

With the Long Bow.

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

CHRISTMAS, merry Christmas, is almost here again and hubby is looking forward to finding a real sofa cushion in his stocking. Isn't that thoughtful of her!!

Doc Bixby has issued another breakfast menu. When we were quite young the favorite breakfast was merely something to eat and family prayers. And nobody ever suffered from indigestion either.

A few more weeks of this glorious autumn winter and it will be spring, with the bulbs all busy in the garden and a few early birds whooping her up in the glades.

The late R. C. Bowman's little book of verse that he loved so dearly has been reprinted by a Chicago publisher, who spells the author's name wrong on both the cover and title page. Such is fame.

Can you recall who Judge Parker was? And what he did?

The Japanese got under another Port Arthur fort and they happened to have two tons of dynamite with them. There is nothing left on Kee-kwan mountain now but a large hole and several companies of Nipponese just aching for the Russians to come up and try to get the place back.

Enderlin, N. D., reached down for an artesian well this fall and struck a full-grown lake in the solar plexus with the result that the north of town looked like the city of Venice, minus the boats. There has been water enough loose in Enderlin to irritate half the bad lands.

Lyndon A. Smith, formerly lieutenant governor of the state, tells the Willmar Journal a good story on himself. It seems that a man with whom Mr. Smith had had some legal business, went to Montevideo with his wife, and registered at the Riverside. Mr. Smith went to see him and not finding him, the bellboy took him to the parlor, where the man's wife was. Instead of finding someone to present him formally, the lieutenant governor stepped forward and said: "My name is Smith. I am a friend of your husband's, and would like to find him." The woman curtly answered: "Thank you, I don't care to know my husband's friends."

North Dakota papers are showing some excitement over the bull pup owned by Dr. Chandler of Valley City. The doctor wears the brute at the end of a logchain when he goes out and has on an average three fights for every block. Apart from a fierce desire to eat up other dogs the pup is a charming companion and full of good-natured dogability.

Since Editor Johnson established the Sandown (N. D.) Enterprise last spring he has week by week painted word pictures of the social life of the metropolis of southeastern Ransom county that have attracted attention all over the known world and have even fallen under the eye of royalty. In these annals of high life at Sandown there have been especially prominent the names of two eligible young bachelors of the community—Ole Tinjim and Toby Tokle. The fondness of the community for Toby Tokle has been reflected by the Enterprise, which has gone out of its way to draw the attention of its young lady readers, as leap year wanes to its close, to T. Tokle as a desirable prize in the matrimonial market. But it will never do so again.

Toby has quered himself. Toby worked faithfully all summer for a farmer, who, when Toby called for his time, couldn't pay. Toby judged the case on its merits, and, without any legal formalities, attached the farmer's buggy and harness. The owner thereupon asked the state's attorney for a warrant. Mr. Kvello took the trouble to see Toby and told him that if he would return the property the matter could be straightened out. Toby said that if the law didn't permit him to take that buggy and harness it ought to, and he'd be blown if he'd take it back.

The state's attorney had to issue the warrant, and the case dragged thru all kinds of law courts and proceedings followed by whoops of joy from Mike de la Bere in his Sheldon Progress, from which we extract the essentials of the tale. In fact Toby was so obstinate in his illegals rights that he finally drew a ten-dollar fine, ten days in the cave of gloom and the entire costs of all the actions. All of which was very unnecessary and which moves the Progress to say:

"What girl would want the job of wheedling a man like that into buying her a new hat?"

True; for our part we turn gratefully to the contemplation of the greater eligibility of Ole Tinjim.

-A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

LIMA BEANS properly treated are almost as good as the fresh article. They should be soaked three hours and put on to cook in enough boiling water to cover them. They should be boiled rapidly for an hour and a half or until tender, adding boiling water if needed. When the beans are done there should be just enough water left on them to make a nice dressing, which should be thickened with a paste of a tablespoonful of butter and flour rubbed together and cooked five minutes.

Rutabaga turnips that sell for 8 to 10 cents a peck are one of the best of the winter vegetables. They may be served diced in cream, mashed, baked and eaten out of the shell, escalloped, fried or fricassee. The escalloped turnips are made of alternate layers of dried or sliced boiled turnip and cream sauce, finished with a crust of crumbs. Before frying or making a fricassee the turnips are boiled or steamed tender.

Salsify at 5 cents for a large bunch of firm roots makes an inexpensive and savory dish. This is good stewed, mashed, fried, escalloped or for fritters. It is used in nearly all respects like parsnips. In steaming, a piece of codfish cooked with the vegetable improves the flavor; this is removed before thickening. The stewed salsify is good served on toast, but this vegetable is rather better in a cream soup than in any other dish; in that its resemblance in flavor to oysters is marked. Salsify soup would be excellent for the Christmas dinner.

Of the fresh vegetables there is a sufficient supply of cauliflower at from 10 to 25 cents and egg plant at 15 to 20 cents. Good sweet potatoes are still to be had at very reasonable prices, eight pounds for a quarter. These are almost indispensable to the Christmas dinner. A little additional pains in cooking sweet potatoes pays. To glaze them peel hot boiled potatoes and lay in a buttered dripping pan in a rather hot oven; as a crust begins to form baste several times with butter, serving when nicely browned and glossy. A Carolina mode of cooking is to slice raw potatoes into a baking-dish, sprinkle with sugar and more than cover with water; cover the dish and bake about two hours; the syrup gravy is much liked. Texans eat hot boiled or steamed potatoes in lengthwise slices and arrange layers sprinkled with sugar and dotted with butter in a dish, add a little water and bake.

Stories of the Statesmen

Told by a Washington Raconteur.

AN EXPENSIVE HOLE.

ONE man in the west, who was confident President Roosevelt would carry Missouri, was Congressman James A. Tawney of Minnesota, who was in charge of the speakers' bureau of the Chicago branch of republican national headquarters.



J. A. TAWNEY.

Tawney talked about Missouri going republican until he became a pest. On election night the clerks in his bureau gave him a Masonic seal ring, set with diamonds. In the place of the large diamond that should be in the center, there was only a hole.

"What's this hole?" asked Tawney, after he had expressed his thanks.

"Oh," said the clerks, "we'll fill that with a diamond when Missouri goes republican."

"And," said Tawney, telling the story with great glee, "you should have seen them searching themselves for enough money for that diamond along about midnight."

SUCH A JOLLY TAR!

ONE of Secretary Morton's old railroad friends asked if he would not rather be at the head of some department where he would be more familiar with the work than he is with that of the navy department.

"Not much," he replied. "I'd rather be right here where I can be on deck all of the time, even tho I may sometimes be at sea."

HORTON IS WONDERING YET.

GEORGE HORTON, the author, just appointed consul to Athens, Greece, is the author of several successful novels including "Like Another Helen," and a history of modern Greece.

Horton was formerly consul at Athens, appointed by President Cleveland. About a year ago he received an invitation to take luncheon with President Roosevelt. He went to the White House and was amazed to find that the president not only knew as much about modern Greece as he did, but had apparently read all of Horton's novels and could converse about them even down to the minor characters.

Horton went away in a daze and for a year has been wondering whether the president read the books because their author was to be a guest or because he liked them. And many another aspiring author who has been invited to the White House is puzzling over the same problem.

A CYNICAL AUTHOR.

THE HORTON story reminded somebody of the visit Alfred Henry Lewis, author of "The Boss" and "The President," and many other novels, paid to Judge Alton B. Parker at his home in Esopus last summer.



ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

"Why, Mr. Lewis," said Judge Parker, "I am glad to see you. I have read your latest book. Indeed, I have a copy of it on my library table now."

"That's curious," said Lewis.

"Why curious?" asked Judge Parker.

"Because," replied Lewis, "you did not know I was coming!"

A String of Good Stories.

"I know not how the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

SHE WAS NOT IN IT.

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, the president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has a great fund of children's anecdotes. At a dinner that was given in his honor a few days before he sailed for Europe, he said:

"I am sure I shall remember the kindness of all of you as vividly as a certain little boy remembered his mother's unkindness.

"The lad, in an unwonted spirit of disobedience, had taken a ten-dollar gold piece that had been given him on condition that he save it, and had bought twenty pounds of candy. The candy, as soon as it came home, was returned to the dealer, and the little boy was punished.

"He took his punishment much to heart. That night, as he was preparing for bed, he knelt down at his mother's side and, as usual, said his prayers. When he came to ask a blessing upon his various relations, he enumerated them all slowly and distinctly, but his mother's name he omitted. Then, as he rose from his knees, he said coldly:

"I suppose you noticed you wasn't in it?"

AND SUCH IS FAME.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL the other day described an amusing letter that had once been written to the late Grant Allen. This letter, which would not have flattered the poet Browning could he have seen it, ran:

Dear Sir: Pardon the liberty I am taking. In your clever story of the "Great Ruby Robbery" you mention Browning being splendid for the nerves. Is there such a thing? Would you give me the address to obtain it? I am a dreadful sufferer from nervousness. Under such circumstances you will accept my apology for troubling. —Yours faithfully, Mr. Zangwill, after he had repeated this letter, said:

"Such is poetic fame. Instances of this sort of fame daily arise. Thus, one morning, I advised a young lady to attend a lecture on Keats.

"She said, in a puzzled voice:

"What are Keats?"

What Women Want to Know.

SHAMPOOING THE HAIR.—How often can the hair be washed without being injured? I shampoo my hair every two weeks and have been told that is entirely too often.—Ellen.

Professional hairdressers now agree that too frequent washing of the hair is injurious. Once a month, they say, is ample, and that too with only soap and water. Any good toilet soap will answer and the lather is to be shampooed in. A rinse with tepid water is beneficial. When the hair has dried thoroughly apply the "one-hundred strokes," beginning at the right ear, and divide the hair with the comb.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

CALL OF CONDOLENCE.—How soon after the death of a friend should one call on the relatives, and should a call of condolence be returned in person?—Mrs. R. O.

The Ghost of an Old Love.

BY THEODORE VIVIAN.

IF EVER John C. Studley came near believing in ghosts it was on the second day of July at 3:30 in the afternoon.

On that day and at that hour he had made his way thru the woods that fringe the sandy cliffs near Oyster bay and had come out where he could look down over the whole length of the shimmering bay—and it was then he saw the ghost.

It was a bright sunny afternoon, the rattle of hammers came up from a little shipyard below, three visitors in a boat were pulling three various ways—yet it was under these most prosaic signs that he saw the ghost of Agnes Thorpe sitting under a tree, sketching the scene he had known so well twenty-two years ago.

Twenty-two years ago he had lived in a neighboring village, the only son of old Captain Studley and had sat many, many times either under this very tree or one very much like it, while Agnes had sketched as she was sketching now. Then one day he had said something that was unjust. She had called it cruel, angry words had passed, and what might have been smoothed over by a syllable of explanation had ended as a violent quarrel. In the wild illogicality of the angry man he had thought that by causing her pain he would alleviate his own and so had shipped on his father's schooner and had sailed to the icefields and the snow. But man's temper is rarely formative and it was never an arbiter of fate, and storm and stress followed close upon his heels for ten years. Then, when it was too late for him to return home, Dame Fortune had wooed him as she were the best man in the world, and now he was rich. Rich, without a soul in the world to share his riches, and about three weeks ago a wave of loneliness and homesickness had borne him back here.

He had not been nearly so sentimentally affected as he had imagined would be the case, and now, just as he had come to the conclusion that the old place was very stupid, all the old memories had been revived in this startling fashion. For it was startling, and he felt his heart beat faster as he looked at the wraith of his dead love. Then, as he hesitated whether to turn and run or to address the spirit, a little fox terrier came bounding from the side of the girl and ran with sharp barks toward him.

"Come here, Sport," cried the ghost, and even then Studley could not forbear another shiver, for the voice was that of Agnes.

But having seen strange sights he mastered himself, and walking toward the ghost he said, the quite tremblingly: "Is your name Agnes Thorpe?"

No woman could look on Studley's face without feeling that it was that of a man of whom some men might be afraid, but of which no woman could be so—and for another reason, as you shall hear—it was that the ghostly artist said and smiled as she said it:

"No, but that was my mother's name."

Then it all came to him in that swiftness of light with which he had so often seen dawn rush in down there in the tropics, and he knew that his old love lived again in her daughter.

"My foolish question will show you that that does not surprise me," he said "for you look very much like her—your mother, I mean."

"You knew her then?"

"Indeed I did," he answered, "as perhaps you might know, and perhaps you might not, if I told you that my name is Studley—John Studley."

"Of course; of course," the girl said, tilting back her sunbonnet, the better to look clearly at him. "I might have known it had not my mother told me many times that you were dead."

"I was," he said, "dead to her, a suicide of love. And she, of course, is dead to me?"

"She is dead, as our lives go, Mr. Studley. She lived and died loving you, and my father, who is also dead, knew that and accepted her wifely affection as the best substitute she could offer."

"Wonderful and wonderfully sad," said the man. "It was all my evil and wrong."

"She never said so," said the girl and added, "and you loved her, did you not?"

"Well," said Studley, "if I was cruel and harsh, at least I have been consistent in my penance—if you can call a penance that which it cost no pain to do—for I have never thought of any other woman."

"That is good; that is right! That is as I would have a man love me."

"There are many strange things about this meeting. One is that I had meant to go away tomorrow, and now I do not want to go at all."

"Well, must you?" asked the girl.

"No," he replied. "I am a fairly old man, with no incumbrances except those of property won by hard work."

"Now, as to being an old man," said the girl severely; "that is arrant foolishness. I have a picture of you at home that my mother gave me, and you look exactly like it."

He laughed.

"That is the reason you did not know me when I asked you who you were," he said.

"Well, I did half know you then," said the girl, "but I thought you were dead; why, you did not know at all who I was, for you thought I was your old sweetheart come to life. So that really evens up our errors," here she laughed, too, "and in a kind of whimsical way, it makes us of about the same age, doesn't it?"

"Do you know," he said after a little while, "I feel exactly as if I were again paying court to Agnes Thorpe thru you?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Then I suppose I ought to feel as tho I were being courted as a reincarnation of my mother?"

"And do you?" he asked.

"Almost," she replied.

"I wonder," he said, with a quaver in his voice, "I wonder if it could ever happen that you could feel so altogether?"

The new Agnes did not answer, but as the time went by he found out what that silence meant.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

FRANCIS WILSON, the actor, was talking at the Players' club in New York about the value of a ready wit in stage emergencies.

"I remember well," he said, "the ready wit of a dear old man in Annie Pixley's 'M'liss' company that I played with some twenty-five years ago. This old fellow was never at a loss on the boards, no matter what disconcerting accident might happen. I complimented him on his readiness one night, and he told me of a mishap that had once befallen him in 'Pizarro'."

"He was playing the part of Rolla. There is in 'Pizarro' one scene where Rolla stands on the stage awaiting Ataliba's army. The army, a great horde of supers, files past him, then gathers round him, and he addresses it with a spirited exhortation.

"Well, on the night in question, all the supers but one struck at the last moment. The one super had to do duty for the whole great army of Ataliba. Thus to my friend Rolla, awaiting the army in front of the footlights, the solitary super marched.

"But Rolla was equal to the emergency. He made a grand gesture, and exclaimed:

"What, all slain but thee? Come, then, my brave associate," and went on with his exhortation."

Journal's Daily Puzzle



DURING a contract to do the exterior decorations on two mansions in Hogan's Alley, George Washington Jones, who has a marvelous aptitude for finding out things, discovered that the street is exactly fifteen feet wide, and that one of the houses is twenty feet high, the other twenty-three. Now, you all know that the gutter runs along some where near the middle of the street, but Mr. Jones claims that by placing his ladder in the gutter, as shown in the sketch, it is just long enough to reach to the roof of either of the houses! From these facts, Professor Jones, as he likes to be called, says you should be able to prove exactly how far that gutter is from the center of the alley.

To the ten persons sending in the correct answer, submitted in the clearest and neatest way, before 6 p.m., Dec. 24, will be mailed a copy of Loyd's Tangrams, a collection of very interesting puzzles. Address Puzzle Editor, The Journal.

SOLVED FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Frank Collins—The ditch would be 5.899 feet from the center of the alley. Ralph L. Gootzenberger—The gutter is 4 feet 4 inches from the center. Theodore C. Eagan—The middle of the alley is 7 feet 6 inches from each wall. J. G.—Distance of gutter from center of alley, 3.2 feet. W. Ekman—The gutter is 9.55 2-3 feet from the center of the alley towards the side on which the 28-foot house is. Edwin L. MacLean—The gutter was 4 1/2 feet from the middle of the alley, on the side of the highest house. Oscar Holm—The alley is 15 feet wide. To fit the ladder to the shorter house, put it in the gutter, which is 10 feet away from the short house; to fit it with the large house, put it in the gutter, which is 5 feet from the large house.

Advertisement for Wm. S. King Haberdashery and Furnishings, 412 Nicollet Street, Eastman Block, Suite 15 and 16, Second Floor.

Advertisement for Women's Squirrel-Lined Mittens, Kid, Cape and Castor, \$3.50 Pair, by Glove Co. No. 20, 610 Nicollet.

Advertisement for REGINA Music Boxes, featuring a variety of new tunes and cabinets, located at 43 Sixth St. S.

Advertisement for Northwestern Trunk Co., featuring trunks, bags, and leather goods, located at 248 Nicollet Ave.

Advertisement for The Pantorium, featuring hair care services, located at 1028-1030 Mary Place.

Advertisement for A. Reiner, Furrier, featuring fur coats and accessories, located at 701 Hennepin Ave., Corner 7th St.

Advertisement for EUREKA LOTION, featuring skin care products, prepared only by Eureka Compound Co., N.Y.

Advertisement for GOULD, WITH GUN DEFEATS HAZERS, featuring a story about a young man and his dog.

Advertisement for WASHINGTON NOTES, featuring news from various states.

Advertisement for CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY., featuring train schedules and services.

Advertisement for WISCONSIN CENTRAL RY., featuring train schedules and services.