

C.W. Fairbanks

Interesting Career of a Republican Presidential Candidate—Born in an Ohio Log Cabin and a Hoosier by Adoption—His Early Struggles For Success.

THE fact that Vice President Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indiana is one of the leading candidates for the Republican nomination for president makes his personality of interest to people of all sorts of political persuasions. He is noted, among other things, for his dignity, his physical height and his serious demeanor. He is more than six feet two inches tall, and his customary attire rather intensifies the impression of length his figure gives, for he always wears a frock coat and a hat which adds to his height. He has broad shoulders and long, shaggy arms, which have not lost the strength they gained when their owner was a boy on a farm, for, like so many other men who have been in the presidential race, Mr. Fairbanks was born in a log cabin and had the good fortune to learn how to till the soil before he took up the study of the ancient languages and the various sciences. It is considered an auspicious omen by his friends that he was born in Ohio, the "mother of presidents," and the most ardent of Hoosiers forgives him for not being a native of the commonwealth when they recall that he settled in it as soon as he reached manhood.

Mr. Fairbanks is what is generally described as a self-made man—that is, he had no one to boost him along, and what he has attained in life is the result of his own industry and ambition, aided by the kindly sympathy and cooperation of his talented wife, with whom he fell in love when both were students at Ohio Wesleyan college at Delaware, O. It is related that when he entered college all that he possessed was one suit of clothes and \$41 in cash. Early in his career as a student he had the misfortune to rip the leg of his one pair of trousers. The rent was too bad to be quickly repaired, and it was Saturday evening. Next morning he would have to be present at chapel or be marked for absence. Without a cent in his pocket he went to a clothier and selected a new pair, priced at about



VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS. \$250, and was about to walk off with them, saying he would pay for them Monday morning, when he was stopped by the merchant, who said he did not do business that way. Young Fairbanks was angry and went to another store, where he explained the circumstances and obtained the much needed apparel on trust. The confidence of the storekeeper was rewarded, for he obtained a lifelong friend.

Vice President Fairbanks does not drink or smoke. The only occasion on record when he took a drink of whisky was the time that he was in a runaway accident in Chicago. He was thrown out of a carriage and severely shaken up, and some one made him swallow some juice of the corn. Speaking of the matter afterward, the vice president said: "I can taste it yet. Do you really mean to tell me that people enjoy the taste of that compound?"

Mr. Fairbanks is an early riser. "The men who are doing the work of the world are those who get up early and work late," he once said. "That is the way our country was built." And Mr. Fairbanks fits the description. He is industry personified. He finds his recreation in change of occupation. He does not play tennis or golf or games of that kind, but likes the sort of exercise he used to get on the farm, and when a tree on his grounds needs felling and chopping up he enjoys nothing better than getting at it with ax and saw. Mr. Fairbanks was asked if he remembered the log cabin in which he was born fifty-five years ago and which had been built by his father, who was a farmer and wagon maker when the latter first settled in Union county, O. "I am no draftsman," replied the vice president, "but I could make a picture of it today. It had but one large room and a loft over it. There was a stone chimney at one end and a fireplace within, where the cooking was done over a crane. There were two beds in the room, and we had two beds also in the attic. These sufficed for the family until my father had made enough to build a larger house." While the new house was building young Charles accidentally set fire to the cabin. It was destroyed, and the future vice president came near being burned up with it.

NOT A "NATURE FAKIR."

But Dr. W. T. Hornaday Can Tell Some Strange Animal Stories. In the controversy as to "nature faking," so called, between President Roosevelt and certain writers about animals William T. Hornaday, the well known naturalist, who is the director of the New York zoological park, takes what might be called middle ground. He characterizes some of the stories of the Rev. Dr. William J. Long as highly imaginative and about as much entitled to belief as a fairy tale. On the other hand, he gives animals more credit for intelligence and ability to remember and reason than does the venerable naturalist and poet, John Burroughs. Professor Hornaday himself is generally credited with knowing more about the wild species of ani-



mals than any one else in America. He has lived among them in their native jungles, and has shot them for the making of zoos. The story of his boyhood is a story of life in the forests of Indiana and the prairies of Iowa, while the narrative of his later adventures takes one through the thickets of Ceylon, the Malay peninsula and Borneo, where he shot elephants, Indian bison, tigers, leopards, crocodiles, orang outangs, chimpanzees and bears, to say nothing of antelopes, monkeys and such small fry. His exciting experiences in those days were numerous enough to fill several books. He is fifty-two years of age, and thirty-two of these years have been spent in systematic and scientific study of animals. For that matter, the professor cannot remember when he was not roving among the animals and observing their habits.

There are many things which animals do, he says, which cannot be accounted for on the theory of mere instinct. The elephant, for instance, which is one of the most intelligent of animals, displays a great deal of power of memory and reason. At the Bronx zoo is an elephant named Gunda. "Gunda," said Dr. Hornaday, "runs a savings bank. He is one of the wisest of elephants. In two days' time Gunda was trained to the banking business, and now he looks after his money in the most approved fashion. If you give him a penny he puts it in a box that he has for that purpose and then solemnly rings a bell. If you give him a peanut and a penny at the same time he carefully puts the peanut in his mouth and the penny he deposits as usual in his bank. He never makes a mistake about it."

FLORENCE EASTON.

Her Success in the Title Role of "Madam Butterfly."

Miss Florence Easton will sing next season in the role in which she made a pronounced hit last winter, that of Cho Cho San, the beautiful little Japanese butterfly whose part forms the title role of the latest popular success, "Madam Butterfly." Miss Easton is an American girl and had already won credit for her singing of grand opera in English when the opportunity came to make the hit of her career in the



role of Cho Cho San. She is one of several prima donnas who alternated in singing this part in Henry W. Savage's company at the Garden theater, New York, last season. "Madam Butterfly" was so popular there that Dr. Savage expects to have several companies touring with it the coming season and presenting also "The Merry Widow" and perhaps "Salome." "Madam Butterfly" enjoyed great favor in Italy, the country of its composer, Giacomo Puccini, and in London it proved the most successful of any opera presented there in recent years.

DER PENNSYLVANIER



Risähter Druder! — In unser alte pennsylvanische Stadt Redden gebt's net juchst die ältst deitsch Zeitung in d'r Zumeitend Stehts — d'r gut alt "Wdler" — was schun bal 120 Johr alt is, funbern es geht dort ah en Parter bun d'r alte Sort, en Parter, was ah en Parter is. Selter hot noch net d'r neimodig Sitts-Stell ufgenomme, er bredigt net iner Polittis, imer d'r Phaw-Brogez un so Sache, funbern er nemmt sei Text aus em Evangelium, grad wie's so en jeder Sondag vorgefchriene is. Dann nemmt er ah tee Blatt vor's Maul, fundern er tummt taus mit d'r Gard, grad wie er denkt, dah es redt wär, wann ah en Mancher dudorsich gedroffet wöd un es net arbadig glichet. Kezlicht hot feller grad wann en Bredig gehalte un, wie er allfort blut, d'r Nagel grad uf d'r Kopp gedroffe. Er hot gefagt, es wär d'r Dag, for iver des Heite zu schloßge un er mot ah grad sage, dah alle junge Leit heite sollte, weil es sich fellerweg geherte dat. D'r lieve Gott hätt grad gefehne, wie er den Nam gefahffe g'hat hat, dah so en Mensch, wann er alleinig in d'r Welt rumbacke mift, en armer Dropp wär. Drum hat er en Ableger — en Wib — bun ihm genomme un en Frach for ihn geplamt. Es dat ten argerer Grummelpeter gewe, as wie en alter Weisfäher. Bisfahur, des Himmelreich wär net in jeder g'heiteit Fämle, awer fell wär dann den Veil ihr ege Schuld. Anstätt aufamme zu stide, däte se zu viel die Annere waitsche un Vergleiche anstelle. Wann awer mol en Frach anfangt dat, zu denke, en annere Mann dat se besser fuchte, wie ihr egeger, oder wann d'r Mann noch annere Weisheit gude dit, denoch wär Hell uff. So geschwind, as mer g'heiert wär, mifte felle Nothfahns uffere. Es wär ferstich die Red denun gehetzt, dah mer fet heite uf Brodiergeret, awer er dat net denke, dah feller Mann ah richtig inwertig hat, was er feat. Uffohrs, so en Anwechling dat vercheit en mancher Mannsferl oder Weisbümensche fuchte; awer es wär dann juchst en Lederleime un nig Gutes hat berbei raussumme. Junge Leit mifte ihre Abge offe harve, wann se ihr Wid made däte; fell wär awer dann for's ganz Leine. Grad wie's so zu jedem Hofe en Dedel gewe dit, se gebt es ah for jeder Mann en balfende Frach. Wann se dann g'heiert wäre, dann wär es ihr Dutz, zusammenzuzide, Rinner zu harve un felle so zu rehte, dah es ah wieder rechte Mensch reitfamt. Do wär awer grad, wo d'r Hofe reitfamt. Gar viel Weidwer in die große Städt, arbadig des hodnaffig Stofft, was sich die "Obere Zehn" oder die "Bierhunnert" heche, notte net mit Rinne gebattert sei. Anstätt mit eme Bobbel uf em Arm, däte felle allemeil mit eme Pudelhundche oder mit eme "Tebdubär" uf d'r Strozj rumlahffe, dah mer denke mift, se geherte in en Naredehaus. Es wär plehn, dah so Weisbümenscher ten Eibie hätte, dah se for ebbs Besteres gefahffe wäre. "Gü" hot er gefahft, "en bunum Dintel erfidt io fet Dutz besser. Es hadt sich drei Woche hie un brieht en Neft voll Dier aus, vergeht driner schier esse un drinke und spendt dann sei Zeit, die junge Wibies zu waitsche un zu rehte, bis se sich selwert helfe tenne. Was en Schand for so Weidwer, was sich ferchte for en bissel Drudel un juchst uf Wäshler aus fen. Wann alle Weidwer so däte, dann wäre se bal am End bun ihrem Wib. Ihr meg denke, ich wär en bissel plehn, awer ich bin gemeint, die Wohrei zu sage. Junge Leit sollte all heire. Die Mäb sollte awer vorher lerne, wie en Haushaltung zu tonne. Wann d'r Mann vun d'r Erweit tummt, dann sot des Esse redby sei. Junge Leit sollte ah grad for sich selwert uffere, wann se heire. Es schaff net gut, bei die Alte wohne zu biewe — mer tennt inereil die Schwärmutter. Wisnia. Besser, se ziege zehn Meite weit fort, as wie juchst en haltere Meil. Es fen ah die Alte, was die Entfahger verderbe. Un die Rinne tenne net fridht genug gerecht werre. Wann ich droht die Städt geh un seh ame Strohened so en halbwicherig Dingerit mit ere Sigarett im Maul mit eme Mübel in forze Rüd uffotte, dann fog ich affort zu mir selwert, dah d'r Dotz mit eme Stede tumme sot. Un do heert mer jeder Dag, es dat affort meher Unarshiffe gene. Is es dann en Wunne, wann junge Wunne wid ufwahffe berfe? Un so Wunne, wie fell, geht es in die große Städt hunnerte. D'r Hansjörg.

A JOLLY KING'S TROUBLES.

Carlos I. of Portugal and His Difficulties With His People. King Carlos of Portugal seems to be losing some of the wide popularity that has been his ever since, fifteen years ago, he voluntarily cut down his royal income from half a million to \$400,000. The present disaffection of his people is due to his dissolution of the cortes and the dictatorship of Premier Franco. The king of Portugal is a big man physically, though his realm is only about the size of the state of Indiana. He is fat and round and jolly. For years he has been known as the jolliest of European monarchs, much of his joviality perhaps being due to the



fact that Portugal is too insignificant to be classed among the great powers and that therefore its monarch is not unduly oppressed by cares of state. Carlos I. is in his forty-fourth year. In his youth and young manhood he was much less corpulent than now. He was an athlete. During the days before he ascended the throne he used to indulge in bullfighting now and then. It is related that on one occasion, when a lovely lady dared him, the crown prince entered as a matadore in a public performance in disguise, was knocked down by the bull and got up just in time to make a run for his life. He scaled the fence just as the bull butted it into splinters with his horns.

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Inferior Cuts of Meat.

The so called inferior cuts of meat are taken from those portions of the animal which are most constantly in motion during the life; hence they are tough and stout of fiber. So far as nutrition goes, however, they are to be preferred to the very tender portions (such as beef tenderloin), which contain a smaller percentage of body-making material. It is necessary to give them an entirely different treatment to make them palatable when served. Long cooking at a somewhat low heat is needed to give tenderness and impart flavor.—London Mail.

Sleep on a Hard Bed. No matter how comfortable a soft bed and large, soft pillows may be, they are not healthy. Women especially would do well to avoid them, for they assist materially in injuring the physical appearance. When the body sinks down in a soft bed a considerable portion of the skin is robbed of proper ventilation, and circulation is interfered with. A hard bed will make the flesh firm and the figure graceful.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE. Estate of SUSAN R. WILSON, late of Milesburg borough, deceased. Letters of administration in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to CHARLES D. MOORE, Adm., Bellefonte, Pa. Attorney.

CHARTER NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor and the Water Supply Commission of Pennsylvania on Monday the 15th day of July, 1907, by H. J. Jackson, H. A. Taylor, H. S. Taylor, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23rd, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Mountain Water Co. The charter and object whereof is the storing, furnishing and sale of pure water to the citizens of Spring twp. and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. H. S. TAYLOR, Solicitor.

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