

Roosevelt's Cabin When He Was a Cowboy in Dakota

Interesting Reproduction at the Fair of the Home of the President During His Frontier Career.



No appropriation was made by the Legislature of the State of North Dakota, but nevertheless it has a particularly fine representation at the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Succeeding where the legislators failed, the enterprising business men and patriotic citizens of North Dakota banded together in a concentrated effort and raised enough money to have their state participate in the Fair.

Among the leaders in the successful movement to raise the funds was Governor Searles, who has been an ardent admirer and strong advocate of the Lewis and Clark Exposition ever since its inception. He and his friends started the subscription, and probably had not it been for the civic loyalty of Governor Searles for his state, North Dakota would not have joined her sister states of the West in taking part in the Fair. It is true that those who have furnished the money for North Dakota's participation expect to be reimbursed by the Legislature, and probably such will be the case, but nevertheless it is an splendid presentation of the public-spiritedness and enterprise of the people of that state.

The North Dakota exhibit, which occupies a large and spacious booth in the Agricultural building, is an splendid display as was the motive which actuated the progressive and up-to-date citizens who raised the funds for its installation. North Dakota has more than just a booth in which to display its products, for its exhibit extends nearly across the south end of the huge Agricultural building.

Instead of erecting a building, the North Dakota commissioners thought it advisable to use all the available funds in making as fine an exhibit as possible. As a result they have one of the most excellent and beautiful displays of the entire Exposition, although it is not as extensive as some of the other state exhibits.

Surrounding the exhibit is a railing and pillars of square plates of glass, in which are displayed in artistic assortment the many different grains and cereals of North Dakota. The wall in back of the ground space is beautifully decorated with more products of the state, such as grasses, grasses, etc. Here are also shown stuffed wild animals and prairie chickens and other game birds of North Dakota. Hundreds of pictures showing views of the beautiful and fertile valleys and farms, the ranches, rivers and lakes of this wonderful state also dot the walls.

While the visitors to the exhibit greatly delight in inspecting the agricultural displays of North Dakota, the interest centers upon the Roosevelt cabin, which is the predominant feature of the whole exhibit. If you have not seen this cabin, you have not seen all of the Exposition. Hundreds, rather thousands, of visitors visit the Roosevelt cabin daily, which is without a doubt one of the most intensely interesting exhibits of the Fair. All like this little structure, from the youngest to the oldest visitors, and many persons pay it a visit every time they go to the Fair. In fact, it is as famous for an exhibit as the Forestry log structure is for a building.

The Roosevelt cabin is the log hut in which the President lived when he was a cattleman on the plains of North Dakota. It is not a replica or a reproduction, but it is the genuine article. Within the four walls and roof of the little unique building in the Agricultural building, Theodore Roosevelt lived one of the happiest periods of his life. Here in company with his cowboys, he spent several years liv-



ing as does a typical Western ranchman. The Roosevelt cabin was transported to the North Dakota booth in its entirety at great expense.

The building is made out of logs, the cracks of which are plastered with clay. There are two rooms in the building, which are the sleeping apartment and the living-room. From the solidity of the walls it can be readily seen that it is a very warm structure, and that the President was very comfortable in it during the arduous winter months when the icy cold winds and sleet swept down from the north across the Dakota plains.

The furniture is all crude, like that found in the houses of the old-time ranchers, but it is very interesting because it was used by the President. Such articles as chairs, tables, sideboards, etc., are shown. One of the things exceptionally noteworthy is President Roosevelt's favorite chair, or at least it was when he was a rancher.

It is built out of one immense timber, it stands on an end, with just enough space cut out for a person to sit in it. The handy substitute for a chair has been used so much, evidently, by the President and his friends, as it has been a curiosity for many years, that it is as smooth as ivory, and looks as though it had been oiled and polished. Another thing of interest is a pair of "chaps" worn by the President when inspecting his ranch on horseback.

Other articles displayed are the President's saddle, old clothes he wore when on his hunting trips, his spurs, and his best trousers, which he wore only on Sundays. The little log building, inside and out, is liberally covered with the carved initials of persons who have visited the building before it was brought to the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The roof is the only portion of the building that is not wholly destroyed, and a few of the most vigorous chairs have their identification marks also there. It has been estimated that more than 2000 persons visit the Roosevelt cabin every day.

They Must "Keep" Their Husbands.

According to the revised code of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the bride must promise to "love, honor and keep" her husband. The enabling clause in the nuptial formula has been the subject of endless tinkering of late, but we feel that it ought to stay now for a long period where the Methodists have put it. Strangely enough, the men were less satisfied than the women with the old word "obey." So many sweet girls seemed rather to want to pledge obedience. But man in his wisdom, born of effectual experience, knew how sweetly those same girls proceeded straightway to obey not, and so quietly worked for a repeal of the statute. The new formula is a revolutionary and happy reversal of ancient duty and privilege. The sweet girl now must agree to "keep" the man of her choice. Thus, claiming her full rights, woman must now agree to do her whole duty, and no man need longer bother himself with the question of how he is to support a wife. It is interesting to note in this connection that a young woman has lately been telling the public that marriage improves a man. Henceforth the improvement ought to be more noticeable. We take it that man's matrimonial outlook was never more inviting. When hereafter he totes the umbrella and the handbag, while the woman totes the baby, it will be acknowledged that he is taking his full share of the domestic burden.—Judge.

Told in the Rotundas

"The modern meaning of the term 'sham battle' stands for as gross a misrepresentation of the real thing as possible." So said General Fred Funston, of the United States Army, as he stood in the lobby of the Hotel Portland last night. "Why, do you know I would not walk across the street to see a sham battle? In fact, if a sham battle was in progress so near, I believe I would walk away from it, and get as far distant as possible." "In my opinion, there should be no such things as these so-called sham battles, because they give people the wrong conception of a sure-enough fight. At one of these fake fights you see a lot of soldiers standing up and shooting at each other as though they were utterly immune from bullets or shells. In the real thing the soldiers occupy the least space they can crowd into, and wriggle and crawl into every low spot or crevice in the ground they can find. That is only one reason why I am opposed to the sham battles that are perpetrated upon the people. The maneuvers of the United States troops, such as are held in this

country, are, of course, something like the real thing." General Funston ought to know, as there are very few men alive who have passed through as much active service as the noted military man from Kansas. His brilliant career, which embraces his almost inestimable services in the Cuban cause, his remarkable victories over the Filipinos and the capture of Aguinaldo, is well known to nearly every patriotic American. His rise from a Colonel of a volunteer regiment from Kansas to General in the United States Army was rapid. He is now in command of the Department of California, with headquarters in San Francisco. His is in Portland on a visit to the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

Among the prominent guests at the Hotel Portland this week, is C. E. Beekman, of Jacksonville, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Southern Oregon. He is an old-timer, having made his first start in Southern Oregon by driving a stage during the Indian outbreaks of the early days. Mr. Beekman is a large land-owner in Rogue River Valley, and is a strong believer in the future development of his part of the state. "We have very little use for doctors down in our part of the country, he said, "and the few physicians who are there have a hard time of it. We, as well as

other people, need physicians when we are ill, but down in Jacksonville we rarely get sick. We haven't had a death among children in the school ages for five years in Jacksonville, a town of nearly 1000 people, so you can understand why physicians are not necessary for our existence. A few of them are all right, but we do not need, and do not have as many as other communities like ours." "Another thing I have noticed of late years is the change of climate we are experiencing in Southern Oregon. Back in the '60s, we never knew of any such thing as rain in the Summer months, but now rains are frequent and they are increasing every year. Now we also have severe thunder storms, and lightning strikes every once in a while. These things were unheard of in the early days. I suppose that the increased acreage under cultivation, the destruction of the forests, and the general development of that section of the country has brought about the different climatic conditions." "Somehow Portland seems just like home to me, and when I am here I feel just as much at ease as if I were sitting on my own front porch back in Duluth," remarked J. L. Washburn, of Duluth, Minn., at the Hotel Portland recently. Mr. Washburn is one of the prominent attorneys in Duluth, and has extensive

interests in Oregon. He makes trips to Portland nearly every year. "And when I leave Portland for Duluth I feel as if I was leaving home on a trip." "Portland has a peculiar fascination for me, and if I should ever leave Duluth I would surely pitch my tent in this city. It has a home-like and wholesome air that is unlike any other city I know of. The Portland people are as nice as the city itself. In my opinion, they have that true Western spirit of hospitality and friendship you read so much about. Another thing I like is that your citizens are not always waving a banner or shouting about the superiority of this town over all others. You know you have a good city, but do not make yourselves obnoxious by bragging about it." "I find more Duluth people in Portland than any town I was ever in. I never see many of them in Seattle or other Coast towns, but when I come to Portland I encounter scores of them. The other afternoon when I arrived I met a half-dozen Duluth people before I had been at the hotel more than 15 minutes. It is always the same way, and it has impressed me as being unusual." "All of the lumbermen will have to come to the Pacific Coast before very long unless they go into some other kind of business," remarked R. L. McCormick, of Tacoma, secretary of the Weyerhaeuser

Timber Company, at the Hotel Portland, yesterday afternoon. Mr. McCormick was one of the party which accompanied Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the head of the largest lumber syndicate in the world. "The small sawmills in Minnesota are experiencing a rapid death, as they are exhausting their timber supply. The larger companies will last longer, as they have larger holdings. But it will only be a few years before the lumbermen, big and small, will all get out." "In seeking new fields, the Minnesota lumbermen either go South or come to the West. I am rather inclined to believe that the South is a little preferable right now because it is nearer the center of consumption; but the timber of the Southern States will soon be a thing of the past, and it is then that the lumbermen will all come to the Pacific Coast. I can say, and I think I am pretty nearly correct, that within ten years the timber of the South will also have been exhausted. I hardly think this generation will ever see the time when the vast forests of the Northwest will have been destroyed."

John U. Smith, ex-United States Commissioner to Alaska, formerly a resident of this city, and for the past seven years a lawyer in the Hawaiian Islands, is in Portland for a couple of weeks. Mr. Smith says that instead of increasing, the Americans are growing scarcer on the islands. He says that if the enormous plantations, now leased from the government, were cut up into smaller tracts, the American farmers would have more of a chance. Now the Japs do nearly all of the work for the few men who control the big plantations. "When I was on Portland Heights the other day I saw in imagination the crater of Kilauea," remarked Mr. Smith, at the Imperial Hotel last night. "You can stand at the old Markle residence, on Portland Heights, and look towards the Columbia University, at University Park, on the peninsula, and imagine you are looking across the crater of Kilauea in Hawaii. The depth is about the same as the elevation of the old Markle residence above the river. In the bottom and near the center of this main crater is another crater, which is known as the Lake of Fire. The walls of this sub-pit are perpendicular or overhanging, yet tourists stand and sit at its very edge to watch the fiery fountains and boiling lava 300 feet below."

His Idea of the Meanest Woman.
Philadelphia Bulletin.
Miss Caroline Powell, of Boston, is a

Peter's Nightmare.
As lazy Peter lay in bed, The fractions sat upon his head, And said, "If we cut you in two, How many halves would come from you? And what would the proportion be If of four eighths we took three?" Or if we ate one-half your pie, What fraction would you eat, and why?" So all night long the fractions sat Asking about this thing and that, Till Peter woke and cried, "Oh, dear, I'll have to study hard, I fear!"