

With the Long Bow.

—"Eye nature's walks, shoot tally on it like."

WE learn from sources very close to the house servants of a certain royal personage that Mrs. Astor is expected at 21 Portland place in dear old London very shortly after Easter, and that her high hope is, in fact she is almost certain to attain the coveted distinction, of entertaining the king. We say this reverently, the king!

Our society reporter in London also writes that Mrs. Astor is having some very beautiful evening gowns made for the coming season, after the style of those she wore when she first came over to London, when she started the fashion of very low V-shaped backs. They were at first criticised, then imitated by her friends and several well-known women took them up, and for that season the V-shaped back was all the rage. Mrs. Astor's dressmaker states that she has now achieved a V-shaped back so low, so very, very low that, for an indefinite, undefinable instant, there is some doubt in the beholder's mind as to whether Mrs. Astor has it on or no.

You may remember that when the Sons of Scotia had their celebration in that dear Boston, Mass., several years ago, that a Hibernian policeman arrested one of the Scotchmen, who first appeared on the streets in kilts, on the ground that he had ventured out without having assumed his tr-w-s-rs, which was contrary to the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Massachusetts as made and provided.

You may recall that the kilt is a very low V-shaped cut of trouser, some of the garment apparently missing connection, which connection is completed by the lower limbs of the son of Scotia's isle.

We would dislike to see Mrs. Astor in trouble because of the extremely low-cut V-shaped back of her entertaining-the-king gown. Doubtless the London Bobbies will be given the tip from royalty that almost anything "goes" where the king is being entertained by American millionaires.

Personally we would not care to have our back quite so conspicuous in the public eye. This is doubtless due to the rather puritanical training of the 1830's and we would not care to impose on other backs those restrictions of genteel privacy that we do claim for our own. It is all in your thought of it, and for one who desires to entertain royalty in that spinal and vertebral manner, we have not a word of censure. We desire to cultivate that broad and liberal thought that is able to endure the back of society in all its simple and sinuous beauty and not only to endure but to view with the true artist's enjoyment of the beautiful in form, texture, and appreciation of that indefinable thing called "atmosphere." For if a beautiful painting has what is termed "atmosphere," this quality should not be denied the artistic backs.

Nothing is so terrible as good advice. Live your advice and the other fellow will take it when he is ready for it.

Sometimes a man will pursue a course of conduct or business that he has thought out for himself but which, to another man who has not thought it out, seems leading to certain destruction. The story is told of two Irishmen standing on a railway platform, when an express train rushed past and shot into a tunnel at the end of the platform. The two men not being used to such doings were for the moment struck dumb, then one of them, recovering from his surprise, turned to his mate and said: "Pat, what a terrible smash-up there would have been if it had missed that hole."

You see, the train's course had been worked out beforehand.

Mr. Carnegie has founded at Dunfermline, his birthplace, the first college of hygiene ever known in Scotland. The Canny One recently bought the Pittenerieff estate and handed it over to trustees. He also endowed the trust with a large yearly revenue. This college is to be for students under 18 years of age. The course lasts two years and there will be honors for the graduates, who will go out and edit the diet of the healthy Scots and make people who have hitherto eaten their meat in thankfulness and singleness of heart begin to worry about "their internal workings," and take thought for the body in a way that is not likely to conduce to their welfare. But every man to his fancy!

—A. J. R.

When Jenks Took Up Jiu-Jitsu



THEOPOLIS JENKS was reading. He was reading a paper-covered book. It was called "Points on Jiu-Jitsu." It was very interesting. Theopolis glanced surreptitiously at his fellow clerks. All were working, oblivious of what he might be doing. Theopolis sighed. He spread out the knowledge mine inside his desk drawer and read on:

"This grip, albeit easy to learn, is the deadliest grip known to the ancient Samurai. As the fist of your fierce opponent plows its way to your face you catch the closed bunch of knuckles, and with a very slight effort bend it back against the wrist. The great pain makes all resistance impossible. The desperate man howls for mercy as he finds his wrist snapping. Note—Take care that the grip is not too strong; it is liable to break the wrist in two."

Jenks was exalted. He seized his left fist with his right hand. The right hand was the complete master. Theopolis resumed:

"The coat grip is equally deadly. Having jammed your fingers into the highwayman's eyes, cross your arms. Seize the lapels of the coat in either hand, draw the collar of the coat tightly about the neck. Again it is but a question of a few seconds when the man either surrenders or falls—quite dead."

Jenks flushed. Again: "Once your man is on the ground, seize the toes of his boots. If he should be so foolish as to attempt to rise, the slightest pressure forces him back. Wriggle as he may, he cannot regain an upright posture. Finally the feeling of utter helplessness makes all further thoughts of resistance disappear."

Great. Jenks glanced at his fellow clerks. He smiled significantly. Jenks labored in a down-town trust company. His fellow clerks were sports. They were aole-bodied. They were well-dressed. They went in for hockey. They played golf. They sparred. They played baseball.

Theopolis did not. Theopolis was pudgy. He was 40. He boarded in Brooklyn. He was a good clerk. But he wanted to be more. He wanted to be in it. He had observed the sports with envy. He observed them Monday mornings. They were sunburnt and husky then. They compared golf scores. They playfully squared off at one another in the correct sparring attitude. They exchanged scientific flips.

They were nonchalant. The ways of the world came easy to them. They regarded Theopolis with contemptuous tolerance. Such contemptuous tolerance may be observed in the attitude of a snappy bullterrier toward a sleepy old Newfoundland dog. Theopolis was the Newfoundland dog. The clerks were the bullterriers.

It had got to be monotonous. Theopolis was out of place. He did not know how to put up his hands. Football and golf he knew less about than he did about differential calculus. He knew nothing about differential calculus.

"With a deft side jump get behind your assailant. Seize the lobes of either ear firmly between the thumbs and forefingers. The murderous man will eat out of your hand after



THE FAN.

No, he doesn't care what Togo did to Rojostvensky, but he is bound to find out what the Columbus battery did to our baseball team.

this treatment. Note—Professor Kito Sokum awaits at his palatial parlors of jiu-jitsu uptown to elaborate."

Theopolis smiled with peculiar meaning. Equipped with ancient methods of the Samurai what, who could withstand him? There was no personal risk. A dainty movement and your opponent was yours.

Jenks went uptown and interviewed the professor. His apotheosis began.

The professor smiled. He bade Theopolis stretch out his hand. The professor seized it. A joint cracked. Theopolis howled. The professor stood him on his head. He tweaked his Adam's apple.

Time passed. Theopolis graduated.

One Monday morning Jenks came to the office. He stood among the husky fellow clerks.

He smiled. He directed the talk to jiu-jitsu. He suggested that he was it. His fellow clerks smiled. Theopolis seized a clerk's hand. The knuckles sounded like marbles—marbles rattling in a bag. The clerk was on his knees. Theopolis stepped clandestinely behind another clerk. He poked three of his vertebrae sideways with his forefinger. Then he poked them back again. Banzai! The husky clerk went home. He was sick.

Theopolis became a sport. He became a hero. He was it. When he lazily stretched his hand the husky clerks dispersed. Jenks was deferred to. He had opinions. Could he do up Jeffries? Eh! Could he! COULD HE! Well!

Theopolis padded his shoulders. He had arrived. He gave lectures at Brooklyn church societies. Friends shook hands with him but once. It was at their peril. Theopolis did not mean to be rude. He could not help it. He was a natural-born jiu-jitsu.

The boss heard of him. He was interested. He invited him to spend Sunday in Jersey. Theopolis accepted. The boss was proud. They rode in the smoker. The boss leaned back in his seat. Ever and anon he nudged his shoulder at Theopolis. THE COMMUTERS looked. See T. Jenks? The GREAT T. JENKS! Never heard of him. T. Jenks, the jiu-jitsu king? All in whispers. But Jenks knew. He was used to being it. He never blushed.

He gave an exhibition. In the boss's stable. Special friends were invited. The burly negro coachman, he was the trial horse. He stood still wondering. Theopolis had bade him to stand still. A joint cracked. The burly negro was on his knees. Applause!

The burly negro was wise. He suggested that he stand not still. Theopolis approached. The burly negro side-stepped. His fists failed. They were as big as hams. They were as hard as nails.

This was not jiu-jitsu. This was not the way to treat the art. The art of the Ancient Samurai!

Jenks stretched out his hand. He side-jumped deftly. The collar was within his grasp.

CRACK!

Theopolis slept all that night. He did not dream. The doctor said there was hope. He slept most of Sunday.

Theopolis now has classes. He teaches young women. He teaches them jiu-jitsu. All men are barred. He gives wise advice. He says to his pupils:

"First catch your opponent asleep."—New York Press.

What Women Want to Know.

COLORS AND STAINS.—How can I wash a blue line chambray waist so it will not fade? Can you tell me how to remove the stains from my white enamel kitchen sink? Kerosene will take the outside dirt and grease off, but the darker discoloration still remains.

Make a strong solution of salt and hot water, about one-half cupful of salt to two gallons of water, and while the solution is still hot, put your blue linen waist in it and let it stand until cold. Wring it out and dry. If you have worn your waist and it is soiled, wash it quickly and carefully, and in the last rinsing water put a generous teaspoonful of salt to set the color.

Gasoline is even better than kerosene to remove stains from an enameled sink. Use the gasoline liberally and then wash off with hot water and soap.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TIN WEDDING CELEBRATION.—Will you kindly give me some idea how to properly celebrate a tin wedding? I would like some novel ideas if possible.—A Subscriber.

Some Freak Funerals I Have Attended.

By REV. SMITH BAKER, D.D., Formerly of Minneapolis.

NO OTHER services tax the minister's heart and draw upon his nervous energy more than funerals, in particular if they are among his own people, whom he has learned to love, then every death comes into his own life as a more or less personal affliction. The unknowable sorrow attendant at the death of any member of a family becomes a burden upon the heart of the pastor and the more experience he has, the more his heart enters into sympathy with those in sorrow.

In spite of all this funerals have unseemly incidents. The more solemn the occasion the more the inappropriate impresses one. A person who cannot see the ridiculous at such times must be deficient in his mental makeup. Of course, all such things at funerals are never intended but are occasioned by ignorance or a blunder. Under the excitement and confusion of their grief, people make expressions which at other times they would not think of saying. The meaning is well enough, but the expressions are unfortunate.

Near to one of my parishes lived a man with a wife and five small children. He was poor as poverty incarnate and and ignorant as he was poor, and honest as he was ignorant. Going into the village store one morning the merchant whispered to me that Mr. X. had lost his wife and as he was in the other part of the store I might wish to speak with him. I went to the man and extending my hand, said I was sorry for the great affliction which had come to his home. "Yes," he answered, "it is a great joke on me." He was full of grief and thought he was using the right word.

On one occasion at the funeral of a talented young lawyer, whose widow was the daughter of a New England college president and who was a young woman of fine education and refined culture, always dignified in her manner and expression, as I took leave of her after the service, she remarked in all seeming sincerity in the confusion of her sorrow, "I hope you have enjoyed yourself. I have." Of course she would never forgive herself if she knew of the blunder.

I once went some six miles to attend the funeral of a man whom I did not know, but who, I was told, was the third husband of the widow whom he had left. As we came near the home we discovered it was a rocky farm, divided into small fields, each well fenced in with good, wide stone walls. As we drove up to the house, a large stout woman, stood in the doorway. Presenting my hand I said, "This is Mrs. D.?" Breaking into a flood of tears, she replied: "Yes, and this is the minister. Oh, dear, I don't know who will finish the stone wall now." Three men had died in trying to do it.

At a funeral of considerable show of wealth, where a young wife had died and the effort was made to have everything done in the most displayful manner—elegant casket, profuse and extravagant collection of flowers, an out-of-town quartet for the music—a man of wealth and high social standing, of fine personal presence and commanding voice, but also a man of limited education and who mixed his words most fearfully, was given charge of the services. When I had gone thru with the ritual and motioned to him that my part of the services was ended, he stepped forward and in a most dignified manner and solemn tone, said, "There is now a opportunity for the friends to embrace the remains." We did not notice that anyone did.

We have never allowed ourselves to charge for attending funerals and never expect anything from members of our own parish, but when strangers have unsolicited given anything we have never had any trouble of conscience in taking it. Ministers generally expend more than they receive at such times. Once we were sent for to go some five miles to attend the funeral of a child in a well-to-do family. We did so and returned without even a thank you. Within a year another child in the family died and we were sent for again and returned as before, and within another year we were called the third time to bury one of the family. At the close of the last service the father said, "You have been very kind to come three times in our sorrow, when we do not attend your church. What do you charge?" We answered that we never charged for funerals, but if people gave us anything we were thankful. Whereupon the old man said: "Well, that is kind in you. Next fall take your horse and come over and get some apples."

At one time I was invited to assist at the funeral of a man of whom I had never heard, and a clergyman of most liberal and indefinite opinions was also invited. When the son invited me, he said, "We want you to offer the prayer, and as father had no particular religious opinions, we thought we would let the other minister make the remarks." It is always well to be appropriate.

What the Market Affords.

- GRAPEFRUIT, large, 10 cents. Pineapples, 25 cents. Carrots, 10 cents a bunch. Salsify, 8 cents a bunch; two for 15 cents. Green peppers, 5 cents apiece. Egg plants, 20 cents apiece. Cooacanuts, 5 to 8 cents. Cooking oil, two-pound cans, for 25 cents.

The crisp brown of fried or broiled dishes is very much liked by Americans and when frying is properly done in deep fat, there is no objection to this method of cooking. Fish, particularly, is improved by frying in deep fat. Most housekeepers use lard for frying or a mixture of clarified drippings and lard, but many prefer cooking oil, which is a preparation of cottonseed oil. The principal trouble experienced in frying in deep fat is to know when the oil or fat is the right temperature. It should be about 320 degrees for frying doughnuts, fritters, etc., and about 360 for croquettes and fish. Oil, when properly heated, is perfectly still, bubbling shows the presence of water and a low temperature. When all bubbling has ceased drop in a piece of bread, and if it browns in twenty seconds, the fat is sufficiently heated. If the fat is a little too hot set off the fire and put in a larger quantity of the article to be fried than usual. This will cool it down properly and the kettle can then be returned to the fire to keep up an even temperature. When the fat is just right, only a few pieces can be put in the fat at once, as they lower the temperature. This is especially true of croquettes, which are very moist. A frying basket is almost indispensable for the cooking of croquettes and other breakable or small articles.

A SLANGOPHOBE. "HERE is an autograph letter of Tennyson's," said a Burlington collector. "I paid \$20 for it. It is an interesting letter to a boy. It proves Tennyson to have been a slangphobe." The letter, very neatly written, ran: "My Dear Young Friend: I was glad to get your letter, and it is pleasant to know that you are my namesake. But do not say 'awfully'; that is slang for 'very,' and I hate slang. Faithfully yours, —A. Tennyson."

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 will receive a prize of \$1.00 by calling at The Journal office and being identified before 6 o'clock p. m. of the second day following the day of publication of the picture. 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 Glove Order, featuring an illustration of a hand holding a glove. Text: "A Gamossi Glove Order Makes a most acceptable Easter Gift. The recipient presents the order or certificate and is fitted to her own selection of GAMOSSIE GLOVES. 610 Nicollet Avenue. Mail a Store of Gloves, the Other Hat Umbrellas."

Advertisement for Yachtsmen, Attention! featuring an illustration of a boat. Text: "Yachtsmen, Attention! Have Your Boat Sails Washed Now. Our facilities for handling sails are unsurpassed, as many Minnetonka boat owners know. We have washed a great many sails and received flattering compliments for the work. They are dried while hanging full size in a space two stories high. Mildew removed by an exclusive process. Send them in before the rush begins."

Advertisement for Hats for Men. Text: "All the new shades and shapes of Tan and Brown Stiff and Soft Hats \$3.00 to \$4.00. Whipple & Nalmstedt, HATTERS & FURNISHERS, 426 NICOLLET AVE. Send or call for our spring Booklet."

Advertisement for HENNEPIN LAUNDRY CO. Text: "HENNEPIN LAUNDRY CO. 120-122 Hennepin av. Phone. T. C. 120; N. W., 8 6217."

Advertisement for Northwest Trunk Co. featuring an illustration of a trunk. Text: "When in Doubt Think of Northwest Trunk Co. The Popular Priced Trunk, Bag and Leather Goods Store. 248 Nicollet Ave."

Advertisement for CAFE TRAFALGAR. Text: "CAFE TRAFALGAR New and Complete Best of Service. 411 Hennepin Avenue."

Advertisement for Awnings, Shades, Tents. Text: "AWNINGS, SHADES, TENTS, A. D. Campbell, 211 Hennepin Av"

Advertisement for GRIEVISH - Optician, featuring an illustration of glasses. Text: "GRIEVISH - Optician, With White & MacNaught, Jewelers. 407 NICOLLET AVENUE."

Advertisement for NATIONAL CARPET CLEANING CO. Text: "NEW RUGS FROM YOUR OLD CARPETS CARPET/RENOVATING & LAYING SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET NATIONAL CARPET CLEANING CO. Nicollet Island - Both Phones"

Advertisement for Your Spring Jacket French Dry Cleaned for \$1. Text: "Your Spring Jacket French Dry Cleaned for \$1 For a Few Days Only. Henry Bros. Dye House, 630 First Ave. So."

Those Lace Curtains

Portieres, Rugs, Carpets, Etc., that need cleaning or dyeing this spring—where are you going to send them? You want them brought back restored to their original beauty. And if you would be sure of having them cleaned in the right way There's Only One Place to Send Them—That's Here. The best and most particular families in the city send their work here, and we guarantee complete satisfaction on every job we do. Call us up and wagon will call. Mail and Express Orders Promptly Attended To.

TWIN CITY DYE HOUSE

N.W.—M 3806J. T.C.—1435. 816 Nicollet Ave.

Advertisement for Londonderry LITHIA WATER. Text: "Absolutely Pure, delightful to the taste, and a great aid to digestion. No wonder Londonderry LITHIA WATER is 'the favorite' everywhere. The Lyman-Eliel Drug Co., Wholesale. The C. S. Brackett Co., Retail."