to do all that he could by legislation to put the cotton growers of the South in a position to sell cotton at 15 cents a pound. He has tenaciously stood by his platform, and as a result he is one of the "fighting farmers" now sitting in the capitol, though, so far, he has somewhow miraculously escaped being nicknamed "Fifteen-cent" Smith, a circumstance which will appeal to some minds as an oversight on the part of the wits of the capitol.

No sooner had Senator Smith landed

a circumstance which will appeal to some minds as an oversight on the part of the wits of the capitol.

No sooner had Senator Smith landed in Congress fresh from his farm than the tariff bill came along and the South Carolinian was on the job day and night, fighting for the rights of the cotton-growers. He insisted that the cotton-planters should have all the necessaries to the running of their business put on the free list, including cotton bagging, used to wrap, up the bales, twine and other accessories. Still more recently, the Senator has been enlaw of supply and demand. Before he entered Congress Mr. Smith was deeply interested in the Farmers' Protective Association and in the Southern Cotton Association, of which latter organization he was a field agent and general organizer. "You know how to raise cotton, but you do not know how to sell it," he once bluntly told his auditors.

Personally, the Senator is not, physi-cally, at least, a man who would attract more than ordinary attention. He is comparatively short in height and proportionately light in weight. When he speaks, however, he does not fall to convince, not only by reason of his fund of information on agricultural subjects, but because of the tremendous earnestness with which he discusses his theme. He has a great deal of that fundamental of success, buildog tenacity. When he was twitted recently because cotton has not yet reached 15 cents per pound, he replied, gravely: "I have not been here long enough yet."

A Pair of Large Planters.

Together with his new colleague leader in the Upper House, brings to his state the distinction of being the only state in the Union, except South Carolina, which is represented in the Senate by farmers, whether they be known as plain tillers of the soil or

as planters. Until very recently, Senator Money has been one of the very largest cot-ton-planters in his state. Such he was when the tariff bill was under heated discussion. Nevertheless, he led the fight in the Senate against the Re-publican majority for free cottonseed oll, and won his contention because the Republicans did not like the idea of putting a duty on the oil when a cotton-planter of the standing of Senator Money was there to put a veto in the record. The Senator is not dons smiling yet at the manner in which he confounded the Republicans in this manner, and he makes no secret of his pride in his victory.

Whether among the farmers or other members of Congress, it would be hard to find a more scholarly man than Senator Money, not even excepting the noted Henry Cabot Lodge, who is popularly supposed to exude Greek roots and Latin verbs at every pore. in sooth, the Mississippian is one of the real scholars of the entire capital. He has been a great reader all his life and is thoroughly familiar with the history of the southwest section the history of the south of the country, with particular reference to Mississippi, Louisiana and the sable to tur-Texas. Furthermore, he is able to turn his learning to account legislatively.

A Senator who has practically his entire fortune tied up in farm lands in his home state and county is A. S. Clay, of Georgia. Although a lawyer of more than ordinary ability, Senator Clay has never failed to turn to the soil when he has any money to invest, and the result is he is today a full-fledged farmer in the best sense

The Georgian is a most interesting personality. He is the only man in the Senate, except Senator LaFolierte, who wears his hair pompadour. He is a deep student of legislative matters and, his health permitting, one of the hardest workers in the Upper House. During the tariff session he undertook to demonstrate to the Senate that the Washington. Nor can any other mem-bes of Congress in either house draw Despite the heat and the warning of

Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, who is every bit as big a man on the Republican side as Senator Clay is on the Democratic, is not only a farmer in the full sense of the term, but is also one of the largest livestock

but is also one of the largest livestock dealers in Wyoming. During the recent tariff session the "Senator was charged, because of his defense of the high duties on hides and meats, with being a livestock owner, but he declared to the Senate that he owned fract a cow a steer a horse, an ass or

limp, having been wounded in battle during the Civil War when serving with the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry. Incidentally, he is one of the few members of Congress who holds a Congressional medal of honor for gallantry on the field of battle, which medal he was at the size of Port medal he won at the siege of Port Hudson. It is therefore peculiarly fit-ting that he should now be the chair-man of the Senate committee on military affairs and that should have married Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, who made a com-mendable record in the Philippines. Still another Senator who is a farm-

er—to the extent of owning and run-ning a comparatively small sugar and rice plantation in his native state—is rice plantation in his native state—is Murphy J. Foster, of Louisiana.

Senator Foster first came into public notice a number of years ago by leading a fight in his state which put the Louisiana lottery out of business. Later, when he had become Governor of the state, a sympathetic strike threatened the bread, water and gas appropriate of the City of New Orleans. Louisiana lottery out of business.
Later, when he had become Governor of the state, a sympathetic strike around which some of the most hotly threatened the bread, water and gas supply of the City of New Orleans, fought out. Mr. Lee was born on he utters rolls distinctly against their



SENATOR TILLMAN, TILLER OF 4,000 ACRES. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARRIS & BWING



REPRESENTATIVE HENRY D.CLAYTON. OF ALABAMA WHO IS A LAWYER

Governor Foster carefully reviewed; a farm on the battlefield just four Governor Foster carefully reviewed a farm on the battlefield just four the situation and finally served notice; years before, and has ever since lived within its historic environments. He itla if the strike were not settled on a different basis within 24 hours. The strike was at an end before the time limit expired. In the Senate Mr. Foster has been an earnest advocate of the rights of the sugar and rice producers of Louisiana, making a careful distinction, however, between the producers and the so-called sugar trust. ducers and the so-called sugar trust,

Representative Lee's Historic Acres. One of the House tillers of the soil,

WILL IT BE CONSERVED?

as its permanent chairman, is a farm-er-lawyer. He has one of the most strenuous voices in the House. He cannot make a speech on any subject Gordon Lee, of Georgia, runs a farm in parlor tones, because his voice will on one of the most historic sites in not let him. Before he has uttered the United States. Every veteran of two sentences his "foghorn," as his the battle of Cflickamauga will readily colleagues call it, simply runs away

ear drums. The Alabaman is as go ear drums. The Alabaman is as good a lawyer as he is a farmer, and as a member of the House judiclary committee has made himself a which might land him on the Federal bench under a Democratic administrawell built, and his hair so nearly matches the baldness on the top of his head that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other leaves off.

Representative E. A. Hayes, who comes from California, paintages.

comes from California, naturally devotes his farming instincts to fruit-raising. No Californian farmer—or rancher—raises anything but fruit, al-falfa and "garden truck." Incidentally, Mr. Hayes is one of the richest mem-

fortunes of her sons. As he relates it, this mother was largely responsible for deference shown her by the people, as the purchase of the iron mines which well as by a great many of the officials he and his brother bought. In the face This made her a little nervous, and she of a not wholly favorable report these mines, Mrs. Hayes persisted

out her judgment. Incidentally, Mr. Hayes is one of the leading insurgents of the House. He is heart and soul with those Californians who prefer to see the Japanese remain a home, and now has a bill pending in the House providing for their exclusion Californian boasts one of the new dark auburn beards in Congress, and it is notorious that when this beard begins to wave in the atmosphere, something out of the ordinary is about to happen. Representative Victor Murdock's red hair and Mr. Hayes' dark red beard have led some of the regular Republicans in the House facetiously to dub the insurgents

"Farmer" Cocks, of Long Island. New York state has one full-fledged farmer in its delegation, Representative W. W. Cocks, whose ancestors settled on Long Island in 1642. Mr. Cocks represents the Oyster Bay district, and has for one of his constituents former President The-odore Roosevelt. He is familiarly known in the House as "Farmer Cocks" and is

the only member of Congress so nick-named. Mr. Cocks wears a wide-brimmed soft hat and squints his eyes as though the sun was constantly bothering him. He is not a speech-maker, but is one of the busy members of Congress on the quiet. The recent agitation in favor of making Theodore Roosevelt Speaker of the House of Representatives in the next Congress of Representatives in the next Congress met with a happy response from Mr. Cocks. He said he would be ready at any time to step out of Mr. Roosevelt's way if he wished to come to the lower House of Congress. As a matter of fact, it is not at all likely that Mr. Roosevelt would care to supplant Mr. Cocks, who is a close personal friend of his. So popular is the New York farmer in the House that his colleagues would not care to see him go. Mr. Cocks, however, cannot restrain a smile when anybody mentions to him the possibility of the former Presi-

not engaged in statesmanship, he likes to turn his thoughts and actions to a farm he owns with his former colleague and present close friend, ex-Senator Hemenway.

him the possibility of the former Presi-dent becoming Speaker of the House. He thinks it would be one of the best

okes he could possibly perpetrate on his

which the Speaker takes an active interest. In addition, about all the worldly goods the Speaker possesses is the result of well-considered purchases and sales in Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska farm lands.

is about the only "going" concern in

The Speaker takes great pride in his ability as a farmer. He was born and raised on a farm in North Carolina, and has never forgotten the rudiments of the game. Recently a group of Arkansas farmers called upon him to get his support for a bill providing for the drainage of farm lands in that state. As the prospect for the passage of the bill at this session was not any too good, the Speaker voluntarily undertakents. er voluntarily undertook to tell the Ar-kansas farmers how the Illinois farmers had overcome a similar situation. The callers were almost overwhelmed at the technical knowledge of farm drainage displayed by the Speaker, and they de-tained him for more than an hour talk-ing over farming in general. (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.)

Food Faddist Flabbergasted.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was congratulated in his office recently on the fact that he, like the poet Maeterlinck and other famous men, has taken to the

motorcycle. "And has motorcycling benefited your health?" his congratulator, a journalist, ventured to ask.

I think it has," Mr. Rockefeller replied. "I won't ask you, though, to take note of my clear eye and good color, or might find myself in the food faddist's

"A food faddist was lecturing to a large audience on the marvelous results to be obtained from chewing soup, or eating nut butter, or something of that kind. He was not a very imposing per-son physically, but, swelling out his chest, he slapped thrice with his paim and

'Friends, two years ago I was walking skeleton a haggard, miserable week. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me" "He paused to let his words sink in, snd a voice asked

Mistaken for a Queen.

A Washington woman had to cut short her visit in Spain last Summer because she was mistaken for the Dowager Queen, She had no idea she resembled that royal personage until, when alighting at a railroad station, she was greeted by offi-cials with marked courtesy and attenbers of the House, having besides his farm, iron mines in Northern Wisconsils and Michigan which are immensely productive.

Mr. Hayes has a mother who has had more than ordinary influence upon the fortunes of her sons. As he relates it, his mother was largely responsible for concluded that in these days, when royal e mines, Mrs. Hayes persisted in personages often are handed a bomb. "hunch" that they were valuable, the would cut short her visit to Spain and her judgment. .-Washington correspondence

The Comet Flower

I saw, one time, a beauteous flower. Of red and white and blue— The world his never seen such thing. Nor I, till then, have you? At night this plant prefers to smile. And close its oup by day;

to And close its cup by day; out It gathers thus the cooling dew lep- Its thirst to hide away.

I looked for some casis cool And searched the broad look-out There I descried the drowsy vine Looking for me? No doubt. I called my beast at once to kneel
And off I took my hat;
As I stood by this hermit queer
I felt constrained to that;

Red, white and blue, in stripes and bars, Its one broad petal bors, Fan-shaped, expanding from the stem Unknown in any lore.

Republics would be giad to find A bloom of three such hues. All blended in one blossom quaint. Their National Flower to choose.

The Queen of Holland would embrace With leaping heart the chance To plant its roots on Holland's dike Where North Sea spirits dance. I that of my United States.
Whose colors, three, I love,
Than that of divers countries r
Where these same float above

These colors are not ours alone: They flutter everywhere, From Democrat to King on throne, All love this triune fair.

I gave it, then, this lofty name:
"The Universal Flag."
My Arab stroked his beard, and said:
"It is a Comet Plant."

"The Prophet told of this same thing Six thousand years agone: The desert shall be lost to it A hundred years to come."

"Well, be it so," I then replied:
"If it delights to roam
The desert vast, the skies of night,
And has no social home,

"The Comet Flower it is, in fact."
We left it where naught mars
In empty space its life to spend
Beneath the distant stars.
ST. MARTIN.

