

U. S. Presidential Candidates

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S HOME IN WASHINGTON.
(Copyright Fawcett Wash.)

Robert Marion La Follette, United States senator from Wisconsin, is probably the most picturesque figure among those Republican leaders who are under consideration for the presidential nomination this year. Senator La Follette, who is liberally endowed with the divine gift of oratory and is the possessor of a magnificent voice, is generally classed as an ultra radical in the Republican cohorts, but he will not for a moment admit the justice of the appellation. Whatever be his status, there is every reason to believe that La Follette in his ideas and ideals is more nearly the counterpart of Roosevelt than any other man now in public life.

The absolutely unconquerable spirit of La Follette, his determination and the impossibility of discouraging him makes the Wisconsin leader a particularly interesting figure, not only with reference to this national convention, but in connection with other similar gatherings in years to come. There is a lurking suspicion that if he does not get what he wants this time it is more than possible that he will come off victorious four or eight years hence. Indeed, a prominent La Follette supporter not long ago remarked that the Senator's friends were playing the present political game with one eye on the situation of 1908 and two fixed upon the exigencies of 1912.

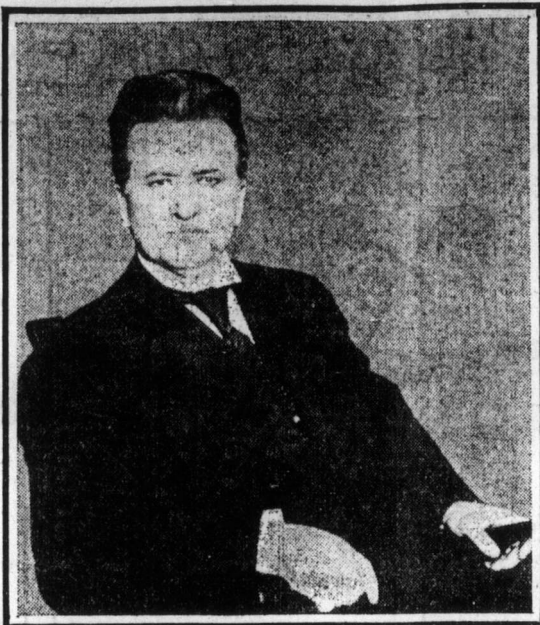
For an illustration of how things work out under the spur of La Follette's persistence it is only necessary to hark back a few years to the spectacle of the Wisconsin leader and his lieutenants, discredited before the Republican National Convention and their places given to the members of the contesting delegation from the state. Did this bit of juggling on the part of the party leaders put a damper upon the ambitions of the newcomer from the Northwest? Not a bit of it. The people of his state elected him governor and then senator, and now nobody hears any talk of throwing the La Follette delegates out of a national convention.

It must not be supposed that be-

cause so much emphasis has been placed on La Follette's grim, never-say-die spirit he is in any degree lacking in those other qualifications upon which political greatness is built. It is a question, however, whether optimism of the La Follette brand is not the greatest asset any political leader could possess. Mrs. La Follette remarked the other day that she had known her husband ever since childhood, and that she had never known him to be discouraged. To be sure he has had plenty of defeats in his give-and-take, rough-and-tumble political warfare. Indeed, he was thrice defeated in the gubernatorial fight ere success came. But he never accepts a defeat as final.

Senator La Follette is a younger man than most of his rivals in the Republican race. He is only three years past the half century mark, and good for 50 years more, he says. La Follette's whole life has been a fight—much the same sort of inspiring fight that has characterized the career of that other big man of the Northwest—Gov. John Johnson, of Minnesota. Like Johnson, La Follette is a native of the state that has given him political preferment, and this is rather unusual in the territory beyond the Mississippi, where, up to date, at least, many of the political plums have gone to men who have emigrated from the East.

The father of Robert M. La Follette died when the latter was in the cradle. From earliest boyhood the youngster felt the world's rough hand holding him to the necessity of continual hard work, and this, in a measure, explains Senator La Follette frequently quoted remark that he has never in his whole life had much time for recreation. At 14 years of age young La Follette



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.
(Copyright Fawcett Wash.)

was a farmer and the head of the family, and at 19 he went to college, and supported himself by all means of

ing elected district attorney of Dane county, Wis., in 1880, the very year he was admitted to the bar. Although almost every political victory La Follette has won has been prefigured by a defeat, he has in reality had a rapid rise. As has been explained, he was only 25 years of age when he was elected district attorney; at 29 he was a member of Congress, and at 45 was governor of the state. It speaks volumes for La Follette that he has been re-elected to every public position he has ever held. La Follette was in Congress as a representative from 1884 to 1890; was first elected governor of Wisconsin in 1900, being re-elected in 1902 and again in 1904; and was elected to the United States Senate in 1905, taking his seat the following year.

The keynote of Senator La Follette's personal policy in politics is to refer everything direct to the people. In his home State of Wisconsin, instead of creating a party machine, as he has done with the utmost ease, he took the control away from the bosses and put it in the hands of the people. In consequence, no person, not even La Follette himself, can become the political dictator of Wisconsin. This was eloquently attested not so very long ago, when the Republican primaries overwhelmingly voted down the very man La Follette had advocated for governor.

Senator La Follette is comparatively a poor man. He has a modest little home on a 60-acre farm bordering one of Wisconsin's beautiful lakes three miles from the city of Madison, but he does not begin to be as well off financially as he would have been had he stuck to the practice of law. Indeed, La Follette has been obliged to raise money for his political expenses by lecturing during the summer.

He made \$17,000 that way three or four seasons ago, but such has been the growth of his popularity that an increase of three or four times that amount would be assured to him for the summer of 1908 if he decided to take the platform. One of the secrets of La Follette's tremendous popularity with Chautauqua and other audiences is that not only has he something to say that is worth listening to, but, in addition, he is one of the greatest orators American has produced. A genius was lost to the stage when La Follette entered politics. If he could have had the benefit of somewhat greater stature it is not too much to predict that he would have proven the greatest Hamlet the world has ever seen.

The home life of the La Follette family is nothing short of inspiring in its democracy and in the atmosphere of companionship between parents and children. There are four young people in the household, Miss Fola, the eldest daughter, inheritor of some of her father's talent, and despite her youth has already made a pronounced success on the stage. Second in the family of children is Robert, aged 12; then comes Philip, aged 11, and finally Mary, aged 8. Mrs. La Follette, who prior to her marriage was Miss Belle Case, of Wisconsin, is a refined and womanly woman but is more thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of American politics than the average man. She has been a partner in every La Follette political project and a coworker whose advice has been highly valued.

WALDON FAWCETT.



THE SENATOR AND HIS FAMILY.
(Copyright Fawcett Wash.)

JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK

have thus far been confined almost exclusively to the State of Missouri, his achievements as a "reformer" are known all over the world and there is more than a grain of truth in the statement made sometime ago that his name represents the English language is spoken. Governor Folk's personal appearance is suggestive not so much of the masterful in executive administration as of iron determination in all that is undertaken. He is a man of no more than medium height and somewhat stockily built, but his every mannerism betokens immense reserve power and the piercing dark eyes that look through nose glasses carry conviction of their owner's fixedness of purpose.

Joseph W. Folk was born in the town of Brownsville, Tenn., where his father for years practiced law, being recognized as one of the leading lawyers of the state. Incidentally, it may be noted that Governor Folk ought to be able to enlist the support of a number of states because of blood ties with several of the leading commonwealths in the South. His father, although most of his life was spent in Tennessee, was a native of North Carolina, and Governor Folk's mother, Martha Estes Folk, was of Virginia stock. The boyhood of Governor Folk was spent in his native town of Brownsville, where he attended the public schools and, after the fashion of most boys in the smaller cities and towns, worked hard at various occupations after school hours and during vacations.

Upon the completion of the common school course young Folk entered Vanderbilt University, where he studied law, graduating in 1880 at the age of 21 years. Returning to his home town he practiced law there for a year or

more. He was meeting with success, but restless ambition impelled him to seek the greater opportunities of the largest city in that section of the country, and he accordingly removed to St. Louis, where he practiced in the civil courts and soon built up a large and lucrative practice.

When Attorney Folk had established himself in St. Louis and had accumulated the funds to establish a modest home, he returned to his native town of Brownsville and was married to Miss Gertrude Glass, the sweetheart of his boyhood. Mrs. Folk is a very attractive woman, who has ever been her husband's inspiration and counselor. She is distinctly domestic in her tastes and devoted to her home, but has put aside any possible personal preferences and risen to the responsibilities of the wife of a public man with the result that the executive mansion at Jefferson City, Mo., has known its most hospitable regime under her direction.

The year in which he was married saw Mr. Folk's first active participation in politics, and during the campaign of 1896 he made a number of speeches for the Democratic ticket. He next came prominently before the public of the Middle West in connection with the great street-car strike, which in the summer of 1900 paralyzed business in St. Louis. When the situation seemed hopeless Mr. Folk was appealed to by the strikers and succeeded in settling the dispute and bringing an end to the strike. In October of that year Mr. Folk was nominated by the Democrats for circuit attorney, and this turn of his affairs eloquently illustrates how fate will sometimes take a man's affairs in hand and direct them more wisely than he could himself.

Mr. Folk did not want the nomination nor the office, because seemingly there was little glory connected with it, and as for financial rewards, he was making more in his practice than the new position would pay. On the other hand, the Democratic managers had not been much more anxious to give him the nomination than he had been to have it, and had done so merely because almost all the other places on the local ticket had been given to "gold Democrats," and it was felt that the Bryan wing of the party with which Mr. Folk was affiliated should have some representation. However, Folk's friends finally persuaded him to accept, and he was elected by 3,000 majority.

Attorney Folk was not sooner settled in his new office than he commenced an investigation of election frauds and secured a number of indictments against fraudulent voters. When the political bosses remonstrated with him for prosecuting Democratic ward heisters, he uttered the now famous epigram: "One who violates the law is not a Democrat; he is not a Republican; he is a criminal." When the bosses urged that the indicted men had voted for him, he replied: "Then they made a mistake if they supposed I would violate my oath of office. They will be prosecuted the same

as anyone else." As the result of Folk's crusade seven of the election repeaters were convicted and sent to the penitentiary.

Next the fearless public attorney went after bigger game—namely, a corrupt gang of public plunderers which had held sway in St. Louis for years and whose members, despite the fact that they openly bought and sold laws, were so powerful that no legal official had ever before dared attack them. When the courageous young lawyer went after these evildoers in high places every imaginable influence was brought into play to induce him to desist, but all forms of persuasion, from the pleadings of his timid personal friends to the threats to dynamite his home, failed to shake his determination, and Folk went ahead uncovering deal after deal, until more corruption was laid bare than ever before in the history of the world.

The Folk "housecleaning" in St. Louis resulted in the conviction of many men of great prominence, including a millionaire political boss and wealthy capitalist, and, by serving as a powerful object lesson, it was largely responsible for that wave of reform and graft prosecution which has swept through the country during the past few years. Having purified St. Louis, Mr. Folk turned

his attention to state matters; forced a lieutenant governor to resign and secured convictions that showed many senators and representatives to be involved in the most disgraceful corruption. Incidentally Folk secured a treaty between the United States and Mexico covering bribery, the securing of which many men would consider a life work.

His reward for all this was election to the governorship by a plurality of more than 30,000 votes, although at the same election the Republican candidate for president carried the state by 25,000. Governor Folk's admirers declare that if he is not given a place on the Democratic presidential ticket in 1908 he will be selected as United States senator from Missouri. Governor Folk's dominant trait may be said to be his capacity and liking for hard work. When encrossed with a task he loses all realization of time. Governor Folk is a member of the Baptist Church and a very regular attendant at divine services. His favorite form of exercise is a long horse-back ride, in which he indulges every day, and his vacations are occasional short hunting and fishing trips in Missouri.

WALDON FAWCETT.

Wigwag—Do you think that joy ever kills? Henpeck—Well, I once heard of a man who died two days after his mother-in-law.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSEPH W. FOLK.
(Copyright Fawcett Wash.)

He Never Called Again

"George!" she cried. "How glad I am to see you! Sit down, George." He sat down on his favorite chair in the corner and regarded her closely, for there was something in her manner and in her tone that vaguely disturbed him and warned him and would not let him rest.

"Dear George!" she murmured. "What a nice boy you are!" And saying so she drew her chair near to him and gently took his hand. "You'd better not," he cautioned her, fidgeting on the chair. "Your mother may come in."

For reply she tenderly squeezed his hand, and looking at the clock, exclaimed, "It's a quarter to 8."

"So it is," said George. "A quarter to 8."

"They're just beginning to start for the theatres!" she cried.

"Yeh," said George. "Lemme see, I haven't seen you since the week before Christmas, have I? Did you get my picture postal wishing you a merry Christmas?"

And it is only due to his sex to say that he looked shamefacedly down his nose and coughed.

"George," she said, "Listen, dear—he started as though stung with a bee—you've been coming to see me now for over a year and your financial outlay to date has been a picture postal card and a one-cent stamp, and, George, she continued with a gesture that stayed his answer, "I love you for it!"

She squeezed his hand again. "You are not a spendthrift, dear!" she exclaimed in low, vibrating tones, "you are a wise, sensible boy; you know the value of money, and, Oh, I love you for it!"

"You—you mustn't," he stammered, trying to withdraw his hand.

"I cannot help it!" she moaned. "My heart is crying out to me 'Your love for George will never die! Your love for George will never die! Oh, Oh! what can I do?'"

"You—you must forgive me," he groaned, "you must think to yourself that we never have met!"

"Dear boy!" she whispered, "so careful! So saving! Oh, who could help loving him!"

And if ever one looked as though he was cursing his fatal gift of beauty, that one was George as Fanny sat there a-keeping him in his corner and a-squeezing of his hand.

"George," she breathed, "this is leap year."

He almost got out of his corner then. "Yes, dear, leap year. And in leap year, you know, a girl has a certain privilege which is denied her in other years. Dear George!"

"You—mustn't," he gasped.

"SWEET GEORGE!"

"Miss Mardy! Fanny! You must stop!"

"My DARLING boy! If the girl uses her privileges and meets with a refusal the gentleman must buy her a silk dress, but oh, my heart would break—my heart would break!"

"Do I hear some one com—"

"George, listen! I couldn't take a refusal! I should die, and yet there is something in your manner which leads me to believe that I should have to be satisfied with the dress. If I could only take my mind off the subject and think of something else I wouldn't ask!"

She looked at the clock again. Ten minutes to 8. Ten minutes to 8. What do you think of my new theatre gown, George? Oh, George, I cannot forget it! Tell me, dear, will you—"

"Let's go to a show, then!" he dismally cried.

She ran for her hat and coat and was back in no time. He helped her with her coat and it may have been an accident, for his finger touched her under her chin.

"How dare you, Mr. Perks," she cried, turning on him like a lioness brought to bay.

And cutting short the incoherent cries of the flabbergasted Mr. Perks, she cried: "Shall I, after all, ask you to mar—"

"No, no, no!" he cried. "No, no, no!"

"Very well, then," she laughed. "Come along!"

And as for Mr. Perks, Mr. Perks went along.—New York Evening Sun.

Woods From British Possessions.

A remarkable exhibition of various timbers is on view at Toxteth Park, Liverpool, collected at the instigation of Sir Alfred Jones, and shipped from Liverpool to Liverpool. There are 400 distinct varieties of wood, all of which grow in different British possessions and Colonies in Africa. These timbers possess various qualities; some when only struck lightly with the knuckle of the hand give forth a fine musical note, some take a high polish and have beautiful figuring, and others are so light that they feel like pieces of cork instead of solid woods.

Hard Work "Scalping."

They say we are having a creeping bull market.

The brokers who are waiting for business to start up call it Sitting Bull market.—Boston News Bureau.

Neuralgia In the Face

Long standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Headache and Neuralgia. What hosts of people seek for cure of these ailments.

And in vain. Because they are misled by going after medicines which only relieve.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is not a mere relief for headaches and neuralgia but is a thorough cure in the only way these troubles can ever be really cured—by restoring the nervous system. Mrs. James Glancy, 714 Water street, Peterboro, Ont., states: "I was troubled more or less with severe headaches and neuralgia for nineteen years. Besides suffering I was useless as far as work was concerned. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up my system generally and made a thorough cure of my old trouble. It made a thorough cure of my old trouble. It succeeded in my case after a great many treatments had failed."

Neuralgia and nervous headaches are always an indication of exhausted nerves. Make the cure thorough by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers or Edman Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author on every book.

15 Year's Agony

Could Not Eat Meat or Vegetables

The life of a Dyspeptic is a life of torture. The craving for food—the burning pain after anything substantial is eaten—like monotonous diet of gruel etc.—make the sufferer often long to die.



Avondale, N. B., Oct. 15, '07. I have been a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation for about fifteen years. I was forced to deny myself all such hearty food as beans, meat, potatoes and other vegetables and could not drink tea or coffee. For the last two years I have lived on oatmeal porridge, stale bread, etc.

In June, 1907, I saw the testimonial of Hon. John Costigan and I concluded to give "Fruit-a-tives" a trial. I had nearly four boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," and they have made me feel like a new man altogether. I can eat all kinds of hearty food without suffering and am not at all constipated. I recommended my brother, Hugh Brown, to use "Fruit-a-tives" for chronic constipation, and he has been greatly benefited too.

(Sgd.) Lemuel A. W. Brown.

Letters of gratitude like this are received daily at the offices of "Fruit-a-tives" Limited. People are glad to testify to the great benefits they have received from taking these wonderful tablets, made of fruit juices and tonics. They will help you. Begin to-day to take them. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price, a box—6 for \$2.50.

"Fruit-a-tives" Limited, Ottawa.

Fatal Blow.

It was the leading lady's birthday. "I don't care for any expensive presents," she hinted. "If you would send me a rose for each year, why—"

But leading man jumped two feet in the air.

"A rose for each year!" he gasped. "Why roses are a dollar each and I only have \$4 to my name."

And that she never spoke to him except during the play.—Chicago News.

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HOME OF GOV. FOLK AT JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

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