POOR DOCUMENT

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By

E. P. OPPENHEIM

MASTER OF MEN

CARCASS OF ELEPHANT, LARGER THAN .IIIMBO

New York, Jan. 3-Richard Tjader, after thrilling adventures in the depths of Afri-can forests, where he risked his life many

times in meeting the rush of elephant and rhinoceros and lion, has returned to his home in this city with the most important

nome in this city with the most important collection of skins of wild animals ever brought from the Dark Continent. He obtained specimens so rare that his expedition, from a scientific point of view, will be historic, for he has either seen continues concerning which there we lit

creatures concerning which there was lit-tle known but tradition or brought back specimens which demonstrate their ex-

The head of an elephant which was larger than Jumbo's, a five horned giraffe and the horns of the giant pig supposed to have been a monster of fable are included in the 500 specimens, which were sent to the American Museum of Natural His-

tory. It was further from Mr. Tjader's mind that he would turn naturalist when last

ONE OF THE SEVEN

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Gascester, for instance-have many work ers who are giving their lives for their fel lows. In every district practical efforts are being made to get at the people. The gen-erations to come will bear witness to the labors of today."

beautiful, and life was meant to be a place beautiful, and life was meant to have its joys. Yet for ninety-nine out of every hundred down there it is like a foretaste of hell. Vice takes the place of joy, and men and women go groping through the quagmire of life with fast-closed eyes. They can pathing heave nothing save of avil nothing, know nothing-save of evil. It's beastly.

THINOCEROSES MR. TJADER KILLED March he was planning his quest of big game in the jungles of Africa. He had hunted the polar bear and tigers in India and Ceylon. One of his friends suggested to him that he combine science with his of its exnert mounter of skins. The under-) museum.

Exhibition of Poulty in Madison Square Garden

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"You're a pessimist, Strone!" "You're a pessimist, Strone!" "Im not! I'm simply a man who likes to see things as they are. I like the truth and the daylight. Most of you who should have your hand to the plough prefer to grope through life with a bandage about your aves_poly your noors seem to had

your eyes—only your noses seem to lead you to the pleasant places."

Martinghoe was silent. The man's words were bitter enough, but his earnestness robbed them of offence. "You are rather severe upon us as a class, I think," he said. "Yet you must remember that these cities you speak of-

labors of today." Strone shrugged his shoulders. "It may be so," he answered. "It's easy to talk, I know. But you must remember that I am one of the people. I see these things day by day. I believe that wheever made the world it was meant to be a place beautiful and bits was meant to have its

Martinghoe sighed. "It is an inexhaustible subject." he said,

Martinghoe signed. "It is an inexhandle subject," he said, "and I am deeply interested in it. May i come and talk with you again?" "Why not? I've had my say. Next time Td like to hear you talk." Martinghoe held out his hand. "Well, I wor't preach. I can promise, you that! Good-bye." Martinghoe had gone—was out of sight. Strone refilled his pipe and sat looking dewn upon the blurred landscupe—the lights flashing here and there, be glow in the sky, redder now and dee round a soothing and delicious . brooding over the land. The extinded down to the boundarv of



