Roosevelt's Guide Tells About That Bear-Hunt

JAKE BORAH TALKS IN CHARACTERISTIC WESTERN WAY OF THE PRESIDENT'S RECENT OUTING IN COLORADO

IN THE saddle, on the trail, eating camp dinner, or sleeping under a tent, there was never a better all-round fellow than President Roosevelt. He was just one of the boys, they will all tell you, and therein lies the secret of his life's success.

The President did not stand apart as a "dude," but joked and ate with us, rode and talked with us, as only a cowpuncher could. Those days will never be forgotten by us, for we know a tenderfoot as far as we can see him.

With Johnnie Goff they are all "tourists," and nine times out of ten they plan to hunt in the big game country of the Rockies, without the faintest idea of how to handle a gun. To me they all look like dudes, and I laugh now when I recall the first time I called the President "dude." Mr. Roosevelt did not attempt to conceal the smile which appeared under the stubby mustache.

"A dude!" echoed the President. "Did you call me a dude?"

"That is just what I called you," I answered, as I tipped my hat.

The President insisted on knowing what I thought a dude was, and I was good and stumped for a minute. Finally I sized up a dude this way: A dude is a man who wears store clothes and a white collar and necktie.

Well, you ought to have heard the President laugh. He said: "Jake, then I am no dude, for I have not got on store clothes, a collar or necktie."

President a Wrangler.

I was stumped pretty hard by this, but I came back and told the President if he wasn't a dude he was a wrangler.

"Yes, I am a wrangler," said Mr. Roosevelt, who asked if all the boys in camp were wranglers. I said they were.

"Now, Al, there," continued the President, "what's he?" pointing to Al Anderson.

"Al is a dog wrangler," I said.

"And Charley, what's he?" asked Mr. Roosevelt.

"He is a bird wrangler," I answered, and he went down the line, naming the different brand of each wrangler.

"Well, I guess I must be a dude, then," said the President, grinning, "and I guess I can stand it, but it is pretty hard on the dude."

He laughed as only the President can laugh. That was at the beginning of the trip, and after that the President, Dr. Lambert and Mr. Stewart, in spite of the fact that they were expert hunters and wore ordinary hunting clothing, were dudes, and as dudes they will always remember the recent bear hunt. Mr. Loeb was also a dude when he visited the President at the camp.

But they were the best lot of dudes I ever had out, I can tell you. The President knows how to handle a gun. Most of the dudes had to be told which end you shoot through. I told the President the day we dropped those four bears that that was the end of the hunt. Maybe you don't recollect just how the hunt went.

Well, the first day we brought in poor. There was only one bear, and the President got that. The next day we bagged two, the next time three, and the next time four. That is just the way it went, one after the other. Well, when we came in the fourth day with four of them, I says to the President: "This is the end of the hunt; there ain't going to be any fifth day, and you can take my word for that; the spell's broke. There ain't no five bears hanging around waiting for the fifth time, and it is all off," and it was. Why, do you think those bears was going to keep up that racket all Summer?

That last day, that is the day that Dr. Lambert returned with the four bears the President spent the time in his cabin, reading and watching the birds flying in and out of the pines about the camp fire. He was greatly interested in the bird life of the forest, and a volume, "Bird Life in America," was in his camp library. The President could tell all the Latin names for all the birds out there, and the smaller the bird was the bigger the name he gave it. Mr. Roosevelt would ask Charley Allen, one of the wranglers, the names of the different birds, and when Charley did not know, although he was raised with them and lived in Colorado all his life, I guess he thought Charley was pretty green.

The President read to the boys while he was in camp, read from books and all the best magazines, and while he rarely looked at the papers that were brought into camp, he laughed heartily at the cartoons about his hunt. The boys will never forget the President's talks to them, as he told them over and over again he had never felt so absolutely care-free before as he did upon that hunt.

"Oh, you don't know how good it feels just to be an ordinary man for three weeks; not to have those secret service men with me; to know that I can ride the hills without being followed and watched all the time," said the President to me one night. What a holiday it must have been for him, too, out here with a lot of sturdy, devoted cowboys, with no detectives around. He didn't need detectives, for the wranglers were always armed for the hunt, and would have killed any one who did not look good to them if they came near the camp or trail.

Two Meals a Day.

A new camp life rule was introduced by the President, and Jack Fry, the cook, for one, reaped a harvest by its benefits. "Two meals a day, no matter what happens," was the order, and Fry had about the easiest time of his life on that trip. The President did not eat so much at breakfast, but with him supper was the big meal. They were all very hungry about that time, and especially after they had been on the trail all day, and I will say that they did justice to that meal.

When supper was ready and the boys were not on hand, the President would call, "Come on here, all you wranglers," and every one of them would try to run over himself getting there first, and he never left any of them out, either; not the last man of the outfit. There were 11 of us all told, and we sat around in a half circle, with the President at one end, right at Jack Fry's elbow. When Loeb came out to camp there were 12 of us, and the President called us his hunting Cabinet.

The best picture taken on the whole trip is one Stewart took of the hunting cabinet at work. We were all in the tent, Jack standing by the President with the frying pan in his hand, dealing out the grub. The President wanted to have that picture put on the bill of fare at the dinner at the Colorado that night before he left, but they could not get them finished in time.

At that dinner to the cowboys, in the private dining-room of the big hotel, the President, save for his dude clothes, was the man of the camp. "You might be able to call me dude now," he jocularly suggested, "because I have my dude clothes on now." At that dinner he went over with us all the happy instances of the recent hunt and showed us all of the photographs of the Oklahoma wolf-hunt he was in, and told us stories about them.

This Hunt Was Different.

To all hunters, a bear-hunt is much the same, a chase after baying hounds, the treeing, and the fatal shot, but the President's hunt there was more than one thrilling incident that was a memorable one. The hardest fight was put up on the first day, when the President bagged a big brown bear. That was the day we lost old Spot, my best dog. Spot was the last dog in the track and died as a terrier always dies—game.

When we first came for the bear the dog had bayed him on the side of the mountain, about half way up. I sent Al Anderson up the hill so that he would get in above the bear and drive him down towards us. A bear will always run down if you get in above it. Al began to pelt him with rocks, but the bear never budged; just turned around and looked at him. Al kept on throwing and the bear began to take it out on the dog. We knew that would not do, that there would not be a dog left if that kept up, so Al quit throwing and the bear walked around on the side of the mountain and got away. The next thing we knew the dog had him bayed in a draw a little beyond. The President rode up then and got his gun ready.

In another minute the whole pack of hounds, 30 of them, had him. He would not tree, and fought it out alone. He was flashing the hounds right and left, when old Spot, who never knew what it was to be afraid, ran right into his arms. The President shot. It was only a question of shooting or letting the bear rush the dog, and he shot, the bear tumbling over with Spot in his arms. As they rolled down the gulch the old bear reached over and got hold of Spot's backbone with his teeth, breaking his back.

There was not a whimper from Spot. He got up and was pulling himself over to the bear again for a last revenge, when I picked him up and took him away. The President fired again, and by that time the bear was all in. Why, that was the gamest fight I ever saw. We had to shoot old Spot, and we dug a hole right there and covered him over and put a big rock to mark his grave, and rode back to camp.

Both Happy and Sad.

The President was happy to think he bagged that bear, but mighty sorry for poor old Spot. "Don't like to see a good dog killed like that," he said; "and I wish I had shot a little sooner; I might have saved Spot."

The second day the President had another unusual experience, in which he showed he could shoot. A young bear and an old one were the result of that day's work. After the young one had been treed and shot, the dogs found the trail of the old one. They found her hanging to a limb about 25 feet from the ground, where a dog had her at bay. The President gave a square shot, which woud have killed an ordinary bear, but the one in the tree winked at the men below as if nothing had happened. "Shoot! shoot!" I called to him, but the President did not make a move. I yelled again, but the bear crawled further up in the tree, and we began to think she was bullet proof. When it got about 50 feet from the ground it turned, looked at the men and dogs below and tumbled like a log to the ground. They all agreed that there was never a better shot, and the President said, as he shook his head above the brown heap of fur at his feet: "I made up my mind that I would wrap my gun around that tree if that shot did not prove fatal."

Three Bears on Thursday.

The third day they returned to camp with three bears, but no very thrilling incidents to mark the day. The fourth day the President told Dr. Lambert that he would let him take care of the bears that day, so when Dr. Lambert returned that night with four bears, the President could hardly believe his eyes and ears. That was the time that Jack Fry's dog, Denver, the white bulldog, went ahead of the pack and treed the bears, leaving the other dogs to handle them. When he got on the trail of the fourth bear, the old one, he started a bunch of elk, and he gave up the old bear and started out for the elk. Three days later he returned, when he had been given up for lost. He had followed the elk so far that it had worn him out, and he was unable to get back to camp sooner.

To return to the old bear. When the guides thought they would line her up so that Mr. Stewart could get a picture of her and Dr. Lambert could get a shot at her she doubled on them, and by the time they returned to the scene, Dr. Lambert and Jake Borah had signed her death warrant.

Of all the hunts they have ever taken, the President's hunt was not the least successful I have been in. If we had been out the whole time, and if we had had good weather, hunted on Divide Creek, and then, as we had mapped out, dropped over into the Muddy, we would have gone out with at least 35 bears, but it was a very good hunt, considering.

Peck's Bad Boy Back at the Old Grocery

Treats the Proprietor to a Turkish Cigarette and Gives the New Dog Some Cayenne Pepper.

(By Hon. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

THE old grocerman was sitting in the old grocery one fine Spring morning, looking over his accounts, as they were written on a quire of brown wrapping paper, with a blunt lead pencil, and wondering where he could go to collect money to pay a note that was due at the bank at noon on that day. He was looking ten years older than he did the year before, when the Bad Boy had played his last trick on the old man, and gone abroad to chaperone his sick father, in a search for health and adventure. The old man had missed the boy around the grocery, and with no one to keep his blood circulating, and his temperature occasionally soaring above the normal, he had failed in health, and had read with mixed feelings of joy, fear and resentment that the Bad Boy and his dad had arrived home, and he knew it could not be long before the boy would blow in, and he was trying to decide whether to meet the boy cheerfully and with a spirit of resignation, or to meet him with a club; whether to give him the glad hand, or form himself into a column of fours to drive him out when he came.

He had accumulated a terrier dog since the boy went away, to be company for the old singed cat, to hunt rats in the cellar, and to watch the store nights. The dog was barking down cellar, and the old man went down the rickety stairs to see what the trouble was and while he was down there helping the dog to tree a rat under a sack of potatoes, the Bad Boy slipped into the store, and finding the old man absent, he crawled under the counter, curled up on a cracker box and began to snore as the old man came up the stairs, followed by the dog with a rat in its mouth. The old man heard the snore, and wondered of he had been entertaining a tramp unawares, when the dog dropped the rat, and rushing behind the counter, began to growm, and grabbed the Bad Boy by the seat of his trousers and gave him a good shaking. The boy set up a yell that caused the plaster to fall, and the old man almost to faint with excitement, and he went to the door to call a policeman. The boy kicked the dog off, and raised up from behind the counter, causing the old cat to raise her back and spit cotton, and as the old man saw the Bad Boy he leaned against the show case and a large smile came over his face, and he said: "Gee, whiz! where did you get on?"

"The porter was not in, so I turned in the first lower berth I came to," said the Bad Boy, as he jumped over the counter and grabbed the old man by the arm and shook his hand until it ached. "Introduce me to your friend, the dog, who seems to have acquired an appetite for pants," and the Bad Boy got behind the old man and kicked at the dog, who was barking as though he had a cat on the fence.

"Get out, Tige," said the old man, as he pushed the dog away. "You have got to get used to this young heathen," and he hugged the bright-looking, well-dressed boy, as though he were proud of him.

"What are good, fat rats selling for now?" asked the boy, as his eye fell on the rat the terrier had brought out of the cellar. "I did not know you had added a meat market to your grocery. Now, in Paris, the rat business is a very important industry, but I didn't know the people ate them here. What do you retail them at?"

"Oh, get out, I don't sell rats," said the old man indignantly. "I got this dog for company, in your place, and he has proved himself more useful than any boy I ever saw. Say, come and sit down by the stove, and tell me all about your trip, as your letters to me were not very full of information. How is your father's health?"

"Dad is the healthiest man in America," said the boy, as he handed the old man a Turkish cigarette, with a piece of cheese under the tobacco about half an inch from the end where the old man lighted it with a match. "Dad is all right, except his back. He slept four nights with a cork life preserver strapped to his back coming over, and he has got curvature of the spine, but the doctor has strapped a board to dad's back, and says when his back warps back to fit the board he will be sound again."

"Say, this is a genuine Turkish cigarette, isn't it?" said the old man, as he puffed away at it, and blew the smoke through his nose. "I have always wanted to smoke a genuine, imported cigarette. Got a flavor something like a Welsh rabbit, ain't it?" and the old man looked at the cigarette where the frying cheese was soaking through the paper. "Gee, but I can't go that," and he threw it away, and looked seasick.

"Turks always take cheese in their cigarettes," said the Bad Boy. "They get a smoke and food at the same time. But if you feel sick, you can go out in the back yard and I will wait for you."

"No, I will be all right," said the old man, as he got up to wait on a customer. "Here, try a glass of my cider," and he handed the boy a dirty glass half-filled with cider, which the boy drank, and then looked queer at the old man.

"Tastes like it smells going through the oil belt in Indiana," said the boy. "What's in it?"

"Kerosene," said the old man. "The Turks like kerosene in their cider. They get drink and light, if they touch a match to their breath. Say, that makes us even. Now, tell me, what country did your dad get robbed the most in while you were abroad?"

"Well, it was about a stand off," said the boy, as he made a slip noose on the end of a piece of twine, and was trying to make a hitch over the bob tail of the groceryman's dog, with the idea of fastening a tomato can to the string a little later, and turning the dog loose. "Dou you know," said he to the old man, "that I think it is wrong to cut off a dog's tail, 'cause when you tie a tin can to it you feel as though you were taking advantage of a cripple."

"Well, all the countries we visited robbed dad of all the money he had, one one way or another, sooner or later; even our own country, when we arrived in New York, took his roll for duty on some little things he smuggled, but I think the combination of robbers at Carlsbad stuck togther and got the goods off dad in the most systematic manner. Some way they got news when we arrived, of the exact amount of money dad had got out of the bank, and before we had breakfast the fakirs had divided it up among themselves, and each one knew just what was going to be his share and it was just like getting a check from home for them. If we were going there again we would give the money to some particular fakir to divide with the rest, and then take a few swallows of their rotten egg water, and get out.

"Say, did you ever eat a piece of custard pie made out of stale eggs? Well, that is just about the same as the Carlsbad water, only the water is not baked with a raw crust on the bottom. But the doctor dad consulted was a peach. Dad asked him how much of the water he ought to drink, and the doctor held a counsel with himself, an said dad might drink all he could hold, and when dad asks him how much his charges were, he said:: 'Oh, wait till you are cured.' So dad thought he was not going to charge for his advice, but after we had drank the water for ten days, and dad was so weak he couldn't brush the flies off his bald spot, we decided to go to a rest cure, and when we had our tickets bought the doctor attached our baggage, and had a bill against dad for $460 for consultations, operations, advice, board and borrowed money, and he had a dozen witnesses to prove every item. Dad paid it, but we are going there once more with a keg of dynamite for that doctor. But dad thinks he got the worth of his money.

"You remember before he went away he thought the doctors who operated on him for that 'pendicitis left a monkey-wrench in him when they sewed him up. Well, after he began to drink that water he found iron-rust on the towels when he took a bath, and he believes the monkey-wrench was sweat out of him. Say, does your dog like candy?"

"Oh, yes, he eats a little," said the groceryman, and the boy tossed a piece of candy such as he gave the King of Spain, with cayenne pepper in it, to the dog, which swallowed it whole, and the old man said: "Now, I suppose your father is cured, you will all stay at home for awhile, and settle down to decent citizenship, and take an active part in the affairs of your city and state? Gee, but what is the matter with the dog?" added the old man, as the dog jumped up on all fours, looked cross-eyed and tried to dig a hole in his stomach with his hind leg.

"Oh, no, we shall never stay home much more," said the Bad Boy, getting up on a barrel and pulling his feet up to get away from the dog, who was beginning to act queer. "You see, dad got cured, all right, of a few diseases that were carrying him off, but he has taken the 'jumps,' a disease that is incurable. When a man has the 'jumps' he can't stay long in one place, but his life after taking the disease is one continual round of packing up and unpacking, his literature is time cards and railroad guides, and his meals are largely taken at railroad eating-houses, sitting on a stool, and his sleep is uncertain cat naps. Say, that dog acts as though the mouthful he took out of my pants under the counter didn't agree with him," added the boy, as the dog rolled over and tried to stand on his head.

"Dog acts kinder like he had something on his mind," said the old man, as he got out of the dog's way, so he could do his acrobatic stunt.

"Say," said the Bad Boy, "if you have never been vaccinated against mad dog, you better take something right now, for that dog is mad, and in about two minutes he is going to begin to snap at people, and there is no death so terrible as death from a mad dog bite. Gee, but I wouldn't be in your place for a million dollars." And the boy stood up on the barrel, and was beginning to yell mad dog," when the old man asked what he could take to make him immune from the bite of a mad dog.

"Eat a bottle of horseradish," said the boy, as he reached over to the shelves and got a bottle, and pulled the cork. "Eminent scientists agree that horseradish is the only thing that will get the system in shape to withstand and throw off the mad dog virus," and he handed the old man the bottle, who began to eat it, and cry, and choke, and the boy got down from the barrel and let the dog out doors, and he made a bee line for the lake.

"He's a water dog, all right," said the boy, and as a servant girl came in to buy some soap, and saw the old man eating raw horseradish and choking and looking apoplectic, she asked what was the matter with the old man, and the boy said a mad dog just escaped from the store, and that the old man had shown signs of madness ever since; the girl gave a yell and rushed out into the world without her soap. "Let this be a lesson to you to be kind to dumb animals," said the boy to the old man as he finished the bottle of horseradish and put his hands on his stomach.

MEMORIAL DAY POEMS

The Blue and the Gray.

Leslie's Weekly.

Knee deep in the scarlet poppies,
Waist high in the waving corn,
At the edge of the silver streamlet
They met by chance one morn.
He was a Union soldier
In blue and buttons gay,
And she was a Southern maiden
In a shabby gown of gray.

She looked at his stalwart shoulders,
And face with its healthy tan;
He looked at her cheeks of roses,
And so the tale began.
The poppies yet were sleeping,
And who was to hinder, pray,
If the blue-clad soldier captured
A kiss from the girl in gray?

Every night off duty
He stole from the lines of blue
To meet her under the live oaks
In the moonlight and the dew.
And lo! when the bugle sounded
And the regiment marched away,
He left a ring and a promise
With the sweet little maid in gray.

After the war was over
And the battle flags were furled,
And the peaceful snow of the orchards
Folded the weary world.
He came again to the village
In the heart of the fragrant May—
The bells rang out for a bridal
And the blue was wed to the gray.

The Old Sword on the Wall.

Joe Lincoln in Saturday Evening Post.

Where the warm Spring sunlight, streaming
Through the window, sets its gleaming,
With a softened silver sparkle in the dim and dusky hall,
With its tassel torn and tattered,
And its blade deep brutted and battered,
Like a veteran, scarred and weary, hangs the old sword on the wall.

None can tell its stirring story,
None can sing its deeds of glory,
None can say which cause it struck for, or from what limp hand it fell;
On the battlefield they found it,
Where the dead lay thick around it,
Friend and foe—a gory tangle—tossed and torn by shot and shell.

Who, I wonder, was its wearer,
Was its stricken soldier bearer?
Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall and straight and brave and true?
Dusky locks and lashes had he?
Or was he some Northern laddie,
Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and with eyes and coat of blue?

From New England's fields of daisies,
Or from Dixie's bowered mazes,
Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I wonder, was his name?
Did some sister, wife, or mother
Mourn a husband, son, or brother?
Did some sweetheart look with longing for a lover who never came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever
Keeps its secret, answering never.
But the grim old blade shall blossom on this mild Memorial day;
I will wreathe its hilt with roses
For the soldier who reposes
Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in his garb of blue or gray.

May the flowers be fair above him,
May the bright buds bend and love him,
May his sleep be deep and dreamless till the last great bugle call;
And may North and South be nearer
To each other's heart, and dearer,
For the memory of their heroes and the old swords on the wall.

The Grand Army of the Republic.

Elsie Florence Fay in Success.

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear,
And at each succeeding roll call fewer voices answer "Here."

Still their regiments are marching—many march with noiseless tread,
And no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Glorious tales of gallant service echo still on every hand;
Charge and siege and bitter hardship—comrades lost on sea and land.

Now a reunited nation joins to bless the honored dead,
Though forgetful of the living who have likewise fought and bled.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here;
Lift them to the living heroes—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be
Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.
But today the drums are muffled and the flag at half mast waves,
Keeping green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their graves.

Still another weary Winter shrouded in the snow they lay;
Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loviest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore,
Eighty million throats are swelling—we are free forevermore!

Reunited.

Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

Where cedars flanked the village church
Like sentries dark and tall,
Two soldiers slumbered side by side
Beneath a grassy pall.
One from his mossy stone proclaimed
That he had fought with Lee,
And one had marched the weary road
With Sherman to the sea.

There came a band of veterans
Upon Memorial day
And planted roses on the blue,
But left unmarked the gray.
But when returning to the spot
Another year, behold!
Their comrade of the battlefield
Rebuked them from the mold.

The roses rooted in his dust
Reached out their tender sprays
Through starry nights, and dewy dawns,
And sunny golden days,
They showered with petals and perfume
That green and silent place,
And folded both the sleepers there
Within their sweet embrace.

Each grizzled hero bared his head,
And every furrowed cheek
Was brightened by a tear that told
The thoughts that none could speak;
And so upon Memorial day,
In sunshine or in showers,
Since then they deck alike the graves
Of blue and gray with flowers.

"Unknown."

Charlotte Whitcomb in Boston Transcript.

She stood, that immemorial day,
Within the shelter of his arm,
Grief bowed, and heard him rev'rent say:
"God keep my little girl from harm!"
And then his column marched away.

He fell with broken blade in hand,
Upon his heart a pictured face,
His generous foes could understand—
They left the trifle in its place;
They answered thus his eyes' command.

He lies within a grave unknown
Somewhere beneath the Southern stars;
She sits with whitened hair, alone,
His wound was death—hers shows no scars,
And all the burdened years have flown.

The lengthening years have gently flown;
"God keeps her" in his own right hand,
She says, "Fame sometimes finds its own—
Some men are great—my love was grand!
Can such as he be left unknown?"

With happy eyes she sits alone,
This latest of Memorial days;
Outside, the march, the thunderstone
Of cannon, music, garlands, bays,
She smiles, "My love comes to his own—
Only his grave is left unknown."

The Bugle Song.

Baltimore American.

He went away to the war that day,
To the swinging bugle song;
All stanch and true in his suit of blue,
And sturdy, brave, and strong.
'Mid the tramp of feet and the loud drum beat,
And the ringing of the cheers,
There were none to see such a one as she
Who could not see for tears.

And back again came the marching men,
With the bugle singing still;
Yet the music's surge was a sighing dirge,
All sad and slow and shrill,
For a woman wept, and a soldier slept
In the dreamless, silent sleep;
And the bugle song had a measure wrong,
For the buglers sometimes weep.

And the bugles' lure while the years endure
Will coax them to the line,
And the lilting strains on the hills and plains
Still echo fair and fine.
But the suits of blue, and the sabers, too,
And the worn and battered caps,
Will tell some maid what the bugle played
When it sighed the song of "Taps."

Memorial Hymn.

Author Unknown.

On this Memorial day we raise
The fragrant incense of our praise
Our country mourns her bravest sons,
Mute to their ears her loudest guns!

But while we honor those who fall
Obedient to their country's call
We weep for those, our brothers, too,
Who wore the gray, and not our blue.

Oh, motherland, we come today,
And questioning not if blue or gray,
All sorrowing hearts now weep as one,
We mourn for every soldier son!

We weep for those who fighting fell
Each for the land he loved so well,
Where'er they sleep, in nameless graves,
In lonely swamps, or 'neath the waves,

Men and Women We Read About

Continued From Page Forty.

he asks. If there is a treasurer in Persia, that official is a convenience rather than a necessity; the Shah himself is treasury as well as treasurer. Whatever Persia is worth the Shah is worth; which makes his wealth a bit difficult to measure. Be it remembered, too, that this autocratic collector of precious stones possesses as fine diamonds as are in the world; has rubies which vie with even those of India, while, as for emeralds, his have for years been the envy of a universe. When a gentleman wears in his turban a green stone valued at $4,000,000, what is he worth?

Millionaire Monarchs.

China's claim to great wealth, as voiced through her Emperor, is based, again, on the fact that he is absolute, as are the monarchs of Abyssinia and Morocco. All three may well be millionaires, and in Menelik and Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz Africa will find the only two seven-figure individuals she may show, excepting her half dozen in Cape Colony, but none of these may properly be listed at more than a paltry $5,000,000.

With Leopold of Belgium the case is different. His annual stipend is only $700,000; a "salary" surpassed by a dozen of his "dear cousins," but behind Leopold is Congoland—and that makes all the difference between $700,000 and $250,000,000, at which he has been estimated by the French statistician Lorand. Practically the 900,000 square miles of Congo State are the King's personal property. It is true he has willed this royal domain to Belgium, but he is not dead yet, and all that wealth of rubber and ivory, cotton and palms, gold and copper, are Leopold's.

As for the rest of Europe's rulers, Germany, England, Italy, Austria and even Spain may be said to support royal millionaires. Most of them live not much better than just within their incomes, but nonetheless are they to be counted when the thousands of the world's "richest" are reckoned up.

Ten thousand and eighty-seven of them! Worth something like $26,000,000,000. But are all of them put together, with their jewels and castles, lands and mines, factories and ranches, piled into one great heap, able to buy the heart-deep joy of one small barefoot country boy, who lets down his little hook and hoists up the first fish of the new-born Spring?—Copyright, 1905.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Self-Denial Without Restraint.

London Public Opinion.

One of the newest "cures" is to eat as much as you can for three weeks of the month, and diet yourself rigorously during the fourth. In this way it is found possible to combine the advantages of self-denial with the pleasures of the table.

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Dr. ignatz Mayer, the famous Detroit Rupture Authority (originator of the painless and non-surgical Fibro-Plastic method of treating Rupture), has devised a new Home Treatment for the benefit of those who are unable to take personal treatment at his office. This Home Treatment is absolutely certain to cure in a few weeks without pain, inconvenience or surgical operations. In every case the rupture is fully reduced, the membranes and tissues permanently healed and made so strong that the cure is complete and trusses and supporters no longer needed. The cost of the Home Treatment is very small, as Dr. Mayer depends upon his local office practice for his profits.

Mr. Frank E. Porter, 226 Grove St., Joliet, Ill., was ruptured 26 years and during that time grew worse and worse until he feared something more serious would set in. Dr. Mayer cured him in a short time, to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Porter is so well pleased with the treatment that he voluntarily advises all who are ruptured to write to Dr. Mayer.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply write to Dr. Mayer today, telling him all about your case and he will make you a special proposition so liberal that you cannot afford to pass it by and let your rupture remain untreated. Send at once for this proposition and his book on RUPTURE AND ITS TREATMENT,—mailed FREE to all. Address, IGNATZ MAYER, M. D., Suite 54, Chamber of Commerce, Detroit, Mich.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

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UNION DEPOT.	Leaves.	Arrives.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL, for the East via Huntington.	9:15 A. M. Daily.	5:25 P. M. Daily.
SPOKANE FLYER	6:15 P. M. Daily.	8:00 A. M. Daily.
For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.		
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8:15 P. M. Daily.	7:15 A. M. Daily.

RIVER SCHEDULE.

FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach, steamer Hassalo, Ash-st. dock (water per.)	8:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday. Saturday, 10:00 P. M.	5:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash-st. dock (water per.)	7:00 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	5:30 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR LEWISTON, Idaho and way points from Riparia, Wash.	6:00 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday.	About 5:00 P. M. Monday, Wednesday Friday.

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*8:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	*7:25 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.	Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with train for Mount Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron.	*6:25 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local.	*10:10 A. M.
*7:30 A. M. ‖4:50 P. M.	Corvallis passenger Sheridan passenger	*3:50 P. M. ‖8:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‖Daily, except Sunday.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND TAMHILL DIVISION.

Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:30 A. M., 12:50, 2:05, 3:55, 5:20, 6:25, 7:45, 10:10 P. M. Daily, except Sunday, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, 10:25 A. M., 4:10, 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9 A. M.

Returning from Oswego, arrives Portland daily 8:30 A. M., 1:55, 3:05, 4:55, 6:15, 7:35, 9:55, 11:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:25, 7:25, 9:30, 10:20, 11:45 A. M. Except Monday, 12:25 A. M. Sunday only, 10 A. M.

Leave from same depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily except Sunday, 4:10 P. M. Arrive Portland, 10:10 A. M.

The Independence-Monmouth motor line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co. trains at Dallas and Independence.

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