

FROM OYSTER BAY TO AFRICA



THE title D. D. has been conferred on Theodore Roosevelt by one who suggests that he would make a great preacher if he would enter the pulpit instead of going away to hunt lions in Africa.

It is true that Mr. Roosevelt likes to preach, but somehow the title "doctor of divinity" does not seem to fit exactly in his case.



IN THE SMOKING ROOM OF THE HAMBURG.

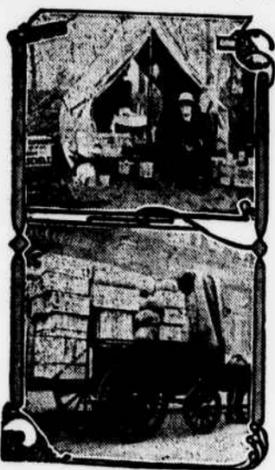
Looked at from whatever partisan standpoint one happens to occupy Theodore Roosevelt is a man of action, and he could no more be contented to leave a post in which he has been the busiest, most active man in the country and ensconce himself in the quiet shades of a dignified retirement, relinquishing all participation in public affairs, than the lions which he seeks in the wilds of another continent can be contented behind the bars of a cage.

worthy of the natives for the various places of responsibility in the expedition to be so filled.

The superabundance of Mr. Roosevelt's energy has been the marvel of friend and foe. What more natural than that he should seek an outlet for it in some strange and exciting quest like that he has set forth upon now that he no longer has any burdens of state to bear.

To carry the outfit of the party 150 bearers have been engaged. In addition there will be two askaris (native policemen) armed with Snider rifles, cook and cook's mates and gun bearers, who do nothing in the shape of work except carry the guns of the hunters.

Our only living ex-chief magistrate is very popular in Europe, and of the beasts of the African jungles



THE STYLE OF CAMP MR. ROOSEVELT WILL HAVE—SAFARI KIT ON WAY TO WHARF.

spare him for the experience the crowned heads of Europe, the scientists, the litterateurs and the politicians may be trusted to give him the time of his life.

As for the Africans, both brute and human, they are said to be awaiting the arrival of the Roosevelt party eagerly. Mombasa is preparing to welcome the ex-president with open arms, not altogether from selfish motives, perhaps, for the Roosevelt hunt has stimulated interest in the sport, and hunters are arriving from all quarters of the globe.

Mr. Cunningham has been at much pains, it is said, to get as many natives of unusual physical strength and courage as possible for the expedition, for he realizes that the work will be strenuous and dangerous with a man of Mr. Roosevelt's reputation for energy and daring at the head of the party.

The ex-president has borne many titles in his day, but none so resounding or picturesque as he will assume when he becomes "bwana kubwa," or great master, of the safari.

The safari kit—that is, the outfit for camping in the open—was obtained largely abroad, and when it was packed up in London recently and sent to the steamer's wharf it made a heavy load for a large truck.

Mr. Roosevelt's characteristic boldness was shown in his daring to set sail on March 23, defying all danger of hoodoos attaching to the expedition. If the Hamburg's sailing date had been Friday, the 13th, it would have made no difference probably.

Alarm has been expressed lest Mr. Roosevelt might catch the sleeping sickness while in Africa. How it would have pleased the members of the Ananias club and various "male-factors in high place" had he contracted some such disease while in office. Unfortunately for them, his periods of sleep were altogether too brief, and none of that torpor which is supposed to follow the bite of the tsetse fly characterized his doings while in the White House.

EDWARD HALE BRUSH.

Little Stories - of - Big People

THE marriage of George Westinghouse, Jr., of Pittsburg to Miss Violet Brocklebank, daughter of Sir Thomas Brocklebank of England, is an international match which has inspired much interest not only because of the prominence of the bride and groom in their respective countries, but because their union is a real romance.

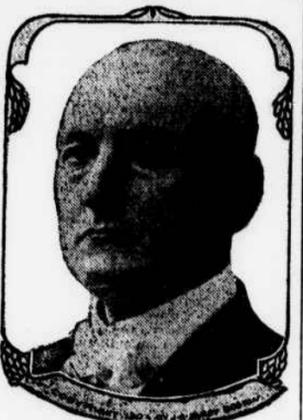
The bride, who wedded Mr. Westinghouse after many delays and postponements, wore a beautiful gown of ivory satin draped with old lace, a



A SNAPSHOT AT GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, JR., AND HIS BRIDE.

veil of valuable lace and a superb diamond necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. A feature of the wedding was that the couple left for the honeymoon on the coach and four of the bride's twin sister, Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, who drove them on the first stage of their journey to the continent.

It was in order not to leave congress that Representative Samuel Walker McCall refused the presidency of Dartmouth college. Congressman McCall represents in the house the Eighth district of Massachusetts and, although a lifelong Republican, proved one of the most outspoken critics of the Roosevelt administration, which he accused of centralizing tendencies.



SAMUEL WALKER MCCALL.

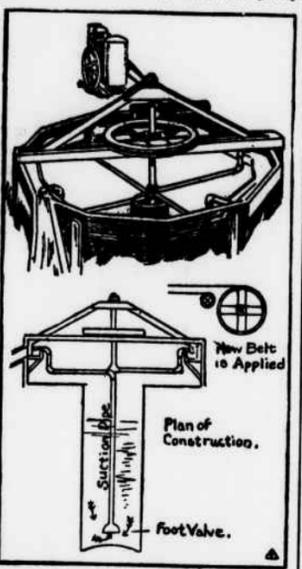
In East Providence, Pa., in 1851, Mr. McCall received his academic education at the New Hampton (N. H.) academy and at Dartmouth college, graduating from the latter institution in 1874. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar and served as editor in chief of the Boston Daily Advertiser and as a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives.

CENTRIFUGAL PUMP.

Power is Applied Directly to the Water to Be Raised. In the new centrifugal pump for irrigation purposes, herewith shown, the water is raised by the same force that causes a flywheel to burst when revolved too rapidly, says Popular Mechanics.

The most interesting and revolutionary feature of the new pump is in the fact that the power is applied directly to the water, only about 3 per cent being lost in journal, speed resistance and friction. The pump will draw water at a speed of forty revolutions per minute, and its capacity increases in proportion to the speed of its revolutions.

In the mechanical construction of the pump there are no runners, plungers, stuffing boxes or piston rods—in fact, nothing but open pipe. From intake to discharge the open pipe constitutes the pump, connected at the top with the driving shaft which whirls it around. The driving shaft and pump



NEW IRRIGATION PUMP.

are hung from a truss, power being applied to the shaft by belt connection. Being hung on ball bearings at the top, the pump seeks its own equilibrium at all times and hangs without any guide except this one journal at the top. Primed full of water, it turns as freely and easily as a balance wheel until the speed is reached where the water starts moving outward in discharge arm. It can plainly be seen that the power is thus applied directly to the water, as up to the point just before the water commences to whirl the resistance is practically nothing.

It is the whirling motion made by the open pipe that causes the water to move from the center to circumference, thereby creating a vacuum in the horizontal pipe. Atmospheric pressure does the rest, as in siphon, power being applied simply to assist natural conditions. When the water is raised to the top it is discharged through the whirling pipes into a continuous trough or tank. These discharge pipes have the effect, so to speak, of running away from the water they discharge.

The pumps are made both with a single discharge arm or pipe and with four discharge pipes. A weight is required with the former as a counter-balance, but the latter is kept in perfect balance at all times by the four arms.

A number of these pumps have been installed for irrigation purposes in southern states. They raise water about thirty feet.

Earth's Tide Measured.

G. H. Darwin in a recent lecture at London confirmed the statement that Hecker, the German astronomer, had succeeded in determining the extent of the earth tides, which have long puzzled scientists, including the lecturer and his brother, who failed twenty-five years ago to calculate them.

Hecker worked in a chamber cut inside a wall eighty feet below the surface of the ground, where, by continued observation and photography carried on day and night for six years, he has found the earth to be about as stiff as if it were made of steel throughout. In other words, it moves up and down one-third as much as if it were liquid throughout. The vertical rise and fall in the latitude of London is between four and five inches.

How to Drive Out Bolts.

Bolts are very often spoiled in driving them out from the parts in which they are located. If they do not start readily one is often tempted to use the hammer upon them, with the result that the ends of the threads are frequently burred over. A stick of hard wood or, still better, vulcanized fiber used between the hammer and the bolt end will prevent damage of this kind, says the Blacksmith and Wheelwright. When neither is available the nut may in some cases be run out flush with the end of the bolt or even a little beyond the end and a blow carefully placed upon the nut so as not to spoil the threads will probably start the bolt.

Splinter Can Be Removed by Steam.

A splinter that has been driven into the flesh can be removed by the aid of steam. Secure a wide mouthed bottle and fill it nearly full of hot water, place the injured part over the bottle's mouth and press slightly, says National Magazine. The action thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and the inflammation.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Generally the thing that you most want comes to you just when you don't want it.

Don't criticise. It might set a disagreeable precedent.

An idle rumor is something that everybody seems to have room for.

Every dollar that a man has clamors for another of its kind.

People who are afraid of their shadows usually cast such small ones too.

True, every man is contrary, but who should be if not the men?

If you insist on roasting everybody, don't be surprised if you find it hard to pay your fuel bill.

Blessed are they who want nothing, for they are due to get lots of it.

Some people are so fond of originality that they borrow their neighbors' when they run short of their own.

A pup is often as expensive as a child and likely to be better bred.

When the best isn't good enough for you, you are likely to get the worst.

King of Air.

At last in wings triumphant The puny creature, man, Can soar aloft as even The stately eagle can, And rise above the steeples And gambol in the air, And on a moment's notice Can go most anywhere.

It took a lot of trying Before he turned the trick. For years his apparatus Right to the earth would stick. It cost him many a tumble, Nor were the bruises shy Whenever he attempted. Before he learned to fly.

And many were his wonders That never made a start, That failed at the beginning And well nigh broke his heart, And many were the theories He figured out with care That looked all right on paper, But couldn't cleave the air.

But now mere man has conquered; The wheels revolve, and, lo, He spins athwart the azure And circles to and fro! Amazed are all the crows Who said it was absurd. The evidence convinces That man is now a bird.

Putting It on Her.

"Got your vacation trip planned yet?" "I let my wife do that." "So she will be sure to be pleased?" "No; so I will feel at liberty to kick on it when things go wrong."

Qualified.

I cannot be your patron saint, But I would be a winner If any time you ever need A patron sinner.

Good Advice.

"SAY, I DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MYSELF - BUT I'M AWFULLY GLAD TO MEET ANOTHER HEAVEN REATNER WHO'S TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF."



While reasonably fond of our friends, we hate to hear them talk about themselves all the time.

Should Be Suppressed.

The earthquake is a gambler. Take notice of its little plot. It comes around and jars the ground And shakes you for your house and lot.

Up to Expectations.

"Whose picture is that?" "A brilliant American girl who married a duke." "Is that a true story or a fairy tale?" "No; it is from real life. They were truly married and lived unhappy ever after."

In the Wrong Place.

He built an irrigation ditch, But all his efforts were in vain. No floods came down to make him rich Though he had water on the brain.

Something Good.

"How is your son getting on?" "Fine," replied the old lady. "He was elected to congress this spring." "But there were no congressional elections in the spring." "Well, maybe it was president."

Fixtures.

Its patrons have been planted there; The jail is where they stay, For, though they kick about the fare, They do not go away.

Of Course.

"I do hate to be poor." "Why?" "Because, you idiot, I am. I suppose I'd just dote on it if I weren't."

TWO SMALL BOYS.

How the Newcomer Was Welcomed by a Lad of His Own Age.

THE van that brought the first load of furniture for the family morning in next door had as a passenger a small boy of about his own age. He welcomed the newcomer hospitably with:

"Hello!" "Hello yourself!" "Say, you've got red hair, too, ain't you?"

"Yes. So have you, ain't you, jes' like mine?" "Do they ever call you 'Red'?"

"Um-hum, and 'Reddie' and 'Redney'." "And 'Ginger'?" "You bet, and 'Cedar.'"

"And 'Ericktop'?" "Yes, and 'Sorreltop.'" "Does your Uncle Bob say you're copper mounted?"

"I ain't got no Uncle Bob, but granddad says I've got brass fittin's." "Ever call you 'Beets'?"

"No, but they call me 'Carrots' sometimes, 'cause I've got freckles too. See?"

A pause. "Say, have you got a sister?" "No. Have you?"

"Yes, but she's grown up. She wears long dresses and has got a beau that comes to see her every Sunday evening."

"Has she got red hair too?" "Um-hum, jes' like mine." "What do they call her?"

"Aw, she's a auburn haired beauty!" —New York Tribune.

Now They Don't Speak.

They stood at the hot chocolate counter. "You should have seen that handsome policeman help me over the crowded street this morning," boasted the one with the blue plumes.

"I did," responded her jealous rival. "Well, it is not every one that can receive so much attention from a handsome policeman while crossing the street."

"No, indeed. And you should have heard what he said after you were safely over."

"Ah, a pretty compliment, I'll wager?" "No; he said he gave you just as much attention as if you had been young and good looking."

And then the polar atmosphere that drifted between them almost congealed the steaming chocolates.—Detroit Tribune.

Wronged.

"How long have you been married?" asked the judge. "Two weeks," replied the lady.

"And you want a divorce so soon? Why, you haven't given him a chance to show you what kind of a man he is. You may like him when you come to know him."

"No, judge, I shall never like him, no matter how well I may learn to know him. He told me that his income was \$5,000 a year, and I gave up all my money of \$150 a month to marry him. Now I find that his salary is only \$10 a week and shall never forgive him—never!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Knows All About Spelling.



Clerk—There's some new people ordered fish. Do I leave it without the money?

Proprietor—No. Write C. O. D. on the bill. Clerk—Wot's the use of that when it's salmon?

He'll Be Stung.

"I understand a florist up the state has succeeded in raising a lovely new rose that has no thorns."

"Never mind. The thorns will be felt by some poor fellow who has to buy a bunch of those roses for some ungrateful girl."—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Apprehensive Epicure.

"Do you approve of these recent gastronomic fancies, such as hummingbird, possum and alligator steaks?"

"No. In a little while I won't be able to read a menu without wondering whether I am attending a dinner or having a nightmare."—Washington Star.

Where He Made Good.

"You don't make very good music with that instrument," said the innocent bystander to the man behind the bass drum as the band ceased to play.

"No," admitted the drum pounder, "but I dropped a heap of bad."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Questionable.

"Has she a sense of humor?" "I can't tell." "Why not?"

"Because she looked serious when she told me she admitted your singing." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.