

A String of Good Stories.

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

A VAIN REPENTANCE.

BISHOP T. B. NEELY, the new head of the South American Methodist church, was born in Philadelphia, and in Philadelphia most of his life has been passed.

Before Bishop Neely sailed for Colon, a resident of North Broad street gave a dinner in his honor. Apropos of repentance, the distinguished clergyman told a story at this dinner, a story about a thatcher and a side of bacon.

"To many of us," said Bishop Neely, "repent of our sins as the thatcher repented, with a determination neither to make restitution nor to accept punishment. All such repentances, of course, are vain.

"The thatcher, one day, was hired to repair the kitchen roof of the village manse. There hung in the kitchen a great quantity of fine rashers of bacon; for the pastor, it seems, was a famous hograiser, and he had only recently killed and smoked the pick of his pens.

"Well, as I say, there must have been a hundred or more rashers hanging in the kitchen, and, as the thatcher worked in the frosty winter air, he grew hungrier and hungrier. He could not help thinking of the delicious smell and taste of crisp fried bacon. He could not help wishing that he was able to afford such rare food. He was, you see, a very poor man.

"Temptation conquered him as stopping time came. It was dark in the kitchen, and the cook was upstairs asleep. The thatcher crept in quietly, selected a large rasher, concealed it in his trouser leg, and departed home.

"But he could not eat the bacon. His conscience troubled him. Never before had he stolen anything. A week went by, and still the rasher hung in the thatcher's cottage untouched, and still the man's conscience was an unceasing torment.

"Finally, in a half-hearted way, he repented. He wrapped the rasher up in a newspaper, and stalked off with it to the pastor's house.

"Pastor," he said, "I am a thief. I robbed a man of this rasher of bacon. My conscience troubles me now, and I want you to tell me what to do to put it at rest."

"Do you repent?" said the pastor.

"Most sincerely," said the thatcher. "I don't want the bacon. I give it to you. Do what you please with it."

"Oh," said the pastor, "you mustn't give it to me. I don't want it. I won't have it. Take it to the owner and give it to him."

"The thatcher went away with the bacon, walked about the streets for an hour, and then returned to the pastor's again.

"I offered it to the owner, sir, and he refused it," he said.

"Refused it, did he?" said the pastor. "Doesn't need it, I suppose. Has more bacon now than he knows what to do with, eh? Well, in that case, my poor man, keep the bacon yourself. Go home, and with a clear conscience eat it with your family."

NOT TOO TRUSTWORTHY.

EX-FIRE CHIEF HUGH BONNER of New York addressed recently the Woman's Municipal league on the subject of fire peril.

At the end of his address, a woman told Mr. Bonner that she had been informed by an actor that every theater in New York was absolutely fireproof.

"Am I to trust that man?" she asked.

Mr. Bonner laughed.

"He is about as trustworthy," he replied, "as the average Alpine guide.

"Once, some years ago, a Swiss guide took an American and his daughter on an excursion upon the Jungfrau.

"As they climbed, the guide, as usual, pointed out the various objects of interest on the way. At the edge of a horrible abyss he said:

"This is where Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Swedish mountain climber, lost his life in 1897."

"But the American, who had done the Jungfrau before, said:

"Why, no, it isn't. This is not the place. Where Thorwaldsen died is two miles further on."

"Monsieur is quite right," said the guide, "but I thought it was too far for the young lady to travel."

ONLY TOO REAL.

RICHARD MANSFIELD, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised a brother actor for the realistic beauty of his stage settings.

"His doors," said Mr. Mansfield, "are real doors, with real knobs on them, real catches, and real locks. His grass is real grass. His books are real books, his food is real food, his wine is real wine, always. Sometimes, tho—"

Mr. Mansfield smiled.

"Sometimes, tho, he goes a little too far.

"Once, rehearsing a new play wherein bricks were needed, he upbraided his property man on account of the bricks that had been supplied.

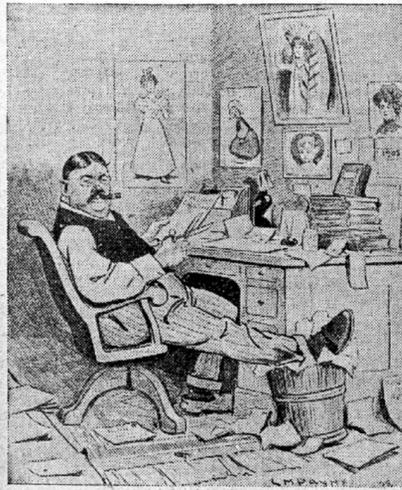
"Jenkins," he bellowed, "you disgust me."

"And he pointed, with a great gesture of contempt, at the brick lying on the stage before him.

"Jenkins, do you think," he cried, "that any sane audience would be deceived by such a palpable imitation of a brick as that?"

"And lifting his foot, he gave the brick a tremendous kick.

"Then he sat down suddenly, and took his foot in his hand, moaning. For the brick he had kicked was a real one."



PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE FAIRFAX. —From the London Sketch.



DRESS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. For the Reception of the Tax Assessor.

Jessie Bartlett Davis and the Bad Check

HE passing away of Jessie Bartlett Davis brings to the minds of her friends a host of anecdotes concerning that remarkable woman, of whose private life and prominent characteristics but little was known. Above all, she was a woman of indomitable will and with a stock of self-confidence born of a healthy outdoor life.

Not long ago Mrs. Davis was engaged to sing in a vaudeville company in this city. The manager of the theater was famous for his negligence in meeting demands of performers whom he had engaged, and, in fact, there were ugly rumors about checks bearing his signature being returned from the bank with the ominous words "No funds" written across their faces.

At the conclusion of her week's engagement Mrs. Davis received a check for her salary. That was Saturday night, and it was an open secret to everybody that she had engaged passage on a steamship leaving the following Wednesday for Europe, where she had planned to take a long rest. The proprietor of the Broadway hotel where she was stopping obligingly cashed the check. It was returned to him Tuesday afternoon as worthless.

Mrs. Davis took back the repudiated paper and smiled grimly. "I will make it all right this evening," she said.

Armed with a stout cane, she went to the manager's office that evening, the stick serving as an excuse for a limp due to a "slight sprain," she announced. The manager received her with evident embarrassment, and listened to the story of the check told quietly and in moderate language.

"It was a mistake on the part of my book-keeper," he explained. The stupid fellow should have known that the manager's account in that particular bank had been closed out long ago. But if Mrs. Davis would wait a few minutes he would give her a check on another bank which would be honored without fail.

But Mrs. Davis was not accepting checks. She was to leave for London the next morning, and nothing but the hard, cold cash would satisfy her. The manager was obdurate and Mrs. Davis politely insisted. Then it developed into a wordy war, and Mrs. Davis arose with the cane in hand. Handling it like a foil, she passed the ferrule lightly thru the glass door of the manager's office. Another pass and the ferrule broke one of the window panes. The clatter of glass brought a half-dozen employees to the spot. The manager danced around as if on a hot stove and begged her to desist. The scandal, he said, would ruin him. By way of reply Mrs. Davis punctured another window.

One of the employees, who was a relative of the manager, rushed forward to disarm her. The cane circled in the air and the man retreated nursing a big welt across the back of his head.

The audience was just entering the theater, and the crashing of glass caused many to stop and conjecture the cause. Mrs. Davis, smiling with the utmost good nature, moved to the other side of the office and gazed critically at the glass of a large picture—the manager's favorite possession.

"Stop," he almost shouted. "You shall have your money." A messenger was dispatched to the box office with an order. He returned in a few minutes with a huge roll of bills, which Mrs. Davis carefully counted and stowed away. Then, bidding the manager a smiling good-night, she swept out of the office and to her hotel, where the bad check was redeemed and added to her collection of souvenirs of her experiences on the stage.



THE MAN RETREATED, NURSING A BIG WELT ACROSS THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

NO ESCAPE.

The following telephone conversation is reported to have been heard between a certain well-known young financier and a society woman whose functions are considered somewhat boring:

"Is this Mr. —?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. —. Won't you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Monday?"

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. —, but I have an engagement for Monday."

"Can you come Tuesday, then?"

"Why, it is most unfortunate, but I have a partial engagement for Tuesday also."

"Well, how about Wednesday?"

"Oh, hang it! I'll come Monday."—Harper's Weekly.

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing strange!"

THE TOBACCO EXPERT.

"PURE TOBACCO, absolutely pure! Well, here is some. Try it."

And the tobacco expert extended to his guest a jar of dry, brownish stuff, a stuff that resembled rags and dust. The guest filled a pipe, lighted up, blew a few vile-smelling clouds, coughed, and looked grave.

"Excuse me," he said, laying the pipe aside. "This may be pure tobacco, but it looks like shoddy, and it tastes like shoddy, too."

"It is pure tobacco, all the same," said the expert. "It is the tobacco from which the best Russian cigars are made, the tobacco of the Caucasus. Properly adulterated, it makes the most aromatic smoke in the world. But pure, quite pure, it is as you see. And all tobaccos are like that. Without adulteration they are worthless.

"Nitrate must be added to smoking tobacco to make it burn well. Certain harmless chemicals must be added to make it keep well, since, otherwise, it would crumble into dust in a few months. Tobacco intended for plugs is steeped in licorice. Infinitesimal quantities of gum arabic are mixed with cigar tobacco to hold it together, so that it won't drop out in small particles from the cigar's open ends. Pipe tobaccos are often flavored with perfumes, with the oils of verberna, rose, bergamot, citronelle, cassia, catechu.

"Temperance people would be surprised if they knew that rum is much used to flavor tobacco with. Rum, in fact, is the base of nearly all tobacco-flavoring recipes. It is used, tho, in very small quantities. I have never seen a tobacco sufficiently rum-soaked to make a man drunk; and I suppose it is better to employ rum that way than to drink it."

RARITIES.

THE STAMP was round. It bore the plain inscription, "British Guiana; 2 cents." There was no ornamentation on it of any kind.

"A thousand dollars," said the dealer. "The last one I sold brought twenty more than that. If you want it you can have it for a thousand. A bargain."

"Thanks," said the collector; "I'm not looking for bargains today."

The dealer produced another stamp. "Hawaiian Postage. Two Cents," it said, and in the middle, in a scrollwork square, the figure "2" appeared.

"I can put no value on this stamp," the dealer said. "Only four copies of it are known to be in existence. To say it is worth its weight in gold would be nonsense. It would be nonsense to say it is worth its weight in diamonds. Nonsense even to say it is worth its weight in radium. It is probably the most valuable stamp in the world."

He took down a New Haven stamp, attached to its original envelope.

"These New Havens," he said, "issued by the New Haven postmaster before the government began to issue postal stationery, are very rare. I sold a New Haven last year for \$1,300. Will you have this at the same figure?"

"Not today," said the collector.

"Perhaps you'd like these two Manritius, the 'Post Office Pair,' the penny and the two-penny stamp? No collection is complete without the Mauritius 'Post Office Pair.' Their market price is \$3,900."

The collector shook his head.

"Then you'll excuse me, won't you?" said the dealer. "A red half-anna has just arrived from India, and an insurance agent is waiting in my office to insure it. He insures all my stamps."

A MUSK OAT.

"THE STRANGEST animal phenomenon I know of," said a pet stock dealer, "concerns a cat that died last month. This cat belonged to a rich woman, and whenever it sneezed it emitted a powerful odor of musk. Kept in a closed room for a few hours, it would give the room a strong musk smell.

"It was a Persian cat, with bluish hair 7 inches long. The woman brought it to me, and asked if I had ever seen anything like it. I said I hadn't, and sent her to a learned veterinarian. He said musk cats were rare, but not unknown. He offered the woman \$50 for hers. She refused, but on the cat's death she sent its body to the veterinarian for dissection, and he wrote a long article about the matter for a medical magazine."

What the Market Affords.

CLAM bouillon, 50 cents. Lime juice, 35 and 50 cents. Lemons, 10 to 20 cents.

This is the weather when one longs for iced bouillons, iced tea, frappes, sherbets and all kinds of cool drinks and desserts. A novelty for a first course for luncheon or dinner is clam-juice cocktail. If the fresh juice is used it should be simmered and skimmed and cooled, but the bottled or canned article answers very well. The canned juice is not more than half as expensive as the bottled bouillon. The clam liquor is seasoned with salt, pepper and lemon juice and poured over cracked ice in glasses.

Gingerade makes a good drink and is compounded by stewing any fruit with pulverized ginger, straining off the juice and flavoring it with lemon juice. It is then sweetened and diluted to taste with ice water.

Many do not know that strawberries may be used in a delicious fruit vinegar, exactly like raspberry vinegar. Take two quarts of either of these fruits, or blackberries, put into a stone jar and pour over them one quart of good cider vinegar. Cover and stand aside for two days, then drain off the liquor without mashing the berries; pour it over a quart of fresh fruit and let stand as before. Do this once more, the last time straining thru a muslin bag. Add one pint of sugar to every pint of the liquid; boil slowly five minutes, let stand fifteen minutes, bottle and seal.

What Women Want to Know.

MOTH MILLERS.—Will you kindly tell me thru your valued inquiry column how to rid a house of moth millers? The house has become thoroly infested with them. I should also like to know how to clean oil paintings?—Mrs. E. A. W.

As the moths are more active at night, place a lighted candle in a basin of water in the room. The moths will be attracted by the flame and will drop into the water. Sprinkle turpentine liberally in the cracks of the floor and woodwork, but be careful about using the turpentine near a light or fire.

To clean oil paintings, take as much sweet milk as will be needed and make it lukewarm with warm water. Dip a sponge into the mixture and gently wash the canvas. Dry carefully.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN A PANAMA HAT.—How can I clean a Panama hat without giving it that yellow appearance which is so often seen after such hats are cleaned? Answer soon.—A Reader.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 98 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cynthia Westover Alden, founder and president general. MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS. Room 64, Loan and Trust Building, 313 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Telephone, N. W. Main 1238. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sunshine department of The Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Mrs. Theodore Hayes.

The dormitory plan at Alfred University is slowly but surely developing. The ground has been given by the university, the roof by the Celadon Roof company of Fifth Avenue, New York, and bricks by Mr. Merrill of the controller's department at Albany. The first room assured as to furnishings is the Jersey room, branch No. 1 taking charge. There are to be at least twenty-five sleeping rooms. Who will promise to furnish one and thereby name it?

The Oliver Westover scholarship was a two-years' course arranged by advertising it in the Year-Book, and is paid in full.

The Andrew J. Rugg scholarship is provided for, and the Shredded Wheat school the Finlandia scholarship, the Minnesota scholarship, Augustus Owen scholarship is already paid in full.

The scholarships that are arranged by our board are as follows, and donations are asked for each one. Every dollar is a great help, and branches are being rapidly formed where dimes and pennies are used for this great educational work. The Captain John Casey Memorial, the George W. Tuttle Memorial, the Theodore Seward Memorial, the Sarah Smith Evans Memorial, the Rev. Seneca Howard scholarship, the Margaret Macdonald scholarship, the Frank Russell Green scholarship, the Charles D. Larkins scholarship, the Riverside scholarship branch, the Minnesota scholarship, the Minnesota scholarship.

Kindly address all communications for scholarship work to Harriet L. Macdonald, president of the scholarship work, and make all checks to Mrs. Helen Hodges, treasurer of the scholarship work.

Your Duty.

A special plea is made here for every branch president to center her whole attention to raising \$5 and subscribe for ten Bulletins for ten invalids in whom the branch is interested. It is not at all fair that those who are able to go out and attend the meetings, have pleasant times and many happy hours thru such social life should permit themselves to accept all these good things without at least thinking of one who is shut in and cannot be present. Send them one of the Bulletin. It will reach her the first of each month and keep her well informed on Sunshine work. Make it your first duty, therefore, after reading this to arrange an entertainment or a party of some kind and collect pennies until you get \$5 for your shut-in subscription list. Keep these names and renew the subscriptions every year, or change them as your branch thinks wise.

STATE OFFICERS. President, Mrs. Kobbie Barrow, 516 Twenty-second Avenue S., Minneapolis. First Vice President—Mrs. Grace W. Tubbs. Second Vice President—Mrs. B. A. Grant. Third Vice President—Mrs. N. A. Sprong. Fourth Vice President—Mrs. J. F. Wilson. Fifth Vice President—Mrs. E. W. Kingsley. Sixth Vice President—Mrs. O. H. Fleming. Secretary—Miss Corliss E. Laitiere. Treasurer—Miss Eva Blanchard. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. A. A. Selzer. Organizer—Miss Lillian M. Ellis.

Happy Be Each Day.

Smiling is not costly; Cheerfulness not dear; Kind words never frosty; Good deeds cause no fear; Bring along some brightness, Take away the rain; Fill yourself with gladness, Laugh and shout again.

Fleeing, then, is sorrow, Sadness won't appear, Gloom you need not borrow, Life's path ne'er be dear, Beant be your spirit, Smile yourself away, Tears, they have no merit, Happy be each day. —John G. Quintus.

Little and Much. Life is made up first of one little thing and then another, and all these little things make a great aggregate; and let us remember that one who is faithful in that which is least will be faithful also in much.—Margaret E. Sangster.

Forget About Yourself. The more completely you are able to forget about yourself, your own aches and pains, your own worries and perplexities, your own desires for pleasure, the more you will be able to do to others. Those who are determined to stand first in their own thoughts seldom do much for any one else.

Cheering Up Business.

What are the men and women to do who have not happy temperaments? Give up and say: "It is all very well for men born glad to be glad; we would have been born so, too, had we been consulted." There is better to do than that. We can at least watch the glad-faced people and see if we can catch any secret from them—a secret, perhaps, unknown to themselves. Send them one of the Bulletin. It will reach her the first of each month and keep her well informed on Sunshine work. Make it your first duty, therefore, after reading this to arrange an entertainment or a party of some kind and collect pennies until you get \$5 for your shut-in subscription list. Keep these names and renew the subscriptions every year, or change them as your branch thinks wise.

NAPAUTO. The most practical and economical Auto Greaselet on the market. Made of Napa-Tan Buck, light weight and tough, waterproof and grease \$2.00 proof—per gallon. 100 Other Styles. 510 NICOLOTT. Gamossel Glove Co., No. 20.

DIAMONDS. For June Gifts we have a beautiful assortment of articles appropriate for Brides, for Anniversary Presents, for those whose birthdays fall in June—for Graduation—for all gift occasions of the month. Prices Guaranteed the Lowest. R. G. Winter Jewelry Co. 327 Nicollet Ave.

Dr. Benjamin Boasberg, Cut Rate Optician. 13 So. 7th St. Near Orpheum Theater. No Charge for Medical Treatment or Examinations. Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

Pure Water. Pure Ice. 2 GALLONS DAILY, \$1.75 PER MONTH. Handsome Clean Coolers Furnished Without Extra Charge. Two gallons of water per day is enough to supply the whole family with all they need for drinking purposes. Think how little it costs—less than six cents per day. There is hardly a family but what some member of it spends a nickel or more a day for some trivial thing that they don't need, and then all of the family combine and risk health and even life by drinking any kind of water in order to save six pennies each day. There is such a thing as being "penny-wise and pound-foolish." The Glenwood-Englewood Co., 318 Hennepin Ave.

Insist on having Crescent Creamery Butter on your table. IT'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.

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