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## Stories About the Late Senator Hoar

WITH a record of a lifetime devoted to the service of Massachusetts, of which little more than a third of a century was spent in national councils, the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar left a record of statesmanship, integrity and single minded devotion to the public weal rarely surpassed. His scholarship, his earnestness, his courage and independence are a source of inspiration and pride for his countrymen. His passing from the public stage brings out a flood of reminiscences, anecdote and story, reflecting the various characteristics of the man—his convictions, his courage, his satire and his humor. A few types, gleaned from many sources, are here presented.

When Mr. Hoar refused to support his party on the treaty with Spain which provided for the transfer of the Philippines to the control of the United States, and became one of the leaders of the opposition in the senate, there was a widespread belief that he would sever his relations with the republican party. His reason for remaining a republican was very frankly stated. He believed that the only way in which a legislator could accomplish anything in this country was by staying with one party.

"It is a fact," relates the New York Sun, that his strong personal attachment for President McKinley had much to do with his action in supporting the republican ticket in 1900. An interesting exhibit on this point is the following statement, dictated for newspaper publication by Mr. Hoar on February 9, 1900, and never before printed as coming from him:

"It is very well known to those persons who are nearest Mr. Hoar and most fully in his confidence that his devotion to the republican party and his personal attachment to President McKinley and his purpose to give him earnest support and to advocate his re-election have not in the least abated by reason of his difference with the president on the grave question relating to the Philippine islands.

"He thinks that if the republican party cannot be persuaded the case is hopeless. He says there are many more democrats in congress in favor of holding the islands than republicans against it. But one republican voted with him against the treaty, while nine democrats and populist senators now favor the president's policy. Probably the proportion of democrats in the house is still larger.

"He says the alternative of Bryan is not to be thought of for an instant, even if there were a thousand other reasons against it. Mr. Bryan earnestly labored with his followers to secure the passage of the treaty, when otherwise its defeat would have been certain. There would have been peace long ago and every desire of the opponents of the policy of subjugation would have been accomplished but for Mr. Bryan's intereference, which saved the Paris treaty."

**His Political Faith.**

Senator Hoar's political faith was embodied in a series of resolutions which he introduced in the United States senate on December 20, 1899, and which thus defined his idea of the mission of this republic:

"First—To solve the difficult problem presented by the presence of different races on our own soil with equal constitutional rights; to make the negro safe in his home, secure in his vote, equal in his opportunity for education and employment, and to bring the Indian to a civilization and culture in accordance with his need and capacity.

"Second—To enable great cities to govern themselves in freedom, in honor and in purity.

"Third—To make the ballot box as pure as a sacramental vessel and the election returns as perfectly in accord with the law and the truth as the judgment of the supreme court.

"Fourth—To banish illiteracy and ignorance from the land.

"Fifth—To secure to every workingman and for every working woman wages enough to support a life of comfort and an old age of leisure and quiet, as befits those who have an equal share in a self-governing state.

"Sixth—To grow and expand over the continent and over the islands of the sea just so fast, and no faster, as we can bring into equality and self-government under our constitution peoples and races who will share these ideals and help to make them realities.

"Seventh—To set a peaceful example of freedom which mankind will be glad to follow, but never to force even freedom upon unwilling nations at the point of the bayonet or the cannon's mouth.

"Eighth—To abstain from interfering with the freedom and just rights of other nations and peoples, and to remember that the liberty to do right necessarily involves the liberty to do wrong, and that the American people has no right to take from any other people the birthright of freedom because of the fear that they will do wrong with it."

**He was Belligerent.**

After the Paris treaty had been sent to the senate Mr. Hoar remained away from the White House. He did not go there for months.

The occasion for his first visit after his long absence was the presence in Washington of a distinguished Englishman who was returning home by way of the United States after a visit to the far east. He had spent some time in the Philippines and was anxious to tell President McKinley of conditions there.

The Englishman knew Mr. Hoar and asked the Massachusetts senator to present him to the president. After some hesitation Mr. Hoar agreed and duly appeared at the White House with his friend.

The meeting was not apparently embarrassing to either the president or the senator. After some conversation with the Englishman Mr. McKinley turned to Mr. Hoar and asked:

"Well, senator, and how are you feeling?"

"Well, Mr. President, I am feeling a little belligerent," was the response.

This brought a laugh from Senator Frye, who happened to be in the room at the time.

"A little belligerent," Mr. Frye said, with emphasis on the second word. "Well, I should say so."

Mr. McKinley smiled, too, and then he said earnestly:

"Well, Mr. Hoar, whatever you believe and say, I still believe in you and love you."

This tribute from the president pleased Mr. Hoar greatly. He told the story many times to his friends as it is given above.

**Courageous Stand.**

When the American Protective association agitation was at its height in Massachusetts in 1895 Senator Hoar was one of the few men who openly combated it. He really destroyed the political power of that organization with his courageous stand. Having been attacked by the leader of the organization he addressed to him a remarkable letter, in which he asked him a great many questions. One of these was:

"Is it your opinion that General Philip H. Sheridan, were he living, would be unfit to hold civil or military office in this country? Or that his daughter, if she entertained the religious belief of her father, should be disqualified from being a teacher in a public school?"

The concluding paragraph of Senator Hoar's letter read:

"The American spirit, the spirit of the age, the spirit of liberty, the spirit of equality, especially what Roger Williams called 'soul liberty,' is able to maintain herself in a fair field and in a free contest against all comers. Do not compel her to fight in a cellar. Do not compel her to breathe the dank, malarial atmosphere of dark places. Especially let no member of the republican party, the last child of freedom, lend his aid to such an effort. The atmosphere of the republic is the air of the mountain top and the sunlight of the open field. Her emblem is the eagle and not the bat."

One can almost see Senator Hoar in his woodland retreat in Worcester gazing lovingly at his eagle circling over the tree tops as he penned these lines.

**A Shot at Senator Hoar.**

Senator Hoar was regarded by all his colleagues as an authority on history, languages, literature and law. A dispute once arose between William V. Allen, the popular senator from Nebraska, and Senator Tillman of South Carolina, over the pronunciation of the word ad infinitum. Allen had pronounced it with the short i, and Tillman insisted that it should have the long sound, and 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 i, but that he had probably used the short sound in order to save the time of the senate. As Allen holds the record as the champion long distance talker of the senate, and at one time held the floor for fourteen consecutive hours, the satire of Senator Hoar was appreciated.

**Pocketed the Knife.**

The venerable Yankee was the unconscious hero of an incident which marked the commencement exercises at the state university of Iowa last year. The senator delivered his address in a tent and his manuscript threatened to blow away.

Colonel George R. Burnett of the United States army borrowed a knife from Rev. Dr. George L. Cady, chaplain of the university. This, as an improvised paper weight ,the colonel placed upon Senator Hoar's manuscript. At the close of a particularly eloquent period Mr. Hoar's hand came in contact with the knife, and he thrust it into his trousers pocket. The audience, having noticed the incident, burst into laughter. The speaker said something about the "jester never seeing the point of a joke," and proceeded with his address.

Later the senator was reproached by Dr. Cyrus Northrop, president of the University of Minnesota, for "preaching honesty to the boys of Iowa and then setting them such an example of misappropriation." Then the affair was explained, and Senator Hoar drew forth the "borrowed" knife and a knife case as well. The latter contained an exact duplicate of the instrument he had taken.

Senator Hoar had carried the duplicate of the borrowed knife continuously ever since he received it, forty years ago, from his wife.

**Catching and Spontaneous.**

Outside the senate chamber Mr. Hoar's humor was catching and spontaneous.

"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. "Garland, go and sit for the picture."

Answering the look of astonishment on the correspondent's face, the senator said:

"I always have Garland, my clerk, sit for my picture, 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 than I am. When I am asked for my opinion on any subject I refer the interlocutor to my messenger, Doherty. He talks more freely than I do."

This same Doherty guarded the door to Mr. Hoar's committee room for almost a genation, and was the senator's factotum. Some one, in describing him not long ago, referred to him as Senator Hoar's "Titus 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.

**Tripped Up on the Bible.**

Senator Hoar knew the Bible from cover to cover and drew on it for philosophy and illustration with great facility. One of his most striking uses of it was when a southern senator denounced him one day for "resurrecting the bloody shirt." Mr. Hoar made no denial, but retorted: "The only point is—here is the garment, and my question to this country is the same that Jacob's children put to him when they took to him the blood-stained coat of Joseph: 'Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no!'"

Only once in a great while was he caught tripping in this field. One such occasion was while the senate was discussing the Chinese treaty of 1881. He quoted against the exclusion policy St. Paul's declaration: "For God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth."

Senator Miller of California exclaimed: "Go on—quote the remainder of the sentence."

"There is no more of it," said Mr. Hoar.

"Oh, yes, there is," rejoined Miller; "for the apostle added to the words which the senator has just quoted, 'and hath determined the bounds of their habitation.'"

**His Favorite Dish.**

In his private life Senator Hoar was simple in the extreme. New England dishes, baked beans, fishballs and the like were what he most liked. To each successive boarding place he went he carried a careful list of recipes of these dishes, and insisted on their presence. He once related with much glee the conversation that had recently taken place between two southerners, the first of whom had but lately returned from a trip through New England. Said the first man from Dixie to his friend:

"You know those little, white, round beans?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "the kind we feed to our horses."

"The very same. Well, do you know sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little, white, round beans, boil them for three or four hours, mix with them molasses and I know not what of other ingredients, bake them and then—what do you suppose they then do with the beans?"

"They—"

"They eat 'em, sir!" interrupted the first southerner, impressively. "Bless me, sir, they eat 'em!"

**Yellow-Back Diversion.**

No other senator of Mr. Hoar's standing lived so simply as he. In Washington he did not keep house. Hence, of course, he did no entertaining, and took small part in the social life of the capital. Indeed, his tastes led him very little in the direction of companionship with his fellows. His leisure usually found him in the dimunutive study for which he contrived to find space in his quiet lodgings. His favorite subject was history. But he read something else besides history—genuine, yellow-back dime novels. Mr. Hoar's favorite time for reading these hair-raising productions was while traveling. Whenever he had a railway journey of any length to make he carried with him a pile of literature of the "Deadwood Dick," "Red-Headed Ralph," and "The Ranger of the Roaring Rialto" type. He read the stuff through from first to last—never skipping a word—and got the keenest enjoyment out of the plots and impossible characters. And he liked nothing better than to discuss with his companions the curious working of the human mind that can evolve such situations.

Like the late William M. Evarts, who lived to a good old age, Mr. Hoar was a testimonial to the beneficial effects of the rest cure.

He never took exercise. Other hard-working senators, who took their constitutionals in walking between the capitol and their homes, wondered how Mr. Hoar was able to stand so much indoor intellectual labor without physical recreation.

Mr. Hoar always rode, usually in street cars, between his residence and the senate. When he wanted the air, he went out in his carriage.

His pleasures were essentially mental. Just upon an adjournment of the senate he was asked what he was going to do that summer for recreation.

"Rest in my library and read Greek," he said. It was his idea of a royal good time.

**Father of Technical Education.**

A little more than a year ago senator Hoar was in Chicago and visited the Armour institute, where he talked to the students.

"I feel as if I were talking to 1,200 of my grandchildren," began the venerable senator. "Probably you do not know it, but I believe and take pride in the belief that I am the grandfather of technical education in the United States. I made the first address in behalf of such education. It was delivered before the Massachusetts legislature years ago. I wish to defend the honor that I feel in being thus a pioneer in the field in which you labor.

"Andrew D. White heard that I claimed to have made this first speech, and he wrote me saying that he though he was the fore-runner. He sent me the speech he made and I mailed him mine, which bore a date three years earlier that that marked on his. I don't wish to appear egotistical, but I say what I have said because I am justly proud."


## Rise of Pa Rourke Our Pennant Winner

GUS SCHMELZ—and don't you all remember Gus and the lovely bunch of whiskers he wore—is primarily responsible for the winning of the pennant for Omaha in the Western league base ball race of 1904.

For, if it hadn't been for Gus Schmelz Papa Bill Rourke might never have become our manager, or, for that matter, the manager of anybody in the base ball world. He might have remained a big, husky roller of barrels and tumbler of boxes and crates in the vegetable market at Columbus, O., and the base ball world would have lost one of the greatest of strategists known to the game. Bill was a lively youngster of 18 and had been tearing up things around third base for a semi-professional team at Columbus, what times he was not busy juggling potatoes and cabbage on the market, when Schmelz pointed out to the manager of the Muskego, Mich., club that Rourke was a coming wonder. And here began the long and successful base ball career of Papa Bill. This was in 1881, and for twenty-four seasons he has been identified with the game in a way that leaves no doubt as to his interest.

His professional debut was made with the Muskego club against Cleveland in the spring of 1881, and he made good; in fact, some of the older fans down around the mouth of the Cuyahoga recall with delight the afternoon a black-haired youngster made fourteen assists and four put outs at third base in one game, and that without a blunder. Many of us who were not there on that day can recall the lightning work of Bill Rourke in the days when he still played third. He was quick and accurate, and had a "whip" that still remains true and serviceable, and the batter got little by giving him any sort of a chance.

**When Pa Was a Boy.**

From Muskegon in 1883 Rourke went back to his native city and in 1884 played third for the Columbus Americans, this being his only experience in a big league. In 1885 he played with the Zanesvilles in the Ohio State league and helped with the pennant; in 1886 he was with Duluth in the Northwestern and again helped win a pennant.

In 1887 he came to Omaha and played third for the Omaha team in the Western league, and the next season he was with the Lima, O., team, and again helped to win a championship. In 1892 he was one of the owners of the Grand Island team in the Nebraska league, his first experience as a team owner. In 1893, after the State league had come to grief, he came to Omaha, determined to go further east to engage again in base ball. Frank Bandle induced him to stay in Omaha, and in 1894, associated with Dave Rowe and Tom McVittie, Rourke was interested in the Omaha team in the Western association. In 1895 he owned the Bloomington, Ill., franchise, which was later transferred to Cedar Rapids, Ia. In 1896 Rourke played his last ball with the team at Birmingham, Ala. For three years he was a traveling salesman for the Lorillard Tobacco company and in 1899 came back to Omaha for good. The Western league was forming that year and he saw a good opening.

Associated with Buck Keith, who had been managing the Original team of semi-professional players, Rourke went into the Western league, and made a success from the start. Just before the opening of the season of 1900 he bought out Keith's interest in the team and is now sole owner of the Omaha franchise and all that goes with it. He has been one of the leading spirits in the business of the league, as well as on the ball field, and to him more than to any other man the Western league owes the fact that it is in existence today.

**Pa as a Diplomat.**

Without recounting again a story The Bee has told several times, it will do to say that when George Tebeau and President Hickey decided to wreck the Western league in the fall of 1900, Rouke stood out against their plans, because he felt bound in honor to the other members of the league who would be losers by the deal. He knew then and he knows now that he would be a loser, financially and otherwise, through his loyalty, but he had given his word to his associates in the business, and could not break it. He was offered a tempting sum of money, more than he valued his franchise and plant, if he would sell out, but declined to do so, and by his unswerving honesty he saved the Western league from extinction. He opposed the warfare that followed, but after the war was started, he opposed ending it on the terms that were finally accepted. In this way he incurred some bitter enmities among interested base ball men, but he made for himself a name worth more than money in the base ball world. The magnates of the country now know that Bill Rourke's pledge is made to be redeemed, and that he places his honor above price; something that is rare enough in the base ball world.

His personal achievements have been known to base ball men all over the country, but outside of his immediate circle of close personal friends he rarely says anything about what he has done. As a matter of fact, he has trained some of the most famous players now in the business. Ned Hanlon of the Brooklyn team modestly accepts credit for teaching John J. McGraw the game, but the truth is that "Muggsy" has won the National league championship by putting into use the precepts instilled into his mind by Bill Rourke when Bill was owner of the Cedar Rapids team and McGraw was breaking into the business. Joe Kelley, who was McGraw's partner on the old Baltimore team, and who is now making a fine mark as manager of the Cincinnati Nationals, is another pupil of Rourke's, getting his first knowledge of the finer points of the business while playing left field for Omaha on the old "cigar box" field in 1894.

**Pa as a Chaperone.**

And the big league rosters are full of names of men who had their first instruction while working with or under Rourke. Many of these have gone up from Omaha, and every one of them has "made good." In the National league Rourke has the confidence of such men as Hart of Chicago, Dreyfus of Pittsburg, Robison of St. Louis, and Hermann of Cincinnati. Managers on the lookout for material come to him for information, and Western league players who have been taken into the big league during the last four years have all gone there with a recommendation from Rourke.

Among the players he is immensely popular. First, he is an easy man to work for, and sometimes easily worked; that is to say, when a ball player is willing to play ball, and to play according to the notions of this recognized general of the game, he gets along without friction. The team that has just won the pennant for Omaha was a happy family all summer, and when the last game was played the players looked forward to separation with decided feelings of regret. As most of them will be back in Omaha again next season, the parting is only for the winter. Each is intensely loyal to the team, having caught the spirit from their leader.

Another thing that has endeared Rourke to the players is that he is always ready to assist them when in trouble. He pays good salaries, and a player sick or injured during the season is never docked. "Advance money" is always forthcoming, and in every way Rourke shows that his heart is not all in his pocketbook, and that he has the players' welfare in mind as well as his own.

**Pa as Himself.**

About his own share of winning the pennant this season he is modestly reticent, giving full credit to the men who worked together so well under him. "Every man on the team was in the game to win all the time," he says, "and each was willing to play the game all the time. That is all there is to it. Give me a good pitching staff and players who are willing to work, and the rest is easy." But outsiders who know the game know that the victory is due to the magnificent leadership the team had from the bench. It takes a strategist to plan and carry out a base ball campaign, just as it does a military campaign, and in this instance Rourke was the general staff of the Omaha forces in the field. He planned the attack and the defense in each game, and his men executed his plans, and so well did they do it that after he had the youngsters drilled into his way of playing ball, they simply ran away from the rest of the league. It is to Bill Rourke's great baseball mind that Omaha owes the second pennant won by a Gate City team.

W. A. Rourke was born in Columbus, O., in 1863, and celebrated his forty-first birthday by winning a double-header from Colorado Springs on the Omaha grounds one day last August. He is called "Papa" Bill by the "fans," but that is the only claim he has to the title, for he has never married. His mother and sister make a home for him in Omaha, and with them he is content. He is interested with his brothers, David and James, in other enterprises than base ball, but gives his undivided attention to the national game, allowing his brothers to conduct the affairs of the farm and the packing plant they own together.

## The Royal Personages at the Grand Coronation of Ak-Sar-Ben X.

THE culmination of the annual Ak-Sar-Ben festivities is the grand ball. This affair is always brilliant not only from the coronation of the king and the selection of the queen at the standpoint of decorations and illuminations, but also from the participation of the leaders of the best society not only of Omaha, but of surrounding towns in Nebraska and Iowa. The distinction of being chosen to serve as king and queen is, therefore, a much coveted prize.

### The King

The role of Ak-Sar-Ben has this year fallen to Mr. Charles H. Pickens, well known in social and business circles. Mr. Pickens is one of the newly installed members of the Ak-Sar-Ben governors and as such has earned by his work in its behalf the distinction conferred upon him.

### The Queen

The queen for the tenth year of the reign of Ak-Sar-Ben is Miss Ada Kirkendall, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman P. Kirkendall. Miss Kirkendall has not yet made her social career, being about to enter upon it with a debut the coming season. The wearing of the crown at Ak-Sar-Ben's night of splendor is sure to emphasize the position of prominence which she would, even without it, have occupied in the younger social set of this society.

THE QUEEN—MISS ADA KIRKENDALL.

THE KING—MR. CHARLES H. PICKENS.

## Prattle of the Youngsters

The carpenters were repairing the house and their language was not always of the choicest. One day, however, 5-year-old Dick used a word that was not any too select. His mother heard him, and, drawing him aside, explained to him the meaning and that it was swearing.

"But," returned Dick, "it is in the Bible."

"When used in the proper sense it is all right," replied his mother. "It is the abuse and not the use that is wicked."

Some days after Dick came in from play wringing his hands and wailing piteously. He made straight for his room and would see no one. That night, when bed time came, he called, "Mother, come here. I have something to tell you." Oh, oh! I've said something so wicked, and I can't sleep until I tell you." At this he bellowed and begged for forgiveness.

"Hush, dear, and tell mother all about it."

"Oh, I—I—(sob, sob), said anointed."

Nancy's mother had been explaining to her that the word "nigger" was extremely vulgar and that she wished her little daughter to say "negro." A few days later she asked Nancy if she knew who had brought home the laundry.

"Yes," replied Nancy, with dignity, "it was a nigger—o."

Three-year-old Freddie was digging a hole in the dining room wall, for which he received a sound spanking. The next day he began again on the hole.

Exasperated, the mother cried, "All right, Jack Frost, you come in through the hole and nip the naughty little boy."

Ten minutes later she was astonished to see her little son working at the hole with cap and mittens on.

"But, Freddy, dear, why have you your things on?"

"'Cause," he answered stolidly, "Jack Frost isn't doin' to bite me."

Little Miss Daisy was undergoing a certain form of punishment which was particularly unpleasant to her.

"But," remonstrated the kind but elderly friend, "why don't you apologize to your dear teacher for what you have done, and then she will forgive you and it will all come right again."

"Well, the reason I don't apologize to my teachers," she returned in a confidential tone, "is because it spoils them."