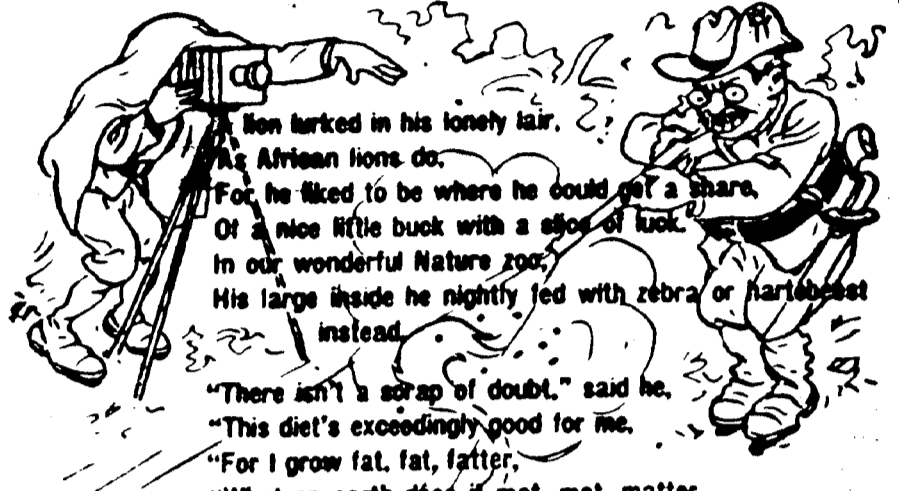


ENTERTAIN ROOSEVELT

Emulate Famous Gridiron Club in Giving ex-President Rousing Good Time—Songs Were a Feature.

Nairobi, British East Africa—Col. Roosevelt heard his prowess as a lion killer told in song and sketch at the entertainment given the other night by the Nairobi Club, which Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit attended as the guests of his excellency, Mr. F. J. Jackson, C. G. C. M. G., acting governor, as an evening diversion after dining at government house. The topical songs dealing with Mr. Roosevelt were a feature of the occasion, and at each allusion made to himself, Col. Roosevelt's laugh rang out above the applause and laughter of the rest of the audience.

The song describing Col. Roosevelt's lion hunting was sung by Miss Shooter in the course of a sketch entitled, "A Tale of the Chase." It ran as follows:



He larked in his lonely lair,
As African lions do,
For he liked to be where he could get a share,
Of a nice little buck with a skin of luck,
In our wonderful Nature zone,
His large inside he nightly fed with zebra or wildebeest
Instead.

"There isn't a scrap of doubt," said he,
"This diet's exceedingly good for me,
For I grow fat, fat, fatter,
What on earth does it mat, mat, matter,
If the way that I creep, on the beasts in their sleep,
Makes the poor things scat, scat, scatter."

He hunted game in the moonshine bright,
With never a thought of harm,
But he got quite a fright when there hove in sight,
Teddy armed to the teeth with a knife and sheath,
And a rifle beneath his arm,
The colonel plugged him with a laugh,
While Kermit took his photograph,
Said he, "Those Wall street boys would cry,
If they knew how near I'd been to die,
Oh, this country's bull, bully, bully,
I've enjoyed it full, full, fully,
For it euhres the best they can show in the west,
That's so wild and wool, wool, wooly."



B. E. A.

(With apologies to Kipling.)
At the port of Kilindini,
Looking eastward 'cross the main,
We welcomed Teddy Roosevelt,
As we hope to do again,
And the rain it fell in torrents,
And the world seemed far from gay,
But we did our best to greet him in
OUR way in A. B. A.

He traveled up the railway,
And he said the sights were GRAND,
And he also said, "THAT'S BULLY,
As we well can understand:
For the game is here in thousands,
And if's here we'd have him stay,
Just to see giraffes and rhinos
Near the Rail in B. E. A.

We heard of hand-fed lions,
And of rhinos on the chain,
How he bravely faced all dangers,
And deadly beasts has slain:
Still, we've nothing heard BUT rumors,
That's a truth we must confess:
We have no truthful story for
He shut out all the press.

Yes, he shut out all the press,
And he left them there to guess,
They raved, and growled, and grumbled,
They were left in such a mess.

But that's all passed and done with,
For they were not far away,
And their news is scattered broadcast,
Over all the world to-day!
Still, he sent in news one Tuesday,
It is nice to be polite:
But the New York papers had it
On the previous Sunday night.

Oh! it really was a frost,
And one finds it to his cost,
If he tries to balk the pressmen,
He is very often lost.

Couple Have Twenty-Two Children.
Snowhogan, Me.—Announcement was made the other day that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickey of Canaan, which is the twenty-second child born to them in 27 years. Mrs. Dickey was married when she was 14 years of age and Mr. Dickey was only a few years her senior. Of the 22 children not one has been sick except with mild childhood ailments.

Hope to Find Ship.
Cape Town, South Africa.—Hope that the missing Australian steamer Waratah, now more than two weeks over due with 400 persons aboard, has not fendered was revived to-day. An official investigation was started to ascertain whether four supposed dead bodies, thought to have been passengers or crew of the Waratah, which were seen by a passing liner, were not parts of the carcasses of whales.

Railroads Buying Cars.
New York.—The Rock Island Railway system is about to order 5,000 40-ton freight cars and 80 locomotives. Recent equipment orders are 5,000 steel hopper cars by the Chesapeake & Ohio, 70 passenger cars by the Baltimore & Ohio, 25 passenger locomotives by the Great Northern and 90 cars by the Santa Fe.

NO INFANTS' FOOD FOR HER

Humorous Anecdote Concerning Precocious Stage Child Related by Popular Comedian.

N. C. Goodwin, the comedian, was talking in New York about the six-year-old child who had been seen in the drawing room, nearly 12 feet square, in which he would tour Europe with Mrs. Goodwin.

"We shall avoid hotels," said Mr. Goodwin. "The car will afford ample accommodations for sleeping, bathing and so forth. We'll have a fine time."

"But," a tragedian objected, "you'll find it difficult to get used to such a gypsy life."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Goodwin. "We stage folk very quickly get used to things. For example—"

He laughed.

"In one of my comedies there was a little girl," he said. "She sat on my lap in the last act. A pretty little thing she was—eight or nine years old—not more.

"Well, it happened, about the second or third appearance of this tiny novice, that I spied her in the wings one night and thought she looked, at that late hour, a bit peaked, a bit pale. So, pinching her cheek, I said:

"Little one, can't I get you a bowl of bread and milk?"

"Thanks, old fellow," she answered, smiling, "but I've just sent out you know, for a sandwich and a glass of stout."—New York Press.

CAPPED STORY OF AMERICAN

Pat Proved Easy Victor in What Might Be Called a Contest of Boasters.

An American gentleman, spending his holidays in county Roscommon, Ireland, fell into conversation with Pat, who was feeding his hens.

"I guess, Pat, you haven't as good hens here as we have in the states."

"Perhaps not," said Pat.

"I'll tell you," said the Yankee, "about a hen my mother had. She went out one day and ate a feed of corn, and returned and laid 12 eggs. She went out next day and ate a feed of corn, and laid 12 more eggs. She went out the third day and ate more corn, returned, and laid another 12 eggs. She sat on the 36 eggs, and hatched 72 chickens out of 36 eggs. Now, that is the kind of hen we have in the states."

"Well," said Pat, "I'll tell you about a half-blind hen my mother had. She ate a feed of sawdust, thinking it was oatmeal. She went to her nest, and laid a plank 12 feet long. She ate more sawdust next day, and laid another plank 12 feet long. She ate more sawdust the third day, and laid another 12-foot plank. She sat on the three planks, and hatched three kitchen chairs, four parlor chairs, one arm chair, a sofa, one table, and a mahogany chest of drawers. Now," said Pat, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is the kind of hen we have in Roscommon."

Enjoyed Their Cartoons.

The collections of caricatures made by Prince von Bulow, says the Borsen Courier, will be continued notwithstanding the retirement of Von Bulow from office. Years ago he gave orders to several agencies to collect for him all papers, foreign as well as German, which contained caricatures of himself. These have been sent to him regularly, and after careful examination they were turned over for preservation. Many of the most notable cartoons in the collection, which has already reached the fourth great volume, have margined notes by the ex-chancellor, but nowhere is there any comment to show that the cartoons in any way displeased him. The German emperor has a similar collection of caricatures of himself, and when he saw the Von Bulow collection recently he said it was "almost as large, but not quite as funny," as his.

A New Use for Canals.

An engineer who has recently made a tour of the waterways of the middle west to gather data relative to proposed waterway improvements informs us that he was astonished to find what a large amount of freighting is done by individual storekeepers and smaller merchants in launches propelled by internal combustion motors. The country storekeeper, living on the banks of rivers and canals, has found that he can ship his own freight from the wholesale dealer and distribute it to his retail customers by motor boat at a cost far below that of any other available means of conveyance. There is in this fact a suggestion of future usefulness for abandoned canals in which the draft is limited.—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

Well-Pressed Cat.

A chair had been placed by the counter in the drug store where the stamps were sold. It seemed very convenient. The woman sat down. She got up as quickly and gave vent to a little scream, for the cushion of dark brown had squirmed.

"It's a cat!" she cried, for after the momentary squirming the cushion had curled itself up again and gone back to sleep.

"Yes," said the boy, quietly, "but it doesn't matter. She's used to it. Everybody that comes in to buy a stamp sits down on her."

Misunderstood.

Mrs. Hoyt—One of my ancestors was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Doyle—Whose divorce decree did he sign?

STRUCK HIS FINAL BALANCE

Old Bookkeeper Ended Life's Work in Company with the Beloved Ledger.

In silence he walked up and down the main office where the click, click of the typewriters almost made him dizzy, but every head bobbed up from its work as he passed with a pleasant smile or friendly nod.

He must now take leave of the beloved volumes over which he had pored days, months, years—yes, more than the quarter of a century; they were his comrades, his inspiration, his soul. Inanimate things occasionally become a sort of major part of a human being until it seems almost brutal to eliminate one from the other. He was of the past, but the volumes must be handed down to the present—the future. Silently he caressed the huge worn covers; with unshed tears, he pored over the figures as if they were human and knew of his grief. He leaned forward and laid his tired head, with its thin gray locks, on one of the open books and, with one emaciated, bloodless hand clasped the cover of another. He closed his eyes wearily and heaved a sigh like the soft sigh of the wind through some deserted garden.

Through some deserted garden had ceased; the typewriter girls had gone one by one; the men had taken their departure. The man who swept and dusted and saw to turning out the lights was making a hasty tour of the different offices and opened the door of the aged accountant's room. It was nothing unusual to see him at his desk at this late hour.

"Hello there, Uncle! Still at work?"

The white head never moved from the table. There was an ominous silence. Awestruck, the attendant moved closer to the desk and gently shook his shoulder. The old man was cold and rigid. He had balanced all earthly accounts.—The Bookkeeper.

RADICAL AND EFFECTIVE CURE

Insurance Man Firmly Convinced One Practical Joker Has Seen the Error of His Ways.

"Oh, yes, I had a good time camping out this summer," said the insurance man, "and just before coming home I found a hero. There were a hundred campers of us where I went, and among them were several love-sick young men. It got to be a tad for one of them to take a canoe and paddle away and upset it and play that he was drowned. Then the rest of us had to turn out and hunt for him. After this game had been played three or four times I got tired of it. I was routed out one morning at daylight to help search for a dude, who wanted to perish for the love of a red-haired girl in camp. His canoe had drifted ashore bottom up. While some went to dragging the lake, I took a walk in the woods along the shore, and in the course of half an hour I found my man. He wasn't drowned. He wasn't even wet. He was smoking a cigarette and feeling a hero."

"And what happened?" was asked as the narrator paused.

"I effected a cure. It will be years and years before that young man plays the hero again. It may, in fact, be never more. I took him by the collar and jerked him to his feet and rammed the cigarette down his throat, and then I cracked his heels in the air and toyed with him. When tired of this I got down and drew him over my knee and spanked him 20 minutes straight. He struggled and yelled, of course, but it was no use. When I had finished him he sneaked up to camp and packed up and disappeared. From thence until I left canoes kept right side up, and not a young man was missing on the lake or a young woman lost in the woods to cause the rest of us to miss our regular meals."

Half a Century of Oil.

Fifty years ago, toward the end of August, 1859, Edwin L. Drake sank the first petroleum well at a point on Oil creek near where Titusville, Pa., now flourishes. This was the beginning of the industry which has reached such stupendous proportions. Steps have just been taken by the citizens of Titusville to celebrate the semi-centennial of an event the importance of which is not second to any in the economic history of the United States. Fifty years of petroleum have wrought revolution, first in artificial illumination throughout a large part of the civilized world, while in the enormous growth of the automobile industry another direct result of Drake's drilling is observable. Oil fuel for ships, locomotives and stationary engines is still in its infancy. So far as by-products of petroleum are concerned, they are as varied and as valuable as the by-products of coal tar.

"Art Neither Teacher Nor Preacher."

Art is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. The beautiful in nature acts through appreciation and sympathy. It does not browbeat, neither does it humiliate. It is beautiful without regard to you. Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were motives to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy.—Ingersoll.

FINDS A FISHERY RAGE

Explorer Tells of Discoveries in Celestial Empire.

Fled Into Wilds to Escape Tax That Cost Countless Lives—Army of Millions Now Being Driven to Defend Republic.

New York—The only man living who ever traveled the full length of the great wall of China—a staggering journey of 2,000 miles, has arrived here, with wonderful tales of heretofore uncharted portions of the mighty breastworks, of the discovery of a tribe of hairy, wild Chinese pigmies whose ancestors can be traced to 210 B. C., and details of a general movement in China looking to the establishment of a great standing army.

Dr. Edgar Gell, traveler and author, organized an exploring party a year ago, and when his work in China was completed he had discovered not only the tremendous size of the great wall, but unmistakable signs that China was wide awake to her responsibilities and was in a fair way to do more in the next 20 years than Japan has done in the last 40. His observations—both ancient and modern—will be presented to the public in book form before very long.

Dr. Gell believes in the Chinese because the construction of the great wall shows remarkable construction ability, marking an era of strenuous activity that evidences the measure of China's real strength. He believes she is still waking from a long sleep, for his investigations show that in 2,000 cities and nearly 100,000 towns regularly appointed men are drilling the inhabitants in the use of arms. In other words, China is preparing to put an army of 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 men in the field.

One of the most important things about the great wall is that 700 miles of it is built along the line of greatest resistance—from sea level to an altitude of two miles," said Dr. Gell. "I also found 20,000 great towers, each capable of holding 100 men. These towers are about 100 yards apart. I also found duplicate and triplicate walls, and a section 200 miles long that has never been charted running along the edge of Tibet."

Dr. Gell has great respect for Shi-Hwang-Ti, the first emperor of United China, who is said to have inspired the building of this great work. He believes that behind the mighty structure the Chinese, within a very few years, will be able to "stand off" the world, even as they protected their homes once upon a time against the wild men of Mongolia and Manchuria.

The explorer discovered the existence of the hairy pigmies through a careful study of the great wall and the folklore in half a dozen dialects along its towering sides. It is said that a million men worked on the wall, and that every detail of construction was so carefully watched that the unlucky workman who left even a tiny crevice through which a spear point might be thrust was buried alive in the great casement that was found faulty.

The newly-discovered pigmies, according to Dr. Gell, are men who could not stand the pressure of work in 210 B. C. and ran into the wilds, where they became savages or maniacs on account of their frightful experiences. The sight of thousands of their relatives and friends becoming part and parcel of the wall, he declares, was too much for those who sought safety in flight.

"The interesting folklore that I studied through interpreters," said the explorer, "gave me a line on these little wild men, and we located them far in the interior. I have a man among them now, and I am interested to know how he is faring."

That great wall experience of those early men, according to folklore, stunted the growth of their progeny, and that is why the hairy creatures—some of them not over three feet high—are beyond the pale of civilization within the boundaries of a country that is certain to make its power felt in the world before many years. These pigmies live like animals, and their long nails and terrible faces give them the appearance of being of a lower type of animal family than the monkeys of Africa.

Dr. Gell had many narrow escapes from death, both on account of the precipitous paths and at the hands of the native Tibet—many of whom never had seen a white man before and regarded him as some kind of an evil being. The majority of the Chinese, however, gave him no trouble. He was taken to be the "great white man guest of the emperor," and his presence was considered a good omen.

The greater part of the way he and his party of 25 rode astride mules, but in many places walking was the only safe method of travel, as an altitude of 12,000 feet was reached.

Has Read Bible 23 Times.

Ithaca, N. Y.—"I think I will stand on my record; I won't try to read it again," said Mrs. Sarah Hartly, a woman 93 years old, as she closed her Bible after she had finished reading it through for the twenty-third time. Mrs. Hartly believes that she has the record for Bible reading in this part of the country and that she is too old to try again. The old woman can quote and recite many hundreds of verses from the Scriptures. Rheumatism, which has impaired her otherwise excellent health, has kept her in the house of late, and she had plenty of time to pursue her studies.

TRACE A ONE-MAN CHURCH

Building of the Evangelical Church in a Pennsylvania Town Has a Unique History.

Millville, Pa.—Salem's Evangelical church of this town has a unique history. It takes upon the pages of history in the last few days as the only church in Berks county, and probably in the state, having only one member upon the church register. Time does change things. At least it did for this congregation, which, by the way when it was organized, also was a one-man church.

The first church edifice was erected half a century ago by the founder, the late Daniel Klahr, one of the earlier settlers of the borough. This was when among the Evangelicals there arose a man of great pulpit abilities, and it fell to the lot of this man, Rev. Moses Disinger, to preach to the members of the then Klahr's church, so-called because Mr. Klahr was the first member.

Klahr, as a church builder, was a remarkable man. He burned the bricks all alone, from the clay from his own land, and what other building material he did not supply he collected the funds to pay for.

The little brick building that was the result was soon the gathering of crowds that overflowed its capacity, and the congregation grew and grew until Mr. Klahr saw that there was room for a much larger church.

A Christian friend in Ohio came to Klahr's aid, and subscribed \$1,200 toward a new building. Then Klahr began to burn another kiln of bricks and Salem's church was the result.

Later came the split in the Evangelical church, when the United Evangelicals and the Evangelicals became separate denominations. This left Salem practically in the same position as when Klahr laid the cornerstone, a church with only a single member. As such it remained for five years, until, some time ago, the church was sold at public sale to Charles C. Rosser, who is now razing the building.

DOG MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Newport Woman Now Knows How Her Dachshund Disappeared So Mysteriously.

New York—A "mystery" that for the last 12 years had puzzled Mrs. E. Hope Slater of Newport and Washington, and which centered at Hopden's her beautiful villa at Newport, has been cleared up in the last few days. The "mystery" was embodied in the disappearance of Mrs. Slater's valuable dog, one 12 years ago, another six years later. The solution followed the loss of a third dog.

Mrs. Slater was walking about her grounds 12 years ago with a fine dachshund, a great pet, when the dog disappeared as if he had been swallowed up by the earth. Mrs. Slater offered a large reward for her pet's return and advertised extensively in the newspapers, but with no result. Six years ago a sister of Mrs. Slater was playing on the lawn with another dachshund. She chanced to turn her head and in a trice the dog was gone. Searching and advertising were of no avail.

The man who looks after Hopden's allowed a little bull terrier belonging to Mrs. Slater to run out on the lawn the other day. He, too, disappeared. The caretaker was able to track the dog to the side of the stable, where, to his surprise, he found a small hole in the side of the building, just large enough for a dog to squeeze through. He had the planks removed from the stable and found that underneath was a cavern in the latter was not only the body of the bull terrier, which had just been drowned, but the skeletons of two animals and the collar of the dachshund that had disappeared 12 years before.

FIND OLD COINS UNDER FLOOR

Michigan Man Makes Discovery While Repairing House—Pieces Very Valuable.

Mason, Mich.—While tearing an old floor out of a house occupied by Mrs. Dr. Darrow of this city, Alton and Carl Jewett discovered a box of old coins carefully laid away between the floor and underpinning.

There are 20 coins in all, ranging in value from one dollar to half a dime, and in age from 120 to 60 years. The denominations include dollar, half dollar, quarter, dime and half dime, as well as one silver Canadian piece of undetermined value.

Most of the coins are of 1840 and 1850, and these nearly all new and unworn, showing they must have lain there for 50 years. The oldest one was the Canadian piece, made in 1780. A peculiar feature of the dollar, which was made in 1797, was that the face was blank, the rib bearing the words, "One dollar, 100 cents."

The coins are worth a great many times their face value owing to their age and rarity.

Thousand in a Hunting Party.

San Francisco.—One of the largest hunting parties ever organized in this state has been planned by the citizens of the northern part of Mendocino county. One thousand men will be engaged for ten days, beginning August 3, in beating the country for bears, deer and coyotes, and the affair, which is known as a "beast hunt-up," is said to have the sanction of the state game commission.

A great circle will be formed by the hunters and this gradually will close in on the doomed beasts.