The ENTERPRISE

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VIRGINIA - - - MINN.

Come again, football friends!

The revolution season has opened again in Central America.

Prosperity is still waxing and will set a hot pace for the country.

Terrible battles are happening—over the Nicaragua cable. Both sides are winning.

Some persons express their optimism by eating chicken croquettes in restaurants.

"Paris is a woman's town," sings a Boston Globe poet. Other American gents have made the same remark.

It is clumsy to break laws when it is easier to evade them, but that is not a good excuse for evading them.

Berlin wants an immovable date for Easter Sunday. Let us hope they will also get a re-movable Easter Sunday hat.

Messina is alarmed over signs of further earthquake shocks. Messina seems a good place to keep away from.

The American Dreadnought is the greatest of all. Others do well; we do better. They do better still when we do best.

Aeroplanist Farman flew for over four hours the other day. The coming aeroplane will have to have a dining-car attachment.

Riffian tribesmen send word to Spain that they have only started to fight. Madrid will get little satisfaction out of that.

A Washington man says he owes his longevity to pie, but few politicians can hang onto the pie counter a whole lifetime.

During the past year our paternal government planted 3,117,000,000 fish, which statement is the biggest fish story of the year.

This discussion whether or not there are insects on Mars is chopping controversy pretty fine. Wait till the hookworm gets settled.

Orville Wright says that flying is easy to learn. Few doubted that; it is the coming-down process which the majority want made easy.

The German dirigible air squadron has been executing maneuvers, and another war scare is due in the right little, tight little British Isles.

The germ family are in hard luck. Mrs. Sage is combatting the tuberculosis germ, Mr. Carnegie the pellagra, and Mr. Rockefeller the hookworm.

What are said to be the highest falls on this continent have been discovered in Labrador. Maybe Canada was tired of owning only half of Niagara

In her suit for divorce a Sacramento woman charged that her husband would not even buy her ice cream. Still, he may have loaded her down with fudge and chewing gum.

That Hartford 15-year-old boy who insisted on being taken to school after he had broken his leg, because he did not want to spoil a perfect record for attendance, may be counted on to appreciate the value of an education and to turn it to good account.

Writing of the evils of ear strain, to which the people of a large city are always subject, a doctor says: "When the ears have been strained by the noise and confusion of the day they may be refreshed in the eveing by listning to music or to such other sounds as are restful to them." Perhaps you have noticed the restful effect after a hard day's work when the clock in the street strikes six and the hurdy-gurdy comes around.

The St. Lawrence river is an object-lesson in water power. An enormous volume can be turned to account by modern methods. And now progressive Americans and Canadians are uniting in an effort to utilize this power. A plan has been formulated which looks to the erection of a dam at Brockville which will drown out the Long Sault rapids and raise the stream at that point 18 inches, affording several hundred thousand horse power. Competent engineers have pronounced it wholly practicable.

The preliminary report of the department of agriculture shows that the corn crop this year is up to a high level and comes near to record-breaking figures. The yield is placed at 2,767,316,000 bushels, which is nearly a hundred million bushels more than that of 1908. The largest crop of corn ever gathered was that of 1906, which aggregated 2,927,416,000 bushels. At the prevailing prices the corn crop is estimated to be worth more than $1,900,000,000. There is no doubt that "King Corn" does his part toward creating national wealth.

The post office rules that boxes of candy may be sent through the mails. Uncle Sam and Santa Claus are getting ready to pull together in this matter. Sweets to the sweet.

The Turkish parliament, which will reconvene next week, will consider a naval program that will involve the expenditure of $100,000,000. This sum, it is estimated, will build and equip seven battleships of the North Dakota type and at once advance the Ottoman empire to at least a second-rate position as a sea power.

When the United States names its biggest battleships after the smallest, or the least populous, of the states does it indicate an opinion that the battleships may properly be minimized or that the small states need the advertising?

The power of humor was, perhaps, never more strikingly displayed than in the strike of 1,100 employes of a Schenectady concern who struck because a fellow-laborer who had poured sand down their backs and smeared their tools was discharged.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Mary, Queen of Scots, and Bothwell

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This is the love story of a fascinating, wicked woman and of a man who was quite as wicked without being in the least fascinating. The woman was Mary Queen of Scots. The man was her husband, James Hepburn, earl of Bothwell.

Mary inherited the crown of Scotland. In early youth she married King Francis II. of France. He died and she came back to rule her own country. The gay, frivolous French court had just suited Mary's light nature. With the harsh, grave, quarrelsome Scots who now surrounded her she had nothing in common. She shocked them. They bored her. For state reasons she married her cousin, young Lord Darnley. He was a big, awkward, stupid, weak fellow whom Mary grew to despise. He was desperately afraid of her, and was jealous as well. He had ample cause for both emotions. The marriage was unhappy. So was Mary's whole reign. She disliked her people. They distrusted her. From the first everything seemed to go wrong.

It was when affairs were at their worst that Bothwell loomed up big on the political horizon. Though of high rank, he was a ruffian adventurer, who had more than once been mixed up in treasonable and other unlawful escapades.

A Queen and an Adventurer.

Darnley murdered Rizzio, the queen's elderly secretary, and in a fit of rage sought Mary's death or imprisonment. Bothwell, with a strong army at his back, interfered in her behalf. He also helped to stir her dislike for Darnley into hatred. Soon afterward Darnley was assassinated. There can be no doubt that Bothwell caused his murder or that Mary knew beforehand what fate the earl had plotted for her young husband. With Darnley out of the way all was clear sailing for Bothwell. He had gained tremendous influence over the queen. Where other men flattered her he bullied her. Where others begged for her favor Bothwell brutally demanded it. He was her master by sheer force of will and rough strength. This sort of man appealed to Mary's fickle heart. She loved him more and more devotedly the more brutal treatment she received at his hands. Whatever orders he gave she meekly obeyed. It was another case of Beauty and the Beast.

Directly after Darnley's murder Bothwell planned a master stroke in his game of courtship and statecraft. As Mary was riding back to Edinburgh on April 24, 1567, from a visit to her infant son (who was afterward James I. of England), Bothwell, at the head of an armed force, met her and carried her away to Dunbar castle. Though this daring act was supposed to be nothing less than a piece of lawless kidnaping, it is more than probable that Mary not only freely consented to the scheme, but had helped to plan it. At any rate, she made no resistance. Bothwell promptly divorced his faithful wife, and on May 15, 1567 (barely three months after Darnley's death), he and Mary were married. Mary had meanwhile made Bothwell duke of Orkney. But he was, to all intents and purposes, the real ruler of Scotland. When he and Mary appeared in public he used to hold his cap in his hand to show he was her subject. But Mary would snatch the cap from him and put it on his head to indicate that he was her equal. He tyrannized over her and behaved toward her with none of the courtesy or deference due her rank. He had apparently won his life's ambition and no longer troubled to show civility to the woman to whom he owed all. But the more cruelly he treated her the more Mary loved him.

The Scotch lords hated Bothwell and had no idea of accepting him as their ruler. They rose in arms and took Mary away from him. She escaped from them disguised as a boy and joined Bothwell. Then the lords marched against the lovers in open warfare. Bothwell, who was as brave as he was brutal, offered to settle the quarrel by single combat with any champion the lords might name. The challenge was rejected. The queen's followers deserted her. She was at the lords' mercy.

The End of the Romance.

Hemmed in and unable to escape, she kissed Bothwell good-by with many tears and surrendered to her foes. Bothwell, seeing all was lost, deserted her, and, slipping through the enemy's lines, escaped to Norway. There he was captured, and died insane in a Scandinavian prison. Mary was dethroned. She fled for protection to England. There Queen Elizabeth cast her into prison and later had her beheaded.

But, indirectly, the Scotch queen was avenged. Her descendants, the Stuart kings, misruled England and (by their fickleness and other evil qualities inherited from Mary) made that country suffer untold misfortunes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

Queen Elizabeth of England at the time this story begins was 60 years old. She was tall, thin, and ugly and had a fearful temper. Her teeth were black from tobacco and decay, and she wore a red wig. Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, was barely 21. He was handsome, accomplished and of fine figure, besides being one of the best educated men of his day. He was popular and seemed to have a great future in store. It pleased Elizabeth to fancy herself in love with him. This love affair was destined to make both of the participants miserable and to end Essex's life at 34.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. On the death of her half-sister, Mary, she became queen of England. She surrounded herself with wise counsellors, and encouraged literature, exploration and all the arts. For this reason her reign was England's "golden age." Elizabeth never married. Yet she was in the habit of falling in love with nobles of her own court and of carrying on violent flirtations with them. Their flattery delighted her. She believed in it all. Such men as succeeded in making the queen think they adored her usually rose high in power; but they found it no easy task to gratify her tremendous vanity or to avoid her furious temper. The best and last of these nobles who won her fleeting affections was the young earl of Essex. He was at 21 an accomplished soldier and courtier. That he really loved Elizabeth is very doubtful. But he was ambitious and jumped at so dazzling a chance for advancing his own interests. At heart he was honest and impulsive. It was not as easy for him as for his predecessors to keep on good terms with the cranky old queen and to soothe her ill-humor with pretty speeches. In fact, so tiresome did he find the royal flirtation that he tried to amuse himself more once by making love to her majesty's maids of honor. But this was perilous pastime. For Elizabeth was as jealous as she was vain.

A Royal Flirtation.

Court life wearied young Essex. Wars, explorations and other sorts of adventure were going on all about him. But Elizabeth would not let him take part in any of these expeditions. She could not bear to have him out of her sight. He loved excitement and found existence dreary at the palace. So in 1587, when he was 22, he slipped away secretly and joined Drake's fleet that was sailing on Portugal. But Elizabeth sent a message after the fleet commanding Essex "at his uttermost peril" to come back at once. Back he came, angry and chagrined, in no mood to meet Elizabeth's reproaches. In this mood he picked a quarrel with Sir Charles Blount, on whom the queen had also deigned to cast a favoring eye. He and Blount fought a duel, in which Essex was wounded and disarmed.

Life at the court dragged on for a while longer. Then Essex fell in love with the clever widow of Sir Philip Sydney and married her. The marriage was kept secret for fear of the queen's wrath. Nor was the fear in vain. When Elizabeth learned of the wedding she was enraged beyond measure. Yet such was her fondness for Essex that she at last pretended to forgive him, and he was in a measure restored to royal favor. High honors and offices were showered upon him. Yet Elizabeth, it seems, never quite pardoned his crime of daring to prefer another woman to herself. His former power over her was gone. The end was drawing near. She no longer forbade him to embark on dangerous enterprises; but she managed to see that he got scant profit or glory from such expeditions. Once, when he protested against a piece of manifest injustice on her part, Elizabeth publicly boxed his ears, and with a volley of profanity bade him "go to the devil." This scene killed any lingering trace of affection between the two.

The Fall of the Favorite.

In 1599 he was made lord lieutenant of Ireland and sent to quell an uprising in that country. He failed to carry out his mission, and on his return was deprived of his titles and put under arrest. Soon he was set free, but forbidden to come to court. He now tasted all the bitterness of a fallen favorite of fortune. The wealth, high offices and power lavished upon him by Elizabeth were snatched away. He had sacrificed his youth, his independence, his ambitions—all for nothing.

To a man like Essex such a fall from favor was intolerable. Misfortune turned his brain. Instead of accepting his ill-luck gracefully the misguided man actually tried to stir up a revolution. He was captured and condemned to death. On February 21, 1601, the sentence was carried out. Essex was beheaded. He was only 34. But for his unfortunate affair with the queen he might have won permanent greatness and fame.

Elizabeth is said to have been distracted with grief and remorse at her former favorite's death and to have reproached herself bitterly for her treatment of the young earl. She survived him by only two years.

GOOD CLIMBER.

The stranger in the slums passed before the rickety collection of smeared canvas, clothes props and knotted ropes.

"What have we here?" he inquired of the small boy with the black hair and red feather.

"Show," elucidated the youngster.

"What kind of a show?"

"Romeo and Juliet. I'm Romeo."

"But where did you ever learn to act such a classical drama? Who taught you how to play Romeo?"

"Dad."

"Ah, and is your father a Shakespearean actor?"

"No, sir; he's a porch climber. That's why he knows how to climb a balcony so slick. Come in, sir; one penny."

But the astonished stranger was gone.

In Sassiety.

Wife—Here's another invitation to dine at Flatley's. What a bore those occasions are.

Hub—Yes; even their dinner knives are dull.

Mourning Millinery

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

TWO lovely examples of mourning hats are pictured here made of the two materials most favored for mourning wear, crape and silk grenadine. The hat of English crape, shown in Fig. 1, is a perfect example of the milliner's art using this exquisite material as a means of expression. The entire hat is covered with crape, the brim made of narrow parallel folds. The crown has wide folds for its covering also a drapery of crape with a large buckle of dull jet, serve as a mounting for the pompon of down feathers and aigrette mounted at the left side.

In shape, this hat is graceful and of a kind that will not soon be out of style. Such shapes should be selected for mourning, as good mourning fabrics are very durable and will outlast the accepted periods of mourning, if well selected. English crape should be chosen, as it is manufactured to withstand moisture which is ruinous to crapes not protected against it. In this particular fabric, the English excel all other manufacturers and the great modistes who specially design mourning use this crape. It is the most beautiful of the fabrics used for mourning.

Silk grenadine is equally popular, although not universally recognized as first mourning. There is much latitude in the selection of fabrics, however, and many persons prefer grenadine to any other. The hat and veil shown in Fig. 2 are of this beautiful fabric. It is also of English manufacture, although the English send to various parts of the world—including America—for the materials necessary to make and dye both crape and grenadine. This material is manufactured waterproof. This is very necessary in order that the rain or snow may not spot the grenadine. One can easily test the material by immersing it in water. If properly made the dye will not run and the fabric will remain unchanged. Crape should be subjected to the same test. The crimp is not affected by water and its color remains unchanged.

VISITING DRESS.

This elegant dress is carried out in champagne suede cloth, and is a fitting princess, tucked under the arms. A band of braided cloth trims the lower edge of princess where the material is slightly draped, below this the skirt part is plaited, the plaits being stitched down a few inches. A handsome braiding design surrounds the yoke of tucked silk, which is also trimmed with braid and small buttons. The sleeve is long, tight-fitting, and trimmed to match.

Hat of black beaver, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: 6½ yards cloth 48 inches wide, 4 dozen yards braid, ½ yard tucked silk.

NOW THE ROBIN HOOD HAT

Style That Divides Favor with What Is Known as the Prairie, of Felt and Suede.

Millinery is one of the most important features in the toilette of the woman who wishes to be well dressed, and to-day the cult of the plain hat is as carefully considered as the elaborate, the subject being as inexhaustible as the budget itself. The craze for beaver still continues, but it is safe to predict that as the winter approaches black will lead the van, adorned with cinnamon and royal blue ostrich plumes for visiting and velvet for morning wear. The Robin Hood hat is the latest shape to make its debut carried out in this charming material. As will be remembered, the hat worn by the famous outlaw of this name was turned up on one side, had rather a high crown, and was trimmed with two long quill-like feathers. The smart mondaine, although retaining the shape, has substituted a rosette of tinsel and a tuft of breast plumage for the feathers. For traveling it will divide honors with the prairie hat, which is fashioned of felt and relieved with a band of suede of a contrasting shade.—From the Tatler.

Gobelin Green Again.

The hats of this winter will again show that entrancing shade of green known as gobelin. It will be used in thick, short plumes and thick long ones, but not in ribbons or moire.

Twenty-Inch Rope of Pearls.

The fashion in length for a string of pearls has changed. It was once 14 inches, then 16; now the correct string must measure 20 inches.

TO BE A SEASON OF SERGE

Every Kind of This Material Is in Favor, But the Wide Wale Is Best Liked.

There will be a run upon serge this winter. It has always been a stock material. This year the weave is utterly unlike anything we have had. There were a few patterns of it last winter, to be accurate, but this year there are a great number, a bit rougher than before.

The woman who reads that serge is in fashion, and then buys the kind that she used to wear, the kind that men's suits are made of, has thrown away money. The weave this year is the wide wale kind, the wider the better. The cord in the new serge is heavy and rough, and the marking has a good deal of character about it.

Fur to Match Gown.

Among the fads this season is that of dyeing the fur to match one's gown. It would make a biologist shudder to see the colors the skins of some animals are made to assume.

A Golden Feather.

It can be made of an old quill from which the battered feathers have been stripped.

Gold lace is sewn as a scant ruffle on each side, the end being slightly pointed.

You have no idea how effective this is on a fur turban. From this idea a departure into the realms of silver, bronze or jeweled lace can be made, and at little cost.

This quill, with a band of braid or lace to match, will furnish sufficient trimming for a velvet or fur toque.

Shadow Lace.

This is new, and because of its unobtrusive pattern can be used in great quantities without fear of overdecoration.

The pattern is woven in such a way that an uncertain shadowy effect is produced. It is especially lovely in black and cream. The black shadow lace is used over black net and a white satin undersilp. The cream is effective over pale tints in evening gowns