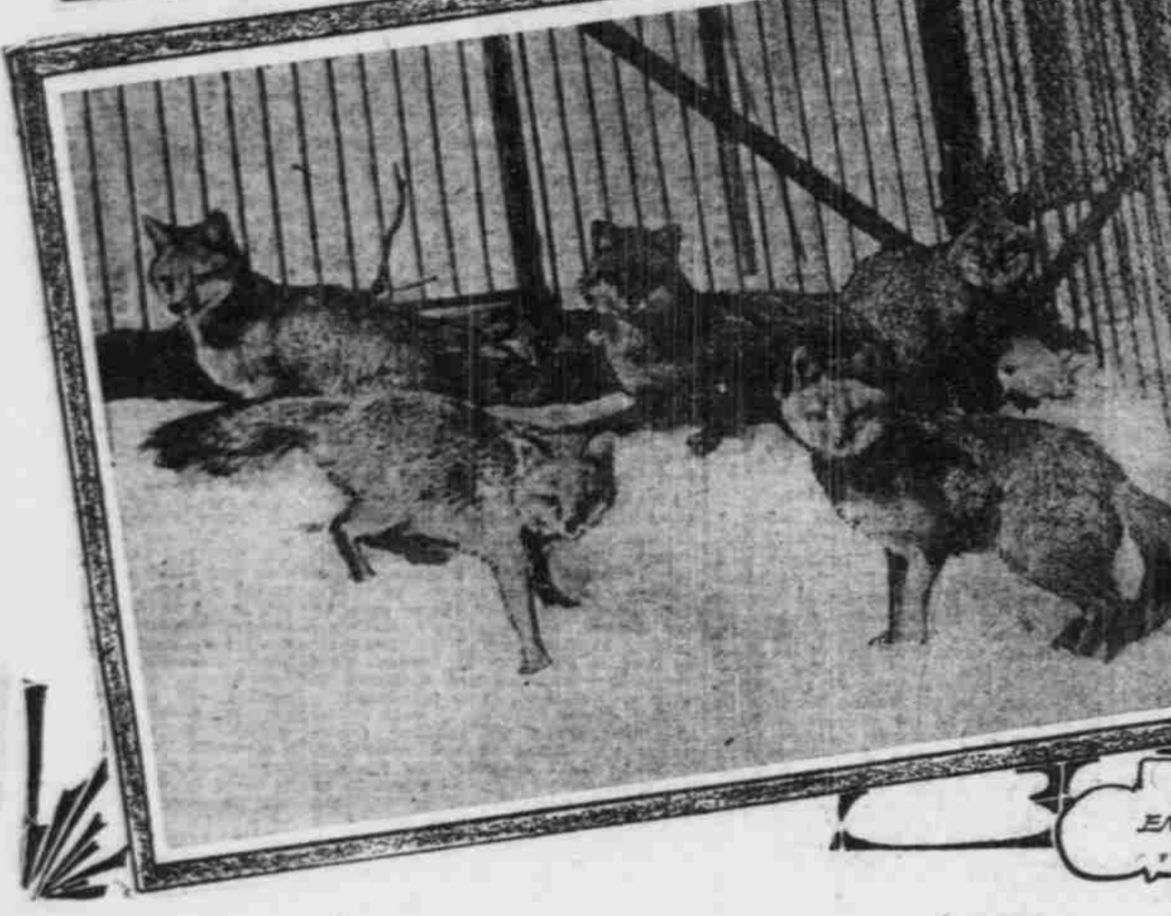
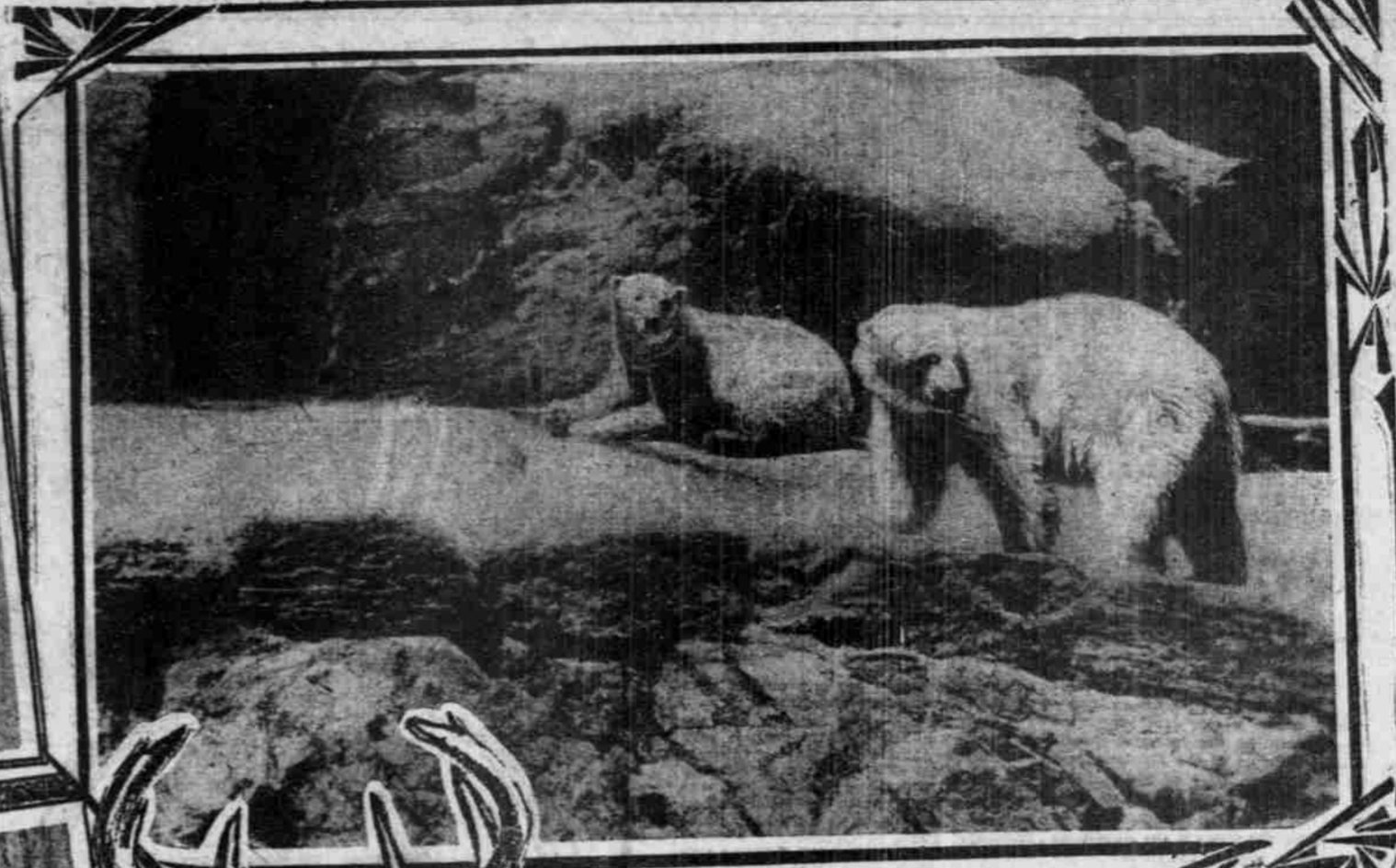


WHEN WINTER'S COLD GRIPS THE "ZOO"

Tropical Animals Are Often Least Affected by Severe Weather; Hard on Polar Bears



"NO CONSCIENTIOUS man in charge of a zoological park, or of any other collection of dumb animals, can rest easy by his own fireside on a cold winter's night unless he knows that the animals under his charge are sheltered and comfortable."

These words were spoken by the head of one of the biggest zoological parks in America, or, indeed, in the world, when he was asked the other day what precautions were taken to safeguard the health and comfort of the animals during the winter.

"Generally speaking, the animals in American zoological parks are well cared for during the cold weather," he said. "It is the first care of the man in charge. In the old parks elaborate provision has been made at very great expense; in the new parks, so much has not yet been done in the way of providing shelter for all classes of animals who may need it, but it is being done just as quickly as they can get the money to spend."

When you go the records of a zoological

park in winter and talk with the keepers you are likely to meet with many surprises. In particular, you will be surprised to learn which animals like the cold weather best and which feel its rigor the most.

It might naturally be supposed that the polar bears would revel in the snow and ice, and would think that they were just beginning to live again when the thermometer went down below zero. But it is not so. The ice bear likes the summer best of all the seasons when he is transported to this country. He does not suffer in the slightest degree even in the torrid weather of the hottest cities, provided he has a pool in which to bathe occasionally. He feels the heat much less than the native black bear does, with his thick and heavy fur. The latter is liable to sunstroke, the former is not. On the other hand, the polar bear sometimes finds the winter too cold, just like the Eskimo who came down from Greenland to exhibit himself at the St. Louis Fair, and who subsequently went on show in several of the big cities.

"How does the climate of this country agree with you?" one of them was asked

in New York City a few days after Christmas. "It is much too cold for us," the little fox answered, between chattering teeth. "We get no frost as bad as this, even in Greenland."

Winter Dampness Injurious.

The polar bear appears to be of the same way of thinking as his neighbor, the Eskimo. The dampness of the American air is apt to be dangerous to him, unless he is taken care of. Three polar bears have died during the winter in the menagerie at Central Park, New York City. The cause of death in each case was pneumonia, and the last death only occurred a few weeks ago.

Pneumonia, indeed, is a serious enemy of the zoological park, not alone in winter, but at all seasons of the year. The hooved animals are liable to catch it in spring and summer, and so are the monkeys. What with bronchitis, tuberculosis, pneumonia and a score of other ailments always threatening them, it is hard work to keep the monkeys alive at all.

While the ice bear of Greenland frequently objects to the rigors of the American winter, the sloth bear of India, al-

though used to a tropical climate, can stand them quite comfortably. He stays out in the open, as a rule, all winter through, only going into his den to sleep at night. All bears can be kept out of doors, with the exception of the sun bear, another tropical animal.

The young of the polar bear and of most other bears are born in winter, usually in January. The mother is given a huge bundle of straw when her time draws near. She carries it into her den, fills the place so full of it that she can hardly burrow into the middle, then lies down and waits patiently for the little one to arrive. She keeps it in the middle of the straw until it can stand cold weather as well as herself, and the cub seldom suffers.

All bears are sleepy and dull during the winter. They seldom play the amusing pranks which delight visitors at other

seasons of the year. Early in December they get stupid, and they do not recover their high spirits until spring arrives. Nevertheless, the zoological parks have proved to the satisfaction of scientists that the hibernation of bears is due, not to a natural inclination, but solely to a lack of food supply in their wild states. They do not hibernate in the zoological park, where, of course, they are as well fed in winter as in summer. The bears in the north part of the temperate zone have got to hibernate in winter or else starve to death, for they cannot find food when the ground is covered by a foot of snow. It is only another instance of Nature's wonderful ability to look after her own.

The supreme care of the keepers is to give the bears and other hardy animals dry sleeping places which are protected from draughts. If a bear has a good

den to sleep in, he can withstand the severest weather. Any winter ailment of the hardy animals is almost invariably caught because the sleeping place is damp or exposed to a cold current of air.

Wolves Are the Liveliest.

The liveliest animals in winter time are undoubtedly the wolves. There is no question that they thoroughly enjoy the cold. They are usually in finer condition during a hard winter than at any other season, and their spirits are up in it. All day long they are frisking about, rolling in the snow, if there is any, and having a lively little fight with one another every few minutes. Cold seems to make them unusually pugnacious. Perhaps that is because they know they would have to fight hard for their dinners in winter if they were back in a wild state. The buffaloes also enjoy frisking in the snow.

Most of the felines are kept carefully under cover in heated houses during the winter months, but there are some of them that seem to revel in the cold weather. Among these hardy creatures are the snow leopards, the pumas and the lynxes. The Siberian and Manchurian tigers might be added, but at present there are none of them in this country. The snow leopard, coming from the high slopes of the Himalayas, is naturally used to cold, and he does not seem to mind the dampness of the American climate so much as other animals habituated to a low temperature. He would die, indeed, if he were shut up in a house during winter; and both the Canada and the red lynx would undoubtedly suffer seriously if they were kept indoors, even in the coldest weather. They thrive during the winter, and get a very fine fur.

These animals, of course, sleep in protected places. All animals in a zoological park seem sensible enough to do that, except most of the polar bears. The latter do not seem to like their dens, and very rarely visit them. They prefer to sleep out in the open all the year round. This is undoubtedly because, on their native ice packs, there are no dens for them to shelter in.

The deer in this particular house could stand the winter without any artificial warmth, but as their coats are coarse and thin, a stove has been put in to take the chilliness out of the air. While this is not absolutely necessary, it is humane. Some heads of zoological parks seem to think only of keeping the animals alive during the cold months, but the directors who are best known and most successful also aim at making them comfortable and happy. The animals which have to stay indoors chafe under the imprisonment and grow low-spirited, anyway, so that everything possible ought to be done to lighten the burden of their irksome confinement.

Tropical Deer.

The axis deer is a wonderful animal. Though born in the hottest part of the tropics—India—it stands the American winter better than any American deer, and seems to revel in the cold when it is let out on fine days. It is amazing to see how well many tropical species stand the cold. Few birds are to be seen in the aviaries out of doors at this season of the year, but among them are all the tropical vultures and many of the eagles. They enjoy a low temperature when birds of the Northern temperate zone have to be kept indoors in steam-heated houses.

In this respect they resemble the human inhabitant of the tropics. Contrary to the general belief, a man or woman from the tropics can almost always stand a severe American winter better than people who have been born to it.

Sea lions appear to enjoy the winter and seldom suffer from any ailment. It is necessary to keep their pools free from ice and to provide dens littered with straw for them to sleep in. If these things are done, they will be as happy as sand boys all winter long.

Elephants have to be kept indoors during winter, and like it as well as all. They get exceedingly cross at the confinement, and sometimes their tempers grow so fierce that it is even dangerous for their keepers to go near them. This is true of many other animals, and it is the reason why fights are common in the cages during winter.

There is practically no trouble, except on the score of the animals that are kept indoors. So long as their houses are free from draughts and an even temperature is maintained, they are just as well off in winter as in summer.

In answer to a question, the head of a big zoological park declared: "We have no more cases of illness among the animals in winter than in summer. I think we usually have less. Certainly, the hooved animals fare better, as a whole, in winter than in summer."

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS OFFICIAL FAMILY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Tuesday and Friday mornings at 11 o'clock, whenever the flag is flying over the White House, the President and his Cabinet officers meet in conference. In anticipation of this momentous event, times are lively on these days during the morning hours. The President reaches his desk a good half hour earlier than on other days. He must look over his mail and be ready to meet his Ministers when they arrive. Mr. Loeb, the secretary to the President, does not enter his office and check on Tuesday and Friday mornings, but bottles in still raising a dust in the executive office. The venerable doorkeeper of the Presidential office, Captain Loeffler, puts on a spy look and invariably sports a red carnation on Cabinet days. His desk is swept and garlanded, and oftentimes adorned with a bunch of posies. Clerkberry about with care written on their faces, and all keep an anxious eye on the signal way, so though expecting a royal pageant to appear.

But the expected guests arrive with proud republican simplicity. Only those like Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, whose office is based on a mile from the White House, come in a coach and four. This symbolic vehicle generally is represented by the simple observation of the Secretary of Agriculture, drawn by a single horse. Mr. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, is an exception. He always comes in state. He received certain criticisms in Congress about the use of Government carriages and horses by influential Cabinet officials, so he displays his own thoroughbred and a carriage that played the part in international prominence when he was Ambassador to Russia. All the other members of the chief executive come on their own teams or less stately steeds, though it is said by Attorney-General Moody's colleague, Mr. Metcalf, the secretary of Commerce and Labor. There is no room for him next his colleague, Mr.

Hitchcock, so he is compelled to face the Executive, a circumstance which has led Mr. Roosevelt to ask Mr. Loeb to provide a longer table.

This is the second recent request in regard to the furnishings of the council chamber. The other was for a specially large and specially strong chair for Judge Taft, the "big man" of the Cabinet. Judge Taft's great weight, coupled with the fact that he laughs a great deal and laughs all over, threatened the destruction, one by one, of all the other Cabinet chairs.

At the Cabinet Table.

At the President's right sits John Hay, the Secretary of State. At his left is Leslie M. Shaw, the head of the Treasury, which ranks next to the Department of State. Next to Mr. Hay is Secretary of War Taft. Next to Mr. Shaw, Attorney-General Moody. Judge Taft's neighbor on the left is Robert J. Wynne, who forged his way from successful journalism to the headship of the Postoffice Department and a seat at the Cabinet table. Next to Mr. Moody sits Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, whose distinguished sire sat in the Cabinet of a Democratic President. Mr. Wynne's companion on the left is Mr. Hitchcock, the sole man, and "Uncle Jim of Tanna," the Secretary of Agriculture, brings up the rear.

A Cabinet meeting is one of the most informal affairs under the Government. The men meet and greet each other heartily, and as a rule some one of them has a distinguished guest whom he wishes to present to the President. The men meet and greet each other heartily, and as a rule some one of them has a distinguished guest whom he wishes to present to the President. The men meet and greet each other heartily, and as a rule some one of them has a distinguished guest whom he wishes to present to the President.

getting Secretary Wilson into an earnest discussion about the condition of crops if Mr. Hay becomes restless over a point in our foreign relations. The present Executive likes to branch off into frivolities when matters of huge import loom on the horizon. This tendency never fails to bring forth a protest from Mr. Hitchcock, who regards the wasting of time as a cardinal sin. An instance to the point occurred several weeks ago, when the Land Office frauds were of paramount importance. The Missouri member of the Cabinet is a fine man and an able one, but his manner of imparting knowledge on any subject is, to say the least, not absorbingly entertaining. Mr. Hitchcock dropped along about Oregon until Mr. Hay frankly showed impatience, and pulling out a document from his pile began to peruse it. Judge Taft sat stork with suppressed mirth, and catching the eye of the head of the Nation, gave him a slow, solemn wink and nodded across the table to where sat Paul Morton, struggling manfully with indifferent success against the embrace of Moody's aid, for the Attorney-General is no match for the War Secretary when it comes to "jollyng."

When Mr. Metcalf took his seat, Judge Taft welcomed him solemnly and bespoke support in his championship of Yale against the aggressions of Harvard. Mr. Metcalf is a Yale man, too, but he is coming to be known as the "silent mink." He has never advanced an opinion in the six months he has sat at the Cabinet table, and he speaks only when spoken to. He does not even enjoy the jokes, and in this must be recognized the class dominated by the Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Hitchcock did not deign to sit like a ramrod while Mr. Roosevelt gets off his latest and best. He is compelled to endure the President's stories without protest, but when one of the other Cabinet members grows facetious the Secretary of the Interior makes no attempt to control his impulses. Mr. Wilson is Scotch and is slow, like all of his countrymen. But he really tries to

enjoy the feast of reason and flow of soul prepared for him twice a week by his colleagues. Judge Taft avers that if a joke is told Mr. Wilson slowly and with emphasis on Tuesday, by Friday he will see the point and laugh as heartily as the next. It is a frequent occurrence that Mr. Wilson joins a sociable chat after the meeting has adjourned, and sometimes he will congratulate Mr. Hay, Mr. Morton or Mr. Shaw on something said.

"That was a good yarn you told, Shaw," said the venerable Secretary of Agriculture a few days ago.

"I am glad you enjoyed it," answered Shaw cordially; "you see, it mixed up John Knox and Presbyterianism some, and I was afraid you might not like it."

"Oh, I didn't like that foolness you told today," retorted Mr. Wilson. "I mean that story last week about the farm boy and the way to water corn."

Mr. Wilson is the dean of the Cabinet. He began his service with the commencement of the first McKinley administration, and if he rounds out a full term under Mr. Roosevelt he will have the unique record of 12 consecutive years at the head of one department. Mr. Wilson likewise is the oldest member of the Cabinet, and if he lives until next August he will have reached three score years and ten, the allotted age of man. Mr. Hitchcock is but a month and a half younger than Mr. Wilson, and will be 79 in September. The youngest member of the Cabinet is Judge Taft, and he is just eight months younger than the President. Mr. Morton is but a few months older than Mr. Taft. Mr. Hay will soon be 76, and shows more plainly than do the Secretaries of the Interior and of Agriculture the evidences of passing time. Mr. Hay takes great pride in his small grandchildren, and in his jokes and comment on current events there is a tendency to quote nursery rhymes. Mr. Wynne and the President have great sport over the number and attainments of their children. The genial Postmaster-General is the spry father of a family of ten. Mr. Morton, although the youngest-looking man at the table, has recently become

grandfather, and has been much congratulated in consequence.

MARGARET B. DOWNING.

The Northman's Christmas Tale.

Greater Firkins, in Lippincott's. In snow-laden lands, where, holly bright, Glow happy hearts at Christmas-tide, I've watched deep in the starry night, The warm snows wrap my country; In treble climes all summer's been I've seen the roses, green and pale, But once I saw the Christ Child rise, With dawn, on an Alaskan trail.

Blue-cold the north-north wailed us round, Lost exiles from all human kind; The fagots flared with sputtering sound, And in his sleep a sledge-dog whined, Eight weeks from somewhere in the snows, Eight weeks beyond the call of man, I lay that night, where Heaven knows— Some place 'twixt Shagway and Spokane.

I lay that night beside the flame; I slept; my mother told me that I dreamed, But, Mary Mother, by the name! I saw him when the dawn light gleamed. Steeping to warm him o'er the blaze— And since that night I've kept me down, And prayed upon my Christmas days.

Shivered the little one, and crept— Cuddling himself as best he could; I wagt him wattle (ill he slept)— The Christ Child slept—and so did I, His cheek bowed through the starry night, Out of the dark the wolf yelp sang, But in my dream a star shone bright, And o'er the sledge's angle sang.

Suplex the dawn still into day, I wakened to a world new born; And lo! the smiling baby lay Beneath my fur—on Christmas morn, Oh blessed Heaven, pity those Whose Father is a King to dread; I pity them as one who knows The Christ that shared a trapper's bed.

To east and west and southward far, In widdering ways, my paths have lain, My life hath known no holy star, My shrubby guide, no sacred face, But under bright or barren skies, On Christmas eve I tell my tale, For once I saw the Christ Child rise, With dawn, on an Alaskan trail.

Sidelights on the Members of the Cabinet and Their Doings.

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