

The Herald.

GRAND MARIAS, - MINNESOTA.

This is the open season for ministers in Bulgaria.

It would seem that Patti's other visits were merely au-revoir tours.

Living is high in New York. Even a dog ate \$100 for luncheon the other day.

At this season of the year no boy needs to be told that swimming is a healthful exercise.

A Minneapolis hospital offers to treat a man free. Huh; most any candidate will do that.

The remodeled White House contains thirty-two miles of wire—and several people to pull it.

They are busy in New York just now counting the geese that "Get-Rich-Quick" Goslin plucked.

Bulgaria should join hands with Japan and divide the expenses of the enthusiastic search for trouble.

Any reasonable man will admit that there are two sides to every question—his side and the wrong side.

Mr. Whistler is no more and the gentle art of making enemies is relegated exclusively to our reformers in politics.

What worries the sultan is not that his treasury is empty, but that he has reached the end of his ability to go into debt.

American warships in European waters have been winning peace victories that are no less valuable than those of war.

People who can't get along without borrowing trouble might save wear and tear on their nerves by moving to Paterson, N. J.

Prosperity—among the politicians—is beyond question. The diamond importation has increased 50 per cent during the last year.

It is said that Indians have acquired the divorce habit. Perhaps the real truth is that some of the squaws have decided to strike.

The peek-a-boo shirtwaist may shock us, but it has one great advantage, the dear girl who wears it attracts all the mosquitoes.

The latest bulletin from Jim Corbett's camp proves conclusively that when his "new blow" has been tried out, Jeffries will again be a boiler maker.

Anthracite coal fields have been discovered in Colorado equal in extent to those of Pennsylvania. The Mississippi valley will now be between two fires.

When an old-fashioned mother wants to say in a back-handed way that her boy is good at school, she says that he likes all his teachers.—Acheson Globe.

It is hoped that the Fourth-of-July victims have nearly all been accounted for. The automobile accidents continue, however, to be reported in gradually increasing numbers.

Mrs. Corbett has dreamed that her husband will knock out Jeffries in the thirteenth round. But if she wanted to be convincing, why couldn't she make it some other round?

A New York corporation, of which the stock is said to have been "all water," has been declared bankrupt. The company's floating debt did not keep the directors in the swim.

Peace once more reigns in the educational world since the president of the State university of Vermont, S. D., has been exonerated from the charge of drinking beer and smoking cigars.

Prince Botjar of Paris calls the Serbian affair an "operetta." Well, it depends, Prince. If you had been playing the star part doubtless it would have seemed a little nearer the legitimate.

Dr. Stiles claims that in some cases the "laziness disease" has been fatal. The only case just now recalled is that of the man who was too tired to get off the track when the train came along.

England complains that we have seized some of her islands. But we have not. It is merely an exchange. We gave her William Waldorf Astor, and surely he is worth more than any little bunch of islands.

Jacob Jung and Marie Mosser, aged 27 and 63 respectively, kissed each other in Lincoln park, Chicago, recently, and were promptly arrested. Poor young things! How can Chicago tolerate policemen with no tender sentiments in their souls?

When the theosophist lady and gentleman who stood up before their friends the other day and said they were married want to call it off they will find it necessary to go through a few additional formalities. The law is queer about some of these things.

FAIR SPONSORS OF BATTLESHIPS TO ORGANIZE IN HONOR OF THE NAVY

A new patriotic order—and one more select than any that has ever been organized among the women of the nation—soon will spring into being if pending plans mature. Its membership is to be limited to the fair sponsors for the war vessels, large and small, forming Uncle Sam's "new" navy.

White, the attractive and accomplished daughter of Albert B. White, governor of West Virginia. The warship for which Miss White acted as sponsor was the armored cruiser West Virginia, the largest of its class, which was recently launched at Newport News, Va., in the presence of 25,000 people, including many prominent persons.

the bottle with which the huge bulk was to be christened, and the other was Miss Clara N. Carleton of Haverhill, Mass., who severed the cord which released the vessel on the ways. As the Des Moines was the most important war vessel completed in a Massachusetts navy yard since the days of the early American navy, it was decided that the New England state must be represented in the ceremonies by one of her pretty women, and the daughter of the former mayor of Haverhill was the one on whom the honor devolved.

end. The powder comes in queer little books, out of which you tear a leaf and gently rub it on your face. The soap is wrapped in all manner of Japanese characters, stamped on silver foil and paper. They may not be as dainty in odor as some of the better-known productions, but the queerness of them is very effective, and will go far toward making them fashionable.—London Answers.

"Bob" Gerry's Money. A Gerry of Gerrys is young Bob, oldest son of Uncle Elbridge Thankful Gerry, the richest lawyer in New York. When Bob Gerry was at the university Papa Gerry was exceed-

GREAT POET'S POOR HAND.

Shakespeare's Writing Not His Chief Claim to Fame.

W. Carew Hazlitt in a recent article on Shakespeare's handwriting says: "We have to bear distinctly in mind when we seek to criticise these somewhat unclerly examples of penmanship that the great dramatist used the court, not (like Jonson and Bacon) the Italian, hand, and that in the case of his contemporary and countryman, Michael Drayton, the characters of the signature are equally distant from fulfilling technical postulates and, if possible, still less elegant. The question of handwriting is, of course, independent of that of educational acquirements, as we may satisfy ourselves from innumerable instances, ancient and modern, but if Shakespeare was less happy in his calligraphy than in other directions the circumstance does not affect, as some have sought to demonstrate, his general learning, and was his personal idiosyncrasy rather than the blame of the excellent provincial school which had the unique honor of being his alma mater."

THE BLESSINGS OF HUMOR.

Moral Drawn From Career of the Late Max O'Rell.

If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell it concerns the practical value of a sense of humor in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets people by the ears, but the humorist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weaknesses, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends and the more conscious of our common humanity for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouet alternately chaffed John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As the merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise among our foreign language masters a German Max O'Rell, whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen.—London Graphic.

The Man Behind the Fire.

A worker at the Sailors' Mission in East Boston, has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down an open hatchway. He fell to the hold, broke his leg and received other injuries. His outery brought a group of stvedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonizing pain.

"Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!" he whispered.

That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-interest is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.—Youth's Companion.

Women in South Africa.

Openings for women in South Africa appear to be many and varied. A woman writing on this subject says the peculiarity of this country is its unfamiliar conditions of life. Luxuries are more in demand than necessities. The range of employment open to women is a wide one, varying from domestic service to beauty doctor, but everything is much more expensive in this newly opened land. Living in the Transvaal is at least 100 per cent dearer than in London. Laundresses are scarce and the calling in small favor among the women at the Cape, who fear social ostracism if they turn to the washtub. This and the fact that dollies are being sent out to some of the houses needing decent furniture throws a curious side light on this country. There are chances for much money to be made by clever women caterers at railway stations. These are few and far between and the rentals enormous.

The Silent Little Prayer.

My little boy knelt at my knee last night And said the prayer my mother taught me long ago: Then for awhile was silent, with his head still bowed. And when at last he rose to give the kiss For which I waited, and withdrew his arms, I asked him why he had kept kneeling when His "Now I lay me down to sleep" was done. Grave-faced, he said "In Sunday school they asked the children all, when they have said their prayers, To whisper, asking God, up there, to bless The little ones in China and to put The love of Jesus in their hearts." If one True, tender little prayer like that were said For me each night, I'd ask no more, and claim The richest blessing God may send as mine.

Why He Didn't Call.

Henry Taylor Gray of Bradstreet's has just come back from a trip around the world. On the return voyage he fell into conversation with a purseproud New Yorker who had made the same trip.

"I suppose you visited the Pyrenees?" said Mr. Gray in the course of the talk.

"No," bluffed the other. "They wanted us to spend a week with them, but they got measles in the family at the last moment and had to recall the invitation."—New York Evening World.



launchings of a national defender ever held was that of the Colorado, which added Miss Cora May Peabody's name to the list of eligibles for the select organization. In Cramps' shipyard, Philadelphia, she earned her right to become a member of the new society. When the first meeting is held, and the members proceed to recount to each other their experiences, no one, unless it be the Maine's sponsor, Miss Anderson, will have a more interesting story than the pretty young daughter of Colorado's governor, for not only was her own state well-represented but a party of foreign and national statesmen and many others of note were present from Washington.

stances. Since it was the Maine the Cramps, the builders, departed from their custom of late years and threw wide open the great yards, that all might see. Fully 30,000 persons comprised the great throng. Miss Anderson evidently realized that the eyes of the nation as well as many citizens of her native state, were upon her, for she listened carefully to the instructions of Henry W. Cramp, and sagely nodded that she fully understood her responsibilities.

as she was the sponsor for the torpedo boat Truxton, launched from Sparrow's Point, Va., in the summer of 1901. Her father was Commodore William Truxton, United States navy, and her great-grandfather was the famed Commodore Thomas Truxton, who did his country such great service during the war for independence, and later during the trouble with France.

ingly particular about his money. Bless you, there was no dearth of it! He had a bigger allowance than any other youth in his class. The bills were sent to him in sheets, just as they came from the bureau of engraving and printing to our leading banks, and it was one of his pastimes to clip them apart with a pair of silver steel shears. In his mahogany desk were seven pigeonholes dedicated to Mammon. In one Bob piled his \$100 bills, in another his fifties, in a third his twenties, and so on down to his tens, fives, twos, and ones. It was a beautiful sight to the poorer students, and one that filled many a soul with envy. Bob was careful of his money. No one was permitted to disarrange it.—New York Press.

As the Colorado started down the ways the girl stood a moment as though petrified, then, springing forward suddenly, she smote the bows with the bottle, and as the wine sprinkled the hull her clear, girlish tones rang out, "I christen thee Colorado."

"I christen thee Maine!" said Miss Anderson, as the hull started riverward. It really seemed that the blow of the baptismal bottle had aided this great mass of steel in starting. But once started it went faster and ever faster, until, despite oil and tallow lavishly laid on, the ways ground together and ignited by the friction.

POPULAR SCENTS FROM JAPAN. Oriental Perfumes Now the Fashion in London Society. The newest of the fashions to be brought to us is the Oriental perfumes. These scents and smells of old Japan are the ultra-fashion for the woman who cares for luxury.

Old Cathedral Crumbling. Reports received in Rome from Vicenza, in the Venetian province, show that the authorities are in fear that the cathedral at that place is in serious danger of falling. About a year ago large cracks in the walls were covered over with glass in order to test whether the damage was stationary or not.

With a roar the crowds acknowledged Miss Peabody's success and the great vessel, sliding into the Delaware, dipped its prow as though in salutation to its fair sponsor.

Once clear of the ways the great ship bowed. All ships do at this particular stage of their career. But the Maine made no perfumery dip. It was essentially a graceful courtesy of the old school kind, and was evidently intended entirely for Miss Anderson, who bowed in turn, in response to the cheers that went up.

Instead of violet she will smell the lotus flower; instead of heliotrope it will be sandal wood; instead of lavender it is to be ambergris. Gelsha flowers can also be detected on the fine handkerchief of the woman dining at the Carlton. They are not very expensive, either, these alluring odors of old Japan. And some of them come so quaintly put up that it is a delight to have them on a toilet table.

About a Raindrop. A raindrop one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter cannot fall at a greater pace than 13 feet per second. Raindrops seldom exceeds one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

Miss Brown of Baltimore, the pretty daughter of ex-Governor Brown of Maryland, who is among those who are at present intent on organizing a society, has won fame in more ways than one since she was selected to name the Maryland, another of Uncle Sam's new warships.

When the United States cruiser Des Moines was freed from the blocks in the Fore River shipyard, Quincy, Mass., Aug. 20, last year, a novel departure was made in the christening, as there were two pretty Americans concerned in the vent.

The sachets are in Japanese paper, covered with Japanese pictures. The lotus-flower water is in an artistic little glass bottle, covered with queer seals. Other sachets are in little fantastic silk bags tied at each

made deaf and blind by the note hereafter alto horn players can make themselves useful in a very desirable fashion.

HIGH A SOUNDED ON AN ALTO HORN STRIKES MOSQUITOES DEAD



At last science has discovered a way to utilize the man who practices on an alto horn. Perhaps in time science will demonstrate the usefulness

of the girl who reaches at high C. A New Brunswick (N. J.) band leader has discovered that when a performer on an alto horn strikes high A all the

mosquitoes in the neighborhood perish. The note A above the staff is fatal to mosquitoes, and a post-mortem examination shows that they are

made deaf and blind by the note hereafter alto horn players can make themselves useful in a very desirable fashion.