

With the Long Bow.

"Bye nature's walks, shoot fully as it flies."

THIS is great weather! When the sun comes peeping in at the little window at morn, it makes a man feel birdlike enough to flit from the headboard of his bed to perch on the window sill and twitter.

Someone asks the Housekeeper, "Is not 18 too young for marrying," and Robert Webster Jones wisely replies that "the age of discretion varies in individuals." Seems if you might at least begin holding her hand at 18.

We never see a woman on the street carrying her purse, handkerchief and other stuff in a handbag without thinking how a man would look with his money, tobacco, bunch of keys and accountbook chasing him around in a reticule.

Why is it a man's suspicions are aroused when he sees his meatman buying an automobile—and not worrying about the price either.

At Canon City, Col., Billy Sunday, the evangelist, has the devil pretty badly rattled. The people are coming in from the country from great distances to hear him. One of his epigrams the other day ran thus:

I have known church members to sing "Throw Out the Life Line" when they did not have enough spiritual strength to put up a clothesline.

In fact Mr. Sunday shows himself to be an excellent paragrapher and could probably make a fair living at the trade on any newspaper. Following are some of the paragraphs in a recent sermon:

What you do is of vastly more importance than what you know.

Many churches have degenerated into vast amusement bureaus.

Nowadays you think more of a pedigree than you do of a principle.

Why the world don't join the church is because the church has joined the world.

The church is all right when she is in the world, but all wrong when the world is in her.

You can go to hell even if you have gray matter enough in your brain to fill a hoghead.

I am sometimes surprised that God is doing as well as he is, with the material he has to work with.

Parties on Lowry Hill who have lost from ten to fifteen expensive and much-beloved dogs by the poison route have been doing a little quiet detective work and think they know the lady who spread the poison around. Some of the boys are mad enough to set fire to her house at night. That's the kind of trouble you get by taking things into your own hands. Look out for trouble.

It was a sad day for Sherwood, N. D., when the town's skittish colts went down to Mohall and took on the ball-tossers of that bumptious balliwick. The moan of Editor Schnitzler assails high heaven and beats against the stars as he tells the terrible details in his Sherwood Journal.

"The game was a sizzler," says Mr. Schnitzler succinctly, "and both teams struggled hard for supremacy, and had the colts not gone up in the air in the critical eighth the bay and laurel would have been theirs. They played a splendid game individually, but lacked team work."

"In the first half of the first inning, Sherwood drew an infinite deal of nothing and it looked as tho the much-touted Mohall southpaw was going to deliver the goods." In their half Mohall garnered two safe ones, and great was the rejoicing thereat, among the Mohall fans, who raucously announced their elation. But their period of rejoicing was of short duration. In the second inning what the colts did to the Mohall southpaw was a-plenty. They found him where he lived and straightened out his twisters while he waited. They retired with three large ones to their credit.

"In the fifth game was a tie and even chances for both parties. The game stood this way until the eighth, when the colts took a balloon ascension and it was all over but the shouting."

These sad words tell the cruel tale all too well, for in the seventh the Mohallers pulled in two runs and the next time, to emphasize it, they piled three more on top of them. Mohall fans were having epilepsy and heart failure all over the field and the sound that arose gave one the impression of the baby awaking at 2 a.m.

The Sherwood colts, however, trotted cheerfully homeward and Mr. Schnitzler announces that this is merely the first game. But the Mohallers are now permanently convinced that their aggregation could hold down a league team.

There will be dark blue trouble later. A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

- LOBSTER, in glass, 40 cents a jar. Clam nectar, 20 cents a can. Minced clams, 15 cents. Luncheon herring, 15 and 25-cent cans. Fresh crab meat, in cans, 20 cents. Imported sardine, small cans, 20 cents. Anchovies, in oil, 20 cents.

Fresh lobster is very high this season, and as it is troublesome to prepare, many cooks prefer to use the canned meat. The choicest preserved lobster comes in glass jars, only the meat from the claws and tail being used. Similarly the canned minced clams and the shredded crab meat are both choice and convenient. Clam nectar is a highly concentrated and fine flavored clam juice that is a very good investment.

The word sardines conjures up widely varied ideas, as the kinds and modes of preparation of the numerous small fish that pass under that name are legion. The inquiry is often made, "What ought one get good sardines for?" A fish dealer answers this by saying that a very good grade of imported sardines comes in cans of medium size for 20 cents.

There is a variety of small mackerel, herring and bloaters put up in various piquant sauces. These come in oval cans of about a pound and a half weight for from 20 to 25 cents. For a cold course they are excellent.

A GREAT, GOOD THING.

"MY FIRST day in India," said the tourist, "I was surprised, when I awoke in the morning, to feel how smooth my face was."

"By Jove," I said, "how slowly my beard grew yesterday. I hardly need to shave today."

"It is, however, a matter of religion with me to shave every morning, and so I bade the native servant, a man provided by my host, to fetch my shaving things. The native smiled."

"But you are already shaved, sir," he said.

"Already shaved?" said I.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I shaved you while you slept. That is the custom here."

"I found that he was right. I found that in India these wonderful native servants shave their masters in bed every morning without waking them."

"All thru my stay in India I was shaved like that. It was almost enough to keep me in that hot and horrid country forever."



THERE ARE OTHERS

The Whited Tower to the Whited Politician—My coat of whitewash comes off; how about yours?

A String of Good Stories.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be, I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

A DECISIVE VICTORY.

W GOULD BROKAW was talking about one of the victories that his 150-horsepower motor boat had won.

"Her victory was decisive," he said. "It was as decisive as the farmer's victory over the lord."

"The farmer's victory over the lord?" some one repeated.

"Yes," said Mr. Brokaw. "There was a certain lord who considered himself the best wrestler in England. He wrestled every one of any reputation, and in these bouts he always won."

"Well, one day, after he had considered himself supreme for three years, he heard of a farmer at Hackleybrow who could best him. Every one said that this farmer could best him—that he would stand no chance at all with the huge, muscular fellow—that it would be wise for him to leave the farmer alone."

"But the young lord, jealous of his reputation, threw himself on his horse, and in an hour was knocking and hallooing at the farmer's gate."

"The farmer was plowing in a field. The lord rode up to him, dismounted, and seized him in a good grip."

"I'll show you how to wrestle," he said.

"But the farmer, with the greatest ease, took the young man up in his arms and threw him over the high fence. Then this wonderful agriculturist resumed his work. After plowing in silence a little while, he called mildly to the young man, who sat, not yet quite himself, on the grass by the roadside:

"Well, sir, is there anything else I can do for you?"

"Nothing," said the young man, "unless perhaps you'll be good enough to throw me my horse."

UNEXPECTED TO THE LAST.

C OLIVER ISELIN, the yachtsman, was talking about a cross-grained skipper.

"He was always unexpected," Mr. Iselin began. "He was always saying the unexpected thing. In fact, as he lay dying, he blurted out the most surprising sentence."

"He died in his old home, in the Scottish village of Peebles, where he had been born and raised. His wife and children sat at his bedside to comfort his departure. There were sighs and sobs in the air. Suddenly the sick man started up, gave a loud groan, and fell back on the pillow white and stiff."

"He's gone at last," said his wife, "and I'll never be happy till I follow him?" Then she went on in a calmer tone: "We'll better hae the funeral on Wednesday, an' we'll just get Wully Barrie to mak the coffin. Tho Wully has never been a friend o' ours—"

"She was interrupted by a faint voice from the bed."

"If ye get that crater, Wully Barrie, to mak the coffin, I'll not put a foot in it."

THE SOUR SAILOR.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MULLER, the president of the Rough Riders' association, was talking in Santa Fe about the arrogance of a seacaptain whom he knew.

"It is impossible for a passenger," Captain Muller said, "to get a civil answer out of this man. Ask him the simplest and politest question, and with a gruff impertinence he turns his back on you and walks away."

"But a friend of mine," said Captain Muller, "once got the better of the sour fellow."

"The captain was standing near the bow of the boat, examining thru his glasses a passing ship."

"What ship is that?" said my friend.

"The captain frowned at him."

"Go ask the cook," he said.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said my friend, "I thought you were the cook."

THE BESETTING SIN.

THE well-known clergyman, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, formerly of Minneapolis, said one day to a young man:

"Few of us know our besetting sin. The fault we are most prone to, that fault, often, we think ourselves most free from. We are a good deal like old Henry Connor, an inmate of an almshouse near Cincinnati."

"Henry Connor, despite his great age and his failing strength, was haranguing a group of brother paupers one afternoon in a loud voice, with many vigorous gestures."

"Above all things, my friends," he said, "don't be extravagant. Nothing leads to ruin so quickly as extravagance. Not that I've ever been extravagant myself. If I had, I'd have gotten in the poorhouse long before I did."

VERY FIT.

THE late Charles Lockhart, the Standard Oil millionaire of Pittsburg, used to tell with great enjoyment a remark once made to him by an old employee.

Often Mr. Lockhart visited this farm. One day, there, the farmer showed him a huge pen filled with fat pigs.

"Fine pigs, John," Mr. Lockhart said. "I never saw finer. They're in the pink of condition."

"They are, indeed," the farmer answered. "Ah, if we was all of us as fit to die as them pigs are, sir, we'd do."

Mr. Tubbs' "Impossible" Mistake.

J APHEIM knocked on the door of the Schlams' flat. Then he turned the knob. No one was in the rooms, but, because he was an old friend, Japheim made himself right at home, with feet up on the stove and chair tilted back. All the furniture was new, and he looked at chairs and tables in the not altogether keen pleasure with which one views the prosperity of one's friends.

Again the knob turned. A fat man entered the kitchen. Without excitement, he said:

"My name's Tubbs, and I'm a hard man to deal with. You're caught, and don't so much as move or I'll shoot you whether I have a revolver or not. I don't say I have a revolver, but I may have, and you'd better not take any chances, because my name's Tubbs, and I'm a hard man to deal with."

"My foot's going to sleep!" protested Japheim. He, too, without excitement. "I don't say you've got a revolver, either, but I ain't taking any chances. You may be a hard man to deal with, but you don't mind my moving my left foot, do you? And you don't mind telling me who the deuce you are and what the deuce you want?"

Said Tubbs:

"You may move your foot just one inch, but no more, because I may have a 16-inch disappearing gun, for all you know. But let me tell you that your bluff won't work. You heard me coming; then you plunked down in the chair. You're going to give me the old story of being in the wrong flat?"

"Hey?" exclaimed Japheim. "Then the Schlams don't live here?"

"See?" cried triumphant Tubbs. "I knew! Didn't I know? Now, first I'll demonstrate to you the folly of such a story, and then I'll hand you over to the police. Now, don't move, for I may have a Gatling gun, for all you know."

"Say," pleaded Japheim, "my nose is itchy. Just let me rub it, and I'll be quiet, for you probably never saw a Gatling gun, but you may have a dozen for all I know. And don't you try to make me believe I'm in the wrong flat; I never made a mistake in my life like that. Why, what if there is new furniture? It isn't often I make a mistake of any kind, nowadays."



"MY NAME'S TUBBS, AND I'M A HARD MAN TO DEAL WITH."

"You may rub your nose once, but one additional motion may be fatal, because, tho I probably wouldn't know how to use it, I may have a lasso under my vest."

"Now, that old story of getting into the wrong flat is impossible, and what I resent most is that any second-story man or strong-arm man or whatever you are should insult my intelligence by telling me it. Why, take a hundred chairs all from the same factory, and in a week by some little scratch or mark you'd know your own among them. You'd know where you were by the feel of the carpet, and by the look of a table that you could never mistake for any other table, simply because you had paid for it."

"Now, don't move until we are ready to go to the police station, and don't make your story worse by adding to it, because no man could be so foolish as you'd like to make yourself appear, insulting me by trying to make me believe it. I may have a machete, you know."

"Oh, here!" pleaded Japheim. "I thought this the most comfortable position I could strike, but it's the worst I was ever in. Just let me scratch one leg, and I'll be satisfied. I don't believe you know what a machete looks like, as you can't even pronounce it right, but you may have fourteen, so I won't risk it. Anyway, you're as foolish as I. If you live here, you must know the Schlams; I meant to drop in on them, but must have got in the wrong floor, though I don't admit it, because it's not my way to make mistakes."

"Won't work!" declared Tubbs. "You're sticking to your story all right, but the wrong-flat story's no good. You saw the name on the letterbox. I know the Schlams, because they live on the second floor, which is right below here."

"But this is the second floor."

"Of course it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Schlams, as the door-knob turned for the third time. "How do you do, Mr. Japheim? How do you do, Mr. Tubbs? I know you'll accuse me of imitating you, but when I saw your new furniture, I just had to go down to the same installment house."

"Well, if no one objects, I guess I'll stretch my leg," remarked Japheim, sarcastically, as he glared at Tubbs.

And Tubbs went to the flat above, mumbering that, even when impossible, mistakes are likely to occur.—New York Press.

What Women Want to Know.

LARGE PORES AND BLACKHEADS.—Will you please give me a good remedy for large pores about the nose, also blackheads, something that will not redden the skin?—A Reader.

Use a few drops of benzoin in the water in which you wash your face. Rub it well every night with a lather of soap and hot water, and then rinse in clear cold water. Massage the skin for ten or fifteen minutes with some good cream. Massage will do as much to reduce the size of the pores and remove the blackheads as any cosmetic. Everything that promotes the activity of the skin will aid in removing its blemishes and a thoro cleansing at night with a massage will soon show an improvement. If the blackheads are particularly obstinate, remove them after the hot water and massage cream have softened the pores by pressing with the fingers or a watchkey, being careful not to injure the delicate skin.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN LEATHER.—Will you please tell me thru your paper how to clean a Mexican burnt leather cushion?—Mrs. C. D.

"OH DEAR" IS AN OATH.

"IT is wrong to say 'Oh dear,'" declared a religious philologist. "It is as wrong as to say 'Oh, my God.' 'Oh dear,' in fact, is 'Oh, my God.' It is the Italian 'O dio mio,' which means 'Oh, my God,' as everybody knows. 'Oh dio mio,' shortened, becomes 'O dio.' Transposed into English, it becomes 'oh, dear.' Remember, then, in the future that every time you say 'Oh dear' you utter an oath."



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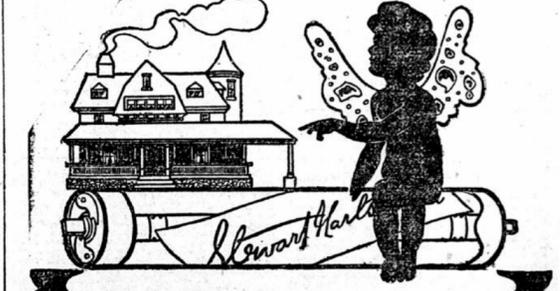
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