

# CONGRESS' NEW "BABIES"

Nine Members in Their Twenties or Under Thirty-two—Harvard Boy the Chief Prodigy of This Congress—Was a War Veteran at Sixteen, Campaign Orator at Seventeen and Candidate While a Junior—Quick Climbs by the Others—Spanish War Records and Direct Primaries as Factors.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—Of human prodigies, Harvard has long been our manufactory par excellence. The other month her 11-year-old Sidis was astounding his professors with lucid theses on the fifth dimension, and his contemporary, Wrenner, had been a phenomenon at the same age, as had her Truman Safford, who, also at 11, reduced by one-fourth the labor of calculating the time of moonrise and moonset. And among her many other prodigies of the past were Edward Everett, who while still in his teens, made his mark as an eloquent divine. So it is not surprising that Harvard has contributed to the present House of Representatives its new "baby" member—William Francis Murray, who is only in his twenties.



THOMAS F. KONOP (WIS.)

He men of Massachusetts and the country, developed strongly in him a natural aptitude for the science of government. "But he wisely spent his time from 16 on in gathering about him a family of his own flesh and blood, instead of a political family, like I have been gathering together since I was 20 and before."

"He never got his chance, therefore, to hold elective office in this country of his adoption that he so strongly loved. But he made up his mind that his first-born baby should have every opportunity that energy and industry and planning could give him."

Went to War at Sixteen.

"Well, I nearly broke his heart in 1898, when I was only 14, by enlisting in the United States Volunteer Signal Corps for the war with Spain. I served as private and corporal under Captain Thomas F. Clark, who returned from Cuba to become a candidate for the Boston Board of Aldermen."

although a native of South Boston, had been born there of Irish parents. This precocious Representative himself was born in Boston the 7th of September, 1881, 12 days before President Garfield died from the assassin's bullet. While he was a lad his parents moved over to Charlestown, his present home, where he entered the grammar school. But when he had finished here he went across the river every day to attend the Boston Latin school, where he entered the cadets.

Here he was saying his conjugations and shifting his little musket on the day when news came flashing over the country that the Maine had been blown up in Havana harbor. Murray was a tow-headed, blue-eyed stripling of 15 years, 4 months and 17 days on the day that our war with Spain began. With Irish blood in his veins and a knowledge of infantry tactics in his brain, he was not—despite his youth—a lad calculated to remain behind when McKinley called for volunteers.

After escaping both Spanish bullets and yellow fever at Santiago, he returned to Boston to be honorably mustered out and to return to the Latin School, a war veteran and a young gentleman with a political record—a prodigy which that institution welcomed with mouth agape and eyes staring. He was now commissioned lieutenant of cadets, the highest rank obtainable in the Junior year, and when a senior became colonel of his regiment, which had never before been commanded by a real soldier with a war record. He was also made manager of the school's baseball team and vice-president of the Hub's Intramural Baseball Association. And when he was graduated in June, 1904, he was 18. Then he went right into Harvard.

an event that would have made any other of the great "virgins" sit up and take notice. The spark of political ambition which William Murray the elder had implanted in his son's breast, had been fanned to a flame by Captain Clark and had continued to blaze during those four years. Young Murray was barely past his majority when nominated, and Father Murray was bitterly proud, though doomed to disappointment, for the youngster that Autumn suffered his first political defeat—his only one up to present writing. But William Murray, Sr., was thrilled with pride again two years later, when his namesake did three things within the stretch of a single season—received the stamp of a Harvard B. A., entered Harvard Law School, and succeeded this time to the coveted election to the City Council.

So this phenomenon of precocity sat in the law school and the city council at the same time for a two-year stretch, but his proud father died the year of his becoming a full-fledged attorney. That was in 1906, and there is much pathos in the fact that this paternal pride was denied the exultation of seeing the son win a nomination to Congress within four years and three months after finishing his education.

School to Congress in Four Years.

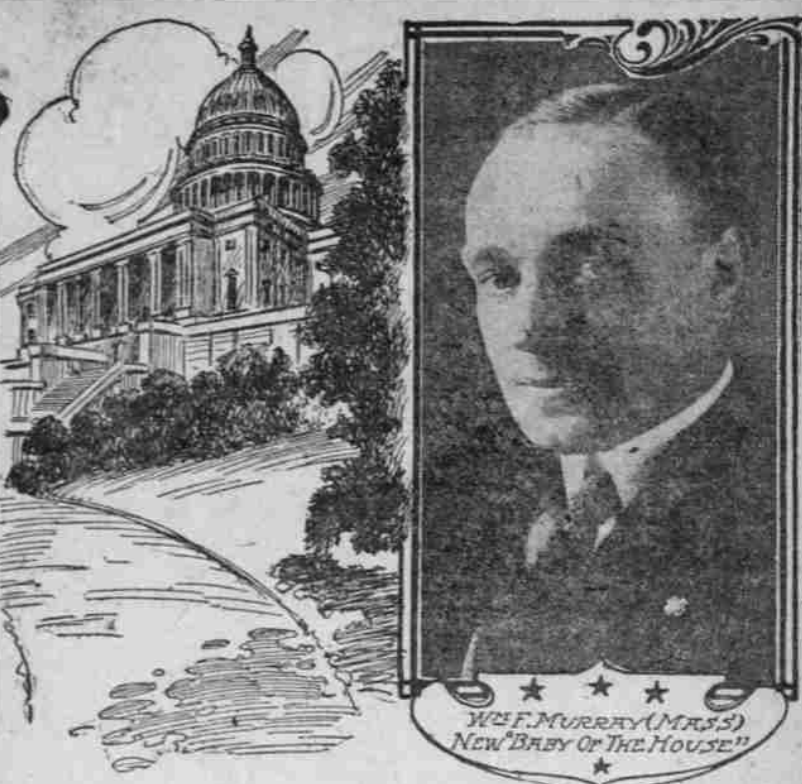
That is going some, you must agree—from schoolroom to congressional nomination in four years and one brief Summer! But what young Murray did within these four years makes the wonder of it grow the bigger. From the city council he went to the Legislature at 23, and after leaving the Legislature he jumped to the Governor's council when 24. The needs of only eight select men are thrust under the council board of the Governor of Massachusetts, and astute politicians declared that a "kid" like Murray could never make it. But he won, and was the only one of the eight belonging to his political faith. At that time Murray's district was

represented in Congress by John A. Kellier, a Democrat, who had been elected to eight years' service in the National House of Representatives. He was a tried politician, 15 years Murray's senior, and when he heard that a youngster in his twenties would try to flinch his party's nomination from him he went home and slept as usual. Last Fall Boston awoke in astonishment to read that the South Boston prodigy had made good his boast and "lifted" the nomination from Kellier. After he had recovered from the shock the veteran decided to run as an independent, thus starting a three-cornered fight.

It was a bitter struggle, and on the morning following the balloting the Hub got up early to see what had happened in the ninth district. That the "boy candidate" had beaten Representative Kellier by over 1600 votes was a rare morsel for old Boston to digest with his breakfast beans and crullers.

Another Yet in Twenties.

But Murray had quite a close shave in the contest for the honor of being the "baby of the House." Only nine days behind him in the running was Byron Patton Harrison, of Guilford, Miss., who was born August 29, 1881. This statesman, also still in his twenties, is one of the Harrisons of Harrison—his native county—Mississippi. After graduating from the state university at Baton Rouge, La., he was elected District Attorney at the age of 24, was re-elected and was serving in that capacity when elected to Congress last Fall. He is a product of the primaries, wherein he was nominated over two strong fellow-Democrats, whom he led in the first primary by 1500 and in the second by 3000 votes. His coming to Congress is all the more remarkable in that the far Southern States have always been noted for sending old and tried politicians to Congress. Unlike his fellow-prodigy, Mr. Murray, he is



W.F. MURRAY (MASS.) NEW BABY OF THE HOUSE

a married man, having taken a wife unto himself when he was 23. Murray, a Spanish War record was a factor in the political success of the third youngest of the new representatives, Sydney Anderson, of Lakesboro, Minn., who is 30. Although but 17 when our brush with the dons started, he shouldered his musket and went to the front as a private of infantry. After peace was declared he went through the University of Minnesota, studied law and started in practice. He, too, is married, and he is the father of two little Andersons.

Another Harvard Prodigy.

Another Harvard prodigy comparable to Murray is Robert J. Bulkeley, of Cleveland, O. He is a year and one month older than Murray and they were in Harvard at the same time, although Bulkeley was a junior when Murray entered as a freshman. And Bulkeley, at the age of 21, received his B. A., two years before Murray, at 22 received the same degree. After starting in at Harvard Law School, Bulkeley finished his legal education in Cleveland and then went back to Harvard four years ago to be made a master of arts. Before coming to this Congress he was never a candidate for anything except matrimony, in which campaign he was a winner two years ago.

The case of the fifth youngest of the new representatives, Thomas F. Konop, of Kewanee, Wis., is all the more remarkable in that he is a self-made man who had a harder struggle getting to Congress than any of the others mentioned. When 18 he became a school-teacher, but he was not satisfied with that. He saved enough to take a law course at the University of Nebraska. Having thus had to work in order to enter college, it is not surprising that he had nearly reached his 25th birthday when graduated with an LL. B. He had been in practice but a short time when his neighbors elected him teaching until the day of his county and two re-elections followed right along in a row. Only six years after earning his law degree he was nominated for Congress in a dis-

trict opposed to him politically, and it was an uphill fight, but he won by just five votes. He is now 21 and the father of four children.

Glancing at the rungs by which Claudius Ulysses Stone, the sixth youngest of these new Representatives, climbed, we come for the third time upon a Spanish War record, and are brought further up to the realization of how the present generation, like that going before it, seeks to reward military prowess with political honors. When this modern Ulysses commenced upon his warlike wanderings far afield he was a youth still in his teens. He left his home in Peoria as a Corporal of infantry, and after serving four months in Cuba and eight more months on his native soil he was mustered out to become a teacher in rural, village and high school, then, finally, in a small college. When only 23 his fellow-Proctor elected him County Superintendent of Schools, and he was directly afterward re-elected.

While teaching the teachers how to teach he studied law, but while still serving out his superintendency was nominated to Congress last Fall, at the age of 23. It is thought there was no hope to wait at home for this Ulysses while he was off to the wars, he wooed and won one when only 23. Just nine days before he is James F. Byrnes, new member from the fashionable Winter resort, Aiken, S. C. After finishing at the common schools he studied stenography, became an official court reporter, and when 24 began practice. After marrying at 27, he became solicitor of the Second Circuit of South Carolina, and when he took his seat in the House was only 31. All of these men are younger than Luke Lea, of Tennessee, the new "baby of the Senate," in all the more even dozen of new Representatives still under 40. And this infusion of so much young blood into our National body of Representatives, is principally due to the direct primary, although this was no factor in the sudden climb of "Baby Murray." (Copyright, 1911, by John Elfreth Watkins.)

# COL. CROWE touches AVIATION OUTLOOK

Wallace Irwin Sends the Colonel Up in an Aeroplane and the Man From Cripple Creek Goes Into the Tender Topic of Flying Quite in Detail.

WHAT can be more wonderful than man's conquest of the air? said I, looking up from the aviation column in the morning's newspaper.

planes, takes up five passengers, flies across England, circles three times around Parliament Building, re-crosses the Channel and finally lands on France. "How hard?" inquired Colonel Crowe. "Now look here, Colonel—" "Son, son," said the Colonel from Colorado. "I've been reading about them breeze-bustin' fellers suits some lately—in fact I get nearly all my aviation out of the newspapers. I guess that's about the healthiest way to take airplanes. Yes, sir! Got my head jam full of foreign words and other statistics—can tell the speed, endurance and distance records of our leadin' birdmen an' the exact height that most of 'em has been killed from. It's an entertainin' and unexpected pastime—as the couponer said when he helped the tenderfoot onto a wild bull."

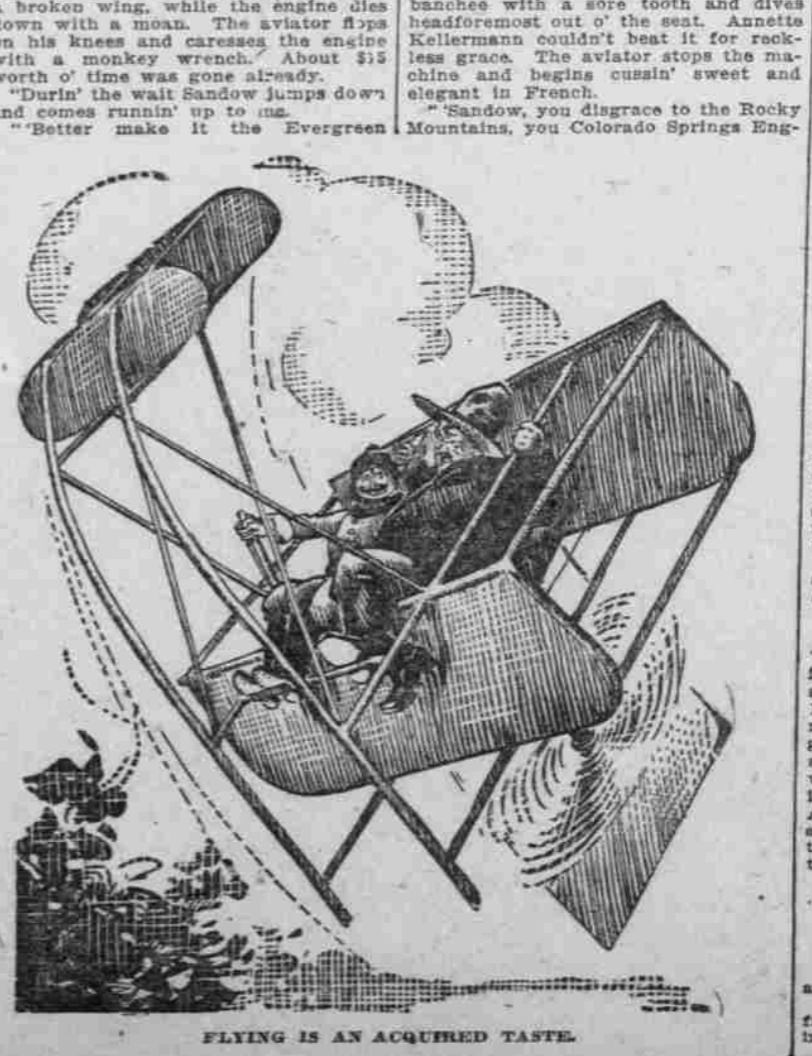
Cripple Creek hold his breath for eight consecutive minutes. "We sat in silence while the waiter refilled our coffee cups. "Up to yesterday I could say that I'd lived nearly 50 years and passed every minute of it on solid ground—barring the time I slipped off a ledge near Pueblo and took a cross-country bump of about 150 feet, hittin' eight cliffs on the way down and finally landin' brain-end first in a 40-foot snow drift."

boots and feelin' proud. When me and Sandow walk together it reminds folks of the Flatiron building sloppin' in the law school and the city council and other eccentricities me and Sandow is about equal, I guess. "Put Sandow on the side of a mountain, and he'll be a mountain, and there ain't no braver man in the West. Trouble is his specialty, murder his pastime. But get him inside the city limits of New York, and honest, I'm ashamed of Sandow. He's a motherless fawn. He's that afraid of automobiles that it takes me and two cops to make his head ache."

five minutes, and five dollars a minute for the rest of the time until the accident. "I ain't for myself I'm askin', says I. "I ain't selfish. But if you don't mind I think I'll blow my little friend here with ten minutes of aviation." "What, me? hollers Sandow, tryin' to escape. A minute later some swamper wheeled up a gentle, family airplane with wings back and a soft, affectionate look around the propeller. Sandow nearly faints away when he sees this.

Cometary, Leadville. I got an uncle buried there," says he. "Here's a lock of my hair, my Waterbury watch and bankbook. Hand 'em to my wife. I never treated 'er very well." "So Sandow gets back on his seat, tears tricklin' down his 60 necktie. I now calculated we'd used up \$27 worth of time and the trip hadn't begun to commence. The swamper gave the propeller another twist. There was a loud report.

lishman" said I. "I give you some lessons in high and lofty ridin'. There ain't nothin' that flies, walks or swims that I'm afraid to ride—now, dash or cyclone I'll hang on till hell freezes and the morning stars dry up."



"What's the baseball score?" "Oh, come off," said I, rather tartly, disregardin' his counter-questions. "Just look at this latest item from France. Here's a Belgian aviator who starts from Brussels in a giant mono-

"I was millin' along Pitt' avenue yesterday a-watchin' a suffragette parade and tryin' to think of some good excuse why women shouldn't vote, when who should I see a-doggin' teams and taxicabs like a wounded chipmunk but Sandow Jones, the handit of Soda Creek. I never see Sandow! Stands nearly five feet tall when he's got on high-heel

"What bellish contrivance is at Belmont Park?" asks Sandow. "Flyin' machines," says I. "Biplanes and triplanes and jack-planes—every imaginative sort of breeze-buggy they can think of. At the sight of these Sandow begun chewin' loco-weed and showin' the whites of his eyes. He says he'd start singin' 'br-r-r' and kick up the dust till she'd caught the breeze—then up she'd start in the general direction of Mars."

A Conversation Between Scientists. "Learnin' against a pile-on near the grandstand, we heard a couple of human birds talkin'. They was both Distinguished Aviators. Me and Sandow thought it would be a great privilege to hear two such famous scientists conversin' together on equal terms, just like the presidents of Yale and Harvard. So we edged close and listened.

"Durin' the walk Sandow jumps down and comes runnin' up to me. "Better make it the Evergreen Cemetery, Leadville. I got an uncle buried there," says he. "Here's a lock of my hair, my Waterbury watch and bankbook. Hand 'em to my wife. I never treated 'er very well."

"Rapid transit!" reflected Col. Crowe. "I'm workin' night and day inventin' new ways to make folks uncomfortable. Benz-Bitten automobiles goin' 140 miles an hour for the purpose of making the human carcass look like a grey streak. Big German gas-ships startin' out from Berlin to New York with 200 passengers and breakin' down in mid-ocean. Half the chauffeurs in America tryin' to rival Grahame-White and bein' showin' up of Duesenberg's more I use of airplanes the better I like 'em!"