Log Cabin Senators.

How Two Farmer Boys Fought Their Way From Nothing Up to the United States Senate.

How Governor Foraker Picked Geese and Learned to Wash and Iron—His Start as a Corn Shucker and a Story of His School Days—How Fairbanks Worked His Way Through College, Doing His Own Cooking—Torn Pantaloons as Makers of Character—Senator Foraker's Coffee Sack Trousers, and Senator Fairbanks' Ripped Breeches—Fairbanks Chats of His Career—He Gives Advice to Young Lawyers, Discusses Former Boys and Their Advantages and Tells a Story of McKinley—Hard Work as an Element of Success—A Letter Which Every Boy Should Read.

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Special Correspondence of the News.
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13th, 1897.

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 farther 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.

STORIES OF FORAKER'S BOYHOOD.

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 not there in 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 at which you may have hardly, if you are only forty 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 although 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.

SENATOR FAIRBANKS' PANTS.

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 boarded there was a ready 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, somewhat to my surprise, was $3.50. I told him that they would suit me and that I would bring the money in next week and pay him 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, as he 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 Pennybury. Well, I went to him after I left Frank, but before asking to see his trousers I described my situation. I gave me a pair at once and told me I could have other clothes if I wanted them. I can't be I you how grateful I felt to that man. I have often sought 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 spoken of how careful he is of the comforts of others. I remember being on the stump with him at on time. We were to speak to soldier 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 horses' lights. Mr. Kinley, 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 talents may lead. 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. It be 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 entirely, 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. It he should then have a law man 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 cut up into specialties, but there is as much chance for young men as in the past."

FARMERS' BOYS.

"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?"

"I think they have," 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 can not 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 to struggle with before 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.'"

HOW ONE BOY GOT AN EDUCATION.

I here asked Senator Fairbanks to tell me something about his family. It is 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 has a brother, who was a wagon maker. He worked for some time at Lowell in a woolen mill, but at that time the cry of go he struck out for Ohio. He did there what he could find to do cutting timber and other work in 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 concluded to go back to Massachusetts, learn to be a wagon maker in his brother's shop and again come west to practice his trade. He did this, and when he returned to Ohio he got work as an employe under a wagon maker in Union county. He served his master so well that he was soon taken into partnership, and the old wagon maker gave him his daughter in marriage. The young couple lived together with the old folks in their log cabin home. It was in that log cabin that I was born and near there I spent my boyhood. Father stopped making wagons after a time and bought some land. I think he had 200 acres at first. It was all timber and he had to clear it. As I grew older I helped him, and I thus learned to do all kinds of farm work. My father taught me also how to handle tools, and later on I found this of great value. It helped me to get through college, for I was able to get in my Saturdays in doing carpenter work, for which I got $1.25 a day."

"Did you work your way through school, senator?"

"Yes and no," was the reply. "My father gave me some of the money I needed and I earned some. I made money by the job on Saturdays and I earned something during my vacations. Delaware at that time was a cheap place to go to school. I remember one term cost me just about $25."

"How could you live so cheaply, Senator?"

"Well, the tuition was very low, in the first place. Then, I had a room mate, and together, we paid only $3 to a week for our room. We did our own cooking. Our bills of fare were most twenty miles away, and we could bring our supplies from our own farms. We had plenty of bread, which our mother baked, and we soon learned how to make mush. We could boil potatoes, and when some one started our butter for buckwheat cakes we could add to the butter from day to day and keep it alive, so that we had fresh buckwheats every morning. All this cost very little, and still we lived fairly well."

"How old were you when you graduated?"

"I was twenty. I entered college at sixteen and graduated in 1872."

FAIRBANKS TALKS OF THE LAW

Senator Fairbanks is one of the leading lawyers of the west. Though he is only forty-five, he has made a fortune at the law, and his practice has for many years been worth many times as much as he will receive as his senatorial salary. As I thought of this I asked him how he came to study law. He replied:

"The law was my first ambition. I studied Blackstone while I was in college, and I got through law school by studying between the hours of newspaper work. While I was at Delaware I became the editor of the college paper, and after I left there I got an appointment as Associated Press agent at Pittsburg at $50 a month. I did this, thinking I could go to the law school there, but when I learned that in Pennsylvania a man has to study law three years before he can be admitted, I had myself transferred to Cleveland. It was there that I was admitted to the bar."

"Then if you were to be born again, senator, and had the choice of the location you would choose to be born upon a farm."

"Yes, I should, emphatically," replied Senator Fairbanks. "I believe in it. It was upon the farm that I learned how to work, and such as I have had has come from that and my life in the farm that are to come the successful men of the future. The great writers, lawyers and business men of the next generation are among the farmers' boys of today. It is true that a few may come from the city, but the majority will come from the country."

SENATOR FORAKER LEARNED TO WORK.

Returning to Senator Foraker, it is wonderful how the lives of his life and that of Senator Fairbanks have run along side by side. Both had to struggle during their boyhood, both went to school at the same college for at least a part of their education, and both have made great success as lawyers, and both are now influential men in the United States Senate. Foraker, like Fairbanks, learned to work on the farm, and his ambition to go to college came to him in his cradle. When he was not yet in his teens his father says that he thought he was able to do anything that any of the other boys could do. "One day," so the old gentleman says, "Ben's elder brother, Burch, put up thirty-three blocks of corn, for which I paid him $1, and Ben thought he ought to earn some money as well. I told him he was too small to do such hard work, but he said he was going to try. That day I went to the fair, and when I came back I found that he had put up his thirty-three shocks. He was small enough to be sure, so he got his little sister to stand on a chair and do it, while he held the stalks in place. It was a big days work for a boy, and I don't see how he did it."

Frank G. Carpenter

CALIFORNIA CLIMATE.

Its Happy Vagaries Enable It to Suit Every Human Condition.

The climatic conditions of California, when closely considered, upset commonly accepted theories in regard to the relation between latitude and temperature. The latitude of San Diego, the southern city of the State, is south that of Charleston, South Carolina, while Los Angeles lies a little farther south than Memphis, Tennessee. The northern line of California is on the same parallel with Boston, Massachusetts.

From these facts one is apt to conclude that the Southern California may have a subtropical climate, adapted to the growth of citrus fruits, yet the northern part of the State must have the temperate winters of the North Atlantic States, or of Iowa or Nebraska on the Mississippi. This is, however, very far from being the case.

Four hundred miles north of Los Angeles and five hundred north of San Diego the summers are warmer than the winters but little more than due to the cities named. All along the coast the climate is cool during the summer, with considerable low fog from the ocean, which during the day floats up to the summits of the Coast Range. This gives an abundance of moisture and a certain temperature. During winter this is it is almost frostless, and the rainfall is, except in the extreme south, from twenty-five to fifty inches annually.

The valley belt extending six hundred miles parallel to the coast is, as has been shown, quite warm during the summer, with scarcely any rain from May to October. In winter it is colder than on the coast, with much rain, especially at the northern end of the valley, where the clouds seem to be massed by the entering winds. Here are large areas where the rainfall is from sixty to seventy-five inches.

The temperature of the Sierra range depends largely upon elevation. While up to a height of 4,000 feet it is warm and genial both summer and winter, on the upper ranges snow lies from eight to twelve months of the year. Here the rain and snow fall is determined largely by the trend of the mountain spurs.

In many of the northern valleys the peach, the fig and the olive flug a evergreen house, while the orange and the lemon reach perfection, ripening also, and the old wagon maker gave him his daughter in marriage. The young couple lived together with the old folks in their log cabin home. It was in that log cabin that I was born and near there I spent my boyhood. Father stopped making wagons after a time and bought some land. I think he had 200 acres at first. It was all timber and he had to clear it. As I grew older I helped him, and I thus learned to do all kinds of farm work. My father taught me also how to handle tools, and later on I found this of great values. It helped me to get through college, for I was able to get in my Saturdays in doing carpenter work, for which I got $1.25 a day."

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

The perfect popover is said to be unattainable unless baked in the tiny earthen bowls that are now sold for that purpose.

Every woman who has agonized in spirit over the wreck of a delicate colored muslin gown, a dark sateen or dress of mourning goods, when left to the mercies of an inland efforts of the average laundress, will rejoice to know how to have them laundered so that henceforth they may return to all their pristine beauty and freshness. "Do not have the water in which they are to be washed very hot, and do not use soap," says Miss Parloa.

Potato cream cakes make one gallon of starch by mixing one cupful of flour with one pint of cold water. Pour over this thickened a half quarts boiling water, cook well and strain through cheesecloth. Pour half the mixture in a tub containing four gallons warm water. Wash one of the dresses in this, rubbing the fabric the same as if soap were used. Rinse in two clear waters and hang out to dry in the shade. The starch clears the goods and enough is held in the fibres to make the dress stand as stiff as when new. Thoroughly dry and sprinkle only an hour or two before ironing.

A clever surprise to the institution of the first woman's club was made recently by Miss Annie Beaston, the historical lecturer. She said that she had come to the conclusion that Solomon must have had a "rainy day" fund organized by his three hundred wives, which accounted not only for his simile in the "contentious woman," and "the continual dropping in a very rainy day," but for his superior wisdom as well.

An obstinate grease spot on the kitchen floor may be removed by spreading on the boards a hot solution of Fuller's earth and soda. Allow it to stand for several hours to enable absorption to take place.

Although carving at the table shows signs of becoming one of the lost arts, owing to the fiat of fashion, many a solid housekeeper still prefers to flesh his blade and cut open his own roasts in his household in patriarchal fashion. For the convenience of the carver, the following hints were recently given to the audiences in their special course in Pratt Institute: Place the platter at the correct distance from the carver, so that no reaching is necessary. See that no string or skewer is left in the meat except the silver ones which must be very loose. A round of beef should be placed with the tenderloin toward the left with the backbone to the right of the platter; sit on the same; fillet of beef must have the fat cut off; calf's head in the middle of platter; calve's head with the face to the right; roast pig with head to the left; roast or boiled ham should lie with the thickest part on further side of platter; large birds such as geese or turkeys with head to the left; small birds with head on further side; leg of mutton or lamb or roast veal with the largest part towards the farther side; rump of beef with shoulder at farther side.

Pains should be taken to see that the platter provided is large enough, or an extra dish furnished for the slices as they are cut.

With the passing of the holland shade, houses take on a much more festive appearance; but a new item of expense is added to the list of conscientious demands of the house-furnishing appointment. The French glass curtains which hang next the glass from the top to the bottom of the window may be as elaborate as the purse admits, while even the simplest, which come at fifty cents per yard, are much more expensive than the best shades. Where these curtains are made to order, the rich Grecian border with heavy work is generally chosen, though Irish point is also frequently in evidence. These reach from top to sill and add to side with a heavy border all around them. Many, however, prefer the sheer muslin curtains hung in pairs at the window. These cross each other at the top, making a double casing, through which may be run the lower one shown through. They are looped back a few inches above the lower sash, and stop at the lower sill. They are usually made with ruffles on the edge and are draped with wide satin ribbon tied in a large bow with rather long ends. These curtains do not seem the necessity for other thin draperies of lace or Oriental muslins, which also end at the lower sill and are draped black; while a third set of velvet, tapestry or satin are frequently seen in high-class city houses where a dim religious light is preferred.

"Taking day after day," says Miss Parloa, "no form of bread is so satisfactory as that made with the best wheat flour, water, salt, yeast, a little sugar to help fermentation, and a little butter to make tender. Bread made with milk is very nice the first day, but it tastes the second, and by the third or fourth, is very objectionable; in fact, it is spoiled. Nothing else gives the sweet, nutty flavor of bread made with water. The loaves should be small and narrow, so that the heat may penetrate to the center. A loaf that is not well baked and crusty is a failure. Do not bake in covered tins as the more crust the better.

"In going abroad," cautions an experienced traveler, "remember to have good rubber soles put on your shoes and get them anywhere as you like them, thick and comfortable." Have plenty of straps for the voyage, and don't forget a warm overcoat. A deep ulster is one for board. Don't take too many underclothes, as you can get them washed almost any place if you are staying a day and be careful of the candles at Continental hotels. They are dear things. And they make you pay for one if it has only been lighted. You can get a steamer chair on the steamer, but write for it before you sail. Take a bit of colored ribbon along to tie on your chair, and a tag to the table to say how many there are in the party. Get a large table cloth, and if you are going to the table in a hurry, if like the yellow plush, a "leaks" in the first place singular, is the next place painful, and at last completely overpowering" comes upon you.

White tulips, daffodils and jonquils are for the moment the most fashionable flowers for general table decoration rooms, pink or white, are the accepted favorites for the wedding breakfast, with the same scheme of color ruling carried out in candles, dishes and other decorations. Besides the more or less elaborate centerpieces, a single long-stemmed rose is laid at each plate.

To use a brush with a crumb pan during the progress of a meal is no longer allowable, savoring, as it does, altogether too much of the sweeping process. A silver knife or napkin usually serves to remove the crumbs, though some prefer to use individual doylies under the plates at dinner, which can readily be taken up before dessert.

A vegetable soup very popular with the French housewife is quite worthy of adoption here. Into three tablespoonfuls heated in a saucepan, slice a large onion and cook slowly for an hour, being careful not to brown. Add two quarts boiling water and a half pint of carrot cubes, and cook another half hour. Add one pint white turnip cubes, and one pint potato, a half-pint leeks (the white part), a clove of garlic, one eschalot, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful sugar, and a third of a teaspoonful of pepper, and cook an hour. If you have parsley or cerfeuil, a teaspoonful may be added ten minutes before serving. This soup is improved if some trimmings of meat or bone be added. It may also be transformed into a Lenten soup by substituting olive oil for the butter.

A most delicious cream vegetable soup is made by rubbing a portion of this soup through a pure sieve, and adding milk and a little salt to it. It should just come to the boiling point, and be served with sticks of pulled bread or croutons.

In selecting wedding presents, a very good suggestion is to put yourself in the bride's place, and get something that, with her tastes and in her surroundings and circumstances, will find serviceable and appropriate. If she is to board, the thousand and one things that would be a joy to a housekeeper would be a burden and annoyance to her. A chafing dish, however, or any of its accessories, usually finds acceptance, as well as pretty decorations and furnishings for the home. Odd pieces of jewelry and fine pictures are nearly always prized. If a bride is to set up her own housekeeping, the field for selection widens indefinitely. While the necessary table silver is commonly left to the generosity of the immediate family, there are many other things seldom duplicated that would prove a delight. A set of silver skewers for a joint of birds is always useful and ornamental. Wire baskets for salad makers, or deep fat frying, French bread pans for the toothsome, crusty loaves, braising pans, a three gallon rolling, a soup degreaser, small cut glass jugs and pitchers for relishes, a wire game toaster and broiler, a cream whip, a fruit press and a cabinet of spices are only a few of the up-to-date contrivances for lightening kitchen work will daily bring the donor fresh affectionate and grateful remembrance.

A shining breakfast table, a cheerful, delightful hostess, a brilliant chafing-dish, a creamy, tender omelette just done and in perfection as fruit and cereal are dispatched, furnish forth an oblation that ought to send every Benedict off to business with a psalm of thanksgiving on his lips. The secret of a light omelette is in the beating of the eggs and the folding of the yolks and whites together. Allow one tablespoonful of milk or water to each egg, with a tiny speck of salt and pepper, and salt to the yolks and pepper; add salt to the white of egg and beat still with the wire beater (not the Dover), but not so dry that it breaks. Put one tablespoonful of butter for each egg in the chafing-dish, buttering the sides of the dish first. Fold the white into the yolk, which may have been beaten with the Dover beater until light and thick. Stir in the milk, just cutting the egg through it. Lift up and fold over, keeping the air-cells unbroken, so that it will be spongy. Set the outlet pan over the blaze while you spread the omelette, which should be in a deep dish. A palette knife or thin wooden spoon is the best to work with. Let the omelette remain over the flame until it will slip together, when it should be set over the hot water pan to finish. The omelette may be browned when it first goes in or afterwards. The more eggs you have the more delicate, cates. When done, fold over into a golden roll, and slip onto a warm platter. A tablespoonful of minced chicken or ham, a dish of table-jelly, pulp of fruit or mint or two tablespoonfuls of orange or fruit pulp, spread over the top of the omelette before rolling, will serve to make a variety item time to time.

ENDIA PADDOCK TELFORD

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M. J. BRANDENSTEIN & CO.
San Francisco Yokohama

"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN

SAPOLIO

IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.

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Ar. Lincoln 7:00 p.m. Ar. St. Joseph 5:50 p.m.
Ar. Omaha 7:40 p.m. Ar. Kan. City 8:00 p.m.
Ar. Chicago 8:20 a.m. Ar. St. Louis 7:15 a.m.

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Ladies $3 button Shoes, for, pair, 1 39
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With a new tariff, our New York office informs us that silks and Dress Goods cannot be bought within thirty days for the prices we will offer this week.

Glove Sale.

Misses' 4 button real kid Gloves, in tan and brown, all sizes, a good 75c quality, for this week at, pair... 50c

Misses' 4-button fine kid Gloves, with heavy embroidery back, in tan and brown, in all sizes, well worth $1, our price, pair..... 75c