

With the Long Bow.

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

AFTER father foots the grocery bills he knows where that lame leg comes from.

When the sod begins to get good and soft and to show that tender green of which the poets write, all the neighborhood boys come over and play on the lawn with a sound like lumber piles falling down.

After an automobile has fallen on you once or twice you begin to understand why the automobiles are a bit hostile.

The agricultural department or the bureau of animal industry recommends the goat to the small farmer. When it comes to making money for his owner, the goat shows good headwork.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, one of the best-known novelists of a past generation, tells in one of her letters of meeting in her old age the author of that cheerful ditty, so often sung at funerals:

I would not live away, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

The author of this hymn was Rev. Dr. Mueller, later president of St. Luke's hospital in New York. Mrs. Southworth writes:

It was in the spring of 1876 when I was received by him; a fine, tall, bright, old gentleman; with a refined and genial face, and silver hair covered with a little, round, black-velvet skullcap. He was dressed in a long, priestly-looking gown. I expressed my pride and pleasure in having the honor of an interview with the author of that hymn which, by the way, in my morbid youth I had loved. He smiled indulgently and gave me to understand, in words that I shall not try to recall, that he had written that hymn in his youth and during a time of great sorrow; and that it was not a healthy or wholesome utterance and had better not have been written. He composed it during a night-watch beside the corpse of his betrothed bride.

When I saw him he was a cheerful, cordial old gentleman of 80, and even then looked as if he would like to "live away" if he could.

How many of "the few lurid mornings that dawn on us here" have had a deeper gloom thrown over them by this hymn, and how many of the disconsolate have been rendered yet more so, almost to the point of suicide, by a companion hymn, "Come, Ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish," only eternity can tell. The long, wailing, despairing measures to which these hymns were set were admirably calculated by the fathers to throw so deep a gloom over the cheerful day that even the sunshine and the song of a million birds could hardly neutralize it. It is somewhat different now, thank heaven, and perhaps will be more so as we learn more.

Annie Besant has certainly stirred up a hornets' nest in India, if the dispatches to the English papers from Calcutta are to be believed. The leading Hindu thinkers are organizing for the purpose of driving theosophy from the stronghold it has begun to obtain in India. These leaders point out that theosophy is almost entirely the creation of women, who have built upon the sacred writings of the Hindus a fabric of fiction, myth and mystery which is useful to these teachers but which, the leaders say, is not the Hindu religion. India is a tranquil place where religions of various kinds are always welcome, but it is believed Mrs. Besant has gone a step too far. She announces that the religion revealed to her predecessor, Mme. Blavatsky, is the oldest religion in the world, and precedes the Vedas, the sacred writings of the Hindus. This has brought forth an organization of lecturers proceeding under the authority of Agumyi Guru Paramahansa, the "Tiger Mahatma" of India. Thru his disciples a series of lectures is being given to counteract Mrs. Besant's influence. They are now making impassioned appeals to the people to look only to their own leaders. Theosophy has pictured the mahatmas to the western world, the Hindu teachers declare, under the guise of jugglers and charlatans stooping to perform tricks to deceive the ignorant. They are now sending Indian teachers to England to explain to theosophists how wretchedly they have been deceived.

If Annie Besant gives these Indian teachers one deep, soul-searching look from those mysterious eyes, these Hindu upstarts will go into the solitude of the forests and mountains and pine away and die—and serve them right.

—A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

- BUTTERFISH, 20 cents a pound. Fresh herring, 10 cents a pound. Roe shad, \$1 to \$1.25 apiece. Fresh mackerel, unfrozen, 50 to 60 cents apiece. Shad roe, 50 cents a pair, large. Salmon, 20 cents. Halibut, 18 cents. Haddock, 15 cents. Mountain trout, 12 1/2 cents. Pike and Lake Superior trout, 12 1/2 cents. Lake Superior whitefish, 16 cents; northern whitefish, 12 1/2 cents. Flounder, 15 cents a pound. Lobster, 30 cents a pound. Hard shell crabs, 20 cents. Soft shell crabs, \$2.40 a dozen. Shrimps, 40 cents a quart. Clams, 25 and 35 cents a dozen in the shells; 40 and 60 cents a quart in bulk.

Butterfish are a delicate little salt-water panfish that have just come into the market. Fresh herring are also novelties this week. Mackerel are fine, being the first unfrozen specimens this season. All of the fish cut in steaks is easy to use, being all ready for the pan and requiring but little cooking. Being always clear flesh, it is also economical. The good panfish include fresh herring, flounders, mountain trout and crappies. Clams are being largely used now, having replaced oysters as a first course at dinner. Clams can be used for any purpose that oysters are used for. They also come in bulk at about the same price as oysters.

PALINDROMES.

"IT IS a fascinating occupation," said a philologist, "to search the language for palindromes. A palindrome is a word that reads the same backwards as forwards. 'Rotator,' for instance, is a palindrome. Several hundred of these strange words are tabulated, and new ones are continually turning up in the English tongue. If you find one, send it to the Palindrome society of New York.

"I can rattle off extempore a dozen or two palindromes. Thus: 'Bab, refer, bib, sexes, Anna, tot, bob, peep, civic, toot, dad, madam, deed, pup, deified, sees, dewed, tat, did, shabs, eve, reviver, ewe, rotator, gog, pop, gig, gag, redder, level, noon, Otto.'"



ENOUGH EVEN FOR THE CROPS. The Wheat—Turn it off. I've had enough to last me a month.

Another Jefferson Anecdote

THE best story on Joe Jefferson has never been printed, and the kindly old gentleman himself went to his reward without ever having heard it," said the advance agent, "for none of the people ever got up nerve enough to tell him that he had been taken in."

"It was years ago in Baltimore. Jefferson opened on a Monday night in 'Rip Van Winkle.' The folks in front of the house cast their eyes over the ticket rack and came to the conclusion that unless something unusual was done the receipts would not be as large as they should be. Suddenly the officeboy butted in with, 'Say, why don't you have him dragged?'

"Dragged—what's that?" I asked. "Why, have him rushed after the matinee this afternoon by a howling mob of admirers. And let the bunch that does it be Johns Hopkins boys."

"I was puzzled at how Hopkins students were to be found on Marsh market space. 'Why, they ain't students at all,' explained the officeboy. 'They're bums, the worst lot of can-chasers in the town, and there are hundreds of them. For 50 cents a head for the day you can get all of them you want.'

"Our task turned out to be not so difficult after all. We got together thirty or forty and marched them all to an institution called the Workingmen's Residential club and had them washed and shaved, clothed in gay togs and put in apple pie order. 'At the conclusion it was voted that we had a crowd of seniors and freshmen that would have faded the flower of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Hopkins."

"As the spectators were filing out from the matinee at 4:30 o'clock, among them were our gaminish friends of the 'Space,' who had been let in thru the stage entrance. 'Our fellows kept things going hot until Mr. Jefferson emerged from the alley at the side of the theater. They yelled:

"'Jefferson, Jefferson, Grand old man, Let her RIP, boys, All you can, He's the stuff For me and you, Here's luck, Joe, From J. H. U.'"

"Well, sir, before Jefferson had time to recover from his surprise, they seized and carried him to the carriage, cut the traces and turned the horses loose, and howling, started up the street madly, with the driver on the box and the actor inside, followed by a mob of hundreds. They pulled him to his hotel and then as he alighted gave him cheer after cheer."

"Mr. Jefferson, absolutely ignorant of the true character of his strenuous admirers, made them a little speech from the steps of the hotel, in which he spoke of the drama and art and other things which his hearers did not know the meaning of, but which were cheered to the echo."

"Naturally, we saw to it that the omniscient eye of the press did not overlook this interesting piece of news."—Washington Star.

What Women Want to Know.

TO WHITEN THE HANDS.—Kindly inform me what will whiten the hands? Also tell me of a good toothwash?—A Reader.

A little lemon juice rubbed on the hands after washing them will act as a bleach, but if your hands are scratched or cut in anyway the lemon will be rather painful. Try drying the hands in oatmeal or cornmeal and keep a bowl of the oatmeal beside the washbasin. If you want to hasten the bleaching of your hands, wear gloves at night and use the following paste: Myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rosewater, six ounces. Melt the wax and add the powdered myrrh while still hot. Stir in the honey and rosewater and sufficient glycerine to make a "spreadable paste." Coat the hands well with the paste when you are ready to retire, and then draw on loose-fitting gloves.

There is no better toothwash than listerine and it can be obtained of any druggist. Listerine is an excellent antiseptic and you will be able to find more than one use for it.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

LINEN FOR A BRIDE.—Should a bride mark her household linen with her own initials or those of the man she is to marry? How large should the letters be on towels and napkins, and what is the best material to work them in?—Fiancee.

Anecdotes of Well-Known Folk.

THE ATTENDANT'S JOKE.

AN American, recently returned from Europe, described a dinner party at San Remo, where William Dean Howells had been the guest of honor.

"Mr. Howells talked well," he said. "He gave us many instances of feats of memory—remarkable feats of memory. He asked us, too, if we had never wondered at the memory of those attendants, in the cloakrooms of fashionable restaurants, who, without the use of checks or numbers, keep and restore to us infallibly, our hats and wraps."

"Mr. Howells, with a smile, went on to say that, after dining one evening at a restaurant in New York, he was much impressed with the assurance with which the cloakroom man picked out his hat from a hundred others that resembled it."

"How did you know that was my hat?" Mr. Howells asked.

"I didn't know, sir," the man answered. "Then," said Mr. Howells, "why did you give it to me?" "Because, sir, you gave it to me," said the cloakroom man."



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

TACTLESS INDEED.

MISS HELEN MILLER GOULD was addressing a class of young ladies on the subject of tact.

"What," said Miss Gould, "is more unpleasant, more annoying, than tactlessness? Let me tell you about a supremely tactless man."

"This man went with his wife to a dinner party. He took down to dinner a very charming woman, but the first course had hardly begun when, to his wife's dismay, he jumped up from his seat beside the lady, and making a circuit of the table, took a vacant chair beside a young matron."

"After the dinner, as the man's wife entered her carriage to drive home, she said impatiently: 'I have been dying all the evening to ask you why, after taking her down to dinner, you deserted Mrs. A. for Mrs. B.'"

"Why," said the husband, "with my back to that fire I'd have caught my death."

"Well," said the wife, "I hope you told Mrs. A. that."

"No," said the husband, "I didn't. I told Mrs. B. tho."



MISS HELEN GOULD.

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing strange!"

WASTE MEANS WEALTH.

"STUDY waste products if you would get rich," said a millionaire. "Find some way of utilizing a waste that is now dreamed worthless. Set up a little plant, buy in your waste for a few cents a ton, and extract from each ton a dollar's worth of iron, or soap, or silk, or something. Then you will soon be rolling in money."

"There was once a poor man who made soap. A by-product of the soap business was, in his day, a thick, syrupy, oily liquid that ran off from the soap kettles into the sewers by hundreds of gallons daily, for it was, you see, considered valueless. But the poor man converted this syrupy liquid into glycerine. He could get all he wanted of the liquid for nothing, and he could sell it, refined by distillation, for 25 cents a pint. He gave up soap making. He became a glycerine maker solely. Soon, too, he became a millionaire."

"Coal tar, the thick black fluid, that used to be left over from gas-making, was once thrown away. Today there is no limit to the things that coal tar gives us. It gives us saccharin, which is ninety times sweeter than sugar. It gives us scores of brilliant aniline dyes. It gives us two of our most beneficent medicines, antifebrin and antipyrin. It gives us benzine, naphtha, cresote and carbolic acid. And each of the men who, looking into the ugly and vile depths of this coal-tar fluid, found there a thing of value, became rich."

"Poor men become rich men, not by following the old, beaten, crowded roads, but by striking out new roads for themselves. Over the marshes of the world's waste it is possible, believe me, to strike out many an easy and short cut to the city of success."

TOBACCO IN SHAKSPERE'S DAY.

THE antiquary took down a little brown book dated 1573. "This little book," he said, "describes English life in Shakspeare's youth. It has a passage on tobacco that should interest you. A pipe, in this passage, is said to resemble in form a ladle. It does resemble a ladle, doesn't it?"

The passage in the old book ran: "In these daies the taking in of the smoke of the Indian herbe called Tobacco by an instrument formed like a little ladle, whereby it passeth from the mouth into the hed and stomach, is gretlie taken vp and vsed in England against Rewmes and some other diseases ingendured in the lunges and other parts, and not without effect."

The herbe Tobacco is commonly of the height of a man, with grete long leaves; the colour of the floure is carnation, resembling that of the lemmon in form, the roote yellow with many filletes.

"The first taste of Tobacco's smoke is vile, but aromatick and swete enough it becomes with usage, so as to make men its slaves. It is best taken with wine or beere."

THE DUMP BOSS.

THERE are forty or fifty dump bosses in almost every large city. These men live in shanties on those low-lying and outlying urban tracts that need to be filled in. It is their duty to watch over the rubbish deposited on their tracts, to see that none of it is of a pernicious nature—that none of it, for instance, includes the carcasses of dogs or cats.

"I get," said a Philadelphia dump boss, "four dollars a week, free rent, and the disposal of any dumpage of value. 'Tin cans, for instance, belong to me if they are dumped here. Lots of them are dumped here, and I make a pretty penny out of them. They are turned, you know, into tin soldiers and so forth."

"Corks are another requisite. Many and many an old broken bottle on this dump has a good big cork in it. I get 8 cents a pound for all the corks I find."

"Old shoes are never too old to be sold. They have always on good piece—the piece over the instep—that can be used again. The smaller pieces of good leather cut out of them are made into purses and wristlets."

"Egg shells also have a value. Something like a million pounds of eggshell is used every year in the manufacture of kid gloves and print calicos."

"Do you see those eighteen barrels behind there? Well, each of those barrels contains its own variety of assorted marketable dumpage. Each will sell, when filled, at a good price. There are fifty-seven varieties of marketable dumpage, and some dumps yield all the varieties. 'Mine yields twenty-nine.'"

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 86 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cynthia West-Over Alden, founder and president general. MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS. Room 64, Loan and Trust Building, 318 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Telephone, N. W. Main 1253. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sunshine department of The Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Mrs. Theodore Hayes.

Little Things. It is the little things in life that count big when results are estimated by He who sees and understands. It is the little nods and smiles, the cheerful words, little in themselves, perhaps, but containing a wonderful power in uplifting a despondent, sorrowing spirit, the little loving, kindly deeds, that bring a flood of warm, bright sunshine into the life that is under the shadow, and all of those little seeds of sunshine scattered every day by you will take deep root, spring up and bear the fruit of peace and joy for you in this present life, and a fuller, richer happiness in the life to come.

"The little things in life I love— A song, a word, a smile, An hour of happy blue above 'Neath which I walk the while. For at the best, tho be our state The peasant's or the king's, This life is a mosaic, great— But made from little things."

Sunshine for Mother. If you have a dear mother living, give her every bit of sunshine you can, for you owe her a debt of gratitude for her goodness to you which you never can repay, and if your mother has gone out of your life as far as bodily presence is concerned, cherish her memory and show your continued love for her by living as she would wish you to live.

Who Shall Be Fairest? Who shall be fairest? Who shall be rarest? Who shall be first in the songs that we sing? She who is kindest, When Fortune is blindest, Bearing thru winter the blooms of the spring.

Charm of our gladness, Friends of our sadness, Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing! She shall be fairest. She shall be rarest. She shall be first in the songs that we sing! —Charles Mackay.

The Best of Life. What is the best portion of your life? Is it the winning of your way in the world of business—continued success in your chosen vocation—the accumulation of wealth—the acquisition of power politi-

cially, socially or otherwise, and the admiration or envy of your acquaintances because of your apparent prosperity? There are many men of many minds in the universe, and likewise varying ideas as to what is really and truly the best portion of life as it exists today, but as much as we admire the man or woman who by unceasing energy and unremitting toil secures the good things mentioned above, which all so much desire, yet we cannot but agree with the sentiments expressed by the poet Wordsworth in the following lines: "The best portion of a good man's life is still His little nameless unremembered acts Of kindness and of love."

What Are You Doing? We want every branch of the International Sunshine Society in the state of Minnesota to send in a report headquarters at least once a month a state of what they are doing in the scattering of sunshine, which all so much desire, yet we cannot but agree with the sentiments expressed by the poet Wordsworth in the following lines: "The best portion of a good man's life is still His little nameless unremembered acts Of kindness and of love."

What Is Sunshine. Sunshine is the constant demonstration in your own every-day living of that love for your fellowmen that will make the world better and brighter for yourself and others. Sunshine is that love that will continually shine forth from your life in cheerful smiles, kind words and helpful deeds into every other life that touches your own. Sunshine is that love that impels you to "rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that mourn."

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