

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PERSONS

Josiah von Heeringen, Famous German General.



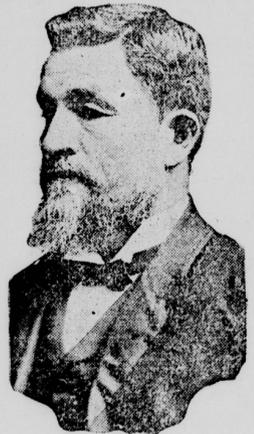
Among the strategists of the kaiser's army none stands higher in the estimation of the general staff than General Josiah von Heeringen. He received his training under old General von Moltke, hero of the Franco-Prussian war, in which Von Heeringen served as a lieutenant. There is said to be a great similarity between the two warriors. The aquiline features, tall, thin, dried up body and the taciturn disposition of the late Von Moltke find their counterpart in General von Heeringen, although he wears a beard.

In their hobbies, too, the similarity is striking. Moltke was an incessant chess player, while Heeringen devotes his spare time to playing with leaden soldiers. In military circles Heeringen is looked upon with the same respect and accredited with as much strategical skill as was Moltke. It is said of Heeringen that no other soldier in the German empire knows so much about the strategical position of Metz, the most important base and military post in the kaiser's domain. He has spent years studying the fortification and its surrounding territory. Every foot of ground about the historic fortress has been mapped with painstaking care.

General von Heeringen entered the German army in 1867 at the age of seventeen. He became chief of division on the general staff in 1892, and in 1898 was director of the department of subsistence in the war department. Eight years later he was made commander of an army corps, and in 1909 was called into the cabinet as minister of war, a position he held until last year, when he became general inspector of the second army corps. He is now strategical adviser to the army of the crown prince of Bavaria, fighting near Verdun.

The Boer Uprising.

General Christian Rudolph De Wet, leader of the revolt against England in South Africa, was one of Great Britain's most determined and dangerous foes during the Boer war. When the war between England and Germany broke out he expressed dissatisfaction with Great Britain's course and later,



GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET

in conjunction with General Beyers, raised a command to aid the German colony in South Africa.

De Wet took part in the Boer war from the beginning. He was first in Natal as commander of the Orange Free State forces and was then sent to serve under General Cronje as second in command. He was generally regarded by both friend and foe as an irreconcilable.

It was after the relief of Ladysmith and the defeat of Cronje that De Wet began the guerrilla warfare that caused England so much trouble and expense. Here was where De Wet shone. Railroad communications of the British were interrupted, convoys captured and isolated posts invaded. Although pursued by almost the entire British army, he eluded pursuit, and the war did not end until his capture in February, 1902.

Going Too Far.

At a school exhibition a juvenile elocutionist got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious. He wished to make a great success of his piece, and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of elocution was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture. The opening line of the boy's selection was, "The comet lifts its tail of fire." The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



A Real Christmas

HER name was Philippa, a royal name for such a very small, poor English maid, but she had always been called "Flip," and she lived in Duchess row, Duchess row makes you think of something stately and grand; but, alas, here it meant just a row of narrow, grimy houses standing in a dark and dreary street, where the sunshine never seemed to come—a place of poor people in the heart of toiling London. Flip lived at 9 Duchess row with her mother, a widow. They had the topmost room of the house, and of all the poor people in Duchess row I do not think any were quite as poor as Flip's mother, who had to work day and night to earn a scanty living by making buttonholes in coats and waistcoats for a ready-made clothes warehouse. It was a hard life for the two, but Flip possessed a brave and staunch little heart beneath her threadbare frock and when she came out of school each afternoon would sit until her eyes were burning and her poor little fingers raw and aching, helping her mother.

And it was so she sat one afternoon a week before Christmas day trying to catch the last gleams of murky daylight which came through the window



GAZING IN AT THE BRILLIANTLY SET WINDOW

of their room. It was a bitterly cold, cheerless day, not a typical Christmas with frost and snow, but leaden skies and a biting east wind made all folks shiver and long to be home by a cozy fireside. But fires are a luxury in Duchess row, and there was but scant warmth in the room where Flip and her mother sat, working hard.

"If we can get those finished tonight you can run out with them and when you come back we'll have a bit more soup and I'll get a bit of fish from round the corner, and you shall have a nice hot supper, dear," said the mother with a loving look.

"That'll be just splendid," replied Flip, "and then we'll set before the fire, and you'll tell me about them real Christmas stories you used to have when you were a girl."

"I don't like talking of them days," said the mother with a sigh as she folded up the last bit of work. "Ere you are, dear, just put on yer 'at and run out with these." And in another minute or two the light little figure, laden with a large bundle, was speeding up the great busy thoroughfare.

Sometimes, with all the good will in the world, the constant journeying to the warehouse seemed to her long and weary, but tonight her thoughts of "her" made her forget all fatigue. "Oh, lovely, it would be," she thought, "if we could get a real Christmas, with plum pudding and 'at on such a night as this!" cried the goblin.

"Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" screamed a wild chorus of voices that seemed to fill the churchyard.

"What have you got in that bottle?" said the goblin.

"Hollands, sir," replied the sexton, trembling more than ever, for he had bought it of the smugglers, and he thought his question might be in the exact department of the goblin.

"Who drinks Hollands alone and in

a churchyard on such a night as this?" "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" exclaimed the wild voices again. "And who, then, is our lawful prize?" "exclaimed the goblin.

The invisible chorus replied, "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" "The sexton gasped for breath.

"What do you think of this, Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb?" "It's—It's very curious, sir; very curious, sir, and very pretty," replied the sexton, half dead with fright. "But I think I'd go back and finish my work, sir, if you please."

"Work?" said the goblin. "What work?" "The grave, sir. Who makes graves at a time when other men are merry and takes a pleasure in it?"

Again the voices replied, "Gabriel Grubb, Gabriel Grubb!" "I'm afraid my friends want you, Gabriel," said the goblin.

"Under favor, sir," replied the horror-stricken sexton. "I don't think they can. They don't know me, sir. I don't think the gentlemen have ever seen me."

"Oh, yes, they have! We know the man who struck the boy in the envious malice of his heart because the boy could be merry and he could not."

Here the goblin gave a loud, shrill laugh which the echoes returned tenfold.

"I—I am afraid I must leave you, sir," said the sexton, making an effort to move.

"Leave us!" said the goblin. "Ho, ho, ho!"

As the goblin laughed he suddenly darted toward Gabriel, laid his hand on his collar and snarled with him through the earth. And when he had had time to fetch his breath he found himself in what appeared to be a large cavern, surrounded on all sides by goblins ugly and grim.

"And now," said the king of the goblins, seated in the center of the room on an elevated seat—his friend of the churchyard—"show the man of misery and gloom a few of the pictures from our great storehouses."

As the goblin said this a cloud rolled gradually away and disclosed a small and scantily furnished but neat apartment. Little children were gathered round a bright fire, clinging to their mother's gown or gamboling round her chair. A frugal meal was spread upon the table, and an elbow chair was placed near the fire. Soon the mother entered, and the children ran to meet him. As he sat down to his meal the mother sat by his side, and all seemed happiness and comfort.

"What do you think of that?" said the goblin.

Gabriel murmured something about being very pretty.

"Show him some more," said the goblin.

Many a time the cloud went and came, and many a lesson it taught to Gabriel Grubb. He saw that man who worked hard and earned their scanty bread were cheerful and happy. And he came to the conclusion it was a very respectable sort of world after all. One by one the goblin faded from his sight, and as the last one disappeared he sank to sleep.

The day had broken when he awoke and found himself lying on the flat gravestone with the wicker bottle empty by his side. He got on his feet as well as he could and, brushing the frost off his coat, turned his face to ward the town.

But he was an altered man. He had learned lessons of gentleness and good nature by his strange adventures in the goblin's cavern.—Charles Dickens.

GOLDEN SILENCE. Silence never shows itself so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no occasion for them.—Addison.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.—Bovee.

Silence is more eloquent than words.—Carlyle.

That silence is one of the great arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero himself, who says there is not only an art, but even an eloquence in it.—Hannah More.

Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

For the Children

Christmas Comes With Holly and Mistletoe.



Winter's in her glory come. The knitting will begin. Let us be round the home; The fire glows within.

Christmas comes with holly bright. The girls and mistletoe. Join to make merry sight As for the snow we go.

Come with me into the wood. How dull the colors now! Birds can scarcely find their food. So deep it lies in snow.

Squirrel in your cozy nest. A warm bed have you there, Warm and cozy for your rest. Yet you're in winter's lair.

Christmas is a merry time. The merriest of the year. That ever comes to this climate. With bells all ringing clear.

Christmas Customs. Many countries claim that they have given the Christmas tree to the world, but its early days are so hidden in antiquity that it is difficult to say positively how it came to be. In the days of the early people of Europe trees were associated with their various observances. The pine tree was especially revered, and during the winter it was the custom of the northmen to hang gifts upon that tree for their gods. When Christianity descended upon these northern people the idea of gifts was translated into a custom where offerings were made instead to the Christian God.

Gift giving at Christmastide had this early origin and since the early part of the nineteenth century the Christmas tree and the spirit of Christmas have been inseparable and will be for many years to come.

Timing Dates. One person is given a date by the hostess. He must use this date and some event connected with it in forming a rime couplet, as:

In seventeen hundred and sixty-three The Boston men threw over the tea.

After forming his rime he is at liberty to give a date to any person in the room, who in turn must continue the rime, and thus the game continues.

Talking about dates, can you guess these dates?

An office seeking date. Candidate. An overflowing date. Inundate. A heart shaped date. Candidate. A four inspiring date. Intumidate. An obliging date. Accommodate. A date that adjusts and settles. Liquidate. An anticipating date. Antedate. A date that makes solid. Consolidate.

A Drawing Affair. The materials required for this entertainment are a fair sized black board, white crayon and slips of paper on which have been written names of familiar birds, animals and other objects. These slips are placed in a hat and presented to each guest, who draws one.

Upon call of the hostess each guest passes to the board and draws the named object. He is also required to write a poem of not less than six lines beneath the drawing. The poem is then read for the benefit of the assembly. This is a very amusing entertainment.

Another similar game is known as the Blind Artist. The guest is blind folded and then asked to draw a certain object.

A Jack Horner. An excellent adjunct to a Christmas party at table is a Jack Horner pie made of crumpe paper that exactly imitates the real old English plum pudding, with the branch of holly in the top, and all. This should be brought in with the dessert and be placed in the middle of the table. It is, of course, filled with favors and a ribbon runs from it to each guest.

Conundrums. What is both food for the body and food for the mind? Bacon. What game do the waves play at? At pitch and toss.

When does a man impose on him self? When he takes his memory. What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Noise. If your nose was twelve inches long, what would it be? A foot.

Norway's Gunpowder. All gunpowder for the Norwegian army is manufactured at the government factory, which is located in the country near Rauffoss. Nitroglycerin (ballistite) is an ingredient of all powder made there for sharpshooting cartridges. "Progressive" powder for guns is made from gun-cotton. These two ingredients are now purchased from a factory at Eugene, Norway. Powder for the small guns is used in the leaf form, and that for cannon in the tube form.

HOW SPEECH CHANGES.

English Words Are Now Very Different From What They Used to Be.

A striking characteristic of the English language is the ability its words possess of passing from one part of speech into another. In the course of its history English has been largely stripped of the endings which once characterized different parts of speech. Our infinitives no longer end in -en and the representative of an early air. We do not say tellen, still less tellan, but simply tell. Our nouns have discarded the a or o or u in which many of them terminated originally. Drop has become "drop," and has become "end" which has become "wood."

In consequence of the disappearance of the terminations, words have been reduced to their root form. Hence they pass with little difficulty from one part of speech into another. This was no so once.

Let us take our old, familiar grammatical friend love as an illustration. In Latin it is amare as a verb, as a noun it is amor. One in consequence cannot be used for the other. Such transition difference of termination completely prevents. So in our earliest English speech the noun love was infu the verb was lufian. Here again one could not be used for the other.

But when the substantive ending was dropped from infu and the verbal ending from lufian the root inf alone remained. That has given the word love. This can be used indefinitely either as a noun or a verb. In both cases the existing final s is of no importance. It is a mere lifeless survival which has weight only in the conventional spelling and nowhere else. Professor Thom as R. Lousbury in Harper's Magazine

HER IDEALS CHANGED. She Saw a Very Large Light After She Was Happily Married.

There was a girl who was quite sure that when it came her turn to marry she could not live in a house any smaller than her father's. "Love in a cottage" was not her idea. Cupid, she thought, needed plenty of room to flap his wings and to practice his archery, so could not fire in a huddle. So she must have an immense library with a fireplace that would take a six foot log; there must be a drawing room with parquetry flooring and thick rug-sliding about on it, the dining room must be able to hold a large table with an imposing bowl of flowers. She visualized herself ruling a salon, hostess to a brilliant coterie of people who would help her social ambition and her husband's business.

A school friend of hers came to see her a year and a half after she had married and found her in a little frame house on a side street, ridiculously happy with her husband and her baby. The back yard was just about big enough to hold a whirling clothes frame and a narrow flower bed against the fence; the piazza was as snug as a sailor's hammock, the largest room was about the size of the vestibule of the bride's girlhood home.

"I know what you're thinking," laughed the proud little housekeeper to her guest. "You're wondering how I could make up my mind to live in this tiny piano box. But I've made a discovery. I've found that it isn't the size of the house that matters; it's the size of the heart, and the biggest hearts can live in the tiniest houses."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Women of 2000 B. C. That woman painted and powdered 4,000 years ago is shown by a complete vanity box, used in 2000 B. C., in the University of Pennsylvania museum. It is a gift of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

The box, which is of delicately carved ivory, contains receptacles for paints and powders. There is also a glass container, probably used for perfumes. The box is opened by pressing a concealed spring. Under the lid is a piece of highly polished stone, which served as a mirror.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Prussian Guards. Frederick the Great originated the Prussian guards. His ambition was to form a royal bodyguard of giants, and every country was ransacked by his agents to supply recruits. The most extravagant sums were offered to men of exceptional inches, and it is said an Irishman more than seven feet high, who was picked up by the Prussian ambassador in London, received a bounty of £1,300.—London Mail.

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