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President's Sons. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and His Brother Kermit - The Latter's Luck in Being Invited on That African Trip.

MOST boys would think that Kermit Roosevelt got the best of his elder brother, Theodore, in obtaining the consent of his distinguished father to accompany him on that trip to Africa in search of lions and elephants and other big game. While Kermit is helping to shoot or capture wild beasts in the jungles of the dark continent "Teddy Junior" will have to content himself with climbing up the ladder which leads to fame in the world of engineering, for young Theodore's ambition is to make a name for himself in a field quite different from that in which his father has become eminent so that the world cannot fault him with insinuations that his rise is due to the president's influence rather than his own merits. He graduates from Harvard next year, and this summer instead of loafing, as so many college students do during vacation if their parents are wealthy, he proposes to get all the experience he can by working as a laborer at the mines. He is willing to work his way up from the bottom of the ladder, and his career at Harvard shows that he has grit enough for strenuous tasks. Kermit, who is now eighteen, is willing to forego completing a college course, if necessary, in order to have the benefit of the adventurous life the president purports to pursue when he casts aside the cares of state. He is a tall, loose jointed youth with clear eyes, soft voice and pleasant manners. It was Kermit who perpetrated a prank in his younger days that is still the subject of laughter in the diplomatic camps at Washington when enlargement President Roosevelt found the White House rather cramped quarters for a large family. With one or two of the little Roosevelts off at boarding school, there were enough beds to go round, but none to spare. The president once entertained a foreign envoy of age and rank at the White House over Sunday. He was put in Ethel's room, and when she came back from school Saturday, went up to sleep with Alice, but unfortunately Kermit did not know of it. So when early morning came, mindful of his strenuous inheritance, he crept to Ethel's room with a pitcher full of water and, softly opening the door without awakening the slumbering

ambassador, dashed forward and threw the icy water over the bed, shouting: "Get up, you old lazy bones; get up!" Then, when a gray head was lifted from the pillows, dripping and alarmed, the astonishment was mutual and the departure of the youngster instantaneous. Without his pitcher, Kermit is somewhat taller than his brother Theodore, though both are well "put up" and have followed their father's plan of developing their physiques so as to make the most of nature's endowment. Theodore is very manly and declares in his looks and bearing, Kermit is only a boy still, but a boy with an adventurous spirit like that of his distinguished sire, as shown by the fondness he has developed for the rough life of the hunter's camp and the success he has met in shooting bears. He showed some of the skill he possesses as a hunter and horseback rider when a guest over the Fourth of July at the home of Major W. A. Wadsworth at Genesee, N. Y. He participated in the sports of the Genesee Valley Hunt club and in the mannikin race, which his father won fourteen years ago. He sustained a bag fall, but pluckily picked himself up and went on with the sports.

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MILTON TERCENTENARY. Celebrations in Honor of the Great English Poet. The tercentenary of the birth of John Milton, which is being celebrated this summer in England, serves to call attention to the difference in the financial rewards of a literary career in the time of this great poet and in our own era. Milton received 15 from his publisher for "Paradise Lost" and a promise of 45 more when the sales should have reached 1,000. Yet there is perhaps no greater name in English literature than his. Milton was born in London on Dec. 9, 1608, but some of the principal observations in connection with the tercentenary are taking place this month, Cambridge university being the scene of several of the most important. Cambridge is intimately associated with the name of Milton, for it was at Christ college, Cambridge, that he studied the higher branches of learning, and in a venerable, musty volume the entry of his name can still be found. In his honor the fellows and masters of the college planned this month the performance of the masque "Comus" in the Fellows' garden, which contains the famous Milton mulberry tree to which so many pilgrimages have been made by admirers of the poet. One day in the programme of the Cambridge celebration has been devoted to the memory of his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, to whom the poet was passionately devoted and to whom he dedicated

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GLIMPSES OF "UNCLE REMUS." Fun Joel Chandler Harris Had With a False Eye.

INSTANCES OF HIS KINDNESS. How He Bought Out a Soap Vendor and Helped a Printer—Amusing Stories of His Bashfulness—Source of His Famous Negro Tales.

Joel Chandler Harris, the author who recently died at his home in West End, a suburb of Atlanta, was known throughout the English reading world for his creation of the character of "Uncle Remus." Mr. Harris was the subject of many interesting stories and incidents. Some of them are herewith related by his friend and neighbor, Forrest Adair.

"One day Mr. Harris' little daughter broke her doll, and her father picked up one of the pieces. The fragment happened to be the doll's eye, and Mr. Harris found that a slight compression of the muscles of the face would enable him to easily hold the eye over his own optic. The mirror showed him that the thing had an uncanny and ghastly look. It had the staring, glassy appearance of a dead person's eye. Carefully placing his treasure in his vest pocket, he went to town and tried its effect upon the office boy with so much success that he was encouraged to repeat the experiment elsewhere. On the car going out to West End three schoolgirls occupied seats not far from him. They were strangers, and incidentally their glances were turned to his direction. At a favorable moment, when his newspaper concealed his face, he fixed the doll's eye in position and then lowered the sheet, which he pretended to read with the other eye. Suddenly there was a pause in the lively conversation of the girls, and Harris could see that they were gazing in horror at the wonderful eye. They had never seen anything like it. Just what it was they could not tell, but it was more than they could stand. They put their heads together and whispered and then stared at the horrible object. It was too much to be endured. The girls watched and waited for a moment, and with less orb for a few moments, and with very pale faces and in evident nervousness, signaled the conductor to stop the car. They were at that distance from their destination, but that did not matter. Anything to escape from the glare of that corpse-like eye.

"An old lady on the car started to ask Harris a question. Before she had uttered three words she noticed that his hideous eye had been altered and the remainder of the sentence was lost. Taking her spectacles from her bag, she wiped them vigorously and put them on. In the meantime the repulsive eye had been alighty removed, and Mr. Harris was smiling blandly upon her, with his honest blue eyes frankly meeting hers. This seemed to puzzle the old lady more than ever. She rubbed her eyes, examined her spectacles, and went off into a grove of study. No doubt she thought of consulting an oculist about the strange trick her vision had played her.

"The doll's eye caused his possessor endless fun—while he had it. Frequent children and simple Africans met on the back streets of Atlanta and otherwise jolly looking, ruddy faced man with one twinkling eye and one staring black orb, and their incoherent stories of the man with the evil eye disturbed their home circles not a little. The doll's eye was finally lost and Harris regretted it greatly. 'I never had so much fun in my life out of a little thing,' he said.

"The members of the Harris family spent most of their time at home, but occasionally they took a long summer outing, leaving "Uncle Remus" to hold the fort during their absence. At such times he worked hard and turned out piles of copy for his publishers. One morning when he was alone in the house, working on a free siver, six-teen to one editorial, a ring at the door disturbed him. He answered the bell, and a rather genteel looking, middle aged man saluted him, offering tolet soap for sale at 10 cents a cake or three cakes for a quarter. Annoyed by the interruption, Harris said rather brusquely that he did not need any soap.

"But I am on the verge of starvation," said the man. "The idea," laughed Mr. Harris, "Why, man, you are wearing a better coat than I have." "You would not talk so," he replied in a tremulous voice, "if you had seen how hard my poor wife mopped and brushed my coat this morning so that I would present a respectable appearance." "Harris then saw that the coat was old, most threadbare, but exceeding clean and neat. He glanced again at the man's face. "Excuse me," he said. "I was very busy when you came and spoke thoughtlessly. Now that I think of it, I do need some soap. Fact is, I am completely out." "Thank you," interrupted the man. "Here are three cakes for a quarter." "Nonsense," said Harris. "Here is a five dollar bill. I will take it all in soap. Got to have it—couldn't do without it—always buy it in five dollar lots." "The peddler left all of his stock and delivered another lot later. It was a

very profitable day's work for him. It was just like "Uncle Remus." He was always doing such things. "There was an old printer in Atlanta who, when he was too lazier to work at the press, would every week to Mr. Harris and draw his regular pension—enough to supply his simple wants. In similar ways this kind hearted journalist managed to get rid of a large part of his income."

"Uncle Remus" was extremely bashful. He was so modest that he could not look a strange woman in the face, and he had for years written at his home in order to keep away from the lion hunters and autograph seekers who attacked him at the Constitution office at Atlanta. He spent only about an hour a day at the Atlanta Constitution office. He was there one morning when a tall young woman from Boston made her way up the elevator and found his room. The door was open. The Boston girl looked in, and there she read a little, rotund, red headed man reading a newspaper.

"Is this Mr. Harris?" asked the Boston girl. "Yes," replied the red headed man without raising his eyes. "I have called to see you, Mr. Harris," said the Boston girl. "My name is Bessie Blank, and you ought to know me, for I am a writer."

"Yes," said "Uncle Remus," looking very uncomfortable and still keeping his eyes upon the paper. "I would like to have a chat with you," said the young lady, raising her voice and casting an inquiring look at the chair at Mr. Harris' side, which he was too busy to offer astonishment.

"Yes," said "Uncle Remus" desperately. "But," the woman went on after a pause, "I see, sir, that you don't want to talk and I better get on." "Yes," said "Uncle Remus," and with that the frate young woman left. And still "Uncle Remus" was the son of kind heartedness. He was so bashful, however, that he could not do otherwise than to look at her. He was in talking to strangers, and it was only now and then that he had a caller who seemed to just suit him. This was the case with Mr. Visscher of Chicago, an old time newspaper man, who had gained fame as a poet. His appearance, it is said, reminds one of the story of the countrywoman and the hippopotamus. The countrywoman went to the circus, and when she saw this animal she stood before him for some time in speechless astonishment. At last, with a gasp, she said to her husband, "Oh, my, ain't he plain!"

Well, Mr. Visscher was a little plain, a quality which was also possessed to a certain extent by Mr. Harris. Mr. Visscher was well known in Chicago. He was also known in other quarters, and he thought, of course, Mr. Harris would know him by name. So he stepped jauntily into the office and held out his hand and said, "How are you, Mr. Harris? My name is Visscher."

"Uncle Remus" looked up, and as he did so he held out his hand and then burst into a hearty laugh. "Ha, ha, why, how do you do, Mr. Visscher. Ha, ha! I am glad to meet you, Mr. Visscher. Ha, ha, ha!" and he went on laughing as though he would split his fat sides.

"I am glad to meet you," said Mr. Visscher as he straightened himself up a little indignantly, "but I can't see what on earth you are laughing at." At this "Uncle Remus" burst into another laugh and then said, "I am rather feebly acquainted with his name in the United States, but you beat me. I want to take you out and introduce you to my wife." This was said in such a tone that Visscher could not get angry at it. He rather despised the position which "Uncle Remus" had thrust upon him as he looked at him. But he shook hands, and a little later on the two went out to "Uncle Remus'" home together. Visscher was delighted with "Uncle Remus." "Uncle Remus" liked Visscher better upon acquaintance and the two plain men became fast friends.

When the "Uncle Remus" stories first began to appear, Mr. Harris received scores and letters of inquiry, but what deep research he had acquired his intimate knowledge of negro philology and folklore. To an interviewer some years ago he gave the following quaint account of how his inimitable stories were derived: "I don't know much about real negro folklore. And I don't think any one else does. But every southerner knows that every old negro nummy is full of just such stories as I write. As the negroes do not get them from the whites, I presume they are of African origin. "Uncle Remus," however, was merely a composite or ideal type and far from being the result of philological research. His dialect or peculiarities of speech are nothing but one of the many fanciful parts of his character."

Short Skirt League. London women are forming a society called the Short Skirt League, whose members pledge themselves to wear abbreviated skirts which will not be fastened with buttons or metal clasps. A prominent London doctor has given the new league strong approval for the following reasons: "Any sample of street dust will be found to contain bacteria of almost every infectious disease known, yet women walk through the streets with trailing dresses, accumulating quantities of dust laden with disease germs. These skirts are then brushed in the home, often in the bedroom, and millions of organisms are let loose in the air, to be breathed into the system."

