

# THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

W. E. HANNAFORD, - - - Publisher.

Now that there is a shirt and collar trust, collars may be higher than ever.

England's proposed Academy of Letters will be a failure unless she gets some great figures in it.

Now that Mrs. Dowie has been ordained, it is safe to say that she is as good a man as her husband.

A Texas editor recently wrote to one of his correspondents, "Oil has taken the place of politics down here." Oil is pretty slippery, too.

Premier Laurier says that the Alaskan boundary is unsettled. No doubt it will be unsettled if Canadian political strategists can effect that result.

Pennsylvania has enacted a law establishing courts for juvenile offenders. Two years hence Wisconsin will have another chance to adopt this reform.

The commencement season will soon be under way, and will fully demonstrate that this great and glorious country's gushers are not confined to Texas.

The new Chicago city directory will claim an increase in the population of 14,000 since the taking of the census of 1900. But a directory estimate is not an actual count.

The Omaha newspaper man who says that the highest ambition of his life is to have two pairs of suspenders at one time has probably never thought of going to Chicago. Hold-ups are altogether too numerous in Chicago.

Kaiser Wilhelm will no longer permit the publication of stenographic reports of his speeches. The newspapers will have to print what he meant to say. This will give the readers better-considered speeches, but less entertaining.

The corn exports of the United States last year amounted to 213,000,000 bushels. Europe took 193,000,000, against only 24,000,000 in 1890. The result of Uncle Sam's corn propaganda is a convincing demonstration that it pays to advertise.

From the report of "profane yells" hurled at Col. Mills by the young men of the Military Academy, it appears that tobacco is not the only kind of sauce known to the would-be future commanders who are studying the art of war at West Point.

The Chicago Natural History Society has proposed for itself as a task merit for Twentieth Century ambition the muzzling of cats, to keep them from killing song-birds. It has perhaps not occurred to these benevolent enthusiasts that this would also keep the cats from killing mice.

There is no argument against filial love in the fate of the Chicago burglar who was tracked by his mother's picture which he wore in his buttonhole. The only lesson the incident conveys is that when burglars go forth to play their craft they should leave their mothers' pictures at home.

Milwaukee is not the only city whose officials are directing attention to sanitary conditions in saloons. Newark, New Jersey, has a board of health which has abolished the bar-room towel. Microbes that believe in expansion by colonization will probably look upon the removal of the towel as a heavier blow at their policy than the inspection of faucets.

When the British Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs declared in the House of Commons the other day that Great Britain's credit is the highest in the world, he uttered a taradiddle, donchuknow, unless he meant to be understood in a metaphorical sense. In that sense British credit has been knocked higher than Gilderey's kite by the result of the Boer war.

It is stated that the newest wrinkle in Chicago public schools—"blackboards" of red, blue, green and yellow—has been adopted with the idea of enabling the children to gain a notion of color. Possibly the yellowness of the Chicago press has been put on with the intention of educating older people in the same direction. This is a progressive age—in Chicago.

"Parting the hair in the middle is a sign of degeneracy," said Anthropologist Starr, in a lecture to his class in the University of Chicago. The sex which wears its hair in the middle will have an incredulous smile for Prof. Starr. Possibly the anthropologist did not mean what he said. Possibly he referred only to men. But the late James Russell Lowell parted his hair in the middle. What is the matter with Anthropologist Starr?

Interesting statistics have just been issued by the German postal authorities. The German craze for sending illustrated postal cards showing views of cities and landscapes is well known in this country. To what extent this custom has grown may be gathered from the fact that during one single week no less than 10,128,500 such cards were sent through the German mails. These 10,000,000 cards, a German cotemporary says, would, if piled up, form a column 11,408 feet high. Their weight exceeds 36 tons.

Dr. McNamara, in a lecture recently delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons in London, supplemented the Darwinian theory of man's descent from the ape by explaining why the latter cannot talk. It has been proved, he said, that man and the anthropoid ape come from the same stock, but the ape cannot talk because it lacks the nerve center that in man controls the faculty of speech. The anterior lobes of the ape's brain, containing the part that controls speech, are defective, because the skull is ossified, during the animal's first year, into a rigid closed case that keeps the brain from expanding. The skull of man does not consolidate until the adult age has been reached, so that the anterior

lobes and speech nerve-centers can go on developing until the twentieth year.

Slang is objectionable from certain points of view. But here on the one hand is the literary hack who describes a book as "along the lines" of a historical romance, and remarks that its sales are progressing "by leaps and bounds"; and here on the other hand is a breezy story-of-the-town feuilletonist who states that when his heroine "gets her glad rags on" she "is de limit when it comes to looks." If a critic should declare the style of the former infinitely preferable to that of the latter, wouldn't it jar you?

On July 4 next the town of Natick, Mass., which was founded by John Eliot, the famous apostle to the Indians, will celebrate its 250th anniversary. On July 3 there will be a gathering of the descendants of John Eliot himself, who have scattered into widely-separated parts of the country, and who call themselves indifferently Eliot, Elliott or Elliot. This will be the second reunion of the members of the Eliot family. The first, held in 1875 at Guilford, Conn., was attended by nearly 200 persons.

Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, will be the site of one of the most important of the American naval stations on the Pacific. Large machine shops and a dry dock will be built and a first-class repair station for warships will be established. Capt. John F. Merry, commandant of the coaling station at Honolulu, has informed the department that conditions about Pearl Harbor have changed. Sugar planters have extended their plantations and planted cane, and the price of the land has increased. As the cost is limited to \$150,000 some change in the original site must be made.

A report from Consul-General Guenther, at Frankfurt, says that, according to the German papers, Prof. Voges, the director of the national board of health at Buenos Ayres, has found a remedy for mosquito bites. He discovered it by accident during his trip to Paraguay to study the pest. He had been supplied with all sorts of remedies, among them "naphthalene," an article of no value whatever against the pest; but, on using it for mosquito bites he found it of surprising effect. It neutralizes the poison, even when the spot bitten is greatly inflamed. If fresh bites are rubbed with naphthalene no swelling follows.

## EXPENSIVE MINCE PIES.

How They Wrecked a Boy's Suit for Damages.

Johnny Foehl ate five mince pies at one sitting, and this little feast cost him exactly \$5000. His suit against the Camden and Suburban Railway company for that amount for injuries sustained in being pushed from a car was progressing favorably to him yesterday in the Camden court. Half a dozen doctors had sworn that he was an invalid as the result of the accident, when Willie Brower, one of Johnny's witnesses, in his rambling testimony, told of Johnny's love for pies.

Counsel for the trolley company saw a glimmer of hope in this. "Could he eat a whole pie?" was asked of Willie.

"Yes, he ate five within a few minutes last week," the boy replied. The three lawyers who represented Johnny were on their feet in an instant, demanding of the court to know what mince pie had to do with Johnny Foehl being injured by a trolley car. They wanted this portion of the testimony stricken out.

"Well," declared counsel for the trolley company, "any boy who can eat five mince pies at one sitting is not very much of an invalid."

The court admitted the mince pie testimony. Having got into the case, the counsel for the plaintiff wanted to bring witnesses to prove the pies were small five-cent ones. They were willing to send for a pie to show the jury. The railway company's lawyers conceded that the pies were small, but contended that even so no invalid could eat five of them.

When all of the testimony was in the court, relieving the jury, declared that Johnny Foehl had not made out a case. The mince pie testimony had been fatal to it.—Philadelphia North American.

## THE DEALER'S PERQUISITE.

Ocean Captain's Opinion of Four Aces in Poker Game.

According to reports strenuous efforts are to be made to suppress gambling frauds on the ocean steamers, relates the New York World. It is said to have attained disgraceful proportions. The victims are many and the card sharpers are bold and defiant. This recalls a story which old Capt. Judkins of the Cunard line has told of the most famous of Atlantic captains—used to tell. There were stringent rules against gambling on the Cunarders, but there was another company that was most lenient in the matter.

One day a hot game was in progress on one of the boats of the latter line. There were several lookers-on, among them the ship's captain, who had strolled in for a moment. Another bystander told him of the game, while the captain, dealing himself a card from the pack and fortified himself for four aces. Shocked at the fraud, the bystander looked at the captain, but the captain gave no sign of having seen the trick. Pulling him away from the table the bystander said:

"Did you see that, captain?"

"See what?" was the retort.

"Why, that fellow dealt himself four aces."

"Well, wasn't it his deal?"

## Social Cares of Diplomats.

Nations, like small boys, occasionally get in quarrels, and during these "don't speak" periods the greatest care must be exercised to prevent embarrassing occurrences at social functions at the capital. Then, there are powers which have long-standing feuds which their representatives seek to perpetuate. A case in point is that of Austria and Mexico. The former government did not, until a few weeks ago, recognize the existence of the latter nation, and several times the secretary of state as the dean of the diplomatic corps was called upon to devise ways and means whereby the enmity of one country might be honored without giving offense to the other.—Cosmopolitan.

## Bernhardt's Big Wedding Present.

Victorien Sardou is just now receiving congratulations from all parts of the world on the approaching marriage of his daughter with the Comte Robert de Fiers. I hear that Mile. Sardou will have a dot of a million of francs, to which Sarah Bernhardt has been the principal contributor, for it was the great French actress that made the success of Sardou's plays.—Paris Letter to London World.

—Large bodies of ore and amazing breadth of deposit have been discovered in the Godiva mountain, Tintic, Utah.

## THE PANSY PRINCESS.

Purple and gold as sunset of the North,  
Thou Pansy, tell what thought lies hid  
In these  
Doest dream upon a time when knights went forth  
The pomp and splendor of thy court to see?

In trailing robes of satin and brocade,  
Didst sign a queen of nations wild and vast,  
Till ruthless Time decreed their suns should fade,  
Their glories be but ashes of the past?

Close to thy side, all fierce in black and gold,  
A pansy warrior guards thee still with eire;  
Doest thou recall a day when, over-held,  
He wooed thee with the sunlight on his hair?

And near in shadow, pale as some sweet saint,  
A snow-white pansy opens to the day—  
A plume man with pallid lips and faint,  
Who bows her head the while she seems to pray.

For thee, O pagan princess of the dawn,  
For thee, O warrior knight of valiant deeds,  
The pale nun prays, with downcast face and wan,  
While through her fingers slip the silent beads.

And is it true that all the prayer and love,  
And all the wealth and worldliness of powers,  
When centuries have come and gone, will  
Merge memories in thoughtful pansy flowers?

—Gertrude Neres in Smart Set.

## DESTINED BY FATE.

The waiter ostentatiously placed the small bill before her.

"One and a penny, please, miss."

Raymond Hillyard, handsome and distinguished looking, sitting opposite, glanced up with assumed lazy indifference and resumed eating.

The waiter was busy whisking about his napkin, preparatory to being paid.

"Some more coffee, please," said the girl. "I'll remain a little longer."

The man disappeared, shortly returning with the order.

She began to sip her coffee very slowly. Her chatty companion had ample opportunity of studying her. What he saw was this:

A broad, smooth forehead, with dark hair clustering in rebellious curls around her temples; a pair of deep gray eyes, with long, dark, straight, pointed, nose, a dear little mouth, and a rather square jaw, which showed resolution and determination. The hands, small, well kept and shapely, were devoid of rings.

"Let me see," he mused, "the hat cost one and sixpence three farthings, and is home trimmed, very neat, and suits her. The blouse was four and eleven off the peg, and the lace round the collar could be bought at any cheap milliner's for seven shillings the dozen."

"Waiter, one omelette aux fins herbes," he said, suddenly, to the man who hovered round like a phantom bat.

He flashed the lightning. A few minutes later the proprietor trotted up to the table, glanced suspiciously at the girl, coughed once or twice, and then said:

"We shall be closing very soon, madam. Are you expecting a friend?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I won't wait much longer."

The waiter appeared again and added the coffee to the bill.

"Thank you," said the girl; the girl needed no answer. "I won't wait much longer."

The waiter withdrew. Hillyard smiled and began his omelette, which had been brought him.

"Pardon me, but I believe I am right in saying that you haven't got the address with which to pay your bill," put in Hillyard at last, in a low tone, and looking steadily at his companion. "The manager, I fear, is of the same opinion."

"Thank you," said the girl; the girl needed no answer. "I won't wait much longer."

The waiter withdrew. Hillyard smiled and began his omelette, which had been brought him.

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## MRS. M'KINLEY YEARNS FOR CANTON.



Although Mrs. William McKinley would prefer to stay at Canton, O., and Washington, this sweet woman is ready to sacrifice her own inclinations in order to be at her husband's side. The above photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. McKinley seated on the porch of their temporary residence in Washington, it is known that the wife of the President yearns to visit her home town once more, and remain there for a long time. Feeling that the President's duty calls him to Washington, however, this sweet woman is ready to sacrifice her own inclinations in order to be at her husband's side. The above photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. McKinley seated on the porch of their temporary residence in Washington, it is known that the wife of the President yearns to visit her home town once more, and remain there for a long time. Feeling that the President's duty calls him to Washington, however, this sweet woman is ready to sacrifice her own inclinations in order to be at her husband's side. 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