

# Fox, a Clever Rogue

New Orleans Picayune: The fox is given the palm in natural history for being the slyest of the animal bunch; he is considered the confidence man of the entire dumb brute creation, and had you known the clever little villain that I once encountered in Kentucky, some miles south of Louisville, you would have doubtless reached the conclusion with me that the fox wasn't accorded half his due, and that he should be placed in the category of waster rogues."

J. C. Foley, representing a Chicago leather firm, a guest at the New Denechaud, sat in the broad rotunda of the hotel, and to a few acquaintances of an hour told stories, and in the course of his yarn spinning Mr. Foley elaborated on Master Reynard's genius for making his way in the world at the expense of all creatures.

"I stayed at a fine house, surrounded by a big estate, south of Louisville, for several weeks, in the fall of 1899." Mr. Foley took up his narrative, "and it was while I was there that I made the acquaintance of the fox I am going to tell you of and became quite chummy with him.

"The fox was a pet, belonged to Mr. Caldwell, my host, and that animal had more sense than lots of people I've met; but this is no reflection on present company, believe me. The fox—they called him Red, because of the color of his coat—had been taken when a cub at the end of a big hunt. The poor little fellow's mother had been torn to pieces by the hounds. She'd run to her burrow, you know, and the cub was saved from death by Mr. Caldwell himself, just as a terrible dog was about to seize him in his jaws.

"Red was suckled on a bottle for some time, but his health was good and he grew and developed into a splendid specimen of his species. Red was treated well by everybody. The servants and farm hands had their instructions regarding him, and he was allowed the run of the place. But at an early age his true nature asserted itself, so I was told, and he executed a raid on the poultry yard which netted him a big fat goose that had been set aside for holiday feasting. Red was caught by his master as he was galloping away with the dead goose in his mouth, and Mr. Caldwell then and there gave Red a lesson that left a lasting impression. He took the goose away from the fox, and then lammed the furry little thief with a rattan cane until Mr. Red yelped with pain. That cured the fox quite effectually of helping himself to home poultry, but it did not raise the barrier against depredations in the neighborhood, and many a time did Mr. Caldwell have to pay some near-by farmer for feasts enjoyed by Red.

"Mr. Caldwell was greatly attached to the beast, and let it be known throughout the district that he was willing to make good for any damage the creature might work in his roving, so, of course, the neighbors did not use Red as a target for pistol and gun practice, only presented their bills after he had visited them.

"When I had been at the place a few days and made friend with Red, Mr. Caldwell invited me to take a horse-back ride with him to a farmer's house a few miles away. I have to go over there and pay for a dozen or so fine chickens that rascal there killed," Mr. Caldwell said, and as he spoke he indicated the spot in front of the hearthstone, where Red lay curled up on a rug sleeping the sleep of the innocent and just.

"We made the journey on our thoroughbred mounts in a little while, and the farmer, who was named Jinks, accorded us a hearty welcome, invited us into the sitting-room, after our horses had been taken in charge by a boy, and placed a decanter containing some genuine stuff, with the necessary glasses, on the table before us.

"Mr. Caldwell, Jinks began, after we had taken one for sociability's sake, 'that fox of yours is the worst depredator this countryside has ever seen, and would you believe it, sir, he caught my chickens, not through quickness, but by the meanest kind of trickery.'

"Jinks made his statement, and if it hadn't been vouched for by his portly wife, a pillar in the Baptist church, I hardly think we would have believed it.

"Three days before, it appears, the hired boy had seen Red slinking along the road close to the line of fence, heading for the Jinks farm. Red was ready to be distinguished from the other members of his family by a broad collar, bearing a silver plate and studded with brass knobs that encircled his neck, and the boy at once hurried to the farm and told Mr. Jinks, with the result that all the chickens in the side yard, the only one that the fox could well gain entrance to, were shoed into their frail wire house, and the door closed and fastened with a latch that was operated by a string

"Mr. Jinks pursued this course for the reason that he couldn't waste time standing guard in the yard, and the chickens all housed, he went off to another portion of his land to do his work. The fox, it seems lay in the bushes at the edge of a wide ditch, and watched through the chinks in the fence until Mr. Jinks and his boy had departed, and then, arguing that the coast was clear, crept from his place of concealment and crawled under the gate into the yard. He found the chicken all beyond his reach, but his natural slyness came to his assistance, and after leaping to a shelf against the house and overturning a pail of corn, set there to be fed to the poultry later, he went to the chickenhouse and opened the door. He doubtless accomplished this feat by taking the string controlling the latch in his teeth and springing backward. This trick alone proved that Red was far above the average fox in point of intelligence, and that he had either seen some one work a similar door arrangement, or had instinctively divined the purpose of the string.

"After opening the door he must have slunk under the edge of the house and laid there patiently waiting for his evil scheme to work. And work it did, for chickens are even more foolish than geese, and twice as silly as ducks. The unsuspecting fowls left their high perches, tempted by the corn which lay on the ground out in the open, and went to the feast which had been prepared for their undoing.

"Clucking and cackling with glee they fell upon the corn and began devouring it, and then, like a red streaked, the fox's lithe body emerging from under the house, passed across the intervening space. Before the chickens knew it Red had pounced right in their midst and with rapid bites, tore the heads from several of them, and as bad luck would have it, three of the chickens killed were imported Plymouth Rocks.

"The screeching from the poultry yard brought Mrs. Jinks to the side door, and she was just in time to see Red slip under the fence and dash down the road in the direction of home, with two feathered-carasses in his mouth. The other dead fowls he was forced to leave behind.

"Of course Mr. Caldwell settled for the Plymouth Rocks, and all the way home he was muttering curses on the offending Red. But I noticed when he entered the dining-room and Red came bounding to greet him with short joyous barks, such as a dog would make, he stooped and tenderly stroked the animal's head.

"Since that experience I have always inclined to the belief that the higher order of the dumb animals have some other force to monitor them than just plain instinct."

## BITS OF WASHINGTON LIFE

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, only a few years ago the Joan of Arc of populism, and, who after that party's decline and fall, migrated from the war-inspiring atmosphere of Kansas to New York, is now a regular lecturer on Sunday for one of the big ethical culture societies of the metropolis. Mrs. Lease went to New York to practice law, but she appears not to have persisted long in that field of endeavor, as no record has yet been made of her appearance before the bar. She was a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt in the last campaign, as were other forceful women of the west who were prominent in the populist movement.

Albert E. Mead, governor of the state of Washington, is sometimes likened to Abraham Lincoln, not because he resembles the emancipator in personal appearance, but because of his manner of speech and his witty way of saying things. Governor Mead was born in Kansas in 1861, but his parents removed to Illinois when he was a young man. He is a graduate of the Southern Illinois university at Carbondale and of the union college of law at Chicago. He began the practice of his profession in Leoti, Wichita county, Kas., in 1885. He moved to the state of Washington and settled in Blaine, Whatcom county, was elected mayor in 1892 and in the fall of the same year was chosen to the state legislature. In 1898 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Whatcom county and removed his residence to Bellingham, the county seat. He was re-elected prosecuting attorney in 1900, returns to the practice of law on the expiration of his term and in 1904 was nominated for governor on the republican ticket and elected. He is serving a four-year term.

A new member of the United States senate—a man who comes as the choice

of the people of his state, and not because he has purchased his seat with trust-made millions—is W. E. Borah of Idaho, successor to Dubois. Senator Borah was born in Illinois. Then he was a farmer boy in Kansas. Later he taught school, learned the law and struck out for the coast. He couldn't pay farther than Boise, Idaho, so he nailed up a shingle there. It was hard sledding. Presently he won a stock raiser's case against the Union Pacific and business began to flow his way. But he isn't rich even now.

Newspapers of Kansas declare that when Dan Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth Daily Times, is elected to the house of representatives he will be head and shoulders above almost any member in that branch of congress. Anthony is said to be six feet and four inches high. Congressman Cy. Sullaway of New Hampshire is the giant of the house. He measures six feet and six inches in height and is built in proportion.

Congressman Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, who recently died, took a leading part in the house almost from his first appearance there. Congress was trying to straighten out the momentous questions which preceded the civil war, and Grow plunged into the controversy with all the force of his nature. On February 5, 1853, he had a personal encounter on the floor of the house with Congressman Keitt of South Carolina. Keitt, resenting an objection which Grow had made to a message from President Buchanan asking for the admission of Kansas to the union, walked over to him and asked him what he meant by objecting. Then he added:

"If you want to object, go over to your own side of this chamber!"

"It's a free hall," responded Grow; "I'll be where I please."

Keitt sneered back: "You're nothing but a black republican puppy. Go back to your own side."

Grow retorted: "No matter what I am, no nigger driver can crack his whip over me."

Then Keitt struck at the Pennsylvania congressman, missed, and got in return to blow behind the ear which sent him to his knees. What was almost a free-for-all fight between the two sides of the house followed, but later Keitt apologized. For the plucky stand which he took on the floor that day the Kansas free state settlers presented Mr. Grow a gold medal, bearing on one side a figure of an unlifted arm, and the legend: "The first blow struck for freedom."

Engineers throughout the reclamation service are growing restive because of Secretary of the Interior Garfield's delay in making known the substance of the report filed by Special Agent Albert R. Greene of Kansas, who after making an extensive trip through Idaho, is said to have uncovered what is regarded as serious irregularities in the reclamation projects under way in that state. The report concerns particularly the conduct of the work at Deer Flat reservation, the biggest project in Idaho, involving the irrigation of a majority of the 1,500 eighty-acre farms to be thrown open to public entry with the completion of the work.

Fortunate is the woman who has successfully cultivated the habit of sleeping at will. It is said that Miss Julia Marlowe can rest between scenes of the most exacting plays—by her ability to drop asleep when she pleases. These little periods of unconsciousness are great restorers, and there need be no special preparation for them. One associates sleep with darkness and bed, but daylight, soft couches and easy chairs are just as good for sleeping purposes—only the power of will-concentration is lacking, and that is so general as to be a serious drawback to good work in all directions.

The greater the thief, the louder he cries about injustice and persecution when he is finally caught.

## NOT PARTICULAR



"I'd reward you (hic) buy, but I (hic) haven't a red cent."  
"Any old cent will do, boss, Don't mind de color!"

## SIDELIGHTS

PEOPLE do not dance now with any vim. The mammoth is no more. The buffalo is nearly extinct. We are after the mosquito and consumption. Perhaps even the fool will one day be abolished. But shall we tamely sit by while dancing and the very householdly are menaced, asks the Boston Transcript. Rise, sturdy citizens of this soulless age, and hurl back these impending outrages of an improvement-mad new time. Will ye meekly stand still and suffer this privilege of your manhood to be wrest from your grasp? M. Desrats, dean of the Paris academy of choreography—for such is his imposing title—hear his lamentations on the disappearance of all grace from mankind—along with the evanishment of his bread and butter.

"One dances no more," sadly says M. Desrats, who, though getting on for seventy-seven, still, like young Sir Willoughby Patterne, "has a leg," and one of which many a junior might be justifiably proud. Dancing, which he has practiced and taught for fifty-seven years, has kept his limbs lithe, his cheeks rosy and his mind fresh. His enthusiasm for his art is as warm as it was when he was twenty, and when, after a liberal education, he gave up thoughts of the legal or medical profession and preferred "to consecrate himself to the cult of Terpsichore"—in his own language, which is as flowery as his manners. Though he has always had and still has plenty of pupils, he has come to the tragic conclusion that dancing is dying out.

"Oh, monsieur!" says he, "under the empire how beautifully the women danced, and what beautiful women they were!" In a year 122 official balls were given—that is, one every three nights. He dates the downfall of dancing from the introduction into France of the "Boston," which he assumes to have come from America. What a calamity was there, for the slipshod two-step has killed the waltz, while out-of-door sports have buried it. "The aristocracy dances no more. Only the small bourgeois now and then sacrifices to Terpsichore." When the cake-walk, the matchiche, the kraquette and liguette were mentioned to M. Desrats he swooned, and had to be revived with scented salts, such as early Victorian ladies inhaled when emotions overcame them.

Only a visit from Queen Wilhelmina and her consort, Prince Henry, who played so notable a part in the rescue of the Berlin survivors, is necessary to give the finishing touch to the "boom" in all things Dutch which is growing in London.

A visit from the young Dutch queen, who has never paid a state visit to London, is within the bounds of probability this year, and London seems to be unconsciously preparing itself for such an event.

Dutch art, Dutch songs—or songs about Holland—and Dutch shoes are becoming more and more popular. A few years ago Mr. Nico Jungman's Dutch pictures began to take the public fancy.

A year or two ago the print-shop windows began to be filled with Dutch figure sketches—rows of little Dutch boys in baggy trousers and sabots and Dutch girls in little round bonnets, pigtails and sabots, and old Dutch fishermen and fishwives in the quaint costume of the low country—including sabots.

The pictures of quaint Dutch clothes, and especially the sabots, struck the popular taste, and now the real sabot has invaded London. It hangs in the shop windows in the West End and the suburbs, tied up with ribbons and labelled: "Dutch sabots for English feet."

A pair of sabots has become the latest fancy with the girl with a trim pair of ankles, and "sabot tea-parties," with Dutch costume and Dutch songs, are beginning to enliven the suburban home.

The theater and the music-hall have taken up the Dutch boom. "Miss Hook of Holland" is enjoying success at the Apollo, and at half a dozen halls in London and dozens throughout the country "Dutch" songs are the order of the day.

Miss Annie Purcell and Miss Madge Lessing were both singing them at the Tivoli last week, and the Oxford music-hall has "the eight stars of Holland," who sing and dance in national dress, amid Dutch scenery.

The latest feature of the Dutch "boom" is in picture postcards and newspaper advertisement pictures after the pattern of the old Dutch tile.

The German emperor has revealed once more his strong antipathy to the newspaper press, which he has already demonstrated on many previous occasions.