

## The ENTERPRISE

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Now is the time to begin the safe and sane Christmas shopping.

In changing cabinets Spain is merely swapping horses in midstream.

Aviators will soon utilize and ride high winds instead of fighting shy of them.

Lightning has been hitting Texas oil tanks, thereby becoming greased lightning.

Diaries for 1910 are out. This fact has a bearing on the Christmas shopping question.

Alaska is said to be a future dairy country. It should produce high-grade ice cream.

How does lovely woman find the time to work ten hours a day and do up all her hair?

Railroad reports show that old General Prosperity is making use of his return-trip ticket.

Unless football is made a less dangerous game it will be placed on the list of prohibited sports.

Kaiser Wilhelm says he never will fly. Just wait until the new aerial safeties are out and we shall see.

For the information of the uninitiated we would state that pellagra, the new corn disease, is not a near relative of the jim-jams nor "dillirious triangles."

A Chicago woman is suing for a divorce because her husband thinks that 25 cents a day is enough to live on. What extravagant notions some women have!

A worthy government official says that fishermen are as great an asset as are the farmers. Show this to your wife the next time you are invited on a fishing excursion.

For a few moments of sport West Point has sacrificed a cadet on the gridiron. The country has lost a stalwart defender and parents a beloved son. Is the game worth the candle?

An alleged expert on the subject of theft, being under arrest for its practice, asserts that it "is a disease." Even so, the traditional practice of isolation looks like the best method of controlling it.

It is the era of short skirts for ladies in street attire. Of course Paris not only sets the fashions but follows them, and in Paris streets the short skirt is in full swing. And the short skirt necessarily implies care in footwear. And so it comes that short skirts are booming American shoes. The Parisian lady wants the best that is going, and she finds it in the American shoe.

The only pleasant feature of the hookworm disease is the ease with which the cause can be expelled from the human system. If what is said about it is true, one of the wonders of the twentieth century will be the story of this disease. It has only lately been discovered, only within the last year or two has it been discovered that a considerable proportion of the recruits to the military services have it—and at once a plan is made to spend \$1,000,000 in wiping it out.

The real forestry problem of the United States is in the hands of the states and individual citizens. Only a small fraction of the forest area of the country is in national forests and if America is to be saved from the fate of desecration, which has overtaken every spendthrift nation in the world's history, scientific forestry must be made the everyday practice of the people, and it must be recognized in the fundamental law of the states.

Not only are beef and pork growing scarce, with prices high, but now comes word that there is a shortage in the poultry supply. One explanation is that farmers and ranch owners in the west have found it more profitable to give up their acres to wheat growing at prevailing rates than to raise cattle and chickens. But at the fancy figures prevailing or promised there should be "money in fowls." Present conditions tend to encourage vegetarianism.

It is evident that the immigration laws of the United States have something to commend them to other countries. The Mexican minister to Cuba is now here studying the workings of the system at New York with a view to devising laws for his own nation and for similar purposes. Many believe our restrictions are not sufficiently severe and that until aliens creep in through our immigrant stations. But there must be merit in the plan in operation here when other countries seek to copy our laws.

Mount Vesuvius is having an eruption regarded as the most serious since the violent one of 1906. Simultaneously there have been heavy earthquakes in Sicily, more particularly on the slope of Mount Etna, another noted volcano. The result was the destruction of considerable property and the killing of at least one person. Seismographs at Washington and elsewhere have recorded disturbances lately, and quite possibly another period of disturbance, manifested by these outward actions, is going on within the earth.

A University of Chicago professor thinks we should have three more R's added to the school curriculum, but they do not have to do with the "rah-rah" business.

A New England university has suspended students guilty of violating a pledge to refrain from hazing. Evidently, the practice has such a strong hold on the student mind that even its sense of honor is blunted. It is time for strong measures to stamp it out when it begins to have this demoralizing effect.

## At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events  
Gathered in Washington

### Caught by Moving Picture Machine



WASHINGTON. — A mighty funny thing happened in Washington recently, and a certain man has not got through explaining things to his wife yet. This man was in Oregon on a business trip a few days before the fight between Johnson and Ketchell at Colma. He had expected to return to the wife of his bosom by a certain date, but instead of that sent a telegram stating that he would have to remain in Portland, Ore., at least two days longer than at first scheduled. He reached Washington according to his revised schedule, and his wife was all the happier to greet him because of his remaining away a little bit longer. The other night one of the enterprising city papers gave a moving-picture exhibition of that particular fight in Colma. This just returned Washington man told his wife that he would like to have her go down town with him and look at the pictures, and she went. The films hadn't been running off but a few minutes when the wife yanked her husband's arm and said: "You see that man in the front seat there. He certainly does look like you."

The man glanced at the front row indicated, and cold shivers ran up and down his backbone. It never had entered his head that there would be anything but just the prize fight to be seen, and he realized in a second that the man on the front seat not only looked like him, but was him. The

man, with a jerky little laugh declared, of course, that was just absurd, and that he couldn't see the slightest resemblance to himself in the man on the front seat. The wife kept on watching, however, and positively declined to leave the scene, and her mouth got "sotter and sotter" as she began to realize how her husband had lied to her. Before the end of the third round her husband simply had to acknowledge that the man on the front seat was himself sure enough. He suggested a little supper down town to his wife, which she accepted, and then he suggested a new long seal skin coat, which she also accepted, and, furthermore, she got a number of other handsome presents which she would not be possessed of to-day had not that husband of hers remained over to see the fight in Colma.

While, of course, this story has its comical aspect, there is another to offset it. A lady in Washington in the mutations of life was separated from a half-grown brother a great many years ago, and much to her sorrow and regret lost all knowledge of his whereabouts. One night at a moving picture of some great carnival or convention in a southern city the face of a man, right in the forefront of the picture impressed itself upon her as being that of her brother. A second and a third time during the process of the film she saw the face. The next day she visited the manager of the moving picture show and asked for a special repetition of that particular film, that she might study the face. She made sure she wasn't mistaken, and through the picture there was a joyful reunion between brother and sister, each having long believed the other to be dead.

### Davis' Speech as a Trust Destroyer



AS NOTHING of great importance has come before congress, members are putting in their spare time between sessions gossiping and chatting about incidents of the last session, most of the discussions being about the great tariff fight. A joke on Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas has caused much amusement among the members, some of whom heard it recently for the first time. His speech last session as a trust buster is cherished as a monumental example of what can be done with the English language when one actually tries. The history of the making of that speech is this:

After breaking all precedents of the senate by making his first speech 11 days after he had been sworn in as a member of that body, Senator Davis rested on his laurels. He went out to Arkansas, leaving his long cherished anti-trust bill in the hands of the senate, having warned that body that he not only wanted action on it, but wanted it quickly. When he finally

came back to Washington he was met upon his arrival by Senator Johnson of Alabama, who exhibited a mournful countenance and spoke in funeral tones.

"Well, I'm up against it this time," he said to Davis, with a voice betraying a final resignation to a hard fate. "What is the matter?" chirped the big senator from Arkansas, who is something of an optimist, despite his melancholy speeches on the general state of the union.

"That 30-day rule has ruined my pet bill," said Johnson.

"Thirty-day rule! What is that?" thundered Davis.

"Haven't you heard about it?" replied Johnson, meekly. "Why, if you fail to get action on your bill within 30 days after you introduce it, it is dead—dead—dead."

"What's that?" shouted Davis, almost frantic with rage. "Do you mean to tell me my anti-trust bill is dead? I'll hold my colleague Clarke responsible to the people of Arkansas if that bill died in my absence."

He dashed off without another word in search of his colleague. Naturally Senator Clarke soothed his worked-up feelings by assuring him that his bill was safe, but Senator Davis had had his scare, and then and there began the preparation of his second speech on his bill which upset the traditions and dignity of the senate.

### Horse Laughs at the Loco Weed War



IF horses laugh, and some say there is such a thing as a horse laugh, the noble animal, properly labeled "man's best friend," can utter a merry ha, ha, over the news recently given out by the department of agriculture that war has been declared on the loco weed.

No longer are the mustang and the cayuse of the plains to become "plumb locoed" if the bureau of plant industry has its way. The term "plumb locoed" has been a sort of stock phrase in the range literature ever since the cowboy first noted the peculiar actions of a horse, cow or sheep resulting from an overdosage in the loco weed, which abounds in the range country from Texas to Montana. The word "loco" is of Spanish origin, meaning crazy, and has been popular-

ly applied to the disease which robs an animal of its muscular co-ordination, causing it to do all sorts of fancy antics, and finally results in the animal starving itself to death.

The bureau of plant industry has been investigating the purple and white loco weed. One of the peculiar characteristics of it is that the pods, when dry and full of seeds, rattle as a person passes through a patch, making a sound that resembles the warning of a rattlesnake. Ordinarily neither horse, cow nor sheep will eat the weed if it can find any other food.

Loco-weed eating becomes a sort of habit with an animal once it has tasted of it. The operation of the weed on the system of an animal scientifically bears out the fiction which ascribes to a "plumb locoed" animal all kinds of fool antics.

The investigations of the bureau indicate that the purple loco is more poisonous than the white loco. Horses eat the purple loco almost exclusively, while the white loco is eaten by all kinds of animals. But it is found in many loco plants and its connection with the poisonous effects is still under investigation.

### Fairbanks' Shave Recalls Few Others



THE national capital was stirred from center to circumference recently when the news came hurtling over the cables from the far east that former Vice-President Fairbanks had shaved off the chin whisker that he has worn since early manhood. It is recalled to old-timers men of the past who sported hirsute adornments, the memory of which has become a part of the traditions of the town. There was former Senator Mitchell of Oregon, whose beard dropped to his waist and Senator Mitchell of Wisconsin, whose multitudinous whiskers were a topic of discussion in the discourse of nearly every capital guide, and Senator Peffer of Kansas, who frequently carried his long black beard inside of his coat, and many others too numerous to mention.

One day Senator Mitchell of Oregon had his beard removed, and short-

ly thereafter proceeded to the floor of the senate. A bill was up for consideration in which he was interested. He rose to his feet and addressed the chair. Senator Manderson of Nebraska was presiding. He glanced at the man addressing him, and was about to call for the sergeant-at-arms when he was prompted by a clerk who had slipped up the situation. Senators smiled in a perfectly senatorial way, while those in the galleries roared.

The bearded statesman has gone out of style, apparently. Only one such is in President Taft's cabinet. He is James Wilson, secretary of agriculture. There are only a few bearded lawmakers in the senate, among them Nelson of Minnesota, Burrows of Kansas, Cullom of Illinois, Hale of Maine, Scott of West Virginia, and Stephenson of Wisconsin, all of them of the old school.

When President Taft started on his 13,000-mile swing around the globe in September he weighed about 270 pounds. What with possum dinners in the south, chili con carne on the Mexican border, and the conventional banquets in other sections, he has regained the weight that he lost during his summer holiday.

## THE MELIGHT

### KING OF TRUST "BUSTERS"



Frank B. Kellogg is the "king of trust busters." When the federal court stamped the Standard Oil Company as an illegal corporation in restraint of trade and a monopoly which must be dissolved, Mr. Kellogg won one of the greatest legal victories that has ever come to a lawyer. The Standard Oil Company is credited the world over with being the greatest trust of them all. It is not only a trust in itself but it controls other trusts. The Rockefeller millions are invested in many of the other great corporations. The great railway systems of the country are run on the Standard's money. Harriman could have done nothing had the great oil trust so willed. Rockefeller could have shut off his money supply and without the coin of the realm even the late railroad king would have been powerless.

Consequently when the United States court handed down the decision that the Standard must be dissolved it was the hardest blow ever dealt a trust and it was the biggest trust of them all that got the blow.

When Theodore Roosevelt as president, selected Mr. Kellogg as special attorney general to handle the trust busting cases he made no mistake in judgment.

Mr. Kellogg's first work was against the Harriman lines. Then came the Standard oil fight. With its millions the Standard got the best legal talent obtainable. It was the pick of the corporation lawyers of the United States that Kellogg had to meet. Many of the big lawyers of the country whose names never appeared in connection with the case were in the Standard's employ and gave their advice to the leading counsel in the battle against Uncle Sam and Kellogg. True, Mr. Kellogg had able assistance. He could not have done the work alone.

It is probable that Mr. Kellogg could have made thousands and thousands of dollars by being affiliated with one of the giant trusts instead of with the government. He chose, however, to stick to Uncle Sam, and now he can rest on his laurels, having beaten the "daddy of trusts" with its lawyers that draw salaries and earn fees that amount to millions. The case is not finished. It will have to go to the supreme court for final adjudication, but good lawyers say Kellogg will win there.

Mr. Kellogg was born in Potsdam, N. Y., December 22, 1856. He went to Minnesota with his parents in 1865, and after serving as county attorney of Rochester county five years, removed to St. Paul where the law firm of Davis, Kellogg & Severance was formed. It was in St. Paul that Mr. Roosevelt found Kellogg.

### WOMAN PASTOR SUFFRAGIST



Rev. Georgia R. Ferguson, assistant pastor of the People's church, Washington, D. C., a scholarly, brilliant and beautiful young woman, is attracting much attention by her original plan for the advancement of the woman's suffrage movement.

At a recent meeting of the National American Woman's Suffrage association Mrs. Ferguson submitted a plan which is not unlike that of Mrs. Pankhurst, the English suffragette leader, but is more commonplace and evolutionary.

She suggested five special points for an American propaganda as follows:

"That it is not votes, nor privileges, nor rights that count, but what we do with our votes. Action counts—not talk. Political economy is woman's natural province—its generic meaning being 'city housekeeping.'"

"Don't force the old parties to take us in against their will, but make them want us. Either start a party of our own, or, better, form ourselves into local committees—autonomous committees drawn from the inhabitants of every principal city and country town in the United States—and practically cover the country and its each and several local needs."

"These committees should be organized to study and report to a representative conference the particular and pressing political necessities of their locality. From these reports at the representative conference the platform should be made up. A platform which should set forth the practical remedies, according to the political needs for every portion of the states—which has been made under a direct investigation."

"That this platform should be submitted without rancor or animosity, to each political party of men now in force, stating that we will co-operate with the party that will fulfill the terms of the platform, using our local groups as a center of voting power to push the party."

"Our American suffragists should claim the rights of mothers of the race and nation and see to it that there should be no hungry, homeless, jobless children, and our chosen representatives should be our national servants and do the work they are elected to do."

### IS LEADER OF ANARCHISTS



"Spain has two enemies—clericalism and militarism. Freedom of mind is stifled by the degenerate Spanish priests; civil freedom is crushed by the advocates of militarism."

Speaking with flashing eye and emphatic gesture, Senor Vallina, recognized leader of the Spanish anarchist colony in London thus summed up the situation in his native country, following the execution of Senor Ferrer in Barcelona.

"But the responsibility," he continued, "is fixed on King Alfonso, without whose sanction the official murders of progressive leaders in Barcelona could not have taken place. Their blood calls to us for vengeance on their murderers. We will not be satisfied till this has been accomplished and a social revolution brought about in Spain."

Vallina is still on the sunny side of 30, and, like most anarchists, is a mild-mannered man of grave appearance—a most unlikely man, one would think at first glance, to carry terror into reactionary ranks in Spain.

Yet this pale, thoughtful young Spaniard has already suffered much for his advanced opinions. A student in Paris at the time of the attack on King Alfonso in that city four years ago, he was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in it, but subsequently was liberated. Spain and France served notices of expulsion on him and since then he has lived in London, hiding his time for the day of reckoning. Few in London, except secret police agents, who shadow him, know to what extent this young student of medicine is committed to the revolutionary cause, for in the free air of England he lives quietly and studiously, close to University College hospital.

"All through the history of my country," he pursued, "you will find the clericalists have been the cause, or the chief supporters, of war. In America and Anglo-Saxon countries generally, I suppose the religious leaders are of a better type, but I am dealing with my own country in making these statements."

### IS RISING YOUNG BANKER



After the meeting of the directors of the Nassau bank in New York, on November 18, 1908, Edward Earl, then the bank's cashier, who, though still a young man, had been in the bank's employ 22 years, was called into the directors' room and informed that he had been made president of the bank, succeeding William H. Rogers, who died a month before.

Mr. Earl's election as president was in accordance with precedent in the bank's policy, its directors having on two former occasions elected as president a man who had been some time in the bank's service.

Mr. Earl was born in Elizabeth, N. J., 39 years ago, the son of W. A. C. Earl of that city. For a time after leaving school Mr. Earl was employed in mercantile pursuits. Then he turned to banking. In January, 1887, he entered the Nassau bank and became assistant bookkeeper. While holding that position he attracted the favorable attention of the late Francis M. Harris, who was at that time president of the bank, and of Enos Richardson, a manufacturer, who took an active part in the affairs of the institution. In 1898 Mr. Earl rose to the position of assistant cashier, and in 1907 to that of cashier. During his long period of service at the bank he has seen its affairs conducted by three presidents: Francis M. Harris, Frank H. Richardson, and the late William H. Rogers.

Mr. Earl is vice president and director of Enos Richardson & Company of New York, also of the Richardson Manufacturing Company of Newark.

The Contrary.  
"I see that new architect in his ideas about apartment houses comes out fast for reforms."  
"On the contrary, he is for reform for fast."

Not Dead Yet.  
"A prominent Kansas man has sounded the deathknell of a noted politician."  
"What does the politician say?"  
"He says it's a false alarm."

## Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

### Thought He Was Robbed of Jewels



NEW YORK. — For more than an hour John Dumphy, chauffeur of a taxicab, sped around New York city at night with a trunk containing \$35,000 worth of diamonds—and he didn't know what the receptacle contained. And, while Dumphy was taking a man and two flashily dressed women around, Frank Milhennig, member of the firm of J. Milhennig & Co., jewelers of Chicago, was fuming in the Herald Square hotel because he owned the diamonds and the trunk.

It all happened through the mistake of a porter at the hotel. Milhennig had intended to leave New York for Pittsburgh. He obtained his tickets and everything was arranged for his transfer, excepting for the care of the trunk containing the gems. He called the colored porter and said:

"Get a taxi, take this trunk, put it in the car and watch it."

The phrase "watch it" was uttered while the jeweler was bending over picking up the trunk—a small one—and doubtless the porter didn't hear

it. The man put the trunk in Dumphy's cab and returned to the hotel.

A minute later the well-dressed man and his woman companions came along. The stranger ordered Dumphy to open the door, and the three got in. Dumphy naturally thought his "fare" was the man who had engaged him first, and away he went to the Capitol hotel in Houston street.

Then he took the trio to other places, where evidently they had urgent business. At One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Willis avenue the women alighted and were escorted up a stoop to their home by the man, who then rode to One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street and Prospect avenue, his ultimate destination. The charge was seven dollars. The man paid it and was walking off when Dumphy called out:

"How about your trunk, sir?"

"What trunk?" was the rejoinder.

"This one," said the chauffeur, pointing to the object.

"That's not mine," said the man.

Dumphy, puzzled, returned to the Herald Square hotel, near which he has his "stand." He got in front of the place when suddenly the Chicago merchant rushed at him with two detectives. The chauffeur was taken to headquarters. The trunk was opened and the diamonds found safe.

### Pet Pig in Harness Stirs a Hotel



special study of hams at the stock yards.

While Conway was en route with the pig, whose squeals were muffled by his hands, Costello, one of Conway's friends, was perusing the bill of fare. His eyes ran up and down, and finally settled upon "Roast Pig with Apple Sauce."

"Alec, you can give me some pig with the apple sauce," unconsciously remarked Costello.

"All right, boss," said Alec; "I'll take ten minutes."

When the ten minutes were just up in walked Conway with the piglet incased in straps, squirming and desiring to make some sort of a vocal protest, but his mouth was still muffled.

Conway holsted the pig on the table and put it down on Costello's plate. "Have some pig!" laughed Conway.

Thereupon the pig uttered one large and commodious squeal. When Conway finally put the sucking down on the floor there were a number of staccato yips, yowls and porky whines.

Intermittently the piglet bellowed forth each time he was lifted from the floor—which was often—and in a short space of a few moments the cage was filled with hotel guests, all anxious-eyed at first, then roaring with laughter when the piglet was discovered.

A few minutes later Conway carried piglet, still squealing, into the interested crowds in Monroe and State streets.

### Studied Mesmerism to Boss Husband



DETROIT, MICH. — That he would not take his wife with him when he was going to "doings" of the Arab patrol meant exclusively for men, is one of the reasons alleged by Charles W. Coon for his troubles with his wife, Jennie, from whom he sought a divorce.

Another of Mrs. Coon's peculiarities was the reading of a work on "How to Mesmerize Husbands," and consulting fortune tellers. She used to go mostly to a "seeress" on Brooklyn avenue, of whom she said: "She drinks like a fish and swears like a trooper, but she can tell everything."

Coon told Judge Murfin that his wife insisted on dominating him in everything he did and refusing to let him go out unless he took her with him. The final trouble took place at Atlantic City, when the Arab patrol was there. One of the final ceremonies is, when, at the close of the gathering, the members of the different patrols get together and exchange badges. His wife had first insisted on his taking her along, and he had finally consented on her promising

not to snub his friends, and particularly a Mr. and Mrs. Judge. She kept her promise as far as bowing to them coldly was concerned, but when he spoke of going out to exchange badges she forbade him to go unless he would take her, too. He represented to her that the function was one for men only, but she would not listen and he was forced to forego the exchange. This was the last straw and he left her. Now he is living in the Madison apartments.

Coon said his wife was intensely jealous and had frequently thrown out remarks about a woman acquaintance, although he had never been alone with that particular woman but once, when he was taking her to a car. Mrs. Coon formed a dancing club and she included two of his women friends among the members, but after a little while she refused to recognize or speak to them. Coon was obliged to go to the husband of one of them and ask him not to come to the Coon household again in order to avoid trouble. The husband slapped him on the shoulder and said: "It's all right, old boy, I understand how it is."

Thus it was, Coon claimed, that Mrs. Coon tried to boss him and rule his every act. The first year they were married, he said, he went to Cleveland with a friend, although his wife had forbidden him to go, and she was so disagreeable about it that, as he expressed it, "I kept 'back' at the store till the storm had blown over."

### Dream of Joy Balked by Bad Burglar



CLEVELAND, O. — When George Zukus recently planned to attend a party he purchased a suit of clothes and a handsome overcoat, and took them home and went to bed and to sleep with great anticipations of the event on the morrow. He dreamed how fine an appearance he would make arrayed in his togs. But, alas! it was not to be.

During the night some thief, with a heart as hard as adamant, prised open a rear window and entered the Zukus domicile. When the dawn broke there was no new suit of clothes, no shiny overcoat hanging in the Zukus clothes closet. They had disappeared most mysteriously. So Zukus, exceedingly wroth, reported the burglary to the police.

Stanley and Soukup called at the Zukus home to get a more accurate description of the missing toggery. They got it and stood sympathizing a minute on the porch, when their attention was attracted to a very happy man on the sidewalk. He was whistling. The unknown seemed burdened greatly by two large packages he carried, but these did not appear to detract any from his light-hearted demeanor.

When he caught sight of the two uniformed officers of the law, however, his jaw dropped, his smile was wiped away by a somewhat covert glance at the policemen from the whites of his eyes. He was arrested and said his name was George Brown.

Zukus had to forego the social affair, because the police held his suit and overcoat as evidence.

Same Thing.

"Does it strike you that this old beau story would make a good play?"

"I think it is a dandy idea."

Explained.

"You spoke of Jigby's illness as a fatal one, and yet he has recovered."

"But he married his trained nurse."