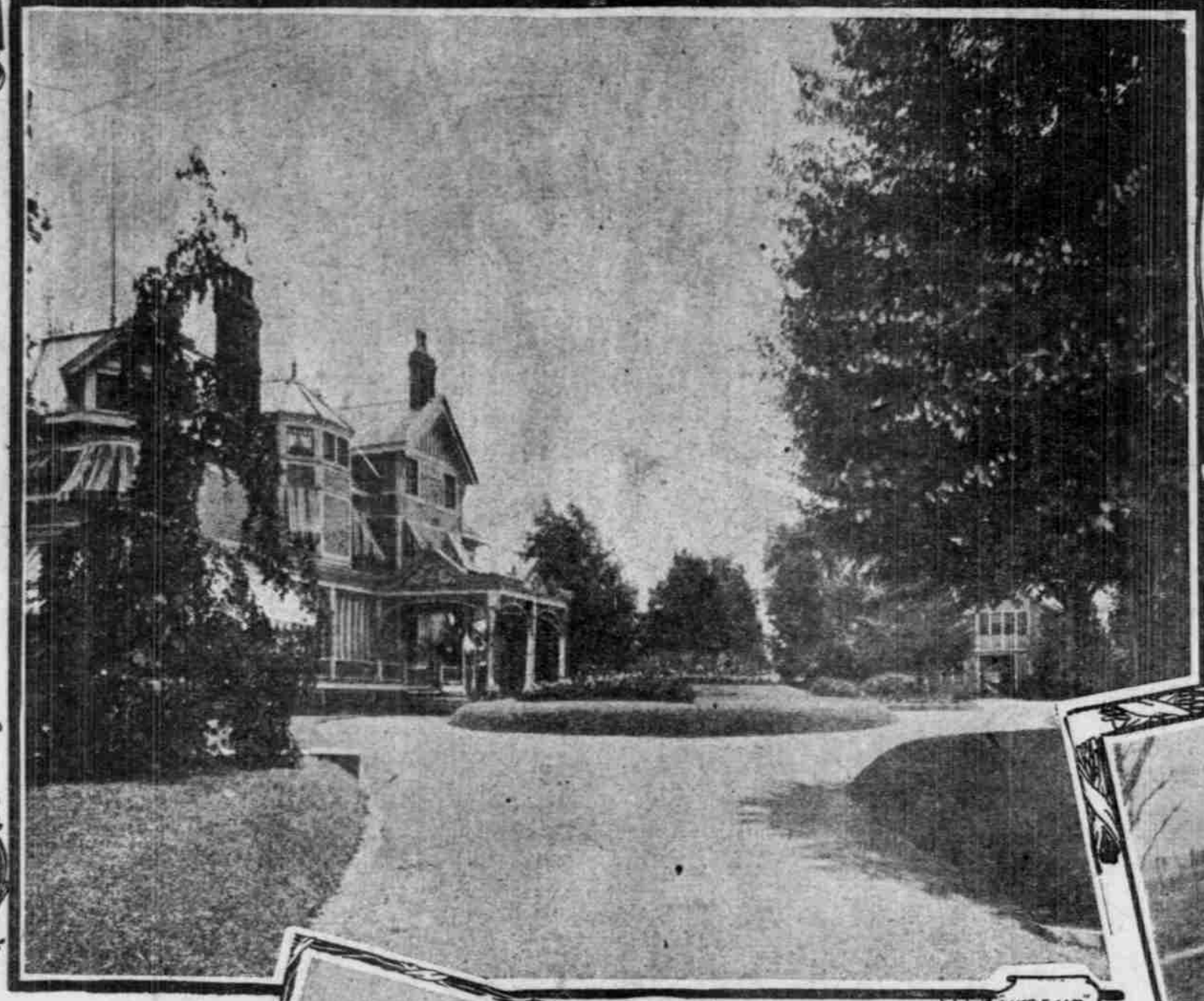


WILD ANIMALS THAT FRANK ROCKEFELLER KNOWS

INTERESTING STORIES OF ANTELOPE, MOOSE, ELK AND BUFFALO IN SEMI-CAPTIVITY



There is nothing Frank Rockefeller likes better to talk about than animals and their ways. He is the youngest of the three brothers in the family made famous by patriotism, and at one time he was interested in the Standard Oil, though today, it is understood, he has no interest whatever in the organization, and he declines positively to discuss it or his brother, John D.

"Next to my family," he said, sitting in his Cleveland office the other day, "I love animals more than anything else in the world, and by simply having fun with them I have found out a good many things and learned a good many lessons that I never could have learned otherwise."

"Did you ever own any young bears?" Well, if you haven't you don't know how hard you can laugh. At least, the four little black bear cubs I owned for some time made me laugh harder than I ever have laughed at anything else.

Comical Ways of Bear Cubs.

"I got those cubs in Canada, north of Lake Superior, where I went one time to look up a story about some copper deposits or something. They were brought into camp by an Indian. I brought them home here and took them into my place, Lakeland, 11 miles out of town, at Wickliffe-on-the-Lake. I thought they'd go to play with the dogs, and maybe they'd amuse the children, who were small then."

"We gave them the freedom of the lawn most of the time, and we never had anything around that gave us more pleasure than these bears. They were quite as playful as young puppies, and they had great fun playing with my Scotch terrier. But even when the bears were young they had a little more dignity than the puppies; at least the cubs used almost always to get tired of playing before the puppies did, and when they were tired they would make it so plain by a cuff alongside the head or in some other way that the pups always understood and stopped at once."

"One of the most amusing things about the whole business was the way the dogs would go way back and lie down, as soon as they noticed that the cubs were tired. The dogs always knew when the bears had had enough, and, too, they knew it wasn't healthy to suggest more frolicking till the bears made it clear that they were ready to have fun again. Then the puppies were always on hand; I do not remember that they ever got tired first."

"After we had had the cubs a few months and they had grown considerably, they began to get pretty rough and fierce in their play, and when, at the age of a year and a half, they began to think it funny, once in a while, to knock a dog clear of the ground, so that he would describe a parabolic curve in the air before he came down again, I thought it time to get rid of them and gave them to the Zoo."

"We got most fun out of the bear cubs watching them take their daily bath. They enjoyed the tub as much as ever a human being, and, at least, whenever for some reason or other, they didn't get it they were cross and wouldn't play."

"When they were still quite small they all bathed together in one tub, which I made for them by sawing an old oil barrel in two, after which I set it into the ground out on the lawn. I would put eight or ten inches of water in it, and they would get in and splash about in it, and they would sit there and yap like puppies having the time of their lives. Finally I guessed maybe they'd like it if I put a couple of water tubs in the tub every time before getting in; no, no, no bath for the bears, and that was all there was about it."

"Mr. Rockefeller has no bears on his place at Lakeland-on-the-Lake now, nor any other wild animals, for the matter of that. The children are grown up now," he explains, "and none of us is as young as we used to be. But he still keeps deer, elk and other wild animals on his ranch at Belvidere, Kan. His dogs are still a feature of his Cleveland place, and their care is one of his chief pleasures. According to his neighbors, he doesn't look upon them as many personal pets, but as known individuals and intimately as comrades."

"He carries a dog whistle always, and whenever he comes home, after an absence either long or short, he takes the whistle from his pocket and sounds it about as soon as he sets foot upon the place. Once the dogs hear that whistle and no leash could hold them."

Amazing Ways of Antelope.

Mr. Rockefeller has had almost as much fun with antelope as he has with

cub bears, and he likes them almost as well.

"I used to shoot antelope with General Custer in Kansas in the old days," he said. "Antelope are easy to tame; an antelope will soon learn to follow you about like a dog, but they are not easy to breed and raise, as it is hard to keep them alive when young. They're a mischievous set and very nervous. I sent four antelope to my brother William for his place in Greenwich, Connecticut; I knew he had some deer, but no antelope, and I thought he'd like them. Well, sir, those four fool antelope got scared at something one day and started to run in a perfect frenzy; they all butted their heads against a strong picket fence and they all broke their necks, and that was the end of William's antelope."

"Antelope are as fond of bright objects as crows are and will hide spoons, cups and whatever they take a fancy to in the same way. They are as destructive, too, and they particularly like to tear up paper. If you ever own an antelope, don't leave the morning paper about till after you've read it, for if the antelope can get at it he'll destroy it. I had an antelope once who would seize a newspaper in his teeth and then get his front feet at it and stamp and tear away at it till it was all torn into little bits."

"I've seen that antelope lie in wait like a puppy dog to grab something, say a piece of clothing, that he could seize and run away with. Sometimes he would watch for the dining-room door to open, when he would rush in and pull the cloth off the table. He was particularly fond of getting a handkerchief away from any one he could; sometimes he would tear it up by jumping on it, but as often he would hide it."

"I've called the antelope Jack and he would answer to the name as well as a dog would. He would follow me like a dog, too. Sometimes I would take him hunting with me. I would go on horseback and Jack would follow off the plains, when I wanted to shoot a wild antelope or two for food. I would picket Jack, then drive a stick into the ground nearby and tie something red to the stick."

"All antelope are very inquisitive and they can see a long way off. They would see the bit of red and come running up. A little distance off they would stop and look about cautiously, for they are as timid as they are inquisitive. Seeing Jack their timidity would vanish and then they would come into easy range."

"No, Jack never seemed to want to rejoin the wild antelope. I never had a chance to get him, and I'd unpicketed him I'd try to lose him, just to see what would happen, and manage to sneak a good quarter of a mile away from him before I'd mount my horse. Then I'd ride away as fast as I could, but Jack never failed to get some ahead of me."

Rockefeller Talks of Elks.

Mr. Rockefeller owns a small herd of buffalo, which he keeps on his Kansas ranch. He has found the breeding of buffalo a difficult proposition. "But elk," he said, "are more difficult both to breed and to raise than buffalo."

"I have 13 elk," he added, "on my Kansas ranch. I got them from some Indians in Wyoming and the Dakotas. I had four bull elk at one time. One day one of them killed three young bulls in my herd of cattle, besides smashing two wagons. Elk are about as bad animals to have around as you can find. They have no sense of humor, like cub bears or antelope, and I wouldn't advise you to invest in elk."

"After the bull elk I have just mentioned had killed four of my cattle, one of my ranchmen planned to rope the brute, throw him and then cut off his horns. Well, with some help, the man managed the roping all right, and for a little while supposed he had been got under perfect control. But his supposition was not founded on fact."

"That elk was quiet for a few moments. Then he gave one lunge straight up into the air, came straight down on his head, broke his neck and lay dead before the men. A good, normal, healthy elk, and when he holds up his head high at the withers—four inches to the head, you know—and that's as high as a big horse. Such an elk will weigh quite as much as a horse of the same height, and when he holds up his head it will be a good deal higher in the air than a horse of the same weight."

"Elk's horns sometimes spread I met one of the handiest elk heads I ever saw mounted were put up by a chap I met once in Wyoming, at a place called Saratoga, near Fort Steele. He was a taxider-

mist, up there to get well of consumption, and I had him mount two heads for me, which I sent to my brother Will.

Most of the Animals Are Tame.

"Do I ever have trouble taming animals? Well, my animals are tame. You can't expect full-grown bears or bull elk or moose to be very tame, but most of the animals we have had about the place at Lakeland and those we now have on the ranch at Belvidere have always been as tame as a pet dog. I have an amateur snap shot of that old doe and my daughter Anna that speaks for itself. You can see from it how tame the animal is. She runs entirely free, and I have seen her 30 miles away from home and found her back there ahead of me by the time I got to the house. Sometimes she stays all night with me, and she returns all right. All my animals do. A Canadian once might shoot her if she is always allowed to run loose? Why, all the folk around Belvidere know my animals whenever and wherever they see them, and none of my neighbors would think of molesting them."

"You'll have to be careful about the food of your wild animals if you ever try to breed any. You must look out especially that there are no decayed or frozen apples or potatoes on the ground where they can get at them, and this is particularly true of deer. A deer will die in half an hour after eating a mess of frozen potatoes. Oats are bad for them, too, and a plot of oats will kill a moose in an hour, if you want to give them grain in any form let it be ground feed."

Moose Are Great Runners and Jumpers.

"Speaking of moose, I brought four moose here from Canada once. I had some trouble getting them out of the country, for there is a Canadian law against letting them come over the border. No, I didn't run them over on the quiet, I applied to the authorities and got a permit in good and regular shape. I told the authorities I wanted to bring them here as curiosities, and that eventually I should give them to some zoological park, which I did."

"I had a pretty good time with my moose, and I learned more about them than some of the natural history writers or even the Indians know about them. I had always heard that moose would never jump and that they had only one gait, a sort of slow trot."

"I asked the Indians about it and they confirmed what I had heard. 'Why,' said they, 'you'll have no trouble at all in keeping your moose from jumping; any way they can't possibly jump a fence higher than two rails.' I was particular about that because I did not want to bring the moose here and have them breaking into my neighbors' inclosures. The assurance of the Indians on that point satisfied me completely, though, and I brought the moose along."

"At first I had no trouble at all with

them. They were not full grown when I brought them but they grew very rapidly and became strong and sturdy. They hadn't yet jumped over any fences, but it began to look as if they would soon be able to push anything but a very strong fence over, and so one day I decided to take them out and put them in a certain big pasture field. Its fences were a good deal stronger and some higher."

"Now, I had some brood mares and their colts pasturing in that field, but I couldn't see that there was any reason why I shouldn't put the moose in, too, and I did it. Well, the subsequent proceedings were highly interesting and truly educational in the way they revealed the nature and capability both of brood mares and moose."

"The mares were high-bred trotters; one of them held quite a record, and, of course, they were high-strung and nervous. Also, of course, they had never seen any moose. But I didn't think anything of that. It never occurred to me that the presence of the strange, ungainly-looking animals in the same pasture with them would annoy the mares in the least. But you should have seen them. As near as I can get at it, neither of the mares was afraid of any personal damage from the moose, but it was perfectly clear that one of them feared for her colt."

"The moose that was nearest her. It was a little space and looked at him. Then she laid back her ears, rolled her eye and, with a wild scream, started straight for the moose that was nearest her. It was a case of hate at first sight. As I have said, I had never yet seen a moose take any gait but the rather slow, curious sort of trot, everybody knows who knows moose, most of the action being from the knees; but when that moose, saw that mare coming straight at him, like a tiger, her ears back, her teeth shut tight and her eyes showing the white, he turned and began to get away."

"At first he stuck to his trot, but it wasn't for long; that gait was speedily abandoned and he broke into a long, quick run, fleeing for dear life. The mare caught up with him, though, and set her teeth viciously into his rump, whereupon the moose let out another link, going upon the hind legs and finally breaking away. This was surprising, but what happened when he came to the fence was more surprising, for he cleared it like a trained high jumper—or maybe I should say like a bird—he seemed fairly to fly over the high six-rail barrier."

"Of course, that settled it. There was no keeping the moose in the pasture with the brood mares. In the first place the mares would have killed the moose, and in the second place the moose wouldn't stay. Every blessed one of them learned to be high jumpers right away, and I couldn't build fences high enough to keep them in."

"Both moose and buffalo are tameable; women may pet them even, except at certain times. In a fight, by the way, the buffalo is no match for the elk. Because of the great strength and spread of his

horns the elk is able to tear the buffalo literally to pieces."

Wants to Save the Buffalo.

Mr. Rockefeller is very much in sympathy with the movement lately set on foot by Dan Beard, the artist, writer and naturalist, and editor of *Recreation*, for the preservation of the bison or buffalo.

"I have been greatly in hopes that some way might be worked out for the saving of the buffalo," said Mr. Rockefeller, "and I started a herd on my Belvidere ranch some years ago. But I have never had much luck breeding buffalo, and today there are only four head in my herd, all told. I have talked with 'Buffalo Bill' Cody, 'Buffalo' Jones and several other men who claimed to know and ought to know a good deal about them."

"The man who knows more about them in my judgment than any one else alive is named Goodnight, and he lives at Goodnight, Tex. He has quite a herd, and some years ago he believed he could produce a new breed by crossing buffalo and regular cattle, which would be of great value both as to hardness and beef producing qualities. He proposed naming the new species 'Cattalo' when it should be produced, and he has devoted a good deal of time, money and attention to the matter."

"But with all his knowledge and experience he has produced no results that are very encouraging, nor has he managed to increase his herd much, if any. He has been able to breed a few common cows to buffalo bulls, but buffalo cows have never been bred to common bulls successfully. In my experience pure-bred buffalo have never borne young oftener than once in two years, and I am doubtful whether they breed any oftener than that in the wild state. I was told that if the calves were taken from their mothers they would breed yearly, and I tried it, but it didn't work."

"I have seen it advocated that the Government establish a great reservation in New Mexico and breed buffalo there, and the scheme sounds all right. But the trouble is that what's everybody's business is nobody's, and there is danger that the buffalo wouldn't be properly cared for."

"Look at the buffalo in the Yellowstone reservation; the herd is smaller today than it was years ago. I do not know that this is because the buffalo do not breed there, probably they do, but slowly, as I believe they do everywhere, and in all circumstances. But the animals are not properly watched; every now and then they wander across the borders of the reservation and are shot."

"I have seen it advocated that the Government establish a great reservation in some private lands. A Government reservation large enough and properly cared for is the only solution. By being properly cared for I mean that they must be kept from wandering away and that it must be seen to that their feeding grounds are all right."

"Mr. Beard's plan contemplates the establishment of a buffalo sanctuary in a

part of the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana, and I hope it will go through. I have thought it would be better to locate such a reservation, if ever established, in the Southwest, as that seems to me to be their natural breeding place. Still they can be bred in the North, for as I understand it the buffalo herd established by Austin Corbin in New Hampshire is increasing steadily, so it is quite feasible that a Government reservation in the North would be a success."

"Buffalo are bred with more success, I believe, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, than anywhere else in captivity, and I would advise anyone interested in buffalo to go to Lincoln Park and talk to the keeper. He knows his business. Anyway I shall take pleasure in doing all I can to help carry along Mr. Beard's buffalo preservation scheme as much as I can. Mr. Beard and the Indians are practically the only forms of life peculiar to this continent, and we ought not to allow either to become extinct. I don't suppose there's a manager of the Indian being wiped out, but unless the shrinkage of the buffalo is brought to a halt pretty soon it will be lost forever from the face of the earth."

Big Scheme to Save the Buffalo.

Mr. Beard's scheme for buffalo preservation is based on the fact that the Flathead reservation in Montana, by act of Congress is to be thrown open to settlers in the Spring. What is known as the Pablo-Allard herd ranges on that reservation, and it is Beard's plan to set aside an area of 86 square miles—12 miles long by eight miles wide—for the use forever of this herd. It is the only large herd of buffalo now living on an old range, and the fact that buffalo have thrived there from time immemorial, Mr. Beard considers presumptive proof that they will continue to thrive there if properly guarded and provided for."

Mr. Beard has made a census of the buffalo in this country and Canada and finds that the total number of animals now in existence, both in a wild state and in zoological gardens, etc., is less than 1000. Forty years ago there were 10,000,000 buffalo in America. The creation of the proposed reservation must be accomplished by act of Congress in the coming session, and Mr. Beard is anxious that all who, like Mr. Rockefeller, approve the movement, will lend their voices to its furtherance. One of Mr. Beard's plans is for the friends thereof to write to their local Congressman and their local newspapers announcing their views. It is understood that the plan will meet with some opposition, since the proposed buffalo sanctuary contains some of the finest farming land in the entire reservation.

Grover Cleveland, Melville E. Stone, John Burroughs, Robert Morris, Robert Muir and many other well-known men are heartily in favor of the scheme.

Mr. Rockefeller's great desire to prevent the disappearance of both the buffalo and the Indians is well known by his Cleveland neighbors, who are also very familiar with his great love for animals. He has given a great many bears and birds to the Wade Park Zoological Garden in Cleveland and to other zoos elsewhere. Some of the animals given to the Cleveland zoo are in good health and are often pointed out to visitors as his gifts.

Frank Rockefeller divides his time between his Cleveland place, Lakeland, his ranch at Belvidere, Kan., and traveling. During the five months in the year that he lives in Cleveland he goes to his office and works from six to eight hours every day. Lakeland is approximately 100 acres in extent. The house is picturesque, comfortable, handsome, furnished and well kept up. There is a private trotting park in the place, where he spends his own horses for the fun of it. He is exceedingly fond of trotting as a sport, but he confides his indulgence in it to his own track, on his own place and with his own horses. He has never had any blooded animals for profit either at Lakeland or the Kansas farm, except his cattle.

Mr. Rockefeller has money—say from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000, though that is only a surmise. His Kansas ranch is enormous in size. It is at the end of a branch railroad, over which access to it is difficult because of infrequent trains. On the ranch he has raised 3000 horses and 20,000 cattle.

Mr. Rockefeller looks a good deal like his brother William, and very little like John D. He is not much, if any, over 50. His eldest daughter, the last three daughters, but no sons) is now Mrs. Walter Fowler, wife of a Cleveland business man, Alice and Anna, the younger daughters, are wholesome, healthy, well-groomed, good-looking American girls. They live at Goodnight, Tex. There seems to be little nonsense about the Frank Rockefeller and their standing with their neighbors appears to be of the best.

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Resolutions for a Year.

Henry Frank. Age counts not in years but in heart-throbs and the wreck of worry. Count not your anniversaries as milestones toward the grave but as commemorations of your birth. As the years increase make the heart lighter and the body more supple by courting the cheerfulness, enthusiasm and buoyancy of childhood. Thus are we born again each year, and youth becomes immortal.



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