

Characteristics of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts

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UNITED STATES SENATOR ALDRICH of Rhode Island walked up to his colleague from Massachusetts, George Frisbie Hoar, the other day and said:

"Senator, I congratulate you on being the new object of eager interest to visitors to the national capital."

The venerable representative of the Bay state beamed through his gold-rimmed spectacles at Mr. Aldrich.

"Why?" he drily questioned.

"Well," was the reply, "a dozen sight-seers from Providence hunted me up not an hour ago and asked me to point out to them 'Hoar, the trust buster.' And I've gathered in chats with other senators and many representatives that their constituents are daily imploring them to exhibit you in the role of 'octopus hunter.'"

One visit to the senate galleries is sufficient proof that Senator Aldrich was right when he told Mr. Hoar that he is an object of great interest among Washington's thousands of visitors. Any day in the gallery can be seen groups of two and three with heads together having Senator Hoar pointed out to them, gazing at him long and curiously, and discussing him in whispers or undertones. They seem to come just to see Mr. Hoar and, when they have taken him in to their heart's content, they steal silently away.

But if these same visitors knew that the venerable "trust buster," who generally disappoints them in his physical appearance, reads genuine yellow-back novels and ten-cent productions on the same order with all the avidity of a messenger boy or a giddy factory girl, perhaps they would gaze longer and with increased curiosity and wonderment. For truth to tell, Massachusetts' senior senator has this mental pastime and refuses to be separated from it.

Mr. Hoar's favorite time for reading these hair-raising productions is while traveling. Whenever he has a railway journey of any length to make he carries with him a pile of literature of the "Dead-wood Dick," "Red-Headed Ralph," "The Ranger of the Roaring Rialto" type. He reads the stuff through from first to last—never skipping a word—and gets the keenest enjoyment out of the plots and impossible characters. And he likes nothing better than to discuss with his companions the curious working of the human mind that can evolve such situations.

But this is not Mr. Hoar's only trait that amuses his legislative peers. When he is feeling in particularly good humor he keeps his neighbors in the senate in a constant titter of amusement by his sotto-voce comments on the proceedings.

His colleagues have a unique way of gauging his humor. It is by the manner in which he manipulates a bunch of keys that dangles from his fingers. When he is at peace with the world and everything is going smoothly with him Mr. Hoar swings this bunch of keys with an easy regular motion. If the swing should stop or become irregular, then there is a little tempest brewing in his mind. If he should tap his desk with the keys, then it is known that the views expressed by someone on the floor are displeasing to him. When he draws the keys up near his face and swings them in a circular motion, he is amused at the verbal antics of some of his opponents. But when he sweeps the bunch through the air in a long curve his colleagues know that he is disgusted and about to take the floor to reply to some displeasing argument or to reproach the senate for some proceeding not in accord with his ideas of propriety.

Unlike most of his colleagues in the senate, Mr. Hoar fancies no particular sport, and this, too, causes not a little good-natured chaff to be poked at him. He is neither a fisher nor a hunter. His tastes are quiet and his outdoor exercise limited to carriage drives and trolley rides. Every summer during vacation it is his habit to gather a company of his old cronies in Worcester, charter a special trolley car and go to the seashore at Gloucester, where they enjoy a fish dinner. The carload of old fellows go from Worcester to Boston, where they remain overnight. The next day they go to Gloucester, eat their fish dinner, return to Boston and, on the third day, get back to Worcester delighted with their outing.

These cronies are the senator's dearest friends, and are more numerous than his intimates in Washington, for this mild-mannered man, whose blue eyes beam so brightly through huge spectacles, has not made many close friends in his public capacity. This is due to the fact that he wields a free lance in debate and is as liable to wound a friend as a foe. He has a biting, sarcastic tongue, which, more than once, has made him personal enemies. These enemies call him selfish and disregardful of the rights and prerogatives of others.

He is a great stickler for the forms and courtesies of the senate as applied to others, but is more frequent in his violation of them than any of his colleagues. He has a habit of lecturing the senate on the proprieties, and this, too, has caused a feeling of resentment.

The brilliant Ingalls, whose wit and sarcasm often encountered that of Mr. Hoar, was not very friendly to the Massachusetts senator. During the Arthur administration Senator Hoar and his colleague, Senator Dawes, vigorously fought an appointment made by the president. Their feeling was

very bitter and it was reported that there might be a repetition of the Conkling-Garfield episode, when the New York senator resigned. When the possibility of Senator Hoar's resignation was mentioned to Mr. Ingalls, the latter derisively exclaimed:

"Senator Hoar resign? Not much. When it comes to that point he will rise in his place and present the resignation of Senator Dawes."

Senator Hoar cannot be called an orator, if oratory is eloquence. If, however, oratory is the art that holds the intent ear of the audience by the interest and power of argument, then Senator Hoar is a Demosthenes. His gestures are few and ungraceful. He usually stands with the points of his fingers resting on the desk in front of him and, as he grows emphatic, he teeters up and down on his toes, pumping out his words in a voice that is little more than a squeak. His most telling sentences and most cutting satire are delivered while he blandly surveys the senate through his spectacles with the air of a good old church deacon gently admonishing his brethren.

No one knows his limitations as a public speaker better than Mr. Hoar himself. When a young man it was his greatest dread that he could never succeed as a pleader in the law because of his lack of voice. What is now attributed to the weakness of old age really was always an affliction. He never did have a full-toned voice.

He had practiced law for several years and had been engaged in politics for quite a while before forced to make a public speech. During the great days of the free soil movement he found himself one time on the platform where Wendell Phillips presided over a large and enthusiastic meeting. That great apostle of anti-slavery and other orators of like note had addressed the crowd when there were cries for "George F. Hoar." The young man's heart was in his mouth, but he was forced to the front and made his first public address. His thin, penetrating voice did not fail him and was sufficient to convey thoughts and expressions that aroused the intense enthusiasm of the audience. Confidence came to him and from that day he never hesitated to speak in public.

Mr. Hoar is regarded by all his colleagues as an authority on history, language, literature and law. Disputed points on any of these subjects are usually referred to him. His decisions are rendered at once and regarded as final.

During the last few months of the service of William V. Allen, the populist senator from Nebraska, an amusing controversy arose between him and Senator Tillman of South Carolina over the pronunciation of the word "situs." Allen had given the short sound of "i" in his pronunciation, and Tillman jumped to his feet and insisted that it should be the long sound. He appealed to Senator Hoar as an authority on pronunciation. The senator diplomatically said that Mr. Allen undoubtedly knew that the word should be pronounced with the long sound of "i," but had probably used the short sound in order to save the time of the senate. As Allen was the champion long-usage talker and at one time had held the floor of the senate for fourteen consecutive hours, the subtle satire of Mr. Hoar was duly appreciated.

Outside the senate chamber Mr. Hoar's humor is as catching and as spontaneous as in it.

"Senator, I want one of your pictures for publication next Sunday," said a newspaper correspondent to Mr. Hoar a short time ago.

"Certainly," he responded. "Gariand, go and sit for the picture."

Answering the look of astonishment on the correspondent's face, the senator said: "I always have Gariand, my clerk, sit for my pictures, as he is a much better looking man than I am. When anybody wants my autograph, I have my other clerk, Goodwin, write it, for he is a much better writer



HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

than I am. When I am asked for my opinion on any subject I refer the interlocutor to my messenger, Doherty. He talks much more freely than I do."

This same Doherty has guarded the door to Mr. Hoar's committee room for almost a generation and is the senator's factotum. Someone, in describing him not long ago, referred to him as Senator Hoar's "Fidus Achates."

"Do you see what these newspaper men have been calling you?" said Senator Hoar, directing Doherty's attention to the paragraph.

"What does that mean, senator?" anxiously inquired Doherty, as he read to him—the strange expression.

"I would not like to tell you, Doherty, solemnly replied the senator.

Doherty immediately started out to discover the offending newspaper man, but in telling his troubles to a fellow employe he was enlightened as to the meaning of the Latin words.

"Senator, there was a fine editorial in this morning's complimentary of yourself," said a newspaper man the other day, intending to compliment the senator by calling his attention to the endorsement of a newspaper of opposite politics to those of the senator.

"What infernal mean thing have I done now that that paper should endorse me?" was his response.

As an after-dinner orator Senator Hoar has a wide reputation, but in the evening of life he seldom accepts an invitation to a formal dinner. He prefers the quiet of his own fireside, or the companionship of a few old friends at his own table.

He is adroit in the declination of invitations to dine, as was shown recently in sending his regrets that he would be unable to attend a dinner of the Gridiron club. The reason he assigned was this:

"I know I would be called upon for an address. Now, I always make an after-dinner speech in Greek and, as I understand your club speaks and understands nothing but Sanscrit, I would be out of place at the dinner."

In his personal character Senator Hoar is entirely different from the contentious disputant on the floor of the senate. He is a man of warm heart and loyal friendship. He likes and dislikes in superlative. A man is altogether good or altogether bad. If he is a friend to anyone he will go any length to serve that person and do so in the most unostentatious way.

With the law and politics as his chosen professions, Senator Hoar has achieved a high place and reputation in both, but his greatest delight and some of his most lasting work lie in the field of literature, historical research and antiquarianism. The happiest moments of his life are spent in his library at his home in Worcester, Mass. He has had it built adjoining his cosy home and there has collected a treasure of some 6,000 volumes of the most carefully selected books that his training and taste could suggest. In it are rare volumes and almost priceless manuscripts which represent a lifetime of correspondence and research in their accumulation.

He has a mass of historical documents relating to the early colonial days of Massachusetts and New England which money could not buy from him. He has a copy of the first bible published in America and a collection of rare books that came to him from his ancestor, Leonard Hoar, who was president of Harvard college more than two centuries ago. He has interesting relics in the form of letters and books from John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and books that were the personal possession of Washington Irving, Coleridge, Daniel Webster, Longfellow, the original

manuscripts of William Cullen Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," and hundreds of such rare and precious mementoes of great literary and political characters.

The senator lives in an atmosphere of history. His home in Worcester is built on property once owned by John Hancock, and every favorite spot in that neighborhood marks some historical character or event. Some years ago he purchased a little knob of land which he named Asnebumskit hill in honor of some old Indian brave. It is little more than a bare rock surmounted by a large pine tree, in which a pair of eagles built their eyrie. In pleading with the people of Worcester not to disturb the eagles, the senator recently penned a beautiful little classic dedicated to the glorious bird that had nested on Asnebumskit.

During the coming vacation of congress he will probably carry out a plan he has had in mind for some years, and this is the exploration of the island of Martha's Vineyard for the purpose of discovering whether or not it was the scene of Shakespeare's "Tempest."

The senator is much interested in the idea that Shakespeare's play was based on an account of the adventures of Explorer Bartholomew Gosnold, who, in 1602, spent a winter on an island off the coast of Massachusetts. This island is believed by some to have been Martha's Vineyard and a reading of the Shakespearean play shows topographical descriptions that might be fitted to it.

Pointed Paragraphs

Free lunch often proves to be the most expensive.

Any joy that isn't shared with another is of short duration.

No man is ever wholly unhappy until he is deprived of all hope.

A man isn't necessarily cool when he thinks of the price of coal.

Candidates who itch for office should be scratched by the voters.

She that will marry when she may, may not get a divorce when she will.

The golden rule is one thing no man should allow his neighbor to overlook.

At \$10 a plate a banquet may be appropriately termed a spread-eagle affair.

The advice a man gives is far superior to the advice he receives—so he thinks.

Any man who has no good reason for doing a thing has a good reason for not doing it.

Love may be a tireless worker, but it won't start a fire in the furnace on a cold morning.

Almost any man can look back and see where he missed getting rich by not following somebody's advice.

It is better to discover you have made a mistake after trying than to make the mistake of not trying at all.

What doth it profit a man to know that the fool and his money are soon parted if he participateth not in the parting thereof?

—Chicago News.

Nero's Merry Quip

And it came to pass during the sad, sorrowing days of ancient Rome that Nero set the city afire, watching the flames, Nero nodded white Rome burned.

"Why are you burning the city thus?" asked a courtier.

"Just to show those Pincetian trust magnates that I can have just as expensive a fire that way as if I burned their unguaranteed coal," shouted Nero.

"But why are you playing the fiddle to show your merriment?" persisted the courtier.

"Oh, I'm playing the fiddle because I've got too much sense to harp upon the coal strike!"—Baltimore Herald.



MEMBERS OF THE SUTTON WOMAN'S CLUB—Photo by Soderberg, Sutton, Neb.