

## WELCOMING COLONEL ROOSEVELT HOME



ROOSEVELT SPEAKING TO THE CROWD

### PARADE OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

NEW YORK.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt has retired to his home at Oyster Bay and has asked to be allowed to rest, for his welcome by the nation was so strenuous that even the vigorous ex-president was tired. However, he enjoyed the affair, every minute of it, and no part of it more than the opportunity to meet his old comrades in arms, the Rough Riders.

Mr. Roosevelt proposes to devote himself to literary work and social duties for a time and resolutely refuses to make any public statements at present concerning political affairs. Despite this he already has had private conferences with several men in public life on whose judgment he relies, and it may not be long before he is induced to say something.

## COAX CROWS BACK

Farmers Drive Birds Away and Grubs Destroy Corn.

Black Fellows Finally Induced to Return and Trouble Disappears—Agriculturists Now See Old-Time Green Fields.

South Haven, Mich.—There is one region where the crow, generally considered a pest, is not only a welcome visitor but was actually coaxed and begged to return there, after having been driven away by years of merciless persecution. That spot is the southeast portion of Van Buren county, Michigan. Years ago there had never been many crows in this vicinity, but one season about that time they began to arrive in countless numbers. They occupied every piece of woods for miles around, and it was estimated that the colony contained not fewer than 500,000 of what the farmers supposed were winged marauders.

It is rich land out there, and sixty bushels of corn to the acre was not too much to expect as an average yield. Naturally, everybody believed that this great army of crows had heard of that garden spot, and had marched upon it to devastate the newly planted fields, and leave ruin and famine in their wake, so men, women and children organized in a systematic campaign against the black destroyers. They were hunted in their roosts, they were trapped, they were poisoned, and they were even pursued by fire.

The farmers soon noticed another new visitor that season—a grub that not only attacked the roots of the young corn, but also played havoc

with the grass. They bemoaned these disastrous visitations greatly, for it never occurred to them that the crow was among them for any other purpose than evil. So the warfare on the crow was carried on with merciless vigor and the next season there was a decided decrease in the size of the crow colony. It grew smaller and smaller year by year, until only a few wild and straggling flocks put in an appearance.

During all this time the yield of corn an acre had gradually decreased and the crow was credited with being the principal cause of the loss. The grub was still at work, but the farmers had no idea that they were not able to handle it. But the first season the crows failed to appear the yield of corn was smaller than it had ever been, and the season was one of the most favorable for corn in the history of the county. Some of the farmers went to thinking. The grub increased in numbers. The corn crop kept on growing less and less, until ten bushels to the acre was as big a yield as that rich bottom would return, and the crows had not been permitted to get another foothold in the region, either.

Then the thinking farmers made up their minds that the reason the crows had put in such a large and sudden appearance a few years before was that they had simply followed the wake of the grubs and had come to feed on that irrepressible pest, and then the community felt like kicking itself clear out of the state. They went to work to try to get the crows back again. They sent clear to the Wabash country, where the biggest crow roost on top of the earth is located, and had thousands of crows captured and forwarded to them.

The next season something like the old-time colony took up its quarters in the woods and that fall the biggest crop of corn that had been known in the region for five years was gathered.

## Telephone is Boon to King

Trunk Line Given to George V. Without Delay, No Matter Who Must Wait—Obeys Rules.

London.—What would not one give to have just a little of the privileges enjoyed by King George in the use of the telephone? King George no doubt thinks the telephone is the greatest boon under the sun. To him it must be a source of the greatest comfort and enjoyment, as much as to the ordinary Londoner it is the most agonizing nerve wrecker he finds in the course of a day's business.

One does not like to say anything disrespectful about King George, but

at the same time the king may at times be the cause of profanity on the part of a disappointed subject. When the king requires to speak over a trunk line he has the right to claim priority of service over all who may be waiting to use the same line.

To let you understand what this means, usually a person requiring to use a trunk line, unless he is very fortunate, has to wait at least half an hour before other callers who have requisitioned the line have finished their business, for each caller is given the line in turn.

While three minutes is the time allowed for a call, except when the king is using it, his majesty has the privilege of talking without any time limit. As a matter of fact, however, the king, who had occasion recently to use the trunk lines rather frequently rarely or never exceeds the time limit. His majesty knows how a telephone should be used and is careful to observe rules laid down to expedite the traffic.

His majesty speaks rather slowly and distinctly, but not loudly, so that his listener never has to ask him to repeat a word. It is the experience at the trunk exchange that the royal calls are very quickly cleared.

### MINER GETS MANY PICTURES

Woman Spends Five Days Posing Before Camera to Gratify Whim of Husband in Alaska.

Seattle, Wash.—Three hundred dollars is what a wealthy Alaskan mine operator paid for pictures of his wife to a local photographer. Being tied down to his work in Alaska and unable to make the usual summer trip to his Seattle home, Alonzo Provost sent \$300 with instructions to get photographs of his wife in every pose possible.

Mrs. Provost called at the photographer's at his request and read her husband's wishes. She spent five days posing before the camera and as a result her doting husband in the far north will see some astonishing views of his "onliest."

### OIL MAGNATE OWNS A GHOST

It Was the Prize Package Given With Mexican Palace That H. Clay Pierce Bought.

H. Clay Pierce, St. Louis oil magnate, is now the owner of the Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, Mexico, and may be said to be the custodian of the ghost of the Borda Gardens. Nothing was said about it when Mr. Pierce paid \$15,000 for the historic spot which was the favorite summer haunt of Emperor Maximilian and Queen Carlotta in the days of Mexico's splendor as an empire.

But it is to be supposed that the ghost, having occupied the gardens without leave these many years, will continue to do so, and an occasional glimpse of the ghostly intruder may be vouchsafed to the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce after Mr. Pierce has spent \$100,000 in restoring the gardens and they are ready to entertain their friends there.

Mrs. Pierce, who will be the mistress of the mansion of the mad empress, is an Edwardsville (Ill.) woman, the daughter of Maj. William M. Russell Pickett. Before her marriage to Mr. Pierce she was Mrs. Virginia Pickett Burrows.

The mansion, in recent years, has divided into several suites and has been let to tenants. These say that they often see the ghost.

Whose ghost is it, and why it haunts the Borda Gardens nobody pretends to know, but it is the belief of the locality that the ghostly appearances have some relation to buried treasure and a dark crime of the long ago.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### How Hay Wrote "Little Breeches."

On the train, as I journeyed to New York, I entertained myself by writing "Little Breeches." The thing was done merely for my own amusement, without the smallest thought of print. But when I showed it to Whitelaw Reid he seized the manuscript and published it in the Tribune. By that time the ill and swing of the Pike county ballad had taken possession of me. I was filled with the Pike county spirit, as it were, and the humorous side of my mind was entertained by its rich possibilities. Within a week after the appearance of "Little Breeches" in print all the Pike county ballads were written. After that the impulse was completely gone from me.

There were no more Pike county ballads in me and there never have been any since. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From the hour when the last of the ballads was written until now I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or my intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me—as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.—Letter from John Hay to G. C. Eggleston, quoted in "Recollections of a Varied Life."

### Good Time to Turn Farmer.

In theory there never was a better time than right now for a sensible man to move from city to country. The movement has been away from the farm until prices of all kinds of food and fiber are high. There is nothing in sight to indicate that prices will be greatly reduced by increased production. A crop well grown and handled with good business judgment will be reasonably sure of sale at a fair price. There never was a time when it was so easy to learn new methods and the principles of scientific farming. A man starting now may receive at once the benefit of 30 years of the experience and study of good farmers and scientific experts. For example millions of acres of land in the eastern states are almost nonproductive and thrown on the market at a low figure, simply because they are waterlogged and sour. When these farms are drained and limed they become at once productive and double in value for farm purposes. They are naturally strong and drainage and lime make their strength available.—H. W. Collingwood, in Metropolitan Magazine.

### The Last Stage.

Mrs. De Fashion—My dear, late hours, late suppers and general social dissipation have ruined your constitution.

Miss De Fashion (belle of six seasons)—I know it, ma.

"And your health is miserable."

"Yes, ma."

"And you are losing your beauty."

"It's all gone, ma."

"It really is. And so is your plumpness."

"I'm nothing but skin and bones."

"There's no denying it, my dear, you are a mere wreck of your former self."

"Too true."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Get married."—New York Weekly.

### Nothing Subdued About Her.

Fuddy—Do you believe that people acquire mental qualities from what they eat?

Duddy—Hardly think so. My wife's mother eats crushed oats, mashed potatoes and whipped cream, and yet she's very pugnacious.

### Looking Up Father.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of 1877."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."

## Tact and the Brindle Cow

By John Philip Arth

There it was, flat and plain. "Mamma told me yesterday that if I did not discourage you she would speak to you herself."

"But what can she have against me?"

"She says she's going to take me abroad next year and have some lord or duke fall in love with me. Oh, Will, I wish mother, wasn't—wasn't such a goose!"

"And you'll give me up to marry a title?"

"No, and yet I must do as mother says, mustn't I? If you'd only go at it and do something heroic. Can't you save mother's life in some way? Can't some great danger threaten her and you rescue her?"

Will Pelham had known Glynn Burnham for a year or more, and he had been engaged to her for the last three months, though it was a secret engagement. He lived in the city and had graduated as a mining engineer and was looking for a place. He had no money to speak of, and he did not go into society much, but those who knew him spoke in his praise. He had an uncle living near the widow's country house, 15 miles out, and he had been coming down to see that uncle every Saturday afternoon and finding his way over to the other house. The mother had never had a very warm welcome for him. Now she had put her foot down. She wanted a rich and titled son-in-law. He must not call at the house any more. If Glynn wouldn't elope with him he must give her up. While he was holding down a place in Montana or Nevada, a thousand miles away, she would be taken off to Europe to captivate some old man with a title and the gout.

Miss Glynn was tearful and he was said at the parting, though neither looked at it as final. It was too sudden. Two human hearts cannot be parted that way. They must have time to get accustomed to these separations. On his way over to his uncle's young Mr. Pelham noticed the proud and ambitious mother in the meadow culling daisies. She had gone forth to give the daughter an opportunity to repeat her words. Forty rods farther along the highway he noticed a brindle cow looking over the fence at the widow and shaking her head and giving other signs of anger.

Only a civil or mining engineer, whose profession is to surmount all difficulties, whether above or below the surface, would have stopped for five minutes to wonder how to bring that brindle cow and that ambitious woman together. He looked at the woman as she culled—at the cow as she mumbled—at the solitary tree in the pasture, and he decided that it could be done. He went home to ask of his uncle.

"Who owns that old brindle cow over there?"

"Why, Griggson does. I meant to tell you about her. Don't try to cross that field. She's pretty near killed two tramps this summer."

"That was enough for a starter, and will set down to figure the rest out to scale. This would be an above ground affair, but there would be some points to solve. For instance: How fast can a brindle cow run? How much faster than a brindle cow can a young man in love run? What are the first impressions of an ambitious mother at seeing a brindle cow coming for her in an open lot? Would her second impressions bid her climb the tree within a few yards of her? Can a young man in love run around the trunk of a tree faster than a brindle cow not in love?"

All these things entered into the engineering problem before the young man, but he had a week to work at them before coming again, and there was a hopeful smile on his face. He knew by letter what had happened after he left the house. The mother had come in with her bouquet of daisies and said: "I saw that person passing along the road half an hour ago."

"Yes, mamma."

"You told him what I asked you to?"

"Yes."

"And he knows my feelings on the subject?"

"Yes."

"Then we may consider the matter as settled. In reading the daily papers after this, if you come across any titled persons mentioned out of the piece and save it. I am glad you have acted so sensibly about the thing. Every girl's mother knows what is best for her."

Miss Glynn was not weeping and she was not smiling. She was wondering how good a mining engineer Will Pelham was. A week later and he was on his mettle. He was looking over the fence throwing clubs at that brindle cow to stir her up. She was easily stirred. Mrs. Burnham was in the daisy field again, and the old bovine considered it a personal affront. After a few moments the cow was engineered away from the fence and the rails thrown down. Then, the engineer started for the tree, 30 rods away. He began, at the same time, to shout to the daisy gatherer:

"To the tree! To the tree! Swing yourself up into the tree!"

The first impression of the widow was to run. The second was to skip for the tree. Could she climb? She could. It is plebian for a woman to climb trees, but she seized a low-

hanging branch and went up like a coon before a dog. That brindle cow coming on the dead run, and gaining on the engineer at every jump, looked bigger than any title in Europe just then.

Will Pelham could run! In running with a bride as the prize he could make a locomotive look tired. He reached the tree seven feet six inches ahead of the old brindle. No heroics can take place up a tree. No heroics can take place behind the trunk, and the brindle cow passed it by an inch and drove on with a bellow.

"O-h-h, Mr. Pelham!" from up the tree.

"Yes, yes!"

"We shall both be killed!"

"I suspect that we shall, but I'll die!"

There was not time to add the word "game." The cow was coming back like a freight train on a down grade, and the engineer had to side-step again. The bellows of rage as the target was missed would have done credit to a fog-horn.

"Mr. Pelham, she will surely kill you and then climb the tree and kill me!"

"I—I can dodge her a little longer."

"But climb up here beside me before it's too late."

"My shoulder, you know—I can't climb. Hang on for your life—she's coming again!"

If that brindle cow had set out earlier in life she might have beaten the Standard Oil company in owning the United States. She had sand. She had perseverance. She had ambition. She charged again and again. She hooked and bunted the tree and brought down screams and prayers. She kept the engineer dodging like a cat on a hot stove, and it was a long half hour before she tired out.

"I cannot die! Save me! Save me!" came down from the branches for the tenth time.

"I will!" was repeated for the same number.

And it was done. Mr. Pelham left the shelter of the tree and made a dash for a piece of fence-rail 50 feet away and got it. Then he went for brindle. She bluffed, but he hammered her horns and nose and spinal column and hind-quarters, and he ran her back into her pasture a sadder and wiser farmer's friend. He turned to see a crumpled woman lying at the foot of the tree. He advanced to find that it was Mrs. Burnham, and that she wanted to take his arm and go home. They didn't say much during the walk. It was when they reached the veranda and the waiting, wondering Glynn that the quivering voice of her mother said:

"Glynn, this isn't a person—it's Mr. Pelham, and if you want to tell him that we've given up our European trip you can do so. Be sure to ask him to stay to dinner. How grand! How noble! How courageous!"

### LOSS OF MEMORY CORRECTED

American Woman Married Abroad is Cured of Failing by a New York Physician.

"Nothing disgusts me more," said a woman who goes abroad every summer, "than to meet in Europe Americans who seem to be ashamed of their own language. I have often come across them, but a woman I met in Carlsbad last year took the palm."

"She was introduced to me as the Countess Komoffsky, or some name that sounded like that. She married a Russian or a Pole about three years before, and so far as I can gather she had hardly been any nearer Europe than a New York table d'hôte before that time. She looked American, but her English was all broken into bits. She did not even say 'the,' but pronounced it 'ze.' She had great difficulty in recollecting phrases, and the result at times was a lot of French."

"Next morning I was breakfasting in the Kaiserpark with a party of shawl-wrapped Americans who had drunk the requisite number of glasses from the Sprudel or Marktbrunnen and had walked out according to prescription. One of those at the table was a New York physician who is none the less popular because he is frank in speech almost to brutality and will not stand for affectation. The countess came along and was invited to join the party. The doctor, it turned out, had known her since she was a child."

"Somebody asked her a question, and she started to reply with that accent of hers. I saw the doctor flinch. Then she made another remark in half French. The doctor said something that sounded like 'Damn!' Then he blurted out:

"For God's sake, Maria Smith, you don't mean to say that three years in Europe have made you forget your native tongue?"

"There was a hush, and then some of the women in the party smiled; but when the countess next spoke it was in purest United States."

### Beat Him to It.

Census Man: How old are you, madam? Lady: Twenty-five. Census Man (gallantly): You could easily say you were five years younger than you are. Lady: Oh, I've done that already.—Boston Transcript

## Frogs Stop Classical Music

Bandmaster Refuses to Wave Baton Again at Beach Until Croakers Are Removed.

Santa Barbara, Cal.—Music may have charms to soothe the savage beast, but it only stirs the peaceful frog to outrageous rivalry. La Monaca, the famous, the great bandmaster with the standing hair, has tried it and has failed.

"Ah!" he cried. "Those frog; they must die or my music perish!"

This was after the first Saturday night concert of the season in the Plaza del Banos, on the beach, with its sweep of city gardens stretching out beyond, and the frogs that lurk in the lagoons and marshes.

Signor Muscente was playing the mad scene from "Lucia." La Monaca's lute and willow form was bending in unison with the music and making his educated hair bow and bend gracefully as the cedars of Lebanon. The reeds and the brasses were blending in a grand symphony that tugged at every soul string of his listeners, when from the flower and palm gardens came the discordant note of an elderly gentleman frog with a basso that denoted years of training.

Then the lady froggies joined, too, and all the little frogs, until the strains of "Lucia" were lost in the discord and La Monaca was enacting a mad scene in real life. He spoke Italian

volubly and fluently and with apparent relief.

But he refuses to waste his baton on the beach air again until the frogs are removed.

Meanwhile La Monaca will confine his music to the uptown parks until the last froggie has croaked his last croak.

### LIVERIED MEN GUARD FOWLS

Men at Coming California Poultry Show Valued at \$10,000—Of Orpington Breed.

Stockton, Cal.—"Peggy," a hen the owner values at \$10,000, will be the big feature of the first poultry show to be given next November by the San Joaquin Poultry association, which has already commenced the preliminaries and expects to hold the biggest exhibition ever attempted in the west. The famous hen is the property of a stock farm near Kansas City, and is of the crystal white Orpington breed.

She has created a sensation wherever shown, and is attended by five liveried guards wherever she is shown. At the last exhibition she was ordered from the showroom for blocking the aisles. She was then moved to a store window, and was ordered out of the city where exhibited, as the crowds about the window hindered the traffic of the streets.