

With the Long Bow.

—“Eye nature's walk, about fully as it flies.”

HERE is every indication that the Russian war party is as full of trouble as the fat man trying to pour himself into his trousers in the top berth of a Pullman ear without bulging over the edge when there is a Daughter of Rebekah, with her berth made up, sitting comfortably in her seat across the aisle.

One of the hardest jobs a bearded man has is to live up to his whiskers.

General Linevitch's latest picture seems to indicate that the old man has been pushed thru the center for four yards gain and has been jumped on by the heavyweights of the opposing elevens.

A scientific writer who has dabbled in photography wonders because we see right side up. A man who is not satisfied with things visible as they are should stand on his head and relieve his mind.

Oh, do you remember Mary, Lucy, Jane, Ann, Annie, Sarah, Alice, Elizabeth, Lizzie, Susan, Julia and Fannie? And today, playing around, are Iva, Gwendoline, Violetta, Desiree and Gladys.

The Brooklyn Eagle has discovered that the emperor of Japan is also Irish, being a McArdo.

Obese persons will be startled to learn that their fatness is a sign of degeneracy. Dr. E. H. Kisch of Prague has examined 488 cases of excessive fatness and found the stigmata of degeneracy in or on many of them. In the cases where the fat appeared in infancy, the doctor was always able to find numerous signs of degeneracy. In those in whom obesity developed later in life the symptoms were less common, but could still be found in many cases. Now, then, Fatty, will you chase nothing around the block before breakfast?

Rev. Dr. Shanks of Milwaukee has played a pretty mean trick on his infant son. Little Lean Shanks will be the name of Dr. Shanks' boy, despite the mother's vigorous protests. The name is given in honor of Dr. Little of the Garrett Biblical school, Evanston, Ill., and Dr. Lean, presiding elder of the Milwaukee district of the Methodist Episcopal church. This is an unhandsome advantage to take of the little fellow. Think how he is going to suffer from it when he gets out among the boys, who will doubtless call him Fatty Shanks.

The cigaret fiend is not booked for that comfortable, spry feeling so many of us old fellows have at 80 as we sit down and square off in front of our victuals. This is partly proven by Uncle Sam's opinion of the cigaret fiend as a fighter.

Seventeen young men in Emporia, Kan., were examined for the navy here a few days ago," says William Allen White. "Only three were accepted. The others were rejected, each and every one of them, for defects and infirmities caused by the use of tobacco and 50 per cent of those rejected smoked cigarets. These men are young yet and looked strong and hearty. In ten or twenty years, according to the doctor, they will begin to break and their earning capacity will begin to wane. In thirty years, when they should be in the prime of their manhood, between 45 and 55, most of these young men will be on the shelf, a burden to their families."

Don't wallop your kid. Show him.

Evangelist Billy Sunday swooped down on Canon City, Col., the other day and took the town by storm. In fact he has caused a bigger sensation than a hot political campaign. Thus far in his assault, Mr. Sunday's sledgehammer blows have been directed largely at the ministry and at indifferent church members. Many of the latter, he declares, have become "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." He states that many churches have gone to seed and have become milled. In a recent sermon he shot this bolt:

Being a church member will not save you; hell is so full of church members that their feet are sticking out of the windows.

This has aroused the antagonism of some of the church people and the consequent stir-up is causing bitterness. Mr. Sunday's brand of salvation is not first peaceable, then gentle, easy to be entreated, etc., etc. He hits th eball on the nose and sometimes travels 'way around the bases on a foul tip. But he runs up the scores and his rooting is something to be remembered.

When Rev. Charles Erdman was speaking to 1,200 people in West Philadelphia on "Fanny Crosby Sunday," Little Tootsie, crushed by the weight of some infantile sorrow, suddenly burst into tears loud and plenty. The baby's "sobbing" could have been heard for four blocks and would have thrown a blush of shame into a factory whistle. As it became evident that the infant was going into permanent mourning, it was quite plain that Mr. Erdman was annoyed. But he is a resourceful and at the same time tactful man, and he suddenly announced that he thought it would be well for the audience to sing the hymn of Fanny Crosby about which he was then speaking. Twelve hundred voices took up the refrain, but over and above them all triumphantly arose Tootsie's shrill plaint, for Tootsie had both lungs hitched to its little wail and was pumping noise for keeps. But by and by the hymn began to get the advantage. Everybody caught the spirit and in a little time and by strong perseverance on the part of the audience, the notes of the famous singer switched the noisy baby off on the quiet sidetrack of sleep while the meeting again swung safely forward on the main line.

The next time baby loosens its song at 2 a.m., starting the nails from the shingles and knocking out the panels of the chamber doors, it might be well to try one of Fanny Crosby's soothing-syrup songs on the infant. —A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know.

DANDRUFF.—Just what is dandruff, and how can it be avoided?—Mrs. A.

Dandruff is a disease of the scalp, which every woman dreads and abhors, for the thought that speaks of it may have fallen on the collar or shoulders, makes one painfully self-conscious. To avoid dandruff keep your combs and brushes very clean, washing them regularly with ammonia water. Massage vaseline well into the scalp before shampoo, which should be given every three weeks, and massage the scalp for five minutes every night. Mothers who have dandruff should not allow their children to use their combs. No two persons should use the same comb any more than they should use the same toothbrush.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

CALLING.—Should a lady leave her card each time she calls during a season if the lady called upon is always at home? Or only after the first time should she leave a card if the lady called upon is not at home? Is a season supposed to be a year?—A Questioner.



A String of Good Stories.

MEPHISTO IN KOKOMO.

FRANCIS WILSON was turning over one of his beautifully-bound manuscript volumes of anecdotes of the stage. Suddenly he laughed. "Did you ever see Mephistopheles played by a fat man?" he said. "No? Well, I once knew a fat man who played Mephistopheles, and played it well; only, now and then, he would have a mishap; for great weight and bulk are impediments on the stage.

"Once, in an Indiana town—in the town, I think, of Kokomo—my fat friend played Mephistopheles. The opera-house of Kokomo was little. The stage was small. My friend, the day of his arrival, rehearsed hastily. That night he appeared for the first time.

"And everything went well, the applause was enthusiastic, till the middle of the third act, when it was necessary for our crimson-garbed and fat Mephistopheles to descend thru a trap into the infernal regions. At the proper moment he leaped skilfully into this trap, but, instead of disappearing at once, only his legs disappeared.

"Mephistopheles was too fat for the trap. He stuck in it half-way. He wriggled and twisted, and he exhaled his breath, trying to make his stomach small enough to pass thru. But in vain.

"The audience, interested, amazed, perplexed, watched. And in the tense silence, the pants and low grunts of the struggling Mephisto could be plainly heard.

"Then, from the gallery, a voice cried: "Thank heaven, the place is full."

A MALAPROPISM.

J. M. CARRERE, an architect of New York, was talking about malapropisms the other day at luncheon. "Once," he said, laughing, "I went into the country to look at an opera-house that was to be enlarged and altered. The owner of the place stood on the stage, and I walked about the auditorium. We talked in loud tones, but, tho I was only half-way back, I could hardly hear the man.

"The acoustics are bad here. Let's go outside," I shouted finally.

"What?" said the owner.

"The acoustics," I repeated, "are bad."

"The acoustics?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about them?"

"I say the acoustics are bad."

"Indeed? I don't smell anything," said the owner, sniffing about."

THE PUNOPHILE.

SENATOR NEWLANDS of Nevada is one of the few American statesmen who love puns. The senator often regales his colleagues with puns original and quoted. It is generally admitted that he is an excellent judge of this sort of wit.

"Here," said Senator Newlands the other day, is a Nevada pun.

"An old farmer sat on his doorstep smoking his pipe. His favorite hen pecked near him. He regarded the hen indulgently as he puffed the smoke into the clear evening air.

"All of a sudden he gave a start of astonishment.

"By jingo," he said, "the old hen is eating stray tacks. Can she be going to lay a carpet?"

What the Market Affords.

SALSIFY, 7 cents a bunch.

Frog's legs, 12 1/2 cents a dozen.

Sweetbreads, 50 cents a pound.

Squabs, 20 to 25 cents apiece.

Rhubarb, 5 cents a pound.

Salsify affords a very agreeable and substantial variation of the vegetable list. It is commonly used as a basis for a cream soup or with a cream sauce it may be treated just like parsnips, mashed, seasoned and formed into croquettes or dipped into batter and fried in hot fat.

Frog's legs are tasty and satisfying without being a heavy dish. Those in the market are plump and fine. As these are special favorites with the French their modes of cooking them are the best. Instead of a plain fry, lay the legs in vinegar seasoned with salt, pepper, shallot, bayleaf and thyme for an hour. Drain, dry, roll in flour and fry in hot fat; serve with slices of lemon. Here is another fry. When washed and dried, roll in flour; put enough olive oil in a saucepan to cover the bottom, adding one or two cloves of garlic finely chopped. When the oil is hot put in the legs and fry brown. Squeeze lemon juice over them and sprinkle with parsley.

For a kind of stew, cook the legs briskly in a poulette sauce, to which has been added finely chopped shallot. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley. The poulette sauce is made by melting half a cup of butter and stirring into it until smooth a large tablespoonful of flour. Add half a pint of water and half a pint of white wine, salt, pepper, and a bouquet made of a few sprigs of parsley, two small bay-leaves, a clove of garlic and one shallot. After cooking either meat or fish in the sauce, remove them, add two beaten eggs and strain the sau

Charity Came Home to Roost.

"DON'T give meal-tickets any more," said the proprietor of a Sixth avenue restaurant. "I'll tell you why: About a month ago some women who conduct a mission persuaded me to go to their meeting one night and make a speech. I didn't say much, but what I did say evidently counted. Being a restaurant man it was hard for me to get entirely away from shop. I told those ladies that the only true form of charity was to feed people. 'If you want to help a man to get up in the world,' I said, 'give him something to eat. Buy a meal-ticket for him and let him fill up.' Then I gave \$50 to the cause and went home.

"In the rush of business I forgot all about my little missionary adventure, but at the end of a week it was brought to mind with a vengeance. One evening, just as dinner was in full swing, the seediest-looking hobo that ever crossed North river shuffled into the restaurant and picked out a seat at a table near the door. My breath fairly left me at the sight. I have always been proud of my restaurant and my customers. It ain't a high-toned place and it ain't high-priced, but it is neat and clean and is patronized by a pretty respectable lot of people. Never in the history of the restaurant had such a disreputable fellow applied for a meal, except at the back door, and I dreaded the effect his presence would have on the other diners. Everybody within ten feet of him laid down their knives and forks and eyed him disapprovingly.

"As soon as I could, I called the head waiter and told him to ask the man to leave. The waiter came back with a disheartened shake of the head.

"No good," he said. "He's got a meal-ticket."

"I went over and spoke to the fellow myself.

"Where did you get your meal-ticket?" I asked.

"A lady gave it to me," said he. "I was settin' in Union square when she came up an' said: 'My poor fellow, are you hungry?'"

"Sure," says I. "Then take this meal-ticket," says she, "and go to this restaurant and eat your fill. The man that runs the place," says she, "is a good man, and he will look out for you." So I took the ticket. What are you going to do about it?"

"Before I found a suitable answer, two more of his kind filed in. After that they came in bunches. By the time the whole crowd of the submerged had been rounded up there were fourteen in the room, each armed with a meal-ticket and an appetite.

"Well, I let them eat. With the aid of the cashier I soon saw how it was. Those blessed ladies down at the mission had taken me at my word. They had determined to feed the poor. At the same time they wanted to do me a good turn, and with the usual guilelessness of missionary ladies they had added a few dollars to my contribution and invested in fourteen meal-tickets, which they had proceeded to distribute among the homeless and hungry.

"I had to buy off those tramps by giving them the price of a meal-ticket and a few drinks besides, not to mention the food they already had eaten. It was that or ruin. Right then and there I made a change in my policy. I haven't the heart to chill the sweet sympathy of those kind ladies by explaining the situation, but I am dead set against entertaining any more of their proteges; consequently I sell no more meal-tickets."—New York Press.

Curios and Oddities.

AN ODD EPITAPH.

"FRANKLIN'S epitaph, wherein he compared himself to an old book, is known to all of us," said an antiquary. "Here is a copy of a less famous epitaph, the epitaph of a watchmaker, George Ritter, who compared himself to a watch that had run down."

The old man took out his notebook.

"George Ritter," he said, "lived in New Hampshire, in the town of Newport. He died in 1822."

Then he read:

"Here lies, in horizontal-position, the outside case of George Ritter, whose abiding in that line was an honor to his profession. Integrity was his mainspring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. He never went wrong except when set a-going by people who did not know his key. Even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of dispensing of his time so well that his hours glided by in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put an end to his existence. He departed this life, Sept. 11, 1822. His case rests and moulders and decays beneath this sod, but his good works will never die."

GREEN JADE NOW FASHIONABLE.

"THESE curious little carvings in jade came from China," said the jeweler. "Jade has become fashionable of late. Ornaments of jade are today 'the last cry of the mode,' as the French say.

"Some of these carvings are nearly white. They run thence, you see, to a dark green. But this brilliant green, this emerald green, is the imperial color, the most beautiful, and the most costly.

"Jade is found in Chinese Tartary. They hunt for it there in the fissures of precipices and in the depths of mountain rivers. Jade diving in Chinese Tartary is an important business. The jade divers, for some reason, work only by moonlight.

"It is strange, is it not, to think of the jade diver, sinking in the quiet moonlight, to the bottom of some remote stream, then coming up again with a piece of jade in his cold wet hand.

"On account of its leap into popularity, the best jade has gone up in price over 30 per cent."

WOLVES AND BANJOES.

THE wolves gathered together and howled a weird, sad chorus.

"Always, at this hour," said the zoo keeper, "they howl like that. At 4 to the minute, every day, they set up their howling.

"A queer thing about wolves was told me last week by a music dealer. He said that wolfskin makes the best banjo heads. He said that on all the expensive thirty or forty-dollar banjoes, the parchment heads are made of wolfskin.

For some reason or other, no banjo will twang with the right metallic clangor unless the parchment drawn over its head had been furnished by a wolf."



If This is Your Portrait You Are Entitled to a Prize of \$1.

Explanation of Plan.

These photographs are selected at random from a number taken each day by The Journal's photographer on the principal business streets.

Those whose pictures are published by calling at the Journal office and identifying the same not later than 6 o'clock p.m. of the second day following their publication will receive a prize of \$1.00.

No claim will be considered that is not presented before 6 o'clock p.m. on the second day after the publication of the picture.

Advertisement for Gamossi Umbrellas, featuring the text 'We had a case full of the best \$1 Umbrellas' and 'Gamossi' logo.

Advertisement for Oriental Rug, featuring the text 'Repairing and Cleaning by our Armenian Expert' and 'New England Furniture & Carpet Co.'

Advertisement for Awnings, Shades, Tents, featuring an illustration of a camel and the text 'A. D. Campbell, 211 Hennepin Av.'

Advertisement for Merchants, featuring the text 'M. P. D. Merchants' and 'Have us deliver your packages; absolute reliability and prompt service guaranteed.'

Advertisement for 'ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF CHILD', featuring the text 'Miss Allen of Otter Tail County Says a Terrible Mistake Has Been Made.'

Advertisement for 'GENERAL ROSSETT BETTER', featuring the text 'Stricken with Apoplexy, He is Steadily Improving.'

Advertisement for 'Gordon Hats \$3', featuring the text 'THERE'S two dollars' change when you buy a Gordon Hat and hand the man a five dollar note.'

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Advertisement for 'WHY You Should Drink Glenwood-Inglewood', featuring the text 'BECAUSE So much sickness comes directly or indirectly from impure water.'

Advertisement for 'Crescent Creamery Butter', featuring the text 'Insist on having Crescent Creamery Butter on your table. IT'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.'

Advertisement for 'NATIONAL CARPET CLEANING CO.', featuring the text 'NEW RUGS from your Old Carpets CARPET RENOVATING & LAYING'.

Advertisement for 'GAFE TRAFALGAR', featuring the text 'New and Complete Best of Service. 411 Hennepin Avenue.'

Advertisement for 'Gordon Hats \$3', featuring the text 'THERE'S two dollars' change when you buy a Gordon Hat and hand the man a five dollar note.'

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