

THE Roosevelt News

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Luck.

'Look as if you was feelin' pretty good today, James,' said the first waiter. 'Yes, tip-top,' replied the other. 'Some streak o' luck maybe?' 'Yes, tip-top tip.' - Philadelphia Press.

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Start right in now on a determined advertising campaign.

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THE ANT EATER.

A Harmless Animal That Will Fight Hard When at Bay.

A peculiar looking animal is the ant eater, which is closely allied to the sloth family. Its head is drawn out into a long, tubular muzzle, at the end of which is a tiny mouth just big enough to permit the exit of its long, wormlike tongue, which is covered with a sticky saliva.

This tongue is thrust among the hosts of ants with great rapidity, coming back laden with the tiny insects. To obtain its prey the ant eater breaks open the ant hills, when all the active inhabitants swarm to the breach and are instantaneously swept away by the remorseless tongue.

The jaws of the ant eater are entirely without teeth, and the eyes and ears are very small.

There are several species of ant eater, the largest kind being about four feet long and having a tail covered with very long hair, forming a huge brush. The claw on the third toe of each fore limb is of great size and is used for breaking open ants' and other insects' nests.

Generally speaking, the ant eater is a harmless animal, but at times when at bay it will fight with great courage, sitting up on its hind legs and hugging its foe with its powerful arms. —London Express.

The Perfumed Cloud.

The dentist's sleeve was smeared with a pale dust. He beat it with his palm, and a perfumed cloud arose.

"Makeup," he said, laughing, "the day's usual harvest of makeup. Why the deuce, to front the fierce white light of a dental chair, will women come to me with makeup plastered thick on their pretty faces? They all, or nearly all, do it. Their lips are reddened, their brows penciled, their cheeks rouged, and in a few cases the tiny network of veins in the temples is outlined in blue. Pegging away at their teeth, I mop up all that makeup on my coat sleeve. I smear red over white noses, black over pink cheeks. Phew! Look out!"

And, brushing his cuff again, he leaped back to escape the sweet smelling cloud that filled the air. —Exchange.

Difficult Feats.

"Here are some extracts from a few modern popular novels," said an author as he took down a scrap book. Then he read:

"The worthy pastor appeared at the man's door, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his loose jacket, while he turned the leaves of his prayer book thoughtfully and wiped his glasses with a distraught air."

"After the door was closed a stealthy foot slipped into the room and with cautious hand extinguished the light."

"Fitzgibbon lingered over his final lemonade, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder, and, turning, he beheld his old friend once again."

"The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, gnashing its teeth as it rolls." —Washington Star.

Greedy Little Salmon.

Little creatures may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated, for instance, in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the aquarium. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took daily only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine. —New York Sun.

An Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Polk. I never saw any one quite so lazy."

"Slow in everything, is he?"

"No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough." —Exchange.

Easy Enough.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you!"

"Really, duke? Now, how can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss, not I." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE INNOCENT FOX.

Blamed For Offenses Committed by His Wicked Cousins.

We are often told of the fox as a destroyer of grouse, but I should like to bear the story of some eyewitnesses, as to his work in this direction. It is very easy to find fox tracks about the remains of a bird and then say a fox did it. I believe that many of the offenses laid at his door are committed by weasels, mink and wildcats, or lynx.

During a part of the year I have known foxes to spend a part of each day digging among potato hills in a retired hollow for white grubs or mice in the adjoining fields and to return to the mountain at nightfall, passing a farm which was almost covered with young poultry out for grasshoppers. From an experience of about ten years in a locality where foxes abound I am convinced that this animal destroys but few, if any, chickens. Our trouble there was, first of all, hawks, then skunks, owls and raccoons. The fox never invaded the chicken coops or broke up the sitting turkeys out at the base of the mountain. Of course in winter a fox may sometimes trap a grouse in the snow at night, but who has ever seen a fox actually catch a grouse? Come, now, brothers of the forest, be honest and own up. I would be glad to learn how the fox does the trick, if any one has seen it done. —Forest and Stream.



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A MAN'S ESTIMATE OF WOMAN.

[Original.]

A party of ladies and gentlemen were at dinner.

"I understand," said Austin Hammond, "that Ned Hargrave has become engaged while I have been away."

"Yes," said one of the ladies, "and he's throwing himself away."

"In the opinion of the men or the women?"

"I never speak in praise or condemnation of another," replied the lady, "except for myself alone."

"And, without referring to you at all, I must say that I never take a woman's opinion of another woman."

"Why so?" asked several ladies at once.

"A woman is influenced by her likes and dislikes. She has no sense of real justice."

"And would you rely on a man's opinion of a woman?"

"A man of mature age."

"Yourself, for instance?"

"I am forty; too old to be caught by sentiment, too young to be fooled as an old man."

This bit of conversation took place when the ladies at dinner were accustomed to leave the men to smoke with their coffee, and the hostess led them to the drawing room, where they spent an hour conversing on the topic of the relative value of a man's and a woman's opinion of women.

It was about a week later that Austin Hammond received an invitation from one of the party informally for a game of whist. He met there a widow, Mrs. Cheever, somewhere between twenty-two and twenty-five years old. She was modest and shy almost to timidity. Nevertheless there was something about her that grew upon Hammond. It was not her conversation, for she was not a talker. It might have been her eyes, set in a small oval shaped head. At any rate, there was something away down in those eyes to excite a man's fancy and set him wondering. About what? Hammond at least didn't know, but he wondered all the same.

Hammond asked permission to call and became a frequent visitor at her home, a suit of apartments in which she lived with a servant. He took her out occasionally either to drive or to places of amusement, and it was not long before his friends began to speculate upon a probable engagement. One morning he was surprised to receive a note from the lady who introduced him to Mrs. Cheever in which she said substantially that, having heard of his attentions, she wished to disclaim any intention to recommend the lady she had introduced as a suitable person for him to marry. If he made a match with Mrs. Cheever he must do so on his own responsibility. Hammond was surprised.

Later on he received a second note from another of the ladies he had met at the dinner party. This note was a positive warning against Mrs. Cheever. Hammond kept the note a secret for two days, then showed it to the woman it condemned. She looked troubled, but told a very straight story which agreed especially with Hammond's opinions in matters between women. She said that she had robbed the writer of a lover.

Hammond at last found the young widow so necessary to him that he asked her to be his wife. She declined at first, giving as a reason that she would bring him nothing; indeed, could not make even a respectable show at the wedding. Hammond told her that he could support her comfortably and gave her a check for \$1,000 to spend on a trousseau. This, after many protestations, she finally consented to accept, and the matter was settled. The final closing up of the arrangements occurred at 11 o'clock one night, and Hammond left his fiancée a happy man.

The next evening at 8 he went to the widow's apartments to consult with her as to her preference in the matter of an engagement ring. There was no reply to his ring at the door. Convinced that there was no one within, he applied for information at the office of the janitor. "The lady moved out this morning, sir."

Hammond caught at a banister for support.

"Did she leave any message for— for me?"

"She left no message for any one, sir. While her things was going into the van she went round to the bank, came back and paid three months' rent and went away."

That was the last of Mrs. Cheever for Hammond.

He did not inquire at his bank if his \$1,000 check had been presented, but he found it charged against him when his account was balanced. He kept away from his friends as much as possible and when railed with queries as to when he was going to be married turned away with a sickly expression, replying that he might possibly marry a marble statue or a wooden Indian squaw with a bundle of cigars in her hand, but never a woman.

One morning at breakfast he opened a note from the lady who had introduced him to Mrs. Cheever apologizing for her part in a plot that had been concocted by the ladies of the dinner party in which he had expressed his views of women's testimony with regard to women. One of the party said she knew a woman of twenty-three who had divorced three husbands and had one or two left who would be a good subject for Hammond to test the value of his judgment of woman upon. The ladies were all aghast at the serious results of their conspiracy.

EUGENIA A. MAXEY

CHAOS IN A LIBRARY.

Sarcey's Fearfully Bad Luck With Custodians of His Books.

Francisque Sarcey had a splendid library, of which he was very proud, and there are many stories told in Paris about the singular fates, comic and tragic, that overtook the librarians who successively looked after the late critic's books.

The first was a released convict, who pleaded that to be much among good books would reform him. Sarcey, pugnacious in print, was the kindest of men in practice. He yielded to the plea. Unfortunately his protégé carried the ethical cure too far, for one day he decamped, taking with him the best of M. Sarcey's good books.

The second was a distinctly minor dramatist, Debruit by name and debris by nature. He had worn himself into an incurable melancholy by persistent addiction to the humorist vaudeville habit. Sarcey saw that abstinence from further composition could only be secured if the man had some light occupation with a living wage. He established him in the vacancy left by the convict. A few days later as the critic, returning from the theater, drew his carriage up before his door he heard a smash of shattered glass above him, followed a minute later by what he no longer dared to call a dull thud on the pavement below. The woe-begone librarian, wearied of life, had thrown himself out of the window. With his last breath he cursed Sarcey as his murderer.

Third in order was one Bernard, a gladsome youth, whose blithe temperament promised relief from the gloom cast by his predecessor. In the height of his glee he pulled out all the books so as to rearrange them in more logical order on the shelves. He stacked them in crazy pyramids all over the floor. But it happened to be the special day of the week whereon Sarcey was wont to have a few of his theatrical friends, male and female, to lunch with him. After lunch a dinner followed as a matter of course. Nothing could dismay the librarian. He whisked the pyramids to four walls and joined in the dance. Next day he asked permission to go home and see his mother. He never returned. The pyramids had to be sorted out by Sarcey's manservant and put pell-mell on the shelves again.

The last librarian was Mlle. Blonska, an elderly Polish maiden, who proved an invaluable assistant until she perished miserably in the fire at the charity ball in Paris.

INDIAN MARRIAGES.

Peculiar Rites of the Hopi and the Navajo Tribes.

Marriage among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man and negotiate with his parents. After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified. The girl goes to the home of the groom's parents and grinds corn for them for three weeks, while the groom makes a kind of sach for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony. There have been instances of the groom's refusing to go through the performance, which has then proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is twelve horses. On the second occasion the tax is nine horses, while subsequent entries are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady, a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized grooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, unwritten, but of much sanctity, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.—A. W. Dincock in *Outing Magazine*.

Coral Islands.

A coral island is sometimes torn to pieces by a great storm, showing that islands disappear in more ways than one. This happened to an atoll in the Marshall group in 1905, when it happened to be in the path of a terrible hurricane. Waves about forty feet high swept over the hapless speck of land, carrying every particle of verdure and every form of life into the sea, and not a human being was saved. The upper part of the coral was broken off and swept away, and a few days later nothing but the placid waters of the ocean was seen where the atoll had stood.

Music as Advertised.

"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," with illustrated cover.
"Trust Her Not," for 50 cents.
"I Would Not Live Always," without accompaniment.
"See, the Conquering Hero Comes," with full orchestra.
"There Was a Little Fisher Maiden," in three parts.
"The Tale of a Swordfish," with many scales.
"Home, Sweet Home," in A flat.

Let Him Off Easy.

Lola—Last night young Borem declared he would willingly go to the ends of the earth for me. Grace—And what did you say? Lola—I finally got him to make a start for home and let



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WONDERFUL MIRAGES.

False Peak of Tenerife and Illusions in the Dardanelles.

The peak of Tenerife is known among deep sea sailors as the "false peak." Owing to some peculiarity of the atmosphere it is always seen by mirage in exactly the opposite direction from which it lies, and only the fact that all captains know that the mirage appears long before the true peak is visible through the most powerful glass prevents many a ship from sailing many miles out of her course.

Sometimes the passengers and crew of a vessel on the lookout for the false peak see a much rarer and more beautiful mirage, that of a ship in the sky. It usually appears about 10 o'clock in the morning, about ten degrees above the horizon and under full sail, every delicate spar and tapering mast clearly visible against the blue ether and even the play of light and shadow in the billowing canvas plainly discernible to the naked eye.

The vicinity of the Dardanelles is the real home of mirages, and it is seldom that any vessel sails along the Syrian coast without seeing one or more. Oddly enough, the mirages of the Dardanelles are always the reflections of objects that can be seen with the naked eye and are invariably distorted in grotesque and fantastic caricatures of the things reflected.

The Lion's Attack.

As to a lion's method of attack Frederick Courtenay Selous says in his book: "As a rule, I think, a lion seizes a sleeping man by the head, and in that case, unless it is a very old and weakly animal, death must usually be instantaneous, as its great fang teeth will be driven into the brain through the thickest negro skull."

Curious Old Laws.

Some of the old laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance. Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain the girl was supposed never to become a widow.

Trained.

"My men work well," said a police commissioner, "because they are well trained. Training, you know, is everything." He paused and smiled. "Two physicians were discussing," he said, "a certain pretty nurse.

A Limited Luxury.

Two Irishmen were discussing the phenomenon of sleep. Said one, "O! bear as wan av thim poetry lads calls it 'bald nature's hair restorer'."

Gallant Lover.

"Silly boy," she said, "why did you get offended? Though my words were severe, you might have seen that I was smiling."

Right overtrained turns to wrong.—Spanish Proverb.

Heap Little Man.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

Joe was a street gambler who joined us at the close of the civil war and marched with us to the Indian country. He was ragged and dirty and wicked-tougher than any bumster the war produced. We all tried to make him better, but failed. He was taken in hand by General Custer, but with no better luck.

Joe was allowed to hang out with us and make the long journey to Fort Leavenworth in our company. Some of the officers tried to bounce him, but we of the rank and file helped him to get through. He wasn't old enough to enlist, there was no show for him as a bugler, and when we finally started across the plains he was ordered to remain behind. We bade him goodbye, but three days afterward he overtook us, having a mule of his own.

The boy had a good voice for singing and had remembered the airs and words of a score of songs, but when out of camp and on the march he never sang but one song, and that only the chorus of "John Brown's Body."

We tried to keep him out of the fights, but it was no use. He would disobey orders or break away from his guards, and when he mixed in he went straight to the front. He had a score to be proud of, but no one ever heard him brag. He fought because fighting was a part of his programme.

When we started on that winter Wichita campaign Joe was with us. We started out in a snowstorm, with the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and Heap Little Man singing the old chorus.

"My men work well," said a police commissioner, "because they are well trained. Training, you know, is everything." He paused and smiled. "Two physicians were discussing," he said, "a certain pretty nurse.

"Was she a trained nurse?" said the first physician. "She must have been," replied the other. "She hadn't been in the hospital a week before she was engaged to the richest patient."

"Well," he replied magnanimously, "your mouth is so small I didn't notice it."—Philadelphia Press.

Right overtrained turns to wrong.—Spanish Proverb.

A TENDERFOOT'S REVENGE.

Bully of New Mexico Town Had the Tables Turned on Him.

The average tenderfoot is not a coward. He simply lacks ranch experience. An illustration of this fact occurred down in New Mexico several years ago. One day a pale looking, thin and sickly young man alighted from the train and put up at the little adobe hotel at Bernal Springs.

The tenderfoot raised the glass and gulped down the whisky. Sandy had had his way about it, and he made no effort to comprehend the vague remark of the stranger. The tenderfoot left for a ranch down the Pecos the next day after the incident in the saloon, and he was forgotten until one afternoon more than a year afterward a strong, healthy looking young man rode up to the hotel on a broncho.

No sooner had he made the remark than he walked off in the direction of Sandy, who had his gun in his right hand and was firing it into the air every few steps. The stranger approached Sandy, pulled his gun and unceremoniously dragged the bully up to the saloon and let him in that fashion up to the bar.

The order was complied with, Sandy standing there meekly, wondering what was going to happen to him. "Now, get down on the floor and drink water out of that pan like a dog," the former tenderfoot ordered.

WATERLOO.

The Immutability of the Famous Old Battlefield.

One of the most striking features of a visit to the battlefield of Waterloo today is the immutability of the entire scene in which one of the greatest battles of history took place. Notwithstanding the many years that have passed since the memorable day of June 18, 1815, the entire scene of the battle remains practically unchanged.

The battlefield of Waterloo is an open, undulating stretch of good farming land. On the day of the battle the greater part of it was covered with crops of rye, wheat, barley and oats, and the same crops are still grown there each season. The field is intersected by two highroads branching at Mont St. Jean, the one on the right leading to Nivelles, while that on the left, which lay in the center of both armies, led south to Genappe, Charleroi and Namur.

Insomnia.

Insomnia is the not uncommon fate of the brain worker who after years of continuous mental strain retires from active life. The reason is that mental activity demands a large supply of blood for the brain, and the blood vessels gradually accommodate themselves to this large supply.

Suspicious.

The Warden—I think the members of the choir are going to ask for more money. The Sidesman—Why? The Warden—For the last two Sundays they have been listening to the sermon.—Illustrated Bits.

A Striking Misapprehension.

Officer—Excuse me, madam; there goes eight bells. It's my watch on deck. Mrs. Lansman—Well, I don't blame you for keeping your watch on deck if it strikes as loudly as that.—Harper's Weekly.

The favor of great men and the praise of the world are not much to be relied on.—French Proverb.

LUDWIG THE LUNATIC

Patti Once Threw Him into a Frenzy of Madness.

A FREAK OF THE CRAZY KING.

He Frightened and Enraged the Great Diva by His Strange Whims, and When She Finally Sang For Him in Munich It Drove Him Wild.

When Patti was in the first heyday of her fame Ludwig II., the mad king of Bavaria, set his heart on having her sing for him at his private auditorium in Munich. He wrote her letter after letter, begging, imploring, offering extravagant sums of money, but Patti resolutely refused to go.

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