

With the Long Bow.

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

GENERAL KUROPATKIN is watching General Linévitch's preparations with a sad, weeping-willow smile.

A cheap medical lack of authority somewhere has given it out that marriage is a disease. A man with ideas like that will be beating his wife in a few years.

A Carnegie hero who was about to save a train from going thru a burning bridge in Indiana, hurried away so quickly to put in his application for a slice of the Carnegie fund that he neglected to stop the train, and the wreck occurred after all.

It is not a bad idea to edit a little garden in the back yard, for exercise merely and not for publication.

Adam owned the earth, but was not a capitalist because he did not have "the gang" fixed so they were obliged to work for him. The trouble was, that there wasn't any public then to be worked.

Dr. Elgardo Eumanus is an expert on diseases emanating from cigaret smoking and has made a careful study of the burners of the oiled waste cylinder from start to finish. Of the characteristics of the cigaret smoker, Dr. Eumanus says: "When young, he develops a tendency to offensively and presumptuously intrude himself and his opinions where they are not wanted, but a small show of firmness causes him to beat a hasty retreat, feeling keenly the humiliation attendant upon his discomfiture. He lacks will power, is sluggish in body; imaginative, but lacking in executive action, and thus unable to bring to legitimate and fruitful conclusion any of his mental conceptions."

It is clear that the doctor has been riding in the back vestibules of the street cars.

"Mother's Face Against the Tank, or the Dangers of Drink," is the latest story from Long Prairie. The city reservoir of Long Prairie, according to the report, is located on a hill near town. It is of wood, and for years has been sufficient for the duties imposed upon it. The other day a woodpecker touched up the tank for a few pecks of trouble, and whether it sounded hollow, and she decided to locate a nest therein, or whether she detected a germ in the water supply and was boring for it, nobody knows. At any rate by Monday night she had drilled a hole thru the outside layer of planking and was ready for the home stretch.

The honorable superintendent of the water department heard that a woodpecker was working for her board on the north side of the tank and sent a boy and an airgun. The bird, however, was resting her head in a near-by oak tree and escaped the annoyance of the water department's sharp-shooter.

Tuesday morning she started in again and finally tapped the artesian basin. The puncture was low down on the tank, and until the two damaged planks were replaced, the town went dry, showing that it was a very large hole or a very small water supply. The bird was much astonished at tapping a good flow of water at so high an altitude and quit work at once until her prospective nest was dewatered. Then the Long Prairie waterworks force came out, cussed all birds, and mended the tank.

Hugo Suderman in an article in the Chicago Tribune states that in some cases plants have finer sensibilities than mortals, and that praise and love are real factors in plant growth. Colonel Andraede, in an account of his life in Mexico, tells an extraordinary story of the power exercised over two plants and the results. He chose two flowering plants of the same kind, both in equally good health and just bursting into generous bloom. Standing near one, he put forth all his will power, bidding it obey him. He commanded it to develop courage and sturdiness, to rejoice in its health and strength, and to develop in sweetness and beauty to the utmost of its power.

Every day he lingered near the plant for a considerable time, giving it all the moral encouragement possible, praising it, flattering it, coaxing it, and, in fact, making absolute love to it. The plant responded in the most remarkable manner to this stimulating treatment, producing finer blossoms than had ever before been seen of the sort, and sending forth, as tho in gratitude, a richer, rarer perfume.

On the other plant the colonel tried a variety of malicious mental malpractice. He disparaged it, scolded it, sneered at its flowers, and was altogether so cruel and unkind that in three days the barely opened blossoms began to wither, and within a month the plant actually withered away and died.

The colonel thinks that he has the key to the fact why plants grow better for some people than for others. The lucky ones love their plants and unconsciously stimulate them to greater endeavor. One farmer will look over his cabbages and remark:

"Them's the finest cabbages in this township."

And the cabbages stimulated by his praise, just lift themselves out of the ground. On the other hand a pessimistic farmer looking at his cabbage field, remarks gloomily:

"Dum them weeds, it's pretty hard to tell whether they are cabbages or burdocks."

And the cabbages, discouraged and disheartened, do not try to do much and become the prey of the first cabbage worms that come along. Let us be careful and treat our vegetables with kindness if we are to get results.

-A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

- Homegrown asparagus, 9 and 10 cents. Peas, 12 cents a quart. Beans, 20 cents a pound. Carrots and beets, 10 cents a bunch. Turnips, 5 cents a bunch. Cucumbers, 10 to 15 cents apiece. Spinach, 8 to 10 cents a peck. Celery, 15 cents a bunch. Strawberries, 10 to 12 cents. Pineapples, large, 15 to 20 cents. Limes, 25 cents a dozen. Wintergreen berries, 15 cents a quart.

An attractive addition to the vegetable stalls is the bunches of violets and cowslips sold there for 5 cents a bunch. More of these would be sold if people knew that they could be regularly secured thru this avenue, as many wild flower lovers find it impossible to get out to the woods and fields to pick them for themselves.

The coming of homegrown asparagus is welcomed by all lovers of this popular and wholesome esculent. When fresh, the thick purplish stalks are tender to the very end, if they are properly cooked. In order to accomplish this, retie the stalks into bunches after washing and stand them up in a saucapan so the tips are out of water and cover while cooking. In this way the steam will cook the tips without overdoing the process. There are a variety of ways of cooking asparagus, but to most tastes nothing surpasses the plain-boiled vegetable liberally dressed with melted butter.

The wintergreen berries with the brilliant scarlet hue give an attractive bit of color to the fruit stall. The lover of this daintily perfumed berry should buy it whenever the chance offers, for this does not happen many days of the year.



GOALS TO NEWCASTLE. The Lake Dweller—By Gee, I will have fish for supper.

Incident in a Tearoom

IT HAPPENED in Field's tearoom. It was at the rush hour and two busy professional girls wandered in and seated themselves at a table for four. The other two chairs already were occupied by two very well-known North Side society women, who were not strangers, by sight, to the two professional women, but to whom the professional women were strangers. The one was a matron, young, handsome, noted for her gentle charm of manner and the winsomeness she has brought with her from the south. The other was a member of a northern family, long accustomed to the best in life, independent, intellectual and assertive. They were discussing a servant in tones which could not fail to reach the ears of the two professional women.

"Well, you're a wonder if you can get along with her," said the northerner. "I never had such a vixen in the house. And deceitful! Why a thief in the night is an honest man compared to her."

"Well, that is certainly strange," answered the southerner. "I have never had a better maid. She is respectful, interested, and most susceptible to kindness, even if her temperament is somewhat peculiar."

"As I say, I don't understand it at all," returned the northerner. "I tried to do everything I could for her, but she's left no stone unturned to do me harm ever since I discharged her. But you're such a saint—"

"Nonsense," interrupted the southerner, and just then the young girl who had taken their orders hurried in with a flushed face.

"Sorry, ladies," she said, "but we are all out of chicken pie."

"Oh, now, that's too bad," said the southerner, "but we can order something else."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," cried the northerner. "Perhaps if we hadn't been forced to wait ages to get our orders filled we could have had what we wanted. Give me what you've brought in."

The girl was not accustomed to the tone of superior command, and she winced.

The southerner looked up and smiled at the girl. "That's all right," she said kindly. "We are in a bit of a hurry, and we'll just make these things do today."

"Well, it makes me angry," went on the northerner as the girl turned to do the serving. "Why don't you have enough prepared to serve your customers?" she demanded.

"I have nothing to do with that part of it, ma'am," the girl answered quietly.

The northerner stiffened. "I hate a maid who will answer back," she snapped. "There, now, you've spilled the water."

"I-I beg pardon, ma'am," said the maid, her voice quivering, "but I—"

"There, never mind," said the southerner, "we'll put the napkin over it, so."

The girl straightened with the understanding of sympathy, and laid the table neatly. When she turned away the northerner cried with exasperation:

"For myself, I can't endure a fawning maid. All I've got to say to you is, you're too good. No wonder your maids stay if that's the way you treat them. Who wouldn't? When I want a maid, I want a maid, not a friend."

"Well, and don't you succeed?" said the southerner mischievously, and she refused to return to the subject of the first girl.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Women Want to Know.

BRODERIE ANGLAISE.—What is meant by the term "Broderie Anglaise," that I see in fashion letters and embroidery advertisements so much now?—Ignorant. Broderie Anglaise is the old-fashioned Maderia work which our grandmothers made for themselves. It is the cut work embroidery on fine mull or linen, in white embroidery cotton.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

A RESTLESS CHILD.—What shall I do about my 1 1/2-year-old boy? He kicks off the covers at night as fast as we can put them on. Would punishment be the right remedy, or is it better to try something else, and what?—A Mother.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

CHEATING IN EXAMINATIONS.

"EXAMINATION time is not far off," said a school-teacher. "I suppose a number of my boys are already beginning to evolve new ideas in cribs."

"I have taught boys and girls for seven years. I have never yet seen a boy who wouldn't cheat in an examination if he got a chance. I have never yet seen a girl who would cheat under any circumstances. They say that women are more deceitful than men. It can't be true.

"I have a collection of captured cribs of considerable ingenuity. One crib is a book, circular in form, of the size to fit in a watchcase. There are thirty finely written pages to the book; it contains all the more difficult propositions in plane geometry. The creator of this crib had it in his watch and had been consulting it without detection for two hours when, unluckily, someone joggled his arm, and the crib fell to the floor.

"I have a yellow leadpencil with the kings of England and the dates and results of all the important battles of English history written on it.

"I have a penknife and an eraser that are well hieroglyphed. They contain the irregular French verbs.

"Once, in a geography examination, I saw a boy looking at his shoe a good deal. I found that he had written on his shoe the capitals of the principal countries of the world.

"Few boys use their cuffs as cribs. Black writing on white linen is too easily seen, too dangerous. The cuff as a crib is obsolete.

"The nails of the left hand, in the case of boys who can write finely enough, will often contain a great number of Latin rules, Greek verbs, dates, and such like valuable information. The nails make one of the best and safest cribs known to schoolmasters.

"I never punish boys who cheat. Some of the nicest boys I know have been caught cheating. To cheat in examinations is, perhaps, boy nature.

"A wolf in a cage, if the door is left open, will escape. A prisoner in a prison, if his cell is left unlocked, will run away. A boy in an examination, unless he is watched cautiously, will cheat. Maybe he is no more to blame than the wolf or the convict."

OPENING A BANK ACCOUNT.

TO OPEN accounts in the best American banks is almost as difficult as to become a member of a famous club. The best banks, being overrun with business, can afford to choose their patrons. They choose only the most upright and the most prosperous men.

This assertion was made the other day by a bank president. He added that it was well for the poorest people to have bank accounts on which checks could be drawn, because such accounts were a convenience and because they encouraged economy, but it was impossible for the poor to use the renowned banks in this way—they must use the reliable, but little known ones, of which there was a sufficient number.

He spoke of a noted Philadelphia bank that allowed no one not properly introduced to open an account with it, and of a New York bank, equally strict, that obliged its patrons to agree never to let their balances fall below \$500. In these banks a man would be ashamed to start an account with less than \$2,000 or \$3,000.

He said that the Bank of England, perhaps the most famous bank in the world, would accept no new depositor who was not introduced by an old depositor in good standing, and the minimum sum with which an account could be opened with this hoary institution was \$2,500.

Small banks, of little reputation, allowed anyone to walk in with a hundred dollars, sign his name, deposit his money, and walk out with a checkbook, an accredited depositor with all the privileges of a millionaire.

MOTH-PROOF CLOTH.

THE April sunlight was warm, and the man in the heavy green overcoat was warm also. He entered his tailor's. "Store this coat for me till next winter," he said. "I'll not need it any more now. And use plenty of camphor on it to keep out the moths."

The tailor pulled a thread from the coat and put it in his mouth. "You'll need no camphor to keep the moths out of this coat," he said. "It is moth-proof now. A moth wouldn't touch it with a forty-foot pole."

"Why not?" "Because there is arsenic in the green dye used in coloring the cloth. Arsenic is poison. A moth that ate a piece of arsenic-dyed overcoat would be committing suicide. Moths are tenacious of life, and they can tell arsenic at once. Hence your green coat will be safe from their ravages."

HOW WINES ARE COLORED.

MOST people think white grapes make white wine, and dark grapes make red wine," said a vintner. "That is a popular error.

"Red wine is made by fermenting grape juice and grape skins together, the skins giving the color, and white wine is made by fermenting grape juice alone.

"The juice of white and of dark grapes doesn't differ in hue. In each sort of grape the juice is almost colorless, like the weakest lemonade.

"Champagne, one of the dearest of the white wines, is made of a grape so dark as to be nearly black. But the juice of that nearly black grape is quite as pale as the juice of the blondest white grape."



ILL-TIMED. The Drone—"Got a lucifer about yer, Matey?" —The Tatler.

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God Knoweth Best. What I do, thou knowest not best, but thou shalt know better—John, 13:7. Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned. And sun and stars forevermore have set. The things that our weak judgments here have spurned. The things we've which we grieved with lashes we. Will flash before us, out of life's dark night. As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans were right. And how what seemed reproof was love most true. And we shall see how, while we frown and fub. God's plans go on as best for you and me. How when we called, He heeded not our cry. Because His wisdom to the end could see; And even as wise parents disallow. Too much of sweet to craving babyhood. So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now. Life's sweetest things because "it seemeth good."

But not today. Then be content, poor heart; God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold; And when, thru patient toil, we reach the land, Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest. When we shall clearly see and understand, I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

Coreopsis Thimble Bee. Mrs. D. F. Reynolds of 2616 Pillsbury avenue will entertain the Coreopsis branch thimble bee tomorrow at 2 p.m. It is hoped all members will come and bring a friend, as there is a great deal of work to be done. —Mrs. C. S. Hawley, Secretary.

The Reason Why. Those people who have few friends and wonder and worry over the fact and cannot understand why other men and women all about them are blessed with many friends and they with so few have not far to seek for "the reason why."

The reason why some have few friends is because they cannot forgive others' failings. A happy, generous nature will overlook what a selfish, narrow nature will regard as an impediment to future friendship. Who wishes to have friends must be willing to see and admire their virtues and overlook their faults. Many of the disappointments that blight the tender blossoms of friendship might be averted if we did not expect too much from others, but satisfy ourselves in accepting and returning little kindnesses and attentions in a gracious way. A smile and a pleasant word cost nothing and is the sunshine way.

Sunny and Funny. One sick woman not long ago asked for a pair of opera-glasses. Perhaps this is one of the funniest of all the sunny stories told in Sunshine work. She had been an invalid all her life and had never journeyed twenty miles from home. Most of her time had been spent in bed. Still she

insisted on having a pair of opera-glasses, keeping her reason close to herself. "She wants a pair of opera-glasses," I said, "and I am sure somebody has a pair to pass on if I make the fact known." After she had sent thanks for the gift, which promptly came in response to the call from the Sunshine society, I insisted on knowing why an invalid living away out in the country should long for such an article. What do you think she replied? You would never guess, so I might just as well tell you. She and a sister live on a farm and raise turkeys as a means of livelihood. "You see," she wrote, "our turkeys are so wise that when they think it is time to be driven in for the night they go off and hide. It makes sister walk, and walk, and walk, oh, so far round and about the farm to stir up those wicked little fellows. When my couch is pulled up into the bay-window I am so pleased that with the opera-glasses I can scan the whole meadow. I can now keep track of Mr. Turkey-leader and am able to tell my sister at night just where to look for him."

Pennies for Sunshine. A unique way of gathering in pennies is to have each member of your branch make a block for a quilt. Designate the size of the one desired, and ask that it be pieced and embroidered in crazy pattern. Let each one contribute a penny for each piece in her block. The one having the largest number takes all the blocks. The money goes for your good cheer work.

Sunshine Sympathy. On this matter of sunshine sympathy it is "more blessed to give than to receive," for the giver enjoys the purest happiness that can enter life here upon earth, and partakes of one of the joys of heaven. To find a really brave soul by the way-side of life crushed and beaten by adversity, to be permitted to bind up the bleeding wounds and lift the injured one upon his feet and direct him to the right road for peace and safety, is the sweetest privilege that can come to any of us, and while performing this gentle deed of mercy, no thought of payment will ever occur to us. Afterwards we will realize that we received our reward in having had the opportunity itself.

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