

With the Long Bow.

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

THERE is one Russian, a colonel in the army, too, who doesn't care. We refer to Colonel Tootsievitch Rom-anoff, the heir to the crown.

An autolawn mower has been made that tears the spinach from the lawn with the easy facility of a cross father ripping his tired son out of bed at 8 a.m.

If Russia cannot do anything in the Orient, the time seems to be ripe for the Moscovite to yump heavily on Sweden and Norway and provide them a little canned bur-reaucracy. The brother folk seem to have furnished an opening.

If you neglect to put in your coal today or tomorrow the coal man will double your fine.

Why kill your fellow man when it is so much pleasanter to get together and settle it up—and cheaper, too?

A well-known Kenwood statesman was seen coming down-town yesterday morning with the rheumatism and two um-brellas. Who has lost an umbrella?

Having had the loop-the-loop machine of sudden death and other aerial stunts of interest particularly to the cor-ner, we are not so much horrified as formerly at the killing of a few thousand Russians.

Do you ever get a little choice information by listening at the telephone? California has just adopted a law that ought to do something to put an end to the contemptible practice of eavesdropping on party telephone lines. Under the provisions of the law, persons caught listening are liable to five years or less in the state penitentiary; imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year; a fine not exceed-ing \$5,000; or both fine and imprisonment.

The Housekeeper magazine, without which it would be pretty difficult to keep house, recently sent its associate editor, Miss Marian Bonsall, to Utah to study the conditions there and gain, if possible, an insight into the home life of the Mormons and its effect upon women. Miss Bonsall has returned with a story that will interest, thrill and arouse every man and woman in this country. Miss Bonsall says: "If there was a stronger word than tragedy to use to describe the lives of many of the women, I would use it. What they suffer in the name of their religion is beyond belief."

Just what Miss Bonsall has discovered we do not know, but it can be imagined. Think of dividing your man up among four or five other ladies, of never knowing when the rugs are to be beaten or the screens to be put on, and you may get a taste of the tragedy that comes into the life of every Mormon woman. For the next few months we shall seize our Housekeeper with feverish expectancy of the worst.

A variety of intoxication now in vogue in Kansas is called "the jerky drunk." It is caused by drinking patent medicine which gets on the nerves until the result is only about two whoops from St. Vitus dance.

Did you ever know Lydia Johnson? Lydia was working in Denver a few years ago for about \$3 a week. The family was in moderate circumstances, Johnson, his wife and daughter all being employed and each contributing to the family fund. Then, one day, the father was killed in an elevator in the Jackson building. The money required to defray funeral expenses took the little savings, and the mother and daughter were left practically destitute.

After "scrimping" and getting along the best way they could, it became a case of ask for help or starve, and Lydia Johnson went to the charity organization and briefly stated the condition in which she and her mother were placed. Investigation was made and her story proved true. Mrs. George of the charitable society became interested in the girl and often went to visit the home on the North Side. One day as she went up the steps to the porch she heard someone singing. It proved to be Lydia, and, pleased with the girl's voice, Mrs. George questioned her.

"I want to be a prima donna," promptly answered Lydia. "and I'm going to be, too; you just wait and see." In the course of a year or two Mrs. Johnson and Lydia went to New York. How they managed to scrape together money enough is a mystery to Mrs. George, for she was not asked for aid. Now the news has reached Denver from Paris that Lydia, penniless and alone, but pronounced by Marchesi to have one of the finest voices ever heard, is working in a factory for the smallest of wages, never swerving, however, in her determination to become a great singer "some day," when fortune condescends to smile.

The Denver charity organization, however, having been made aware of the condition of the girl thru a letter written by the mother, who is in New York, to Mrs. Fred Dick of Denver, is going to take the matter up and endeavor to raise a fund sufficient to support the young aspirant for fame until she becomes far enough advanced as a singer to earn money enough to pay for further instruction.

The letter from Mrs. Johnson is a pitiful one, for the reason that she is almost starving herself, but does not ask for a penny. All she wants is that money be sent Lydia in order that the girl may be able to take lessons of a good teacher. Lydia, it seems, worked her way across the ocean in the steerage and secured a place in a factory where she now is.

When you sit down to your comfortable dinner tonight think of Lydia Johnson, sitting tired out and lonesome in Paris, but sustained by the idea that she is some day going to be a great singer. And so she is. You watch Lydia. Now don't you wish you were rich? —A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know.

NAMES FOR THE CENSUS.—Is it compulsory for one to give names to the census enumerators? What questions are people obliged to answer?—A Subscriber.

The name of every individual in your family must be given to the enumerator. The law requires that all ques-tions must be answered, and there is a severe penalty for those who refuse or fail to do so.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

LABASTER STATUE.—Can you tell me any way to clean alabaster statuary? I have several pieces that are not only much soiled from exposure to dust, but are also dis-colored in places. I should like to know the best way to clean and whiten them again in a way that would not be harmful to the alabaster. Will you kindly answer this as soon as possible?—A Subscriber.

FISH THAT CAN'T SWIM.

"THE seahorse is a fish that can't swim," said an angler. "The seahorse is a beautiful little creature. It looks like the knight in a set of chessmen. In an upright position it floats thru the water, guided only by currents, powerless to swim an inch.

"The malitia of Brazil is a fish that looks like a frog. It never leaves the bottom. It can hop, walk and run, but swim it can't.

"The starfish can't swim. It walks on the points of its rays, or fingers."



"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB— It Followed Her to School One Day—"

"Lovely Napoli"; or Done by the Dago

REWARD OFFERED—I will pay one million dollars for a Christian stomach. —The Wandering Jew.

It is not strange that I am a pessimist. My indigestion began several hundred years ago. I have tried every known remedy, and now I offer this magnificent reward. If my testimonials were not so valuable, I should be obliged to die a poor man, but the fact that I have survived their treatment has been worth a good deal of money to me as well as to the doctors.

I have nothing to complain of the way they have paid for my signature, but as soon as I signed the testimonial I al-ways had a relapse. Then they wanted me to give them a rebate, but my conscience would not let me do it.

My dyspepsia was brought on by associating with a Persian who was writing a book called a "Rubbyat." He acted like a man who had been jilted, but I could not sense all he wrote. He had what he called a "cellular hypothesis" that ran like this:

"The true Ego is a cell, and the size of the cell is the same as the size of the individual."

I was just begin-ning to think he was right when he died.

After that I could eat nothing, and a doc-tor told me it was be-cause my eyes were larger than my stom-ach. He gave me glass-es of a hundred kilom-eters' reduction, so that a plate of por-ridge looked no larger than a spoonful. But still I was unhappy.

The next doctor threw my glasses away and said: "What we need is to get back to nature. Observe the common fowls. With their food they eat lit-tle stones, but man ac-tually drinks water with his meals! The patients in my sana-torium eat pounded oyster shells twice a day."

I stayed a few years at his sanatorium, but as soon as I had given him a testimonial I had a dreadful relapse.

The next doctor said that I must have an operation for the removal of the oyster shells. I was duly chloroformed, and when I "came to" the doctor told me that he had put a tin elbow in my alimentary canal. This was an operation which he had recently invented and he promised to name it after me.

That tin elbow worried me night and day. I heard of some new people who gave mental treatments, and they said at once that they could remove it. After three weeks of absentminded treat-ment the tin elbow disappeared. But the indigestion was as bad as ever.

After a time I tried another doctor, who made no mental pretensions whatever. His theory was that "like cures like," and he prescribed a diet of tripe. This sounded very sensible, but I probably did not get the right kind of tripe, for it failed to cure me permanently.

Whenever I had a relapse, the specialist to whom I had just given a testimonial advised me to try a change of climate, so I traveled a good deal. Out in Montana I met the seventh reincarnation of the yellow dog on whom the Persian tried each verse of his book before he sent it to the printer. Lately I have been standing on one foot for hours at a time. Some physical culture people said that this would surely cure me. One meal a day is all that I allow myself. Every health food advertised in the back of the magazines distress me beyond measure, and so my butler serves only a few roots and berries. Some are unkind enough to say the trouble is with my conscience on account of those re-bates, but how can that be when I freely offer to give away a million dollars of good money in exchange for a Christian stomach?

Alas—that I still remain, —The Wandering Jew!

SIGNS OF IGNORANCE.

IN THE large towns of Japan the shop signs that are in English are perfectly grammatical, but in the interior villages, tho there is an ardent love of English signs, the knowledge of the language is less profound.

Here are some English shop signs that a traveler collected in the interior of Japan last year.

"Extract of Fowl, Sanitary Cake and Improved Milk."

"Foreign Liquor shop. Intoxicated liquors and cigars. Man of War Beer."

"One Price Shop. Do Not Be cheapen, no Take."

"The shirts tailoring shop. Callers cafts stashed shirts."

"Treating house of all mineral matters." (This was a hardware shop.)

"General spectacles and medicines."

A String of Good Stories.

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

THE THIN WATCH.

"THE THINNER the watch, the more fashionable it is," said a jeweler. "The leading makers of Switzer-land, France and England are all advertising now, 'The thinnest watch in the world,' and undoubtedly the watches they are turning out are very waterlike.

"Men for years have wanted a thin watch. Now their want can be gratified. This beautiful Swiss watch here is, you see, no thicker than a silver dollar.

"You will show an ignorance of the fashion if, in buy-ing a watch, you fail to buy one of the incredibly thin ones."

CRUEL BUT POETICAL.

"THE GROOM was laming the horse, actually laming him."

The speaker, a groom himself, described something he had seen in Budapest the year before. He went on: "Yes, sir. He drove a nail thru the shoe deep into the hoof. Then he walked the poor nag about a bit. It limped scandalous."

"Well," said I, "you ought to be hamstringed. That mare is worth a thousand dollars. What do you want to lame her for?"

"The groom pointed to the black mourning band around his sleeve above the elbow.

"My master's funeral is today," he said. "My master was a cousin of the royal family. Here in Austria, when any member or relative of the royal family dies, his horse follows the hearse, covered with a black cloth, and lame in one foot.

"After the funeral I'll remove this nail. Then the mare will be as well as ever again."

"I thought," the groom concluded, "that the custom was cruel, but it seemed to me poetical. A dead man's horse, in its black blanket, limping behind the hearse, makes a sad picture."

Curios and Oddities.

HEAT HOLIDAYS.

"THE heat holiday," said a schoolteacher, "is a Swiss novelty that we ought to introduce here. It is not right for us to treat our schoolchildren in the matter of weather as we do.

"The Swiss have a maximum temperature for school. When the thermometer goes above that maximum, there is no school, whether the month be April, May or September. The children, in the insufferable heat, are free to bathe in tinkling brooks, to picnic in cool groves, or to boat on the windwept lakes.

"The Swiss recognize that we can impose no greater suffer-ing on little children than to confine them for long hours at a stretch in an intolerably hot schoolroom. They know that children cannot, under such conditions, learn a thing. Hence the school directors are wise enough, by making these heat holidays, to save the teachers and the children much misery and much wasted time."

THE PROFESSIONAL CHRISTENER.

EVERY large collar factory employs one man whose duty it is to name the dozens of new styles of collars that each season puts forth.

This man must be able to select names that have an aristo-cratic or a "catchy" sound—names like "Rugby," "Clair-mont," "Stratford," "Vere," "Veribest," "Swagger," and so on.

The man, furthermore, must keep himself versed in the christening operations of all other collar factories, so as not to select names that have already been adopted.

Christeners are a feature of modern business life. Every commodity requires an attractive name. Palace cars, teas, ships, shoes, tinned biscuits, automobiles and innumerable other things need to be christened, and the employee who combines with his other duties the invention of good names is sure of a high place on the payroll.

TONS OF DIAMONDS.

"ALTHO the diamond is the hardest substance known," said a chemist, "don't test its hardness with a hammer."

"No, I won't," was the reply. "To tell a real diamond from a false one—a paste or glass one—" the chemist continued, "put each in turn on your tongue. The real diamond will be ever so much colder than the false stone.

"There are men at work in every large city in the world—not cranks, but intelligent, highly educated men—trying to manufacture diamonds. Real diamonds, as you know, have been manufactured, but they cost more than the mined ones. If one of these experimenters succeeds in manufacturing real diamonds at a cost of \$30,000,000 a ton, (and you'd think he could do it for that, wouldn't you?) he would in a short time out-Rockefeller Rockefeller in wealth."

What the Market Affords.

- PINEAPPLES, 8 to 20 cents. Olives, stuffed with nuts, 35 cents a bottle. White maraschino cherries, 65 cents a pint. Marrons in vanilla syrup and in brandy, 60, 75 cents and \$1. Crystallized cumquats, 65 cents a jar. West India lime juice, 30 and 50 cents. Preserved tamarinds, 85 cents. German strawberries, \$1 a jar. Preserved guava, 45 cents. Fruit-melange, 65 cents.

This is the season for making pineapple delicacies, for the pines are good and cheap, and many cooks are putting up berries now, for homegrown fruit is seldom as cheap as that shipped in. Here is a good pineapple marmalade: Pineapple Marmalade.—Remove the skin and eyes from the pineapples. Then grate the pulp from the hard center. Weigh the pulp and juice. Allow the juice of a lemon and three-fourths to one pound of sugar to each pound of pulp and juice. Let the pineapple simmer over the fire until well-scalded. Then add the lemon juice and the sugar, made hot in the oven, and let cook until, when tested on a cold saucer, no watery liquid separates from the mass. Store as jelly.

New Beet-and-Bermuda Onion Salad.—Slice, crosswise, two peeled Bermuda onions as thin as possible, sprinkle lightly with salt, and pour over a little vinegar. Let stand in a cold place for about an hour. Cook three red beets, plunge them in cold water to rub off the skins, then cut them in thin slices, and the slices in narrow strips. When cold, put the beets into a bowl with the drained onions, sprinkle with salt and paprika, and pour over four or five table-spoonfuls of oil. Toss and mix for some time, adding more oil, if needed, to coat the whole thoroughly. Then add about two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and mix again. Serve on a bed of lettuce leaves carefully washed and dried.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 98 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cynthia West and Avenue B, Minneapolis. 412 Twenty-second and Avenue B, Minneapolis. Minnesota Headquarters. Room 64, Loan and Trust Building, 412 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Telephone, N. W. Main 1226. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sun-shine department of The Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Mrs. Theodore Hayes.

What Are You Doing?

What are you doing to help make the people all about you better and happier? What are you doing to comfort the sick and cheer the lonely ones of earth? What are you doing to brighten the lives of those who are under the shadows and who weary and discouraged are hungry for your sunshine?

You may have troubles of your own and in brooding over them have thought you had no time for the cheering up of other folks, but just quit thinking about yourself for an hour or so and try to do something for the happiness of somebody in your own home or in your neighbor-hood and see how quickly your troubles will grow small or disappear entirely and your heart will be glad because of that good feeling inside which is sure to come with the doing of a kindly deed.

Smile. Smile and the world is with you, Smile when it rains amuck; Just look serene and keep your nerve, No matter how tough the luck.

For the heart that can bear a burden Is the one that will surely win, And the storm is blowing hard, Just set your teeth and grin.

Remember the folks that love you, Who know that your aim is true, And prove, like a gallant hero, Their estimate of you.

For the road that is smooth and easy, And the sea that is calm and still, Can be trod or sailed by any old tramp, That has neither heart nor will. —W. T. D., Sunshine Bulletin.

Thanks. We desire to publicly express our sincere thanks to the members of the Graham Hall Sunshine club for five dollars contributed recently to our fund for state work. The generous aid thus extended is most timely and we are deeply grateful. —Mrs. Noble Darrow, State President.

Counting Your Blessings. Be ever on the lookout for mercies. They are around about you on every hand and you can see and enjoy them if you will. The more we look for blessings, the more blessings we will see and the more closely we observe our blessings, the greater do they appear. Blessings multiply and brighten in the counting.

If you desire to be gloomy you can always find gloom enough to keep you gloom, but if you want to be glad there

is always gleam enough to make and keep you happy. Forget your troubles, keep counting your blessings and do not forget to pass on to others the good things that come to you.

Happy Voices. "If you have a happy voice, That is others may rejoice; Till it soothes the mourner's woe, Peace and hope on him bestow. Breathing paths in each word, Frozen fountains may be stirred; Slumbering souls may wake again At some long-forgotten strain."

Graham Hall Sunshine Club. The Graham Hall Sunshine club met at Graham hall, 1800-1804 First Avenue S., Minneapolis, Friday.

The meeting was opened with the Lord's prayer, followed by the reading of the Sunshine society motto: Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. 'Twas not given for you alone— Pass it on. Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears. Till in heaven the deed appears— Pass it on.

It was voted to contribute 50 cents every month to the Minnesota state head-quarters Sunshine fund. Owing to the fact that a number of our members will be out of the city during the vacation period it was decided at this meeting that our club will meet but once a month during June, July and August.

Mrs. Florence Plummer, our lady di-rectress, was the bearer of much substantial sunshine in the form of clothing and books from the members of the Graham Hall Sunshine club to state Sunshine headquarters and the articles will be promptly passed on to those who are in need. —Elizabeth Martin, Secretary.

The Children's Offering. We little children gather, The brightest flowers of May, And lovingly will lay them On our soldiers' graves today.

We bring the fragrant violets— And buttercups so bright, And pure white daisies blue, For those who fought for right. Altho we are so little, We're heard of battles fought, And gladly bring our offering For those who freedom sought.

We proudly wear the colors, The red, the white, the blue, And place our flag upon the graves Of those whose lives were true. —Nellie G. Jerome.

FINED HIM JUST THE SAME

WATKINS, BANKER OF HAWAR-DEN, IOWA, CLEARED OF THE CHARGE OF JURY TAMPERING. Special to The Journal.

Sioux City, Iowa, May 30.—Fred E. Watkins, a banker of Hawarden, Iowa, accused yesterday of jury tampering, because he had a half hour's confer-ence with James E. Carter, a juror in the case of W. E. Brown, Watkins' brother-in-law, accused of fraudulent banking, was arraigned for contempt of court.

He brought out the fact that Carter had approached him and wanted a \$2,300 loan, and he said he was afraid not to meet him and talk over the mat-ter for fear he might take revenge against Brown. It appeared Watkins had made no

GIRL'S HORRIBLE DEATH

Foot Caught in Stirrup and She Was Dragged Until Lifeless. Special to The Journal.

Pierre, S. D., May 30.—A 15-year-old daughter of Edward Griffin, living near Leslie, on the Cheyenne river, was dragged to death. One foot caught in the stirrup of her saddle and she was dragged thru theactus bed and was dead when found.

Business houses generally closed and are displaying flags and bunting in honor of Memorial Day. General S. Conklin of Clark delivers the ad-dress at the state house this afternoon.

See Stockwell Soon—That life insur-ance—The Penn Mutual. Andrus bldg

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE

The ORIGINAL remedy that "kills the Dandruff Germ." GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

Herpicide Will Save It. Herpicide Will Save It. Too Late for Herpicide.

A Woman To Be Pretty must have pretty hair. Herpicide kills the dandruff germ, restores the natural luster and abundance. Almost marvelous results follow the use of Herpicide. An exquisite hair dressing. Overcomes the excessive oiliness and makes the hair light and fluffy. No grease or dye. Stops itching instantly. Drug Stores, 25¢. Send 10¢ stamps, to HERPICIDE CO., Dept. H, Detroit, Mich. for sample Special Agents

VOEGELI BROS., Cor. Hennepin and Washington Aves. and Cor. Seventh St. and Nicollet Aves. APPLICATIONS AT PROMINENT BARBER SHOPS.

Woman's Nature

Is to love children, and no home can be completely happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the ex-pectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering, danger and fear that she looks forward to the critical hour with apprehension and dread.

Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, and all unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event safely and with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold."

It is worth its weight in gold." \$1.00 per bottle of druggists. Book containing valuable information mailed free.

THE BRADFELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Friend