



THE ROOSEVELT BEARS

BY PAUL PIPER.

ILLUSTRATED BY
R.K. CULVER



They met a man by the stream that day who has fished for a hundred years they say. In ocean, river, creek and pond and mountain brook and lake beyond.

XXVIII—THE BEARS GO FISHING

(Copyright, 1906, by Seymour Eaton. All rights reserved.)

When the Roosevelt Bears had paid their fine
For the mischief done and the monkey shine,
They said good-bye to the big giraffe
And told him his neck was too long by half;
And asked the time it took his food
To reach his body from where he chewed;
And why he held his head so high,
And the size of collars he had to buy;
And why he was neither round nor square;
But the old giraffe didn't seem to care;
He wagged his tail and winked his eye
And nodded his head to say good-bye.

When they quit the Zoo and got outside,
"Let us take a train for a little ride;
I'm tired of town and want to see
A farm or stream," said TEDDY-B.
So a train they took without the fare,
For where it went they didn't care.
When "Tickets, please," the conductor said,
TEDDY-G began to scratch his head
And to think up names of towns he knew
Like Hoboken and Kalamazoo;
But when "Tickets, please," he said again,
TEDDY-G got busy with a ten
And said, "Take this for your railway pay
And stop the train some time today
Where fishing's good if you go that way."
The conductor asked them questions strange
About their plans as he gave them change
And slips of paper with holes punched thru;
He said a fishing stream he knew;
He'd stop the train, at any rate,
And show them where to buy some bait
And fishing poles and hook and line
And a jolly inn to sleep and dine.

They reached the place that day at two,
And said good-bye to the railroad crew,
And went by a path up a mountain ridge
As the train went on across a bridge.
They found the place and got fitted out
With six poles apiece both long and stout,
And bait enough and lines and hooks
To fish a year in a dozen brooks.
For said TEDDY-G, "If fishing's play
Then I want enough for I mean to stay
Right by the game for at least a week
Until every fish that's in the creek
Is caught and cleaned and cooked and ate
Or cut up in pieces to use for bait."
So down their rods and lines they took
To the stream below to try their luck.

Of all the fishing that was ever done
By Izaak Walton or his eldest son
Or by boys who fish with pins for hooks
That we read about in the picture books,
Or for salmon trout which weighs a ton
That they say are caught in Oregon,
Or for shad in the River Delaware,
Or for pike or black bass anywhere,
The fish that day caught by the Bears
Would take first prizes at all the fairs:



The fish that day caught by the Bears
Would take first prize at all the fairs.

And the way they caught them left and right,
And the way they coaxed the fish to bite,
And the way they tossed the fish in air
Landing in trees and everywhere,
And the way they made the chipmunks run,
The fish, themselves, enjoyed the fun.
For one fish spoke, vows TEDDY-G.
A great big pounder, two or three,
And said he wouldn't miss the game
Even if he never lived again.
"A sport," he said, "like TEDDY-G,
Is the kind that fishes love to see."

TEDDY-G got his line caught in a tree
And climbed up high to get it free
When a 'possum called down from above,
"If you come up here you'll get a shove
Which will toss you off and break your head
And put you fifteen weeks in bed."
But TEDDY-G just shook with glee
And said, "I'll come right up to see."
The 'possum scared and trembled so
He fell off the limb and down below

And what athletics were all about,
And where figures go when you rub them out,
And why the moon isn't always round,
And the difference between a noise and sound,
And on a fence, how long 'twould take
To rest an hour or a dinner bake,
And how things inside the earth were done,
But the lad couldn't answer a single one.
Said Teddy-G: "If it doesn't rain,
And you'll tell us where to get a train
And the fare to pay and how long the run
From the place you name to Washington,
And your age and weight and greatest height,
And two bears you know that never bite,
I'll give you a dollar, quick as a wink,
And let you have it before you think."
The he never learned this dollar trick
The lad was bright and he answered quick,
And they said good-bye and it didn't rain
Till they stepped on board their Pullman train.
Said TEDDY-G, as he lit his pipe,
And bought some apples, red and ripe,
And settled down in an easy seat



They tramped along a country pike and wished for horses, train or bike,
Till they met a lad on his way from school, whom they stopped to question about a rule.

Where TEDDY-B broke an ugly fall
By catching him like a rubber ball.
They fed that 'possum fishes eight
And gave him hook and line and bait
And told him stories about the Zoo
And the things they let the monkeys do.

They met a man by the stream that day
Who had fished for a hundred years they say,
In ocean, river, creek and pond,
And mountain brook and lake beyond,
With statesmen bold and actors gay,
And farmer lads found by the way.
He told them stories of fish he'd caught,
And when fish were few, of fish he'd bought,
And then he talked of this big land
And of men he knew on every hand;
The true to love and those to hate
Who fish for gain with stolen bait.
He told them how to have most fun
When they struck the town of Washington;
"Because," he said, "tho I'm on the shelf,
I had some fun there once myself."
TEDDY-B said he would like to know
How near a Roosevelt Bear could go
To the capitol or monument
Without being shot by the president.
But the man replied, "Trout-fishing's fine
But shooting bears isn't in my line.
Take my advice and take your gun
When you turn your steps towards Washington,"
They shook his hand both long and tight
And said they'd leave that very night.
They could get a train, they said, at four
For Washington and Baltimore.

They tramped along a country pike
And wished for horses, train or bike,
Till they met a lad on his way from school,
Whom they stopped to question about a rule
To multiply and square and add,
And what teachers did with lessons bad,
Who made spelling and what 'twas for,
And the day and the hour of the next big wa



With a resting place for both his feet,
"I'm tired of clothes; I'm tired of fun,
When I see the town of Washington
I'm off again for the woolly west;
I like the mountains much the best;
I want to live as free as air;
I'm satisfied to be a bear."
"But you forget," said TEDDY-B,
"That all these things we came east to see
Were made by the brains of every clime
To keep folks working all the time."
"That's all right," said Teddy-G,
They can work ahead but as for me
I don't believe that bears were made
To be busy always at a trade."

(Continued next Sunday.)