

THE ROOSEVELT BEARS

BY PAUL PIPER. ILLUSTRATED BY V. FLOYD CAMPBELL.



TEDDY-B AND TEDDY-G.

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By PAUL PIPER

I. THE BEARS LEAVE HOME

Two Roosevelt Bears had a home out West
In a big ravine near a mountain crest.



Where they ate their meals and took their rest,
And gathered sunshine and strength and cheer.

And welcomed friends from far and near.
They chopped down trees and hunters dared,
And bossed their ranch and panthers scared,
And preached to goats and big-horn sheep,
And ordered that the laws should keep.
They boxed with chums and umpired strife,
And generally led a strenuous life.
One bear was black and one was gray;
Each was good and neither would say
A swear word aloud either night or day.
In love and learning they were both alike,
They could run a motor or hike a bike,
Or drive a hansom as good as Mike,
Or sit at dinner with the smartest set,
Or talk in a phone or dance or bet,
Or send wireless messages from tree to tree,
Or copy the styles like you and me.
These things they had learned from papers lost
By weary travelers as they bills they crossed.
They did things fair and neither would bite
If deals were square and white was white
And neighbors tried to do things right.
They lived for fun and not for fame,
And if fame came it was just the same.
They were honest bears from nose to paw;
They kept out of debt and obeyed the law.

The black bear's name was TEDDY-B;
The B for black or brown, you see,
Or bright or bold or brave or boss;
He was always kind and seldom cross.
The gray bear's name was TEDDY-G;
The G for grizzly or gray or gay, for he
Was as full of fun as a bear can be.
Not B for bad and G for good
The black bear wanted it understood.
The "Teddy" part is a name they found
On hat and tree and leggings round.

On belt and boot, and plates of tin,
And scraps of paper and biscuits thin,
And other things that hunters drop
When they chase a bear to a mountain top.

Their home was high and deep and wide,
An elegant place for bears to hide.
The things picked up on the mountainside,
They were well supplied with hats and boots,
And leather coats and cowboy suits,
And pots and pans and whips and strings,
And guns and horns and a hundred things
Lost on the trail by hunters bold
When driven home by the Winter's cold.

The bears were tired of the life they led;
They wanted to see the world, they said;
To visit New York and Boston, too,
And perhaps Chicago and Kalamazoo;
To go to theater and church and school.



That the bears would leave the mountainside,
Give away their goods and rent their trees,
And travel East and beyond the seas.
Their friends had gathered to laugh and sigh,
To give advice, and to say good-bye.
A wild mustang was the first to arrive;
The card said six, but he came at five.
An old bobcat with a bandaged knee
And a young cougar and red squirrels three
Came jumping in from tree to tree.
A panther bold and a gray coyote
Came up the creek in a hunter's boat;
Two big-horn sheep and a mountain deer
Climbed down on ladders from cliffs quite near;
And a score or more of friends in need
Came in with baskets and to get a feed.
TEDDY-G received each guest;
He was brushed in style and did his best
To make things hum and the evening go



"HANDS UP," HE SAID, "YOU COME WITH US, DON'T TOUCH YOUR GUN; DON'T MAKE A FUSS."

To see a banker or broker, and fool
With money a little and try a hand
At running a paper or leading a band.

They had heard of things bears never see:
Golf and weddings and afternoon tea,
Trolleys and trains and buildings high,
And machines that write and machines that fly,
And hotels with waiters clear out of range,
And bulls and bears in a stock exchange,
And players who work for life and death
To punch a ball clean out of breath;
And millionaires smart and robbers bold
Who play with wagon-loads of gold;
And folks high up in the social set,
Who walk on air and have style to let;
And Tammany Hall, where a tiger rules,
And the G. O. P. and its financial schools,
And the President and his eldest son,
And the Capitol at Washington;
And other things both great and small
That bears have never seen at all.
The news had scattered far and wide



Like a country dance or a minstrel show.
A lunch was served by TEDDY-B:
Twelve pigeon pies and a fricassee
Of eagles' wings and chipmunks' feet
With honey sauce that you couldn't beat;
And a salad dish made of hemlock cones
And fishes' tails without the bones;
A keg of milk-shake with double top
And a Roman punch made of cedar sap;
Ten heads of cabbage to be eaten raw,
And a roasted pig stuffed with lion's paw,
On the biggest platter that you ever saw;
And bags of nuts, about a ton,
Supplied by squirrels for the evening's fun.
The lunch was through and the play was on
When a shot was heard from a hunter's gun.
The guests were ordered to run and hide
While the bears stepped out on the mountainside.
A pistol was pointed by TEDDY-B.
At a hunter who stood beside a tree.
"Hands up," he said, "you come with us;
Don't touch your gun; don't make a fuss."
The hunter was scared from head to toe,
He had dropped his gun and he had to go.
A lasso was thrown by TEDDY-G
And he caught his hunter about the knee
And tripped him up so that he couldn't see.
They marched them both to their home nearby,
And fed them on snails and pigeon pie
And toasted toads served with onion sauce
And chipmunk skins stuffed with mountain moss
And a peck of scraps both cold and hot
And all the soup left in the pot.
It made the bobcat laugh and the hunters frown,
But the bears stood by till all was down.
After the hunters were introduced around
To all the guests upon the ground
They were made to sign in red and white
A bond the bears prepared that night
On birch-bark paper and sealed in gold
Which read like this in writing bold:
"We hereby take oath on bended knee
That from this hour on we do agree
To keep the peace and hunting stop
From canyon deep to mountain top;
In weather fair, in snow or rain,
We'll never enter the bears' domain,
Or throw a stone or shoot again
At goat or game, at bird or beast,
Till the bears return from their journey East."
The papers signed the law to keep
The guests lay down to have a sleep.
The hunters were rolled in a blanket wide
And swung like a hammock from side to side
Until both were snoring and satisfied.
At break of day the hunters went;
They left their guns and they left their tent;
They left a note which read they say
Like this: "Dear Bears, we are off, good day.
We like your home but we wouldn't stay
For game or gold, for pie or pay;
We are off for good; we won't come back;
We never again will cross your track
Till nights are white and days are black.
We hate your dinners, we love your pluck;
Good-bye, old bears, good day, good luck."
The sun rose up in a cloudless sky;
The bears were ready, they said good-bye
To friends and trees and stones and hills,
And with money enough to pay their bills
And bags on backs and sticks in hand
They started their tramp across the land.



"WITH BAGS ON BACKS AND STICKS IN HAND THEY STARTED THEIR TRAMP ACROSS THE LAND."

(Continued Sunday, January 14.)