

Roosevelt, Burroughs and Yellowstone Park

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run. But the colonel had seen him from the first jump and had his gun going.

"Spat went a bullet against the sandstone. 'Too far to the left,' I yelled. 'Biff,' the next one, quicker than I can tell it, knocked up the dust almost behind the ram's feet. 'Now's your chance,' said I, for the beast had been running almost parallel with the crest of the range and I was afraid every second he'd plunge down the bluff and we'd lose him.

"With that the rifle cracked once more and that time I didn't see where the ball struck. But I did see the ram jump into the air, headed straight down the bluff, and disappear. When we got to where we lost him, fearing to find he'd made one of those gigantic leaps down a precipice that the big horns are fond of in an emergency, the colonel gave a yell you could have heard two miles. The Rough Riders say Sherman Bell of Troop K can beat 'em all on the yell, but the colonel was right in it with him that day. The ram lay ten feet down the cliff on a little shelf of a rock half over the edge and half propped against a dwarf pine. He was stone dead and we got the finest pair of horns I ever saw off him. It was after midnight when we got home that night, and we were happy, even if our ears were frozen.

"We can get new skin on our ears," said the colonel, "but we'll never get another ram like that one."

On the present trip Mr. Roosevelt has spent much time in Yellowstone park, hunting big game just for the fun of seeing the animals and with no intention of harming any. Along with him on this expedition of inquiry was John Burroughs, the eminent naturalist, who holds the American championship for taciturnity. He never talks merely to be saying something or to be agreeable. When the conversational muse is with him he is the best company imaginable, but when his inspiration has taken its flight there is about as much company in John Burroughs as there is in a deaf and dumb person. He pays no more attention to remarks addressed to him than if he did not hear them.

As an instance of his remarkable ability to keep his mouth shut, it is related that an aggressive magazine editor went to visit Burroughs at his hermit retreat in the Adirondacks a few months ago. He was

well acquainted with the naturalist, having had a number of business transactions with him. Burroughs met the literary man at the door of his hut and offered a warm welcome. Then he took him on a ten-mile tramp up and down the hills. When they returned to the cottage he shook hands warmly with the visitor and said good-bye and declared that he was the most entertaining guest he had had for a long time. Not a word had been spoken during the ten-mile walk and the visit was an absolute failure, from the editor's point of view, but he did not possess the ability to break through the cloak of silence with which Burroughs had enveloped himself.

Burroughs lived in Washington forty years ago. He was then an army nurse. At that time Walt Whitman was employed in the Treasury department, and these two made the acquaintance of a street car conductor, whose first name was Mike. The three roomed together in a very humble place, where the rent matched the endurance of their pocketbooks. Mike, judged by the world's standard, was the best off, for each month he received \$100 in the depreciated paper money of the time for his services to the tramway company. He still occupies this enviable position, for he is now the head baggagemaster at one of the important stations on the Pennsylvania railroad.

Burroughs secured a little patch of land near the capital, where the two made a retreat, and this finally became so attractive to Burroughs that he gave up his government position. There he tended to the cow, raised vegetables, watched the trees grow and studied the bugs and birds, which were always welcome to his patch. Human beings were not invited there. They annoyed the things Burroughs loved best. His only human acquaintances were Whitman and Mike. It is quite likely that he would not have tolerated them after he became engrossed in his nature studies had they been talkative, but Whitman could sit still and look at the garden for hours at a time, while the car conductor could always remember not to rub the naturalist the wrong way and keep as silent as his companion. When Washington grew out to the retreat Burroughs gave up his place. He is not happy in the noise and bustle of civilization. He says he must have quiet.

One of the many unique places this unique pair visited while in the Yellowstone. It is a survival of the old mode of easy existence almost within rifle shot of the chief example of the present style of strenuous living.

Anti-Oleo Law a Failure

That the anti-oleomargarine law passed by the Fifty-seventh congress at the behest of the dairy interests of the country has proved a failure from the dairymen's point of view is the inevitable conclusion to be deduced from a careful examination of the figures just issued by the commissioner of internal revenue.

It was the expectation of the promoters of the law, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, that it would practically drive oleomargarine out of the market, at least as a competitor of butter. That it has utterly failed in this object is proved by the commissioner's figures, which show that a total of 50,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine has been sold in the eight months ended February 28, a decrease of only 30 per cent from the corresponding period of the previous year, and a decrease by no means surprising, in view of the fact that in the first few months of this period the production was materially curtailed because the manufacturers were engaged in adjusting their methods to the provisions of the new law. Since what might be termed the readjustment period the sales have steadily increased, and it is doubtful if the next eight months will show the slightest diminution. In the judgment of some authorities they will show an increase.

Out of the total of 50,000,000 pounds sold only 18,000 pounds was artificially colored, and thus subject to the tax of 10 cents a pound. The remainder was technically uncolored, and paid the tax of 1/4 cent a pound, in lieu of a 2-cent-a-pound tax provided by the old laws; but this does not mean that it was white, the manufacturers having so adjusted the proportion of lawful ingredients as to give their product a reasonably rich color without the use of "artificial coloring matter," this being accomplished by an increase in the amount of cottonseed oil and of genuine colored butter entering into the composition of the oleomargarine.

Moreover, the government has suffered a considerable loss of revenue as a result of the new law. For the eight months ended February 28, 1901, the revenue collected in the form of taxes on oleomargarine and licenses to sell the same amounted to \$1,863,461.73. Receipts from the same sources for a like period ended February 28, 1902, amounted to only \$526,103.87, a decrease of \$2,337,357.86.

Notwithstanding the decrease in revenue, the number of licensed retailers of uncolored oleomargarine has greatly increased, the license fees having been reduced from \$480 for wholesalers and \$48 for retailers to \$200 for wholesalers and \$6 for retailers of the uncolored product.

It was the freely admitted expectation of the promoters of the law that "white oleo" would find little sale, and had it been necessary to make the product white this as-

sumption would doubtless have proved correct; but the skill of the producers in giving to their product a yellow tinge has defeated all such expectations.

The anti-oleomargarine law also provided for the proper labeling of renovated or "process" butter, for the systematic inspection of the factories and imposed a tax on the product of 1/4 cent a pound. While there are no figures with which to make comparisons, it is the opinion of those familiar with the trade that the sale of "process" butter has undergone no material diminution. The receipts for the eight months ended with February from this source amounted to \$95,468.40, showing sales of 28,127,390 pounds. With no little shrewdness the manufacturers, although compelled to label their product "renovated butter," have seized on the government inspection as furnishing a guarantee of purity, and advertise it as "prepared under the supervision of the United States government."

Taking a general view of the results of the law, it is doubtful if it has in any way benefited the producers of genuine butter, while it has occasioned no inconsiderable loss of revenue to the government.

It happened in the month of September, 1878, that I was appointed to represent Wisconsin at the national Conference of Charities, at Saratoga, N. Y., and was therefore in attendance at the meeting of that body. I was more attracted to a quiet, earnest and hard-working delegate from New York than to any other. I judged him to be about 45 years old, though his lithe figure and face of infinite variety in expression

made it difficult to come to any definite conclusion as to his age. His name was Theodore Roosevelt.

To my great satisfaction, Mr. Roosevelt seemed to be interested in me—perhaps because I was the youngest member of the conference, and perhaps because I came from the middle west, where it was more common than in the east for new ideas to be subjected to the test of actual experiment. At any rate he talked freely with me when opportunity was presented.

When the work of the conference was closed, a day or two after its opening, Mr. Roosevelt invited me to spend the day with him at Moon's Lake, about four miles away from town. There was no railway to that side resort at the time, and consequently we drove out, over a very pleasant road, my friend handling the lines in a way that showed him to be perfectly familiar with that kind of work. My impression is that there were no other visitors at the lake resort that day, and that we had the entire establishment to ourselves. We certainly spent a day full of keen pleasures and great profit to myself especially in regard to discussion of the management of children, a subject which was then beginning to have a strong personal interest to me. It was in the course of conversation in that line that I first heard of the present president of the United States.

"I have a son who is just beginning his course at Harvard," said Mr. Roosevelt. "In whom I take an interest that sometimes appears to me almost sinful. In his early boyhood he was physically frail and delicate, and every day of his life gave me some new reason for anxiety about him. But I have seen to it that he should have every possible encouragement for outdoor exercise such as would be likely to develop his body, and have been contented to let his brain take care of itself. So he has grown up with some rough corners, but apparently well equipped with health, strength and energy. In fact, his energy seems so superabundant that I fear it may get the better of him in one way or another. If he escapes that danger I shall hope to see him do something useful in due time."

Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt's hope was not merged in realization. He died in 1878, before his son had reached the end of his collegiate course or the period of adult age.

nances at Homestead which formerly required 200 men.

In Valparaiso all the conductors on trolley cars are women.

There are about 30,000 automobiles in use in the United States.

It takes ninety threads of the spider to equal in size one of the silkworm.

In western Canada 250,000,000 acres of arable land today await the plow.

In New York City 100 new cases of consumption develop each day.

Australia is to have a transcontinental railway from Adelaide to Port Darwin.

Americans are making an effort to establish a steel plant at Flushing, Holland.

Twelve thousand people were arrested in Glasgow last year for using obscene language.

The practice of fencing has been revived among Japanese young noble women.

So strong is Bank of England note paper that a single sheet will lift a weight of 100 pounds.

Timber is now vulcanized in England by forcing a boiling solution of sugar into its pores.

The secret of making carbon paper and typewriter ribbons is known to scarcely two dozen people.

The habit of talking to oneself results from intense preoccupation. It is the initial symptom of dementia.

In making the best Persian rug a weaver spends about twenty-three days over each square foot of surface.

The St. Louis public library has forty-eight branch stations, Boston's twenty-one and Chicago's nearly seventy.

American tourists annually spend abroad an average of \$75,000,000, and foreign tourists leave about \$20,000,000 here.

House that Jack Built

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when they are surprised to receive a communication from the Man in the Moon. Their chorus of greeting is scarcely finished when the sound of trumpets announces the approach of Old King Cole with his pipe and bowl bearers and his fiddlers three. The reception of this distinguished guest is one of the prettiest parts of the operetta and is followed by the arrival of the Queen of Hearts, whose coming has been eagerly awaited, as she has consented to make some of her famous tarts. Her reception is equally impressive, but at this juncture the revenge of the Knave of Hearts and the Black Birds is complete, for it is remembered that the Humpty Dumpty, a most necessary ingredient, are locked in the house and that the key is gone. The fairies tell who has stolen it and a search is at once made and the culprits brought in. A trial is held before Old King Cole, who sentences them to be made into a black bird pie. The captives plead for mercy, expose the knave and are finally released on condition that the key be found. This is readily done, the Humpty Dumpty are brought out and the tarts are made and everybody is happy again, the scene closing with dancing and song for the entertainment of Old King Cole and the Queen of Hearts.

Artistic Shad Fishermen

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of the breed than those in diminutive Alpine.

There has been no accession to the colony, except by birth, for nearly seventy-five years. About five years ago an Irishman built himself a hut a half mile farther down the river, but that is as close as anyone has come to adding himself to the shad colony since the Quims moved in three-quarters of a century ago.

"Don't you ever long to have a new face among you?" McLean was asked, after he had dilated upon the colony's ability to live to itself.

"Well," he replied, "when we do, if there's any unmarried man among us, we send him over to Brooklyn to get a wife; and then for the next ten years or so we find plenty of opportunity for talk in discussing her."

"Why do we go to Brooklyn for our wives? Just a habit. The colony's been doing it long before my father was born. Brooklyn women seem to take to the quiet life we lead as easy as a shad to water. I guess our forefathers noticed that fact, and, not wanting to be stirred on to undue effort, decided to secure an easy existence to themselves and their descendants by establishing the custom of going to Brooklyn to get married."

Be that as it may, it is beyond question that the little colony of less than a dozen houses, scattered among the protecting niches in the Palisades, is as free of the restless bustle of the modern world as New York or Chicago is typical of its ceaseless

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In a Line or Two

Lord Curzon is the twenty-seventh governor of India.

But 2 1/2 per cent of the people of Bulgaria are Moslems.

The submarine cables if joined would reach to the moon.

By the use of electrical appliances three men now do the charging of twenty fur-