

INCIDENTS IN CAREER OF SENATOR FAIRBANKS.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

The nomination of Senator Fairbanks for the Vice-Presidency has served to recall the fact that the senior Senator from Indiana was one of President McKinley's most trusted advisers in the trying days which preceded the Spanish war, and on many occasions in that brief but stirring period. It was commonly reported that "Mark Hanna slept at the White House," just before war was declared, but Senator Hanna himself described the actual situation to the writer and several other newspaper men on one occasion last winter. He said: "Boy, if President McKinley had been in need of a hundred a hundred men, he would have sent me, beyond a doubt, but in those days I was of no use to him, and the truth is, I did not go near the White House, sometimes, for an entire week. The men on whom President McKinley depended, and none knew better how to pick his men, were Senator Fairbanks and John Spooner. Both have been earnest students of international law, and both are clear and logical thinkers, although Fairbanks seldom expresses an opinion, except in confidence."

It is related of the Vice-Presidential candidate, as characteristic of the man, that when he accepted the election to the Senate, which was the first public office he ever held, he absolutely abandoned his law practice. He had been a corporation attorney of exceptional ability, and had amassed a small fortune in his profession; but once he assumed the obligations of a United States Senator he positively and consistently refused to accept any more cases, although there is a well authenticated instance of his having been offered a \$25,000 retainer in a case in which the government was in no way concerned, soon after he became a member of the Senate.

So many stories are told of the extreme conservatism of Senator Fairbanks that it is impossible to resist the insertion of one here, especially as it is recent. The Indiana delegation met Monday afternoon, at the Senator's suggestion, to discuss the question of his candidacy for second place on the ticket. Representatives Hemeway, Watson and others spoke on the subject, and finally Senator Fairbanks took the floor and talked for half an hour. When he had concluded, he had presented all the pros and cons of the situation with the judicial ability of a member of the Supreme Court, but no man present was one whit wiser as to what the Senator's own sentiments

Senator Fairbanks's friends always complain that he is too modest, and there is much truth in the charge. His speech on the Panama situation in the Senate last winter was one of the most comprehensive and ablest discussions of the case presented, but his manner of delivery, which was the reverse of assertive, prevented its being appreciated at its full value, and some Senators who spoke later did not hesitate to borrow from Mr. Fairbanks's ideas, but they expressed themselves with so much more confidence and vehemence that few recognized the source of their information. The Senator is a great reader and a widely cultured man, possessing an unusually thorough grasp on a wide diversity of subjects, but, notwithstanding this fact, he seldom advances an opinion without a

a fine stage picture, and his brother Senators did not forget to make the most of their opportunity. Mason had seized Fairbanks's hat, and as he did not try to put it on immediately failed to notice the mistake until half an hour later, when the man from Indiana was on his homeward, laugh making way. As Senator Fairbanks stalked out of the Capitol with Mason's hat sagging down on his collar at the rear, four or five of his grave Senators conferred struck up a loud whistling of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" When he passed out of the front door a small newsboy yelled to one of his fellows: "Get onto the lid! See de big guy what's swiped a roof." But Senator Fairbanks's dignity, which seldom, if ever, deserts him, stood him in good stead at this great crisis, and he proceeded on his homeward way apparently oblivious of all outside conditions. But he did not wear the Mason "lid" back to the Senate next day. A messenger restored the hat to Senator Mason, Senator Fairbanks putting in an appearance soon afterward in a brand new covering.

Senator John Kean, of New-Jersey, claims to be one of the "original Fairbanks men." "I am for him," Mr. Kean said at the White House fully

would seem to me that they would avoid each other's company."

This Damon and Pythias intimacy on the part of the Indiana leaders has been a matter of much comment in Washington throughout the last two or three years. It has also caused great merriment at times in political circles. "Here's Fairbanks; how soon will Beveridge loom up?" has been a common remark heard about political gatherings. How much mutual friendship prompted this watchfulness on the part of the Indiana Senate delegation, or how much was brought about by suspicion, must be answered by Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge themselves. Certain it is that, if they have not been the best of friends, they have been too polite to admit it even to their most intimate acquaintances. When approached on the subject they have invariably parried the thrusts with great adroitness. As an illustration of the fun that has been manufactured at the Senators' expense over this supposed state of chilliness, a little incident at a banquet recently attended by both might be recounted. Some humorist had prepared a "list of rules" for the guests at the function which it was believed would put the diners in good humor. Near the top

Senate, frequently gives him plenty of trouble before decisions are reached, but the final results justify the wisdom of the plan. Last winter an Ohioan who had long desired an important position came to the White House one morning fairly beaming and declared with emphasis: "Mr. President, I have at last secured the support of Senator Hanna and Senator Forsaker."

"Delighted, delighted!" was Mr. Roosevelt's exclamation. "Now, my friend, if you will go out and get Senator Beveridge and Senator Fairbanks to agree on anything in the world I'll give you the whole White House."

FAIRBANKS HOMESTEAD.

To Be a Museum of Family Heirlooms at Dedham, Mass.

It is an interesting coincidence that the home of Jonathan Fairbanks, the founder of the Fairbanks family in this country, should be formally set aside as a museum of historical relics within twenty-four hours of the nomination of Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, one of his descendants, to the Republican candidacy for Vice-President. The deeds transferring the famous old homestead in Dedham to the incorporated association of the Fairbanks Family in America were recorded on June 22. The house is to be used as a headquarters for the family association and a museum of heirlooms and other historic relics. It is a low-roofed, picturesque structure, and is to be placed as nearly as possible in its original condition and opened to the public. In looking over the house recently, Judge Rufus G. Fairbanks, of West Medway, treasurer and custodian of the Fairbanks family property, and John Wilder Fairbanks found the timbers and walls of the quaint old building in as perfect condition as when Jonathan Fairbanks brought the original beams and joists from England when he built the house in 1656. For some unexplained reason, although the country in which he was to settle was almost virgin forest, he brought over with him a lot of timbers and joists of the best English oak, and these form part of the original farmhouse to-day. Perhaps he thought that he could not get the kind of timber he desired here, at any rate of a sufficiently seasoned quality.

The old farmhouse is a rambling structure, beautifully situated beneath enormous spreading elms on the top of a little knoll, or rise. The main portion has a long, sloping roof that reaches nearly to the ground in the back, and a low, squat chimney, projecting only a few feet above the ridge-pole. Two wings, hip-roofed, flank it on either side. The farm stretches away from the house for some distance on all sides. Inside are to be found the curious old furnishings and the old-fashioned, deep fireplaces found in all old Colonial houses. The present occupant is Miss Rebecca Fairbanks, of the eighth generation. John Wilder Fairbanks says that there are five thousand living families who are descendants of Jonathan Fairbanks, who settled in Dedham and built the old farmhouse. Year before last he was in communication with thirty-five hundred families, and the list has grown enormously since systematic genealogical investigation has begun. The Fairbanks family, through marriage of sons and daughters of Jonathan Fairbanks, is allied with the Metcalfs, the Prescotts and the Huntingtons. Senator Fairbanks, who is to speak at the family reunion in August, is a Prescott by right of descent. Ex-Mayor Quincy of Boston, Bishop Huntington, Dean Huntington of Boston University, Dr. Albert Shaw, of "The Review of Reviews," and State School Superintendent Draper are members of the family through descent on either side of their houses. Elaborate preparations are being made for the annual reunion of the family in August. It will be held a little earlier than usual in order to take



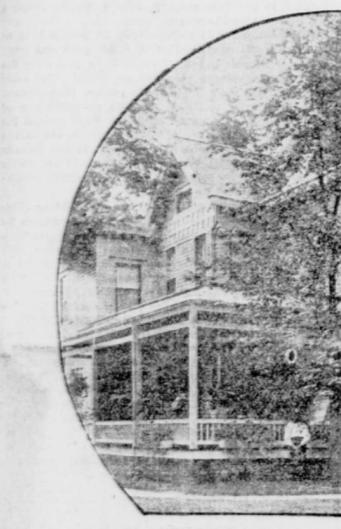
SENATOR FAIRBANKS'S SON.  
(Photograph by Cinesdat.)



MRS. FAIRBANKS.  
(Copyright, 1904, by Waldron Fawcett.)



MRS. TIMMONS.  
Daughter of Senator Fairbanks.



MR. FAIRBANKS'S INDIANAPOLIS HOME.

were. Mr. Hemeway, seeking to ascertain the Senator's wishes, then proposed a resolution which provided that it would be "pleasing to the Indiana delegation if other States saw fit to instruct for Senator Fairbanks." Every one approved but the Senator, who sat smiling. "What do you think of it, Senator?" demanded Hemeway. "Jim," said the Senator, "don't you think that's a little too strong?"

A newspaper man who had long known the Senator went up to his rooms on Sunday night and said: "Senator, my managing editor instructs me to tell you that our paper is entirely at your service. But he wants to know what your wishes are. If you want to be boomed for the second place you shall be, but if you don't want it, tell me, and I will see that Hitt or some other man gets the cheers." As he talked it became evident that he had implied a wee bit too freely. When he had concluded the Senator placed a hand on his shoulder, looked down on him with a kindly expression, and remarked: "My dear young man, you ought to get married. A good wife is the best thing in the world to keep a young man regular in his habits."

"Illinois might just as well learn that it cannot make Vice-Presidential candidates, first as last," remarked an Indiana Representative, banteringly, to Senator Cullom, when it became obvious that Senator Fairbanks would be the choice of the convention. "That shows how little you know about your senior Senator," replied "Uncle Shelby," as he is affectionately called in Illinois. "Fairbanks is not a Hoosier," he continued; "he was born in Ohio, but he is really an Illinois boy. He spent his early days on an Illinois farm, and is to-day an Illinois farmer, owning one of the finest farms in the State, down at Mansfield, in the corn belt."

There are, perhaps, few cleverer women in Washington than Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the future Vice-President, and there is certainly none more beloved by her family and friends. She is idolized by the Senator and her sons, and even those not related to but who have had the privilege of learning to know her are extravagant in their praises of the accomplished president of the Daughters of the Revolution. Senator Fairbanks, while of calm and unobtrusive exterior, is really a man of much sentiment, and to his friends he sometimes speaks beautifully of the partner of his joys and sorrows. He met her at Ohio Wesleyan University, of which he is both an alumnus and a trustee, and he has always retained a particular fondness for the institution for that reason. When the Senator first went to the university, Joseph Benson Forsaker, now Senator from Ohio, was also a student there, although, being older, he was in a more advanced class. The two Senators often get together and talk over their college days at Delaware.

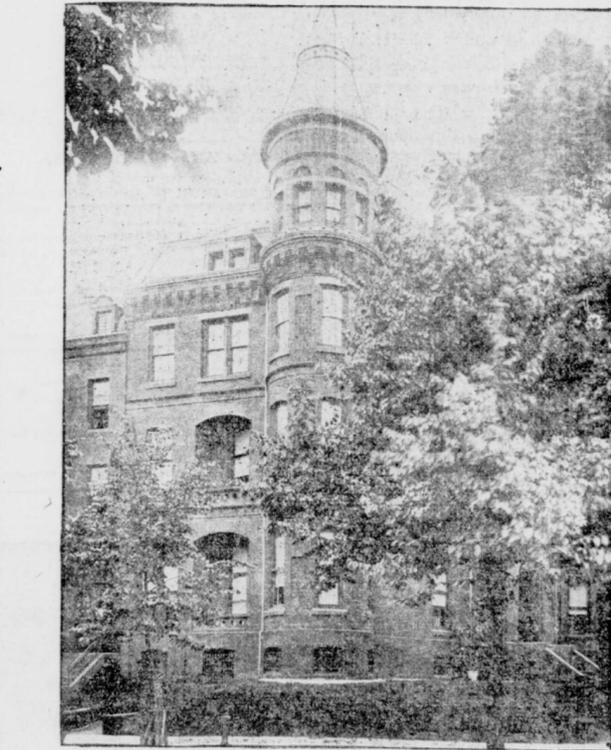
Senator Fairbanks is peculiarly of the type of men who reach high positions in this country. Starting a poor boy, he worked hard on the farm in his early days. Later he became a carpenter, but found himself ill fitted for a trade. He then went to college, and then to Pittsburgh and became a newspaper reporter, and, notwithstanding the arduous and exacting duties of that occupation, he was found, or made, the time to study law, and was soon admitted to the bar. Then he went to Indianapolis, and there built up a lucrative practice. His suave manner but reticent habit serving him in excellent stead in that profession. Probably no man in the Senate is more reticent about the little incidents of life than Senator Fairbanks, and not even the most pertinacious newspaper man can say that he was ever treated rudely by the Senator from Indiana. In fact, Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge are both noted for the kindness and consideration with which they "turn down" the seeker for news when circumstances compel them to refuse information.

qualifying clause which invariably detracts from the strength of his assertions.

When the Senator leaves the Senate it will be with one serious regret. As chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, he became convinced of the advisability of providing for the construction of a public building, opposite the State, War and Navy Building, for the accommodation of the departments of State, Justice and Commerce and Labor. Preliminary plans were prepared and looked so attractive that the Senator became enamored of them and conceived the idea that he could leave no more fitting monument to his eight years' service in the Senate than the beautiful structure which the architects had designed. Early and late he labored for his pet measure, and finally, as the session was drawing to a close, he succeeded in having it made the "unfinished business before the Senate." Then he sent for a newspaper friend and suggested that the sketch of the building and a detailed description would make an admirable Sunday article. He offered his friend the picture of the building, and the correspondent forgot to take it with him. He did not forget, however, to go at once to the managers of the Senate to ascertain their plans with regard to the Fairbanks bill. In confidence, they told him the Public Building bill was to be used as a stopgap until the Panama Civil bill was ready for consideration, that Fairbanks's enthusiasm would prevent his appreciating the true situation, and that while he pressed his measure no undesirable legislation could get through. When the Panama bill was ready the Fairbanks bill was laid on the table, to the Indianan's great disappointment. This suggested a story told by Bayard Taylor, which went the rounds of the Senate. The story is that Taylor, returning to his home one evening, discovered a crowd around the court-house. "What is the occasion of all this crowd?" inquired Taylor. "Vy, dis de great punko case," replied the man. "Haf you not heard of de great punko case?" Taylor said he had not. "Well, I can tell you all about it," replied the German. "I was dere." "You were there," exclaimed Taylor in surprise. "Then, why did you not stop it?" Ah, you see," replied the German, "it was de man vot got punkoed," and so it was said that Fairbanks could tell all about it, for "He vas de man vot got punkoed."

Much fun has been made of the senior Senator because of his reluctance to become an avowed candidate for the Vice-Presidency. His position in this regard, however, was always consistent and was not unreasonable. As long ago as last January he told the writer that he was not a candidate, and would be glad to see the nomination go elsewhere. On the other hand, he believed that no man should resist the consensus of opinion of a Republican convention, and, if he was called upon to make the sacrifice, he would not refuse. This was his attitude throughout the period anterior to the convention. Last Saturday he assured the writer that his position had not changed, and that he wanted the convention to act, not as a result of electioneering by the Indiana delegation, or by himself, but in accordance with the judgment of a majority of the delegates acting solely for the best interests of the Republican party. "It must be the untrammeled wish of the convention," said the Senator, "and if it is I will not refuse." That was his position up to the hour of his nomination, and no actual electioneering was done in his behalf.

The day that Senator Fairbanks changed hats with Senator "Billy" Mason, of Illinois, a couple of years ago, was one of the saddest in the Indianan's memory. It is not often that "the laugh" is directed toward him, but when he searched the cloak rooms in vain for his "tite" and could only find a hat three sizes too large, and then had to pass through the corridors and along the streets with that monstrous coal scuttle over his ears, he made



SENATOR FAIRBANKS'S WASHINGTON HOUSE.  
(Photograph by Cinesdat.)

three months ago, "because he will add strength to the ticket, will be a fine presiding officer and a good Vice-President, and, more than all else, because I fancy his seat in the Senate, I have 'fled' on that seat with the sergeant-at-arms, and have great hopes of getting it, as things look very favorable for the tall man."

"I could tell you numerous stories about faro banks, but none about Fairbanks," remarked a Treasury official. "I hope you will print this play upon the next Vice-President's name right away. I honestly believe that I am the inventor of the pun, and would like to see it published with proper credit marks attached before any of the Democratic spellbinders use it. They are sure to jump on it sooner or later, you know, and if we say it first it will lose half its sting."

"Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge must think a whole lot of each other," said a visitor at the White House not long ago.

"Why do you think so?" asked his friend and guide. "On the contrary, they are supposed to be at outs on almost all important questions, and are believed to be bitterly opposed to each other whenever there is a vacancy to be filled by appointment."

"I think you must be wrong about that," continued the observant stranger. "I noticed that Senator Fairbanks had not been in the President's office this morning more than fifteen minutes before Senator Beveridge came in. And when they left the place together they were smiling and talking in confidential tones like the closest of friends. Besides that, I have noticed every time one of the Senators goes anywhere the other follows soon after. If they did not have such a high regard for each other it

of this short column of fun was the following: "Any guest who finds that his wine lacks the proper degree of coolness may have it brought to the proper temperature by placing the glass between any two United States Senators who happen to be present."

Senator Fairbanks is fond of life at the seashore, but its allurements once nearly consigned him to political oblivion. The incident happened a few years ago at the close of the long session of Congress, when he fled from the hot city to enjoy the cooling breezes of the Atlantic Coast, where he naturally took a plunge in the surf. But out on the Wabash, where surging billows do not roll, all the good farmers and housewives are not used to the sight of a bathing costume, especially of the dimensions usually rented at the seaside, which are not calculated for persons of Mr. Fairbanks's anatomical attenuation. It happened that a New-Jersey photographer took a picture of the Indiana statesman exhibiting all the shortcomings of his attire, and some Indiana enemies of his got hold of it and sent it home. The quiet Indianan a few days later received a telegram from friends announcing that photographs of him disporting in public places in diaphanous clothes, with excessively low neck, no sleeves and very few knickerbockers, were being circulated in the State and people were horrified. Mr. Fairbanks caught the next train for home, and afterward admitted that if an election had occurred before, his arrival and his justification his public career would have ended then.

The President's inflexible rule under which he makes no nominations to federal positions in any State without the concurrent indorsement of both Senators from that State, which he adopted to facilitate as far as possible confirmation by the

ruling of the chair. "The motion was clearly out of order," promptly announced Mrs. Fairbanks. "But, Madam Chairman," protested the delegate, somewhat surprised, "it is in accordance with your ruling at the last congress. I am simply following your ruling then." "That's where you erred," retorted the chair, with a smile. "You should never follow the chair when the chair is wrong."

President Roosevelt's running mate's greatest ambition after leaving college was to become a successful lawyer. He did not feel that he had realized his ambition until about fifteen years ago, when he was counsel in a big Clover Leaf Railroad suit, with General Benjamin Harrison as the opposing counsel. For once Harrison held an opponent too cheaply, Fairbanks had grown up under his eye and he had not been favorably impressed with his ability. The younger man detected a weak spot in his distinguished opponent's case, and much to the surprise of the lawyers of the State he beat the general, who was so chagrined over it that he would not speak to Mr. Fairbanks for months. Before he did he told Senator Fairbanks that he had assumed that his case was strong enough to win and that he did not believe that the weak spot in his case would be detected.

Senator Fairbanks is never entirely happy at his home in Indianapolis unless he has a household of company. As soon as the guests begin to thin out he grows restless until a new instalment comes. When he drives he heads for the region of green fields and running brooks. Merely striving to get the speed out of his horses has no attraction to him. He loves the beauties of nature and spends all the time he can in the woods and fields. When he was a lad he was a crack shot with the rifle and pistol, and hunted a great deal. Of late years he has done little hunting. His friends say, however, that if Roosevelt ever challenges him to shoot for a prize the Senator will win.

Young Fairbanks had a hard time getting through college. His parents took baskets of supplies to him every Saturday, and he and his roommates did their own cooking. In order to pay his tuition young Fairbanks worked at carpentering and roofing out of school hours. In 1872 he was a reporter and worked for The Associated Press at the Pittsburgh convention, where Horace Greeley made a memorable speech.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR AN EGG. Not often does the price of a single egg climb to \$100, but this is what was offered for each of the eggs of a certain Indian game hen which was brought to England some time ago, says "Country Life in America."

For centuries the Indian game, or Azee, fowls have been the very apex of the game breed, for the pureness of blood and pedigree have been most carefully preserved for so long that the date of the origin of the race has been lost in the past. It is almost impossible to procure specimens of the purest blood, for they are treasured by the Indian sportsmen at the highest value, and the best fowls are not allowed to go out of their native country.

As game fowls, they are great fighters. Those who have seen them in India—for the finest birds never reach our colder climates—tell of their prowess and ungovernable tenacity in battle. With them it is always victory or death. In America, however, the game fowls are seldom raised for fighting purposes, but for show, and as pets and hobbies of poultry fanciers.

advantage of the Grand Army Encampment, which opens on August 15. As some three hundred Civil War veterans were connected with the family, one hundred of whom were of the name of Fairbanks, the affair will have a double interest. John Wilder Fairbanks, historian of the family and editor of "The Fairbanks Historical," the quarterly publication of the family, is planning for a "Fairbanks Battalion, Civil War Veterans," and special honors for them at the reunion. A banquet will be held in the course of the week, at which it is hoped to have President Roosevelt speak, since it is expected he will be in Boston to attend the encampment some time that week. Various other plans are in a tentative state at present, but will be worked out in detail between now and August.

A JUDGMENT ON SPOONER.

The power of an eloquent attorney over the emotions of the average American jury is illustrated in this experience of Senator John C. Spooner. He is one of the best debaters in the United States Senate, and he relates the following, which occurred while he was in active practice of law in Wisconsin. He had been professionally retained to defend a man who had been indicted and arrested for uttering counterfeit money. At the trial in court the evidence seemed so strong for conviction there was little hope left of saving his client. The evidence was clearly against him.

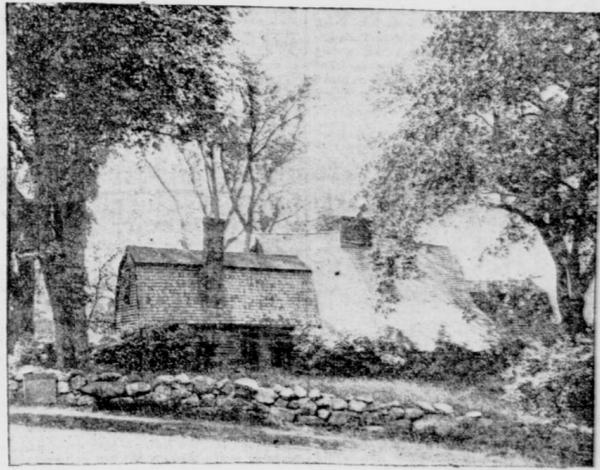
"Whatever success I have met in such emergencies," continued the Senator, "has been largely due to ability to discover the weak points of my adversary, and then concentrate all my strength against them, especially when dealing with the almost hopeless side of a question. I had discovered in this case that the jury was like most of our country juries, composed of men who could be moved by sympathy. I therefore had to work on their sensibilities. Just before the close of the trial I discovered a fairly good sized Bible in a pocket of my client's overcoat. When I came to examine it I found this inscription written on the flyleaf of the book: 'Presented to my devoted son, from his affectionate mother.'"

"This Bible was my clew. With all the eloquence and pathos at my command I then pleaded with the jury that no bad or wicked man could be so depraved as alleged in this trial, and at the same time be carrying around in his pocket a copy of the Holy Bible, the gift of his mother. The jurymen were soon in tears. It is enough to say they refused, after listening to this appeal, to convict my client, and he was acquitted."

"Subsequently he called and settled his account by paying double the amount of my bill out of gratitude for saving him from a long sentence in prison. Before taking his final leave of my office he handed me again that same Bible, saying: 'You had a good deal to say about it during the trial. I wish you would make a little more careful examination of it than you did in court, and see if you can discover anything peculiar about it.'"

"I took the Bible and did as requested. I handed it back and said, 'I see nothing unusual.' He then ripped off the cover, and, to my astonishment, revealed imbedded therein several kinds of saws made of watch springs, and other miniature tools. 'Now, you see,' said my client, 'had I been convicted no one would ever deprive me of the pleasure of taking my Holy Bible, the gift of my mother, into my cell. You see, I would have had tools sufficient to saw my way out of prison, and thus escape.'"

"I regret to say," in conclusion said the Senator, "that the money given me by my client in settlement proved to be all counterfeit money."



FAMOUS FAIRBANKS HOMESTEAD, AT DEDHAM, MASS., BUILT IN 1656.