

DO YOU KNOW WHY THESE MEN BECAME SENATORS?

WHAT requisites of character are essential to a man being a Senator of the United States? What process leads him to the exclusive upper house in Congress? How much does the average man know of the strong men on the all important committees? Often even the names of Senators are unknown to the mass of the people. This second one of Mr. Hill's series on the "Little Known Men of the Senate" will clarify the public mind about four forceful, strong men from widely scattered sections of the country. It is worth reading—every line.

By EDWIN C. HILL.
Special Correspondence to THE NEW YORK HERALD.
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"MY son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." So said Solomon, a very successful sinner for the times. It is advice taken to heart by the Hon. Samuel Morgan Shortridge, one of the very newest Senators we have. He hails from the notoriously modest State of California—modest because Californians admit that Heaven may be slightly superior in little comforts, music, streets and so on; also because there appears to be no record of Japanese having got by St. Peter. These qualities of modesty are markedly reflected in Shortridge, Californian to his fingertips.

Let us treat ourselves to a glance at this newcomer in the most exclusive club in the world. He rises like Tamalpais as he ranges through Shakespeare to flatten the impudent guerrilla fighter Pat Harrison over in the Democratic Bad Lands. Some inches above six feet, Shortridge is so spare, so economical of flesh that he seems even more altitudinous. Tall and neat. Not a wrinkle in his expensively simple habiliments. Every button precisely balanced. If a theorem in algebra could take the form of a man it would instinctively transmigrate to the junior Senator from California.

This California Senator Might Boom Out Hamlet

Whiskerless, bald and dark of complexion, funereal of aspect, a very tomb of humor, it might seem, he suggests a mortuarian in wealthy circumstances about to deliver Hamlet's Soliloquy. You can fairly hear the booming plaint: "To be or not to be: that is the question . . ." All of which goes to show that you never can tell, that things and United States Senators are not always what they seem. For Brother Shortridge owns a pretty humor, something dry, it is true; touching tolerantly upon the satirical, but still humor, the only true test of gravity, the ancients

Samuel Morgan Shortridge, junior Senator from California, typical of his State.



groomed, painfully neat, meticulously precise, has had hard knocks in his time and has given them. He might not now be able to lick a blacksmith in a standup fight, but he has done it. He comes by the ministerial bearing honestly, for both father and grandfather were preachers of the rugged doctrines of John Knox. Next to the tariff, Shortridge respects Presbyterianism. Maybe the doctrines run neck and neck in his mind, or it may be that Presbyterianism is a little ahead. No matter. You got a notion of the substantial stuff the man is made of. His father died when the Senator was a boy and left nothing except a good name. Then as now, in spite of the late Mr. Morgan's aphorism, good names are not always convertible into cash. Young Shortridge had to get out and hustle instead of improving a mind well worth attention. He moved to East Salem, Ore., at 13 and in odd hours picked up a little schooling working as janitor at the school where his mind got its quick lunches. That was his first public office. One that he recalls, it may be said, with pride. He was a good janitor. Without the slightest intention of making a jest, Shortridge maintains that the qualities that make a good janitor are useful in making a good Senator.

Not desiring at that tender age to be elected Senator from Oregon, Shortridge went to Nevada and tried his hand at gold mining. The gleaming was small, and more

Shortridge of California, Bursum of New Mexico, Heflin of Alabama and Ernst of Kentucky Present Interesting Figures in Washington, Yet Their Earlier Careers Afford Additional Sidelights on How They Advanced

Here is Holm O. Bursum of New Mexico, once a Sheriff, now a United States Senator.



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prospecting in California failed to put him upon the road to riches. In the mines he learned blacksmithing. In the recent Senatorial canvass in California Shortridge spoke in a mountain town where the electors prided themselves upon frankness. At first they didn't take enthusiastically to the tall candidate in the frock coat, and a big man at the back of the house yelled: "Hey, you! When California sends a man to Washington she wants a regular man." Shortridge waited just the proper minute, then dropping the veneer of civilization, barked back: "What do you work at, you in the back there?" "I'm a blacksmith, if you know what that is," came the reply. "All right, Mr. Fresh," said the candidate. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you. When this meeting is over I'll go with you and this crowd to the nearest blacksmith shop and if I don't hammer out a better horse-shoe than you can make and in less time I'll get off the stump." And that was all of that.

Taught School, Studied Law, Made Fortune in Thirty Years

Moving to San Jose, Shortridge went to school again and lit the town's gas lamps in hiatuses of the inconstant moon. Thereafter he taught school, prepared himself for the law, practiced for thirty years and made a fortune. He is one of the best Bible students in the Senate and a Shakespearean scholar of parts. There are two books he takes with him wherever he goes, the Bible and Shakespeare.

Another of the new and lesser known Senators is the junior from New Mexico, Holm O. Bursum, who succeeded Albert B. Fall when the President called Fall to head the Interior Department. Politically, Fall and Bursum don't speak as they pass by, but that's something else again. Both are big, upstanding men who have lived the rugged life of the old Southwest and know the feel of a six gun swinging at the hip. Speaking of Fall, one hesitates to allude to a member of the Cabinet as a "gun man," but even at his age and rusty from dishabit Fall can snake a revolver from its holster and get it upon a target before you can wink an eye. Bursum is said to be pretty good at that swift drawing. He had to be in the old days of the bloody feuds between stock raisers and sheep men, and he improved the knack when he was Sheriff of Socorro county, the biggest county in the United States, according to ex-Gov. George Curry of New Mexico, now Senator Bursum's private secretary. Bursum is another one of those figures in the sedate and dignified Senate who has lived a regular hell bent for leather motion picture life.

He is 51 now and extremely prosperous. When he moved from placid Iowa, from Fort Dodge, where he was born, to uncivilized, violent New Mexico, the rampaging New Mexico of the early '80s, he was much slimmer and not at all prosperous. In these days he is a big, slow, plump, slow spoken statesman in a frock coat, weighing more than 200 pounds and standing a little more than six feet in his shoes. His Swedish extraction is plain in more than his name and his cool, gray eye conveys a hint of resolution.

He went into New Mexico and Socorro county in the long gone by, rough and ready days, when he was a lean, hard, desperately ambitious boy, willing to take long chances for big rewards. He began with mules. For some time he was a mule skinner and freighter. Knowing how to keep his hard earned dollars, he traded in mules, accumulated a flock of the useful animals, traded mules for sheep, sheep for more sheep, and eventually got solidly into the sheep business. Nowadays he owns 16,000 head and laments, along with other sheep men, the sad fall of prices of wool upon the hoof.

At the time that George Curry himself was Sheriff of Lincoln county, New Mexico, Bursum was Sheriff of Socorro, and the two, who became close friends in those days, were constantly chasing bad men back and forth over the boundary line. If Curry got a killer on Bursum's side nothing was said about legal formalities, and if Bursum nailed his man on Curry's side of the line they forgot all about red tape. Later on Bursum was appointed warden of the State prison in old Santa Fe. He hadn't held down that lid very long when the convicts, dissatisfied with their boarding house and craving elbow room, broke loose by preconcerted arrangement. For two minutes it was touch and go whether there was to be a general prison delivery and a few dead

guards or whether Bursum was man enough for the job. Without hesitation he walked directly up to the ringleader, slapped his face, snatched his gun away from him, covered the lesser devils, gave the guards a chance to rally and broke up the party. He got into politics in 1894 and eventually landed in the Senate and in the Republican National Committee, another rather exclusive club.

"Tom Heflin" Is the Name Calling for This Alabama—

James Thomas Heflin of Alabama—"Tom" Heflin to the Senate as he was to the House—is a new figure on the Senate side, but before arriving in that celestial company he had served in nine Congresses. He is the best story teller in his new company, and rather likes to be referred to as the best dressed Senator. Competition is not particularly keen, but perhaps Heflin may be entitled to the distinction. Big, almost burly, getting visibly stouter and pinker, Heflin is one on whom good living has left its mark.

In dress, as in oratory, he leans a little to the style of the Southern statesman of a past time. His collar is almost a stock, and the suggestion is strengthened by the extreme width of the black satin bow tie which rides about a double breasted, low cut, cream colored waistcoat frescoed with large pearl buttons. Over this lovely expanse falls a broad eyeglass ribbon of black silk, and with a glint of gold and a shirt stud of precious stones we have our Alabama Petronius. Of course he wears coat and trousers. I didn't mean to suggest otherwise. The coat is a flowing frock with poetic, almost Byronic lines. The trousers would never be called pants even in Louisa, Randolph county, Alabama, whence Heflin sprang. Whatever they would be called by the natives it wouldn't be pants. There is a touch to these nether garments suggesting the boulevardier of Paris—a jaunty something—if you follow me.

Looking Tom Heflin over you are persuaded that he must have fought a duel or two in his time, and are much chagrined to hear him disclaim experience on the field of honor. Through a dozen campaigns, fought with the venomosity of political engagements in the South, Heflin has fenced only with his tongue. He admits to 52 and he has been in lively politics for thirty years. His story telling knack popularized him on the hustings and has got him out of many troubles and into many offices.

Heflin's True Stories Make a Certain Hit

"Did you ever hear the story of old Uncle Rufus?" Heflin asks this writer. "Well, Uncle Rufus was cared for down South by the white folks that had owned him before the war. Sentiment and sympathy led them to make it pretty easy for the old darky. He lived on the fat of the land and was the sage of the whole colored population. He got a good deal of his prestige, as darkies often do, out of his ills and ailments and general woes. He was 'allus feelin' polly,' always about to shuffle off, but somehow he clung to life or life clung to him very strongly. "Uncle Rufus liked to pray out loud

about his ailments, liked to throw his voice out so that the other darkies could hear him tell the Lord how poor a thing life was, and at prayer he could be heard for half a mile any still evening. Some of the little white boys crept up to Uncle Rufus's cabin one evening while he was telling the Lord all about it, saying, 'O Lord, de ol' niggah been heah a long time. His stimp' is growin' feeble. His eyes is growin' dim. He can't hardly heah no mo'. Full of pains and aches, Lord. Why you all keep de ol' niggah heah? Ol' niggah t'ad of dis world. Ready to go to glory lan'. O Lord, send down a band of angels to take old Rufus home!' One of the little white boys rapped hard with his knuckles at Uncle Rufus's door. 'Who dat?' Boy said huskily: 'Band of angels, Uncle Rufus, come to take you to the land of glory.' Uncle Rufus replied, quick as a flash: 'You'll have to excuse me, but Uncle Rufus don't live in this settlement.'

"How was that one?" said Heflin. "Well, it always goes well in Alabama, you Yankees don't know a good story when you hear one. I'll give you one more chance before I take up the cares of state. Also down in Alabama is a country roadhouse, kind of tavern, where they always serve hash. Hash morning, noon and night. The proprietor calls it rabbit hash, but it is notoriously a country with few rabbits, and he is too stingy to import this fish. Anyway, he always has hash. So up I stroll one day and say, 'Look here, Jim, what kind of hash is this, as man to man. What do you put in it?' He says: 'Well, to tell you the God's truth, Tom, it's fifty-fifty hash.' 'What do you mean, fifty-fifty hash?' I ask him. 'Tom,' he says, 'It's fifty-fifty rabbit and horse—one rabbit and one horse.'

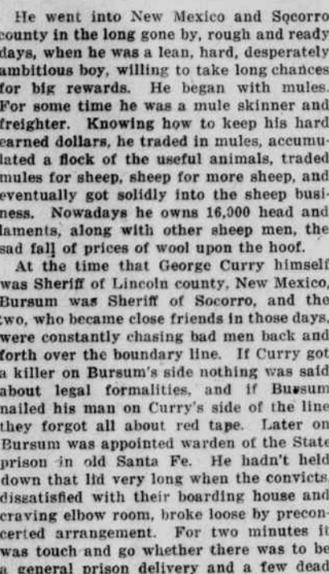
Kentucky Has a New Senator Who Believes in Miracles

Richard Pretlow Ernst, new junior Senator from the highly esteemed State of Kentucky, is a profound believer in miracles. Any Republican who gets elected to Congress in Kentucky has to be. Mr. Harding's wiles and allurements, now exerted upon the more or less Solid South, may change all that, but for the present the statement stands. Republican officeholders are accidents. They get in under a suspension of the game laws. Possibly Dick Ernst himself may be listed under the head of exceptions to the rule. He won his Senate seat by using his head. He got in because he knows the mountaineers. They are Republicans, these quaint and interesting folk, locked with their Elizabethan speech and customs in the mountains of east Kentucky, but they are very temperamental about voting themselves and very doubtful about the custom the "furriners" have invented of permitting women to cast the ballot. Your Kentucky mountaineer believes that a woman's place is in the home and that she ought to be "whopped" if she departs from it.

Understanding these notions and realizing that his margin of advantage over J. C. W. Beckham was going to be slim, if anything at all, Ernst went himself into the mountains and worked shrewdly upon the mountain pride of the highlanders. He convinced them that the despised lowlanders were depending upon the vote of their Democratic women to carry the State for Cox and to elect Beckham, and that it was their patriotic and manly duty to see that the mountain women got to the polls to vote for Harding and his humble self. The result was that on election day the trails down the mountains were alive with gaunt mountaineers riding mules and horses, their womenfolk pillioned behind them, and it was their heavy vote which gave Ernst a handsome margin over the Democrat who got his opportunity when Gov. Goebel was shot to death by a squirrel hunter in the State House yard at Frankfort.

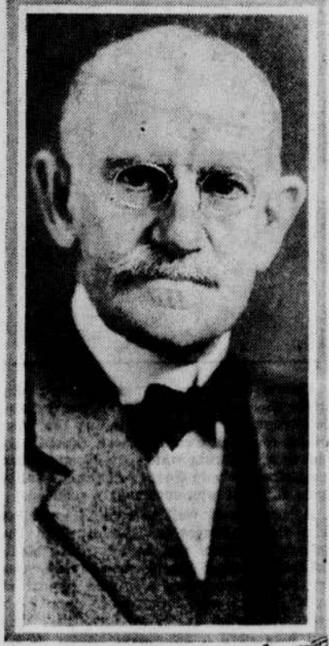
Ernst is of medium height, slim, well groomed and getting pretty gray, at the age of 63. He practices law in an office in Cincinnati, Ohio, across the yellow Ohio from his old home in Covington. He went to Center College, newly famous through the titanic exploits of its football team, and got his law at the University of Cincinnati. He is well to do and spends a good deal of money in the mountain country in college work and other ways of improving the mental and material state of that rugged people.

James Thomas Heflin, better known as "Tom" Heflin, Alabama's new Senate figure.



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Kentucky's junior Senator is Richard Pretlow Ernst, elected by his mountaineer friends.



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Winning the Virgin Islanders by Good Books

By DANIEL HENDERSON.

ONE night in the autumn of 1919 I prowled with a companion through the streets of San Juan, heedless of a heavy tropical rain. The dark faces peering out at us from strange, faintly lighted houses were disconcerting. Suddenly a well lighted building gleamed comfortingly against the night. A closer inspection brought us the still more welcome view of books and magazines outspread for all comers.

It was the public library. There were no barriers to one's entrance—the entire front wall had been removed. One had only to take a step from the pavement to be among books. Yet, hospitable as it was, we were chilled to find that the readers were all absorbed in Spanish books or periodicals. For two decades San Juan had been an American city, but we do not seem to have conquered the language or thought of the people, and, failing in this, the place appears almost as foreign to Americans as if it were a part of the Spanish kingdom.

I went from San Juan to the Virgin Islands. Here, although the atmosphere suggested Denmark, I heard the English tongue spoken by every one. This was true in spite of the fact that there were scarcely any English books on the islands, although with a fine hurrah the American people had purchased this territory and undertaken to divert this isolated people from their European and provincial habits of thought into the main stream of American ideas and ideals.

One of these islands, St. Thomas, so colorfully pictured at the height of its prosperity by Gertrude Atherton in her novel "The Conqueror," was formerly a port of storage and transshipment for European merchants who traded with South America. This ocean traffic naturally brought the island closer in interest to Europe than to the United States. St. Croix, her neighbor, somewhat out of the track of ships, remained more self-contained and self-supporting, though her Danish rulers took care to implant a knowledge of Denmark in the natives. Scholars of premise in the primitive schools were rewarded by trips to the Danish kingdom. Native leaders who needed to be awed or cajoled were summoned to the Danish court. To the people of the Virgin Islands a "trip" meant going to Europe. The United States was as foreign to them as Iceland is to us.

By some miracle, as if destiny had fore-

Library Lady of the Red Cross Opens New Field of Thought for Uncle Sam's Latest Wards

seen that the islands were at last to come under American control, the tongues of these people kept the speech of the early British possessors in spite of later Spanish, French and Danish ownership. With a common language as a foundation, with English taught in the primitive schools, with newspapers printed in English and with a population quick and eager to learn, the problem of establishing bonds of interest between the homeland and these territories seemed an easy one—but books should be the chief means, and there were few American books.

In the hospital at Frederiksted, St. Croix, I passed through a dark basement room that had no furniture except an old table. Upon this was piled a collection of books and periodicals so old and worn and ragged that it was unbelievable that they were still in circulation.

I found further that there were no encyclopedias in the primitive schools, and that even the school directors were forced to go without reference books. There was not even an English dictionary available for public use.

Happily, a tremendous change has been wrought since then, and no one need fear that the Virgin Islands will be as backward as Porto Rico in absorbing American principles. To-day three public libraries have been opened by Americans in St. Thomas and St. Croix; travelling libraries have been provided for the schools, and ships that make their headquarters at St. Thomas have been supplied with books. More wonderful still, these improvements have been accomplished mainly by the young folks of the United States. The "library lady" of the Red Cross, representing the young people of America, opened the magical gates of literature to a people who sat in darkness.

American Young Women Go to Organize Libraries

From the National Children's Fund of the American Red Cross \$10,000 was appropriated to found libraries in the Virgin Islands. This gift came almost entirely from the Junior Red Cross of the United States. Another organization cooperated—the American Library Association. It supplied librarians, secured gifts of books from indi-

viduals and superintended the purchase of the books that were to fill the library shelves.

"Will you go to the Virgin Islands and organize libraries there?" the Red Cross asked Miss Adeline Zachert, then superintendent of the extension division of the Rochester Public Library and now superintendent of school libraries for Pennsylvania. Miss Zachert, who knew as little about Uncle Sam's new possessions as the rest of the American people, was intrigued by the romance of the proposal and answered, "Yes." Miss Eleanor Gleason, a trained library worker, volunteered to go along.

The two women arrived in St. Thomas toward the close of last year. They found, in addition to the books supplied by the Junior Red Cross, nearly 3,000 books which had been secured as gifts by the American Library Association from the Navy Department, the Newark Public Library and the school division of the New York State Library.

Things move slowly in the tropics. A month after the library commission was organized in one of the islands no shelving had been secured by its members. In desperation the librarians used the American Library Association's packing cases for shelves, wardrobes and writing desks, placed one above the other. The cases formed good temporary shelving; single boxes were useful for seats; a combination of boxes formed a table.

In addition to classifying, cataloguing and arranging the books it was necessary for the "library lady" to convince the native population of the islands of the benefits to be obtained by using the libraries. With a suitcase full of books she attended meetings in churches and labor unions. The natives were dignified and self-contained and sat unobtrusively as the eager librarians, displaying her wares much in the same way that a traveling salesman exhibits his samples, appealed for their support. When her talk was over they still remained seated. The "library lady" stared at them, wondering what to do next. "The priest said maybe you would tell us a story," one of them ventured, naively. The "library lady"

plunged into a tale intended for children, but saw men and women drinking it thirstily. After this experience she had little doubt that her books would "go."

On another occasion Miss Zachert found herself sandwiched in between a Charlie Chaplin film and a hair raising mystery serial. It was hard under such circumstances to arouse interest, but by displaying beautifully illustrated volumes and by using the wiles of an agent selling a subscription set of books she succeeded.

At last the libraries were ready to be opened to the public. The rooms were spacious and newly painted, and enticing books hid the makeshift shelving. The children's books were new and fresh and alluring in their bright bindings. In the main reading rooms groups of men stopped in front of the shelves marked "Useful Arts," "History," "Travel," &c. Another group listened eagerly to an explanation of a chart or inspected the exhibit of West Indian lore displayed on the centre table. Harry Franke's book, "Roaming through the West Indies," had a prominent place.

Library Established in Hamilton's Boyhood Home

The opening of the library in Christiansted, the place of Alexander Hamilton's boyhood, was especially notable. The ceremonies took place in Government House, to which 600 persons from the town, from nearby villages and from sugar plantations came on foot or by motor car, horseback or oxcart. There are no modern lighting facilities as yet on the island, so hundreds of candles were secured and placed in beautiful chandeliers more than a century old, the prisms of which doubtless dazzled the eyes of the lad Hamilton as he ran in and out of the hospitable homes of Christiansted. A portrait of Hamilton faced the audience. Rows of beautiful old mahogany chairs lined the room. The Navy Band, in immaculate white, played patriotic airs.

The librarian had learned that the Virgin Islands were constantly being stirred by social, religious or political factions. But her experience as a librarian had extended over many years. She knew that a library was the most democratic of institutions. She knew that in it people of different creeds, color, race and politics could meet on common ground. With faith founded on experience she believed that the divergent interests of the islands would be blended in these library rooms and that influences would go out from them to a simple minded, receptive people that would bear fruit in good citizenship. Her faith has been vindicated.