

A DAY WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT AT HER HOME IN OYSTER BAY



Oyster Bay.—Perhaps in all the world there is no other woman in so prominent a position of whom so little is known of her daily round of life as of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, the wife of the president of the United States. However, Mrs. Roosevelt's average vacation day at Oyster Bay is a busy one, because she is a good housewife. She oversees all the food that goes to the dining-room, and therefore she is up and in the kitchen at 6:30 a. m. After breakfast, however, she is out of doors. She never fails to pay a visit to the stable to pet Mollie, her riding mare. Mrs. Roosevelt has a beautiful garden at Oyster Bay, and an hour is spent working 'midst the flowers.

A tour of inspection among the house servants follows, and very frequently the first lady of the land goes to the kitchen to make, with her own hands, a pie or a cake which is a favorite with Mr. Roosevelt or the children. Mrs. Roosevelt darns the boys' stockings here. She is charitable, and is often seen of an afternoon carrying a basket into the house of some poor family. One of her regular afternoon pleasures is a horseback ride with the president. All the members of the family are expected to be present at dinner, and Mrs. Roosevelt always says grace.

A GIGANTIC IRRIGATION PLAN.

Ninety Thousand Acres of Arid Land in Belle Fourche Valley Will Be Made to Bear When Work is Completed.

Belle Fourche, S. D.—As the work of the government irrigation scheme north of this city progresses people begin to realize the great difference it will make not only in the character of the country, but also in the character of settlers who will be attracted by these lands.

This Belle Fourche irrigation project, as it is officially known, will reclaim 90,000 acres of practically arid land lying north of the Black hills, and \$2,100,000 has been appropriated by congress for the work. The work is under direct supervision of the government, but eventually will become the property of the Water Users' association, which will be composed of all the people holding land under the project.

The most interesting feature of the work being done here is the big dam known as the Owl creek reservoir. The water taken from the Belle Fourche by the diverting dam is brought through a canal 6½ miles long to this reservoir.

It is built in a natural basin and the earthen dam, 1¼ miles in length and 115 feet high at the deepest point, is considering both length and height, the largest earthen dam in the United States.

The embankment will contain 1,600,000 cubic yards of earth and will be 500 feet wide at the widest point at the bottom, 63 feet wide at the water service and 20 feet wide at the top. The entire embankment will be faced with concrete blocks weighing 3,000 pounds each and the outer surface will be arranged in terraces and seeded down to grass. The greatest depth of the water will be 100 feet and

the average depth from 25 to 30 feet. As the diversion dam and the inlet canal are practically completed, the first water to be used in this scheme will be the water from the Johnson lateral leading north from the inlet canal, where the water will be turned on some time next spring.

So far, out of the 13 large projects which have been started the government has completed one, the Truckee-Carson, in Nevada, where the water was turned on in June, 1905. The reclamation act was passed on June 17, 1902, and the work on this scheme was begun the very next day.

The problem which the government will have to meet is that of sediment. It is generally stated that the success of an irrigation scheme is in inverse proportion to the amount of sediment carried by the river or streams from which the water is taken. It was this very matter that forced so many private companies to the wall and finally made it necessary for the government

itself to take up the matter. It is estimated that these 13 schemes will reclaim about 1,500,000 acres.

As there is a considerable cost attached to the taking up of land under these projects, a cost varying from \$2.50 to \$3 per acre yearly for ten years, it will be readily seen that neither the very poor nor the very shiftless will be attracted by these possibilities.

The immediate effect of irrigation upon the land values is shown as well in the Belle Fourche valley as any place in the world. On the south side of the river for a short distance a number of farms are under irrigation from a private ditch known as the Redwater ditch. This land now sells for \$75 an acre. Just across the river where there is as yet no irrigation, land of identically the same character sells from \$8 to \$12. People are rushing into the country by the hundreds to embrace the opportunity of taking up and along the line of the projected ditch and the next ten years will see a wonderful change in this northern country.

LESS WINE DRUNK IN ENGLAND

Washington.—That alcoholic consumption is on the decrease in Great Britain is shown by statistics contained in the report from Frank W. Mahn, the American consul at Nottingham, evidencing a remarkable falling-off in the wine appetite of the Brits.

The amount of wine consumed per capita in Great Britain is now figured at only three pints a year. The chancellor of the exchequer, in his recent budget speech, said that in the past six years the consumption of wine had increased nearly 50 per cent. Imports of wine from the principal sources of supply—France, Spain and Portugal—have decreased in 30 years from 16,000,000 gallons to 9,000,000 in a year.

The decrease from 1900 to 1905 alone was 4,000,000 gallons. Australia has been selling wine to Great Britain growing quantities, but the total imports of this wine are small in comparison with the decrease in the imports of French, Spanish and Portuguese wines.

Prima Donna Wars on Tights.

Cleveland, O.—Miss Olga Orloff, prima donna of the comic opera company, has begun a crusade against tights. She says they are insubstantial, and it is only a question of time until they will be obsolete. Miss Orloff ought to know. Her acquaintance with tights is intimate and of long standing.

Dogs Now Have Appendicitis.

Philadelphia.—The quicker your dog can develop a case of appendicitis the quicker will your neighbors be to acknowledge that he belongs to the fashionable canine set. If he has a faraway look in his eyes, or whines continually, or refuses to eat, or most important of all, if he limps in his right hind leg, he has it, all right. The symptoms mentioned are those given by a prominent veterinarian,

and if a dog has one of the habits it is said he may have only a slight attack of the disease, but if he has all four, then nothing but the removal of the offending organ will save his life. Paratus, the mascot of the torpedo-boat Hopkins, which is now lying at League Island, is the first dog in this city to undergo the operation to have its appendix removed. The operation on the dog was suggested by one of the surgeons at League Island, who gave the dog a thorough examination, at the request of the jockies, who believed their pet was dying. He suggested a surgeon who would take the case, and with all the care that would be shown to a human being Paratus was removed to the canine hospital. Here the dog was put through another examination by a man versed on the diseases of animals, who agreed with the naval surgeon that Paratus was a sufferer from appendicitis.

ONE DOLLAR NOW IN GREAT DEMAND.

Brunswick, Me.—A bright new silver dollar with several shipping tags attached to it by means of a silver ring has been sent out from the office of the Brunswick Record on a journey around the merchants of this town.

The object, as stated on one of the tags, is to use this dollar in paying bills by the persons holding it, and in no case to spend the coin outside of Brunswick, also to demonstrate that a dollar spent at home will eventually return to the original spender to be spent again.

All persons are enjoined to keep the dollar circulating and to be careful not to spend it with anyone who will be apt to salt it down.

The dollar was paid to Myrick Gatchell, an employe of the Record office, with his wages. He spent it at once at the store of H. J. Given. It has been used to pay freight and dry goods, grocery, clothing, milk and all sorts of bills. Many of the merchants are now advertising to accept it as a

premium. One merchant allows \$2 for it on a \$10-purchase, and another allows \$1.50 in part payment of a bill of \$5, and \$2 on any purchase amounting to \$10. The Record allows a year's subscription to the paper.

Japanese Navy to Grow. Victoria, B. C.—The Shinano Maru, which arrived the other day, brought news of many contemplated changes in the Japanese navy. A programme has been framed whereby the strength of the navy will reach \$20,000 tons in 1908, but it is not believed this will be retained permanently. Twenty-three cruisers will be struck from the effective list this year.

Unrelenting Disapproval. "You must admit that our friend has the courage of his convictions," said one statesman.

"In the case of such opinions as his," answered the other, "it isn't courage. It's foolhardiness."—Washington Star.

Champion Divers.

"Larry Donovan," said a professional swimmer, "made the highest dive on record. It was 210 feet—a dive from the Brooklyn bridge. Donovan also took a dive from Niagara bridge—a good 200 feet.

"There are no other divers in the same class with Larry. Jack Burns made a dive of 150 feet from the top-most yardarm of the Three Brothers, the largest sailing ship of its time, and John O'Rourke and Jules Gautier have done some good diving, too—100 feet, 125 feet, and so on. But it is doubtful if Donovan's record will ever be broken."

Joy Drove Him Mad.

Judge von der Meden of Hamburg, who recently disappeared while on his honeymoon at Hanover, and was found wandering in the streets of Zurich, has now been declared insane. Among papers found in him was a letter from his wife. On the envelope he had written: "I did not know a man could be so happy. I am so very happy that I think I shall go mad."

FAIRY BOATS

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

The sun was beating hotly down upon the wide stretch of yellow sand. Ladies in bright costumes reclined under gay parasols and talked intermittingly, not of the beauties of the sea, but of the glories of the towns they had left behind them.

In one of the shady places under the rocks a man reclined languidly. He was not sleeping or reading or watching the gay crowd before him. His eyes, set in a haggard face, were gazing out towards the sea with a listless expression.

The morning passed slowly as he lay there, and the crowd on the sands began to thin.

Just upon the rim of the shadow within which the man rested lay a rounded, gray-white stone. Towards this a small child, whose feet and legs were still shining and wet with the warm sea water, made her way with a shout of happy glee; and the man sighed.

He glanced at the small intruder with some annoyance visible upon his face, but she was not noticing. She had seated herself upon the stone, and all her attention was given to the task of disentangling a pair of long black stockings which were twisted about her neck. He looked away again and became once more lost in his own thoughts. Then came a small, grumbling voice with the suspicion of a tremor in it.

"If you weren't drefful unpolite, you would help a little girl," it ran. "Only drefful unpolite people don't help little girls."

It was some few seconds before the man realized that she was talking to him. Then he turned his head and

she crushed her wide hat down over her ears and laughed out at him from under the improvised bonnet. "When the sun shines—hard, then I do this," she said. "What do you do?"

"Grin and bear it," said Langham, carelessly. Then he caught her puzzled glance and reproached himself. "I come here, Bess, and lie in the shade, as you see. It's the best plan."

"It's drefful dull. Don't you ever play yourself?" The childish eyes almost held pain at the thought of his dullness.

"Oh, yes, of course—what am I thinking about! You never saw any one play as I do. Why, I play at heaps of things!"

"What first?" asked Bess, the inexorable.

Langham cudgelled his brains. "Oh, Curiosity, thy name is Woman!" he muttered. A struggle to repress the laughter which he felt would offend the small Miss Dignity beside him brought but another fit of coughing. When it was over, "Well, I make fairy boats to begin with," was his declaration.

The rejoinder was inevitable. "Make some now," commanded Bess.

The man's hand went weakly to his pocket. He brought out a letter and shook it out of its envelope. The two sheets of notepaper were yellow and a little worn. He looked at them for a moment. Then he folded a sheet in two. Bess forsook her seat and crept over the sand to watch. She dug a little elbow into his chest to steady herself, and he bit his lips and then panted; but he did not ask her to move it. As best he could, he fashioned a boat out of paper, and as he did so there came a rush of remembrance of his own childish days, and his fingers trembled.

"It takes a drefful long time to make a boat!" complained the small maid, with a sigh; and "it does," said the boatmaker, with a sigh not less deep than hers.

At last it was made and Bess clapped her hands with delight. The boat had a charming sail in the middle of it, and looked quite real, and was beautifully light. There was a little space underneath it into which you could poke your little finger, and so hold the interesting vessel up to view. Then there was some writing on one side which looked just like the name, Bess said. Her little form quivered with glee. She was in raptures. "Now, I'll go right down an' sail it!" she cried, shrilly. "I can quite easy put my finger underneath and hold it a weeny, weeny bit. It won't know."

Presently another thought came to her. She patted the tiny craft with a loving forefinger. "Of course the fairies sail in it; I almost forgot. When you're asleep—sound—then they come—heaps—an' sail, an' sail, an' sail—"

"And where do they sail to?" asked the man.

"I don't know," said Bess dreamily. "Somewheres drefful good, I expect," she said, after a pause, and she took up the little yellow-white boat and kissed it.

Then she started to her feet. "There's nurse now, and she's looking—that's for me. You must take care—heaps—of the fairy boat till to-morrow-day, and watch. Then you can tell, when I've come, how the fairies sail in it. 'Cause I'm coming to-morrow-day, an' the next, an' the next, an' you must make heaps of fairy boats. Of course, you must be drefful careful the fairies don't see you watching, you know!"

Langham had recovered his breath by the time she had stated her intention and instructed him in his duties. "I'll be drefful careful," he said.

"She turned when a few yards away and kissed her hand to him. 'I'll be sure and come to-morrow-day,' she cried; and her eyes said, 'Be drefful careful.'"

Langham lay and looked at the little boat. A fairy vessel it was—and fashioned from an old, old love-letter—of the woman who had married somebody else. He lay for a long time. Then he made a little hole in the sand and buried the fairy boat. "The last one," he muttered, "and they none of them sailed."

Well, perhaps the fairies sailed in them. He would soon find out. When at last he rose, it was with an effort and with a gray tinge about his lips. He looked along the yellow shore. A week since he had been able to crawl up and down it; to-day he had with difficulty managed to creep up slowly, slowly, to the shadow under the first rocks; to-morrow—

He raised his handkerchief in a vain endeavor to check a cough, and moved painfully away.

The morrow came to the shore, and with it Bess with her dancing curls. She searched every nook and cranny by the rocks, and then searched them again; but the fairy-boat-maker was not there.

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That Made a Difference.

"Henry asked me to be his wife last night," she told her chum.

"Oh, I'm so delighted, Gertrude. And how did it happen?"

"Well, he just asked me, and I said 'Yes,' and then he stood up and folded his arms."

"What! He was not more interested than that?"

"Oh, but you see I was in them when he folded them."—Royal Magazine.

Unsaferactory.

"Ah," sighed the lovesick youth, "if you would only return my love!"

"That's just what I intend to do," replied the maid with the cold-storage heart. "I haven't any earthly use for it."

And still he wasn't satisfied.—Chicago Daily News.

The Menace of America's Rapidly Disappearing Forests

Willful Waste During the Years of Plenty Certain to Bring Its Years of Retribution.

If the cutting down of our forests continues unabated, what are we going to do for lumber 20 years hence? This is a question now beginning to assume a serious aspect, and those who, a few years ago, considered our forests inexhaustible, are now realizing the danger of the situation.

It is conservatively estimated by government experts that there now stand in the United States in the neighborhood of 1,475,000,000 feet of lumber, but that 45,000,000,000 feet of it are being cut every year. Without any attempt being made to replant the cut down area, it can easily be seen that our timber is fast disappearing. If this continues unchecked it will mean the crippling of one of the greatest industries in this country.

Recent reports show that Uncle Sam is easily the greatest lumberman in the world. The greater part of the timber that is used in making anything from matches to masts is hauled from the shores of the North American continent. Even the tree-clothed

dustry, though it must be said to their credit that the paper companies use great discretion in the selection of the trees, cutting only those that are ten inches in diameter several feet from the ground, thus giving the saplings a chance to grow and develop, making their forest acreage a source of inexhaustible supply.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and northern New York were 20 years ago covered with splendid pines of enormous growth, but these are now mighty scarce, and abandoned sawmills through Sullivan county, the Catskills and the Adirondacks tell the story to summer resort visitors these days. We have been obliged to go further south each year for pine—to Virginia, then to North and South Carolina, then to Georgia, and now the pine lumbering operations are mostly carried on in inaccessible portions of Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. The famous Georgia pine that does reach New York now comes from far



Some of the Big Trees Still Left in Washington.

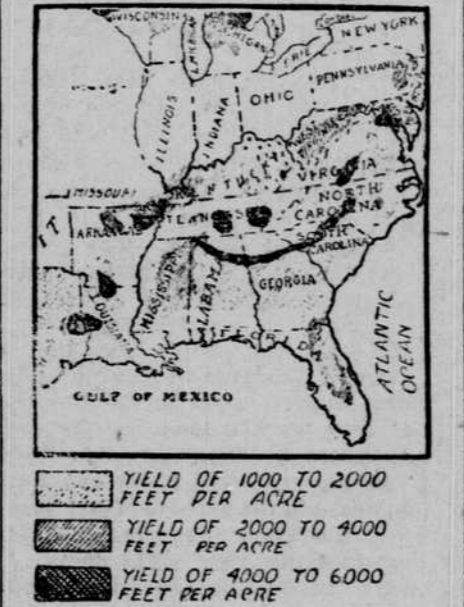
islands of far off Australasia depend upon our forests for their supply of commercial timber.

The lumber producing territory of the United States may be divided into six geographical sections, each of which is commercially distinct from the other. The lake region, with its white pine, of little little remains, includes the states of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and parts of Missouri and Illinois. Practically all the states south of Mason and Dixon's line, and as far west as the Rocky mountains, comprise the section from

off Oregon and Washington, where there is still an enormous supply. The cost of bringing it here, however, makes it so very expensive that there is not a great market for it in the east.

It is the old story of willful waste in the years of plenty. Not so long ago there was so much lumber in the country that farmers used to burn it up, when clearing their land, in order to get rid of it. Pioneers, as a rule, never appreciate the value of their resources; they squander and destroy without any regard for the future. This we have been doing in the United States, and only now are we beginning to realize our folly.

The lumber required to supply railroad ties alone is enormous, and the timberland is stripped continually to meet the demand. It is estimated that 200,000 acres of forest are cut annually to supply the railroads with ties, and that 15,000,000 are required each year. At the average price of 35 cents each, the amount of money put into railroad ties yearly amounts to \$5,250,000. Railroad ties don't last more than four or five years and have to be renewed constantly. This of course is a great expense, and recently some railroads have laid plans to plant trees along their tracks in order to have their own forests from which to secure the needed ties. Several southern railroads have adopted this idea, and it promises to be a success. One railroad company has thus planted several thousand acres, and hopes in 20 years hence to have an excellent growth of pine. This is a good idea and could well be followed by nearly all the railroads. Much of the land beside the tracks is not fit for cultivation, but is an excellent soil in which to grow trees. In this way acres upon acres could be reclaimed and made to yield fine lumber which would give an inexhaustible supply of railroad ties.



Map Showing the Present Forest Conditions.

which come principally the short and long leaf pine and all the cypresses. Of the various groups, that which furnishes the greatest variety of woods includes the New England and North Atlantic states. Their forest products range from the spruce and birch of Maine to the hickory and walnut of the middle states. Ohio, Indiana and part of Illinois form a district whose contribution to the world's supply of lumber is practically all hard wood. Redwood, Douglas fir, cedar and spruce flourish still in great quantities in the Pacific states, and the Rocky mountain states supply pine, aspen, cottonwood and spruce.

Pine has practically disappeared from the New England forests altogether, and the trees remaining are principally spruce and hemlock. Spruce, too, is fast disappearing owing to the heavy demand of the paper industry.

Beginning Early.

"What swell dressers those De Chumleys all are!"

"Yes, it's in the blood, I guess. I saw their newest baby trying to put his teething ring in his eye the other day. He was under the impression that it was a monocle."—Cleveland Leader.

Hot and Cold.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a weather prophet?"

Pa—A weather prophet, my son, is the kind the ice dealer makes.—Chicago Daily News.

WAR TO GO ON FOREVER.

"There will be need of guns just so long as there is a man left to covet the property of another man," declared Hudson Maxim of New York, inventor of smokeless powder, at the Raleigh last evening.

"We may have peace conferences and talk of disarming the world, but there will be battles and strife until the earth has grown cold and the sun has gone out. Not until then will the rivers of blood run dry. Yet the basis of war has shifted. Battles are now fought in an area about 20 times as great as those in ancient times. For instance, 300,000 were slain when Attila was submerged in the battle of the Marne. The slaughter in warfare is not now nearly so great as it was. War is no longer a question of concentration of forces and close fighting, but of wealth of science against science. Smokeless powder wounds more men and strikes more at long distance. In ancient times the lives were spent in war; now wealth is spent. Then all able-bodied men went to war; now nine out of every

ten must stay at home to make money for the rest to fight with. Thus as war becomes more difficult and men become educated to higher ideals we have hope that there may be less of war and less of the corruption that war brings."—Washington Post.

Further Irrigation Needed.

Chief Justice Fuller was not long ago the guest of a southern gentleman who had a servant named John, famous for his mint julep. Soon after Judge Fuller's arrival John appeared, bearing a tray on which was a long, cool glass, topped with crushed ice and a small tree of mint. With low bows and many smiles he presented it, and watched anxiously while Judge Fuller appreciatively sipped it. "That touch the right spot, sah?" he queried. "It does, John, it does," the judge replied. John disappeared, but was soon recalled by the tinkle of a hand-bell. The glass was now empty. The judge looked up with a twinkle in his eye. "I think I've got another spot, John," he said.