

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper  
LOG CABIN SENATORS.

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Two of the most distinguished of the new United States senators were born in log cabins in the Ohio woods. I refer to Charles W. Fairbanks, the republican who now stands in Dan Voorhees' democratic shoes as the new senator from Indiana, and to Joseph Benson Foraker, who is said to hold a big half of the state of Ohio in his pantaloons' pockets. Governor Foraker's log cabin was situated in Highland county, in the southern part of the state. Fairbanks was further north, in Union county, in the center of Ohio. There is a tradition that both babies were rocked in sugar troughs, and I happen to know that both have had hard tussles to reach the high positions which they now hold.

Senator Foraker's father, for instance, was a farmer. He had eleven children, and little Benny was only one of the six boys in the family. There were five girls in addition, and money was none too plenty. The boys all worked on the farm, and the future governor and senator was taught to wash and iron, to milk, cook and spin, and in addition to all these, to pick the geese at the proper time of year. His first schooling was gotten in a log schoolhouse, and he had to fight, as it were, for his education. It was at this time that he wore those famous coffee sack trousers of which you may have heard. He was only ten years old, and school was in full blast, when he met with a serious accident which ruined his breeches. They were, in fact, so badly torn that they could not be patched. There was no cloth for a new pair within miles, and it looked for a time as though the school would have to be given up. Mrs. Foraker, however, brought out a coffee sack and asked the boy whether he would wear a pair of trousers made of it and continue his schooling or stay out a while and wait for a new pair. As young Foraker looked at the coffee sack he said:

"I can wear them, mother, but I don't like to. If I do, the boys are sure to make fun of me."

"Never mind if they do," said his mother. "If you become a useful man nobody will ask what kind of pantaloons you wore as a child."

The result was that young Ben put them on, and a though the boys and girls did laugh, he stuck to them until a new pair came to hand. Today Governor Foraker wears as good a pair of breeches as any man in the United States senate, and so far no one has made any invidious remarks about the coffee sack trousers of his boyhood. He got his reward for wearing them by the strength which they added to his character in the withstanding the laughter of his fellows, and they formed a very pretty piece of capital, too, in getting the votes of the

people when Foraker became a candidate for governor of the state.

And just here I want to tell you of a similar trouble that Senator Fairbanks had during his school days. He gave the story to me last night as we chatted together in the Arlington hotel. I had mentioned the wonderful popularity McKinley had gotten as President through his little kindnesses and his unassuming ways. This caused the conversation to turn to the importance of little things and how they affect one's life, when Senator Fairbanks told in illustration the incident of his torn pantaloons.

"It was," said he, "when I was at college in Delaware, Ohio. I was poor, you know, and only owned one good suit. One Saturday afternoon, in wrestling with my room-mate, I ripped one of my pantaloons' legs from the bottom almost to the top. It was torn so badly that I could not mend it. The next day was Sunday and I had to go to the chapel or be marked down for absence. My parents lived some distance away and I could not get money from home for at least a week. For a time I was in despair, and then I went out with my room-mate, having pinned up my trousers to get a pair of new ones on trust. Near where I lived there was a Jew clothier named Frank. We went into his store and asked to see some of his pantaloons. He laid out a pair on the counter, which, he said, would cost me \$3.50. I told him that they would suit me and that I would bring the money in next week and pay for them. Upon this he took the pantaloons out of my hands and laid them upon the shelf, saying:

"My boy, I don't do business that way. When you bring the money you can have the pants."

"I can't tell you how much that hurt me," said Senator Fairbanks. "I blushed like a girl. I was much humiliated and very angry. There was, however, another tailor in the town. I remember the name of the man was Phumphery. Well, I went to him after I left Frank, but before asking to see his trousers I described my situation. He gave me a pair at once and told me I could have other clothes if I wanted them. I can't tell you how grateful I felt to that man. I not only bought my own clothes of him afterward, but I tried to get my fellows to go to him. I never go back to Delaware but that I call upon him, and when I enter his store he always wants to know if I would like to have another pair of trousers on credit. Now, the trusting of a boy for a week was a little thing, but it gave that man a strong friend."

"As to McKinley," continued Senator Fairbanks, "I have often noticed how careful he is of the comforts of others. I remember being on the stump with him at one time. We were to speak together at Washington courthouse. McKinley was then a candidate for governor, and he was, of course, the lion of the occasion. When we arrived the committee of the town had a carriage for him, and they were about to send me off with one of the lesser lights McKinley, however, would not permit it. He took me in with him, and I shared with him in the honor of the occasion"

"How did you come to go to Indianapolis, senator?"

"I thought the town was a good one. I was a member of the Phi Gamma Delta College fraternity, and my first visit to Indianapolis was to attend a fraternity convention. I also had friends there, and have never regretted that I chose the location."

"Do you like the law, senator?"

"Yes, indeed I do," was the reply. "I think it develops a man in an all-around way better than any other profession. It fits him for any place in which his lot may fall. I believe McKinley is a better President for having been a lawyer, and that Harrison was the better fitted for his career by his law practice."

"Would you advise a young man to study law?"

"Yes, I think every man should study law. If he is a business man he should know a great deal of the law. The law comes into every act of a man's life, and the education which leaves the law out is deficient."

"Then you believe in every man being his own lawyer, senator?"

"No, not that; for, you know, it is said that the man who is his own lawyer, has a fool for his client. I mean that every man should have a knowledge of the general principles of the law, and should so study that he would almost intuitively know what the law ought to be. If he should have a law case on hand, however, he ought to get a good lawyer to help him."

"Do you think there is as much chance of success at the bar as ever?"

"Yes, every bit, for the right man. The practice has to a certain extent been divided up into specialties, but there is as much chance for young men as in the past."

"How about the farmer boys, senator? Do you think they have as good a chance to succeed in the world as the richer boys of the city?"

"Yes, better," replied Senator Fairbanks. "It needs hard knocks and hard work to develop character. The boy of the city does not have enough difficulties to contend with. The rich father cannot give them to him. I don't think it any advantage for a boy to be born rich. I remember hearing of a party of successful men who were telling how they became rich and famous. One after another described the trials he had had and the steps by which he had climbed from nothing to success. At last a time came for the story of the most eminent of them all. He said: 'I think I am entitled to more credit than any of you, for I was born rich, and have succeeded in spite of my riches.'"

I here asked Senator Fairbanks to tell me something about his family, saying I supposed he was related to the Fairbanks scales people. He replied that he did not know; that his ancestors came from England to Massachusetts and thence to Vermont. Said he:

"My father was born in Vermont, but when he was a boy he moved to Lowell, Massachusetts, where he had a brother, who was a wagon maker. He worked for some time at Lowell in a woollen mill, but at sixteen years of age he struck out for Ohio. He did there what he could find to do cutting timber and other work of that kind. His wages were 37½ cents a day. He soon saw that in the then new state of Ohio there was a good demand for wagons, and he