

Fairbanks, the Man of Order

Character Study of the Vice President, Indiana's Distinguished Candidate For the Country's Highest Office. Dignified, Safe and Sane, Always Good Natured and Respector of People's Feelings.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

THE Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana is distinctly a presidential possibility. The vice president always is. There is a possibility that the president may die, resign or be impeached.

Some profess that Mr. Fairbanks is also a possibility through the usual channels of nomination and election. That may be, though how or why I must confess is a mystery to me.

This is not the only mystery in connection with the vice president. Some years ago a story went the rounds that he was born in a log house. That tale was assiduously circulated all over the country. At the same time the impression was conveyed that to be born in a log house was quite an act of virtue on his part. Some imaginative artists even went to the length of making pictures of the domicile with the bark on it. It was no fault of the bureau of publicity that the cabin of the Fairbanks nativity did not become as famous as that in which Abraham Lincoln saw the light.

Then some heartless iconoclast kicked over both the story and the cabin. The denial was published far and wide and got red in the face trying to overtake and throttle the original lie. Mr. Fairbanks was not born in a log house. He didn't like log houses anyway and if he passed one would go on the other side of the road.

Not satisfied with mixing up his birth in this way, the reporters started a

far from the fact. There are many men taller than Fairbanks that have not been captured by the dime museums. Both Washington and Lincoln were taller, though neither of them had so much uncrackable dignity.

Mr. Fairbanks has a lofty brow, which has long struggled to be bald, but has been repressed by a stern hand. A bald head is too outspoken and reckless for a man of the close and methodical habits of the vice president.

Observer of Immaculate Order.

The desk of the presiding officer of the senate never saw such perfect, prim and painful regularity since the advent of Fairbanks. Every pad, blotter, pencil, pen and inkstand has its own place and is arranged with precise regularity fourteen times a day. The gavel rests in the same spot when not in use and taps with the same methodical and measured whacks when in action. Every parliamentary formula is gone through dutifully and in full. This observance of immaculate order extends to the vice president's demeanor and dress. He has senatorial dignity developed to an exact science. As for his clothes, they never vary one hair from the conventional—by day the double breasted, long tailed "funeral" coat, white vest and perfectly pressed trousers; by night the never varying "same yesterday, today and forever" dress suit that Senator Bailey said he never would wear and did. This per-

ceives the coolness between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Fairbanks, or it may be their difference in temperament. It would be hard to imagine two men more unlike.

Fairbanks is the apotheosis of the safe and sane, the beau ideal of the stand patter. He is as safe as the Erie railroad, which seldom or never has wrecks, because it does not run fast enough. The only severe recent accident on the Erie was caused by a cow overtaking an express train and biting a passenger on the rear platform. That joke is old enough to have come from Chauncey M. Depew, but it did not. Senator Depew never goes against the railroads even in his humor.

Celebrated Exploit.

One of the most humane and heroic incidents in the life of Mr. Fairbanks was that of jumping into a lake and saving the life of a waitress. The exploit has been celebrated in song and story. It made the vice president at once the favorite of all the waitress ladies, cook ladies and wash ladies in the nation. If they could vote there would be no question of the result. The act had so fine a flavor of romance that inmates of young ladies' seminaries and readers of Laura Jean Libbey were melted into raptures. If they could hold a national convention the nominees would be something like this:

For President—Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana.

For Vice President—Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama.

Platform—Vote the all hero ticket.

But, alas, romance and politics never did go together. It now looks as though somebody would be named who never did anything more heroic than saving his home delegation.

When Mr. Fairbanks was a boy he was once in danger of drowning himself and was rescued by a playmate. Perhaps he thought he owed it to the world to preserve a life in return. In the language of the Sunshiners:

If somebody saves your life,

Pass it on.

"Be a hero in the strife."

Pass it on.

Into fame if you would break

Then the limelight ne'er forsake;

Drag a waitress from a lake.

Pass it on.

The first office ever held by Mr. Fairbanks was that of United States senator. Soon after going to the upper house he was unanimously elected to succeed Daniel W. Voorhees as the official and only "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." I do not know the exact qualifications for this ancient and honorable title except that the holder must be a Hoosier and a statesman and must approximate seven feet in height. Fairbanks was next elected vice president after Uncle Joe Cannon had broken at least one commandment and cracked the atmosphere in declining it.

A Native Buckeye.

Mr. Fairbanks was born in Ohio. This fact would doubtless make him president were there not so many other Ohio candidates in the field. Taft, Harmon and Foraker are all native Buckeyes, and Tom L. Johnson, although not born in the state, made up for the deficiency as soon as possible. Geographically the District of Columbia borders on Maryland and Virginia, but politically it is adjacent to Ohio. This is but another way of saying that Ohio is next.

Indiana, with all her famous sons, including novelists, poets, playwrights and "Tall Sycamores," has only managed to squeeze out one president, and he was born in Ohio. Charles Warren Fairbanks is now trying to follow in the footsteps of Benjamin Harrison and, considering the build of the two men, should have no trouble in doing so. You never can tell by the length of a man's legs, however, how fast he can go in a political foot race.

If presidents were elected by the yard Fairbanks would have all competitors beaten at least a foot; if they were chosen by the pound Taft would have every other head hitting the ceiling, but if measured by the size of the present occupant of the White House, where, oh, where is the man to fill the bill?

Fairbanks is fifty-five years old and is reputed to be a millionaire. His enemies are disposed to ask where he got it, which in this age of trusts and horse trading politicians is a very embarrassing question. If most members of the United States senate had that query put to them the stillness of the grave would be noisy compared to the ensuing silence.

Popular at College.

One of the brightest spots in the life of Charles Warren Fairbanks is his career in college. He paid his way for the most part, doing carpenter work or any other useful thing by which he could earn an honest dollar. He made himself popular with his fellows by standing up for them in struggles with the faculty and by leading the local fire company. Despite his hard work on the outside he took honors in graduating.

Mark Hanna liked Fairbanks for the reason that he was safe enough to stand without hitching and would go anywhere and do any kind of work in a campaign.

Mrs. Fairbanks is a better politician than her husband. She was at one time president of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which is the apex of officeholding in the feminine world, just as the presidency of the United States is in the masculine. She was a fellow student with Mr. Fairbanks in college. If he does not win out in this struggle the failure will be due to no lack of ambition or ability on her part.

It is said that the friends of the vice president never grow sufficiently intimate to slap him on the back. What is the reason? Are they afraid he would break?

THE BATTLE OVER THE SALOONS

Seventy-Nine Towns Went "Wet" in Tuesday's Elections; Sixty-nine Went "Dry."

Of the towns and cities holding elections last Tuesday 148 voted on the question of license or no license. Gains and losses were experienced on both sides, but as near as can be ascertained from the returns the total number voting to retain the saloons was seventy-nine and the total number voting them out sixty-nine.

The towns voting for license were: St. Hilaire, McIntosh, Mentor, Ulin, Climax, Karlstad, Lancaster, Fosston, Halsted, Hallock, Stephen, Roseau, Spring Valley, Garfield, Aikkin, Bird Island, Paynesville, Walker, Hendricks, Cokato, Clinton, Elysian, Alexandria, Cleveland, Kiester, Robbinsdale, Kenyon, West Concord, Dodge Center, Osakis, Evansville, Campbell, Doran, Buffalo, Monticello, Brown's Valley, Wheaton, Glenwood, Sedan, Cyrus, Olivia, Hector, Buffalo Lake, Fairfax, Grove City, Bingham Lake, Mountain Lake, Lake Benton, Montevideo, Villard, Lyons, Stewartville, Welcome, Mazeppa, Ada, Franklin, Pine Island, Truman, Orono, Chisago City, Zumbrota, Kenyon, Marietta, Lake Wilson, Lanesboro, Winnipeg Junction, Greenbush, Lengby, Morris-town, Nerstrand, Eagle Bend, Henning.

Those voting against license were: Hanska, Lafayette, Beltrami, Montrose, Shelly, Donaldson, Fertile, Erskine, Twin Valley, Kennedy, Ashby, Braden, Murdock, Kerkhoven, Houston, Le Roy, Renville, Hayfield, Maynard, Kandiyohi, Bronson, Deer Creek, Battle Creek, Glenville, Alden, Emmons, Hartland, Lyle, Bricelyn, Hawley, Elmore, Winnebago, Eagle Lake, Exeelsior, Long Lake, St. Louis Park, Eden Prairie, Brandon, Belgrade, Brocton, Hanley Falls, Hazelrun, Clarkfield, Nelson, Kensington, Parker's Prairie, Starbuck, Lowry, Walnut Grove, Sacred Heart, Canton, Dunnell, Foxhome, Gary, Boyd, Dawson, Chandler, Audubon, Lake Park, Cottonwood, Shieldsville, Hewitt, Windom.

Providence may be to blame for some of our misfortunes, but in the case of a mother-in-law it's a man's own fault.

A boy stood on the corner of Broadway and Centre streets the other day, scratching his head. A gentleman passed and said: "Picking 'em out sonny?" "No sir," replied the boy, "I takes 'em just as I finds 'em."

A lady was walking along Market street, in San Francisco; holding a little girl by the hand who showed all the symptoms of having a flea on her somewhere. A newsboy rushed up, and exclaimed, "Examiner! Examiner!" "I'll wait till I get home, I guess," said the lady, reflectively.

A one-armed man entered a restaurant at noon and seated himself next to a dapper little other-people's business-man. The latter at once noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose and kept eyeing it in a how-did-it-happen sort of a way. The one-armed man paid no attention to him but kept on eating with his one hand. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat, and said: "I beg pardon, sir, but I see that you have lost an arm."

The one-armed man picked up his sleeve with his right hand and peered anxiously into it. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. "I do believe you're right."

In a Scotch town a commercial traveler, who called upon a tradesman at long intervals, made a visit at Christmas time. "Here's a box of cigars," he said to the tradesman, "and I hope you'll enjoy them."

"Na, na," replied the trader. "I couldn't tak them—I never dae business that way."

"Tut, tut—nonsense, sir!" exclaimed the traveler; "it's just a Christmas box."

"Na, na, mon! I never tak anything for naething."

"Well, well—give me a shilling for the box," said the traveler, "if that will ease your conscience."

"Ay, ay! Weel, let me see," said the honest shopkeeper, running his eye over the silver he took from his pocket; "I see I've got a florin here—I'll tak two boxes."—Reynolds News-paper.

"Is your wife a club woman, Mike?" "Narry the likes o' thot, sor; she uses a flatiron, sor."

Annual City Election.

Notice is hereby given that at the next annual charter election of this city to be held on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1908, the following officers are to be elected to-wit: For the city at large, one Mayor, one City Clerk, one City Treasurer, two City Justices, two Constables and one Councilor for each ward.

Notice is further given that said election will be held in the different wards in said city as follows: First Ward, at the Court House; Second Ward, at the old school house in North German Park; Third Ward, at the City Clerk's office.

Dated New Ulm, Minn., March 17th, 1908. (Seal) ERNST WICHERSKI, City Clerk.

Turner Theatre Sunday March 22

HENRY B. HARRIS, Presents

The Greatest American Triumph OF THE Age

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

By Chas. Klein

Author of "The Music Master"

Financial Theme offers Intense Interest

This Company recently played the Twin Cities and comes here by special arrangements.

Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c & 50c.

Seat Sale Opens Monday March 16 at Pioneer Drug Store at 10 a. m.

A Question of Dollars and Sense

During "Hard Times" people learn to economize.

DO YOU KNOW

that Daniel Webster Flour gives you greater returns for your money and produces better bread than any other flour? It does—it is the cheapest in the long run although the initial cost is a little higher. Test the truth of this assertion. Your trial will cost you nothing if Daniel Webster Flour fails to make good.

Eagle Roller Mill Co.

Daily Capacity, 5,000 Barrels.

The Ladies' Store No. 26 North Minnesota St.



AS FAR AS HE COULD GO.

Boggs—So you're thinking about getting married?
Togs—That's right.
Boggs—Then you approve marrying?
Togs—Well, I approve of thinking about it.

Retraction.

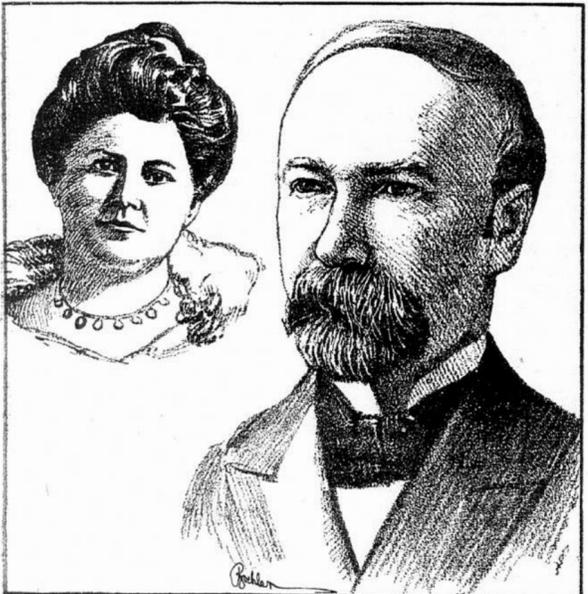
I herewith retract the statements I have made recently in regard to Math. Siebenbrunner and his wife as to the theft of a watch, and I declare that all of such statements were untrue.

12p

M. J. WILLINGER.

Street Sprinkling.

Sealed proposals will be received by the City Council, City of New Ulm, up to 6 o'clock P. M. April 8th, 1908, at the office of the City Clerk of said city, for sprinkling Minnesota Street and also the hauling of the new book and ladder truck to fires and practices, all according to specifications therefor on file and open for inspection in the office of the said City Clerk. All proposals must be sealed and marked "Proposals for Street Sprinkling and Hauling Hook and Ladder Truck," and be accompanied by a certified check for the sum of \$50 made payable to the City Clerk, the same to be forfeited to said city as liquidated damages in case the successful bidder fails to enter into contract and give satisfactory bond for such work within three days after the acceptance of his bid. The City Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Dated New Ulm, Minn., March 17th, 1908. (Seal) ERNST WICHERSKI, City Clerk.



VICE PRESIDENT AND MRS. FAIRBANKS.

third story. This was to the effect that Mr. Fairbanks was born in a log house after all, but that as soon as he was old enough he burned it down with his own hands. The fertile romancer who got up this yarn went into details. He told how the house was surrounded by shavings, how young Fairbanks ignited these and how the furniture was barely saved. The motive of the infantile incendiary was not mentioned, but it was doubtless an early attempt to make impossible these very log house stories.

If Vice President Fairbanks has tried to read all the fiction about his birthplace, it is dollars to doughnuts that he does not know what kind of a house he was born in. At least I do not, nor do I think it of overwhelming importance.

Another Fairbanks mystery relates to the famous cocktail episode. Nobody knows to this day who ordered those cocktails. The probability is that it was Loeb. Loeb has to stand for so many things that this additional burden should not bother him, whereas the vice president, whose reputation for temperance has gained him the universal sobriquet of "Buttermilk Charley," suffers severely from the stigma. On the strength of the mere suspicion that he did this heinous thing his church refused to send him as a lay delegate, and various ministers said things about him that were worse than the Democrats ever thought of saying.

Warm Handshaker.

Despite these puzzling circumstances Mr. Fairbanks looks like anything but a man of mystery. True, he does not unbosom his thoughts with all the abandon of a schoolgirl, yet he conveys the impression that he would not harbor a secret unless he thought its avowal would lose him votes. He meets everybody with a warm handshake, a kind word and a dignity that could be disturbed by nothing less than dynamite. Mr. Fairbanks shrinks from making enemies and hurting people's feelings. It is this that causes him to hesitate about giving way to positive statements. An uncompromising opinion is almost sure to jar somebody.

There is one respect in which the newspapers have done Mr. Fairbanks grave injustice. They have sought to create the impression that he is the tallest man in the world when such is

fact propriety extends to the Fairbanks speech, whisker and hair. If he tells a story—and he does at times—it is a most decorous story. His beard is always trimmed to the same pattern. His hairs are so precisely plastered down that if one of them should become disarranged in his sleep he certainly would wake up and straighten it.

If "order is heaven's first law," the vice president can prove an alibi if he is ever accused of breaking it.

Mr. Fairbanks has many remarkable qualities. For one thing he loves his mother-in-law, and she loves him. When a man has the unqualified approval of his wife's mother, it is a sign either that he is very nearly a paragon or that he has made a deliberate campaign to win her over.

Another notable trait of Fairbanks is his unflinching good nature. He can work all day and all night, make seventeen speeches a day or campaign through the cactus and sagebrush districts and come out of it all as fresh and composed as at the beginning. He can be run over by the political band wagon and get up without a single ruffle in his serenity or dent in his dignity. This is a literal fact and was proved recently when the band wagon did run over him.

Calm and Noncommittal.

The vice president can see all sorts of things happen to him and still remain an optimist. Taft may rage on one side and Cannon on the other, Cortelyou and the administration may take away all the southern delegates, the president may say things about him, the paragraphers may call him the animated flagpole and the human icicle, and the political weeklies may devote pages to his record as a corporation attorney, but these things affect him not at all. When the storm is over he is as calm, immaculate, noncommittal and foxy as ever. It is believed that he never was excited in his life. An earthquake would not even make him raise his voice.

It is whispered in Washington, which is one vast whispering gallery, that the president does not love the vice president. What is there in human nature that makes a man dislike the fellow who is looking for his shoes? The king detests the heir apparent, though his own son. It may be this unconscious motive which

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