

With the Long Bow.

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

"O what is so rare as a night in June"

when you sleep right thru without being scared by the weather bureau emptying a 40-ton, 2-billion voltage electric storm in the back yard and tossing out a few wind storms to riot around and tip over a tree that has cost you \$20 to have set out. We have it in for a climate that works nights and makes you feel in the morning as if the baby had begun teething.

How do you enjoy the conversation of a man who is always condemning somebody to hades? The late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts greatly disliked profanity, but was often compelled to listen to it. One day when a certain politician, who usually "cussed" everything as a matter of habit and not because he really wanted it cussed, went to Senator Hoar's committee room to confer with him on a subject of considerable importance, Mr. Hoar indicated a seat to him and remarked:

"Now, Mr. Blank, before we enter upon a discussion of this question we shall assume that everybody and everything is damned. Then we can talk it over amicably."

Anybody can raise radishes and tomatoes, but to get the cucumbers well under way before the squash bug sees them and hands them out a few assorted bites requires talent.

By crossing varieties of walnut trees Luther Burbank has produced a tree which makes the fastest growth of any tree known. He regards this achievement as of immense importance commercially, for it will vastly extend the use of walnut in the manufacture of furniture. If he can produce anything that will grow faster than the box elder weed, it will be a marvel.

The Actors' Church alliance, a beautiful charity in New York city, has been advised by Mary Shaw, the "lady president" of the alliance, that the most needful and practical service which it can possibly perform is to furnish clothes for actresses. In cold weather, when there is a strong draft from the back of the stage, the public heart has been led to bleed for the poor chorus lady, to say nothing of some of the leading artists in the musical comedies, owing to the extreme paucity of their attire. The girls have money enough to get the clothes and much prefer to wear them, as every lady knows who at a fire has been carried out of a third-story window by a stout fireman who would not wait for her to assume street costume. But Klaw, Erlanger and a lot of other theatrical "gents" have the idea that the public is perishing for a sight of unclad actresses. We doubt it.

Doe Bixby is annoyed by the "friend" who uses up a few of his precious working hours setting around the office joshing with "Doe" and telling him all about it and incidentally explaining to him the Russian war. Doe says:

The editor is busy, With his convictions strong; Your presence makes him dizzy, Oh, do not stay too long.

That you should have your say so Is right and proper, too, But, mister, do not stay so— Let up when you are thru.

Give forth your message briefly; There let the matter end. Your duty then is chiefly To get outside, old friend.

A Sheldon farmer while plowing Friday was struck by lightning and rendered unconscious for a time. He got over that towards evening and filled up his pipe to quiet his nerves, but some loose blasting powder had become mixed with his smoking tobacco and the pipe was barely started before it smoked "fissche," and all the tobacco blew out, frightening the farmer so badly that he was angry at his wife for several hours.

In a touching little article the other day in the Denver Times that drew the hot tears from our eyes, tender, sympathetic Beatrice Fairfax, whose picture appeared in these columns the other day, tells us "How to Be Loved." Beatrice shows you plainly how you must see the bright side of things at all times and laugh with people and not at them, and so on and so on. You doubtless recognize the brand of good advice that Beatrice has handed out. Then he says:

Perhaps, dear girls, this all sounds like preaching; but if you can't do it all, try some of it.

Beatrice then answers the usual questions of the lovelorn and the perplexed. Surely a mission in life like this is not for naught. After inditing the above advice and mopping the perspiration from his brow, Beatrice sent the office boy out for a 5-cent hunk of his favorite chewing tobacco.

-A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

- WATERMELONS, \$1. Raspberries, 20 cents a pint. Strawberries, 12 1/2 cents. Salad dressing, 25 and 45 cents. Cocktail dressing, 25 cents. Canned clams, 15 cents. Canned clam juice, 15 cents. Canned maple cream, 20 cents.

Not everyone succeeds in learning the art of making mayonnaise dressing, altho this is simple enough. These cooks must depend either on a cooked or a bottled dressing, either of which are not bad substitutes. A little experience will teach one what bottled dressing best suits the family taste, for the best dressings vary little except in seasoning. These dressings, as well as mayonnaise, are improved for many tastes by the addition of sour or whipped cream. There are various ways of using uncooked cream for dressings that are very convenient to know and use and are much liked by many people. One of these calls for one beaten egg, one cup of rich sweet cream, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cup of vinegar, mustard, salt and pepper to taste. A sour cream dressing calls for one cup of sour cream, one teaspoonful each of sugar and salt, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, three of vinegar and paprika to taste.

The bottled cocktail dressings sold are very satisfactory and it hardly pays to make them.

LIGHTNING AND CITIES.

"LIGHTNING never kills people in cities," said an insurance agent. "My company's statistics show that in cities there is practically no danger of death from lightning stroke."

"Look back and ask yourself if you ever heard of anyone being killed by lightning on Broadway, or in front of the Auditorium, or on Beacon street, or on Chestnut street, or on Nicollet avenue? No. It is in the country or in little villages that the all-dreaded thunderstone does its deadly work."

"Why are cities in this way immune? Some say it is because they have no trees to attract the lightning. Some say it is because the cloud of factory smoke above their roofs is a protection. At any rate, stay in town this summer if you want to be safe from thunderstorms."



NOT WHERE IT WILL DO HIM THE MOST GOOD.

Kittie—What ails you, Fido? Fido—I've gone and swallowed my tag and the dogcatcher's starting on the rounds today.

Mr. Empson's Wasted Effort.

FTER haggling for twenty minutes over the price, the dealer finally consented to let the vase go for \$3.79. Mrs. Empson knew she was getting a bargain at that price, so she considerably refrained from insisting upon a further reduction.

"Have you the money with you to pay for it?" she said to Mr. Empson.

"I've got \$10," said Empson. "That'll do," she replied. "The man can change it." Somewhat reluctantly Mr. Empson produced the bill; with equal reluctance the dealer refused it.

"No gota change," he said. "Sat/day afternoon. Put alla mona in da bank."

"But aren't there other shops near where they will change it for you?" asked Mrs. Empson.

"No leava shop," the Italian explained. "Boy gona home. Other customer he wanta buy. Musta stay here."

Mrs. Empson was disappointed, but not discouraged.

"I must say," she said, "that you don't seem very anxious to make a sale. However, I am bound to have that vase. Dear, suppose you get the bill changed. You'll only have to go down to the corner and buy a cigar."

Mr. Empson already had six cigars in his pocket, but he obediently made a trip to the nearest tobacconist's for another. He selected a strong, black cigar worth 15 cents and offered the ten-dollar bill in payment.

"I am very sorry," said the clerk. "I cannot change it. This is Saturday afternoon, and we have put most of our money in the bank."

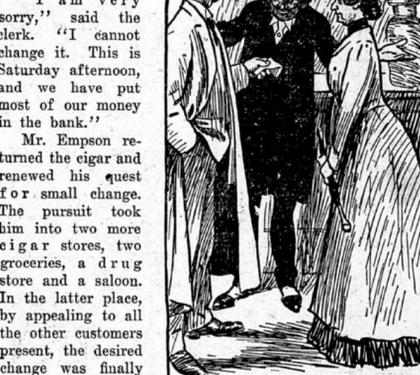
Mr. Empson returned the cigar and renewed his quest for a small change. The pursuit took him into two more cigar stores, two groceries, a drug store and a saloon. In the latter place, by appealing to all the other customers present, the desired change was finally secured in dollars, halves and quarters.

Mr. Empson then took his bearings. He computed that in his wanderings he had traversed a distance of fourteen blocks and had consumed half an hour's time. As a result of the calculation he was in a bad humor when he again entered the art store.

"Here's the change," he said, "and a confoundedly hard time I had to get it, too."

Mrs. Empson patted his hand sympathetically.

"Oh," she said, "I am so sorry. I shan't need it, after all. After you went out I saw several other little things I liked and I bought enough of them to come to the whole ten dollars."—New York Press.



FRANK WING

What Women Want to Know.

TO SET A COLOR.—What can I do to keep a brown linen dress from fading in washing? You were so kind in answering the question about washing the blue linen and I had the loveliest luck. Please answer soon, as we are going away.—C.

I am very glad that you were lucky in washing your blue linen, and you will find salt will set the color just as well in the brown gown. Make a strong solution of salt and very hot water, about one-half a cupful of salt in two gallons of water. While the solution is still very hot put the gown in and leave until the solution is cold. Wring the goods, rinse in clear water and dry.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

AUTHORITY ON COINS.—Will you kindly answer thru your paper the following question: Who is an authority on the value of old coins.—E. M. E.

HIS REPLY.

Former Secretary of the Navy Moody tells of the account of an explosion of one of the big guns on the Massachusetts, a year ago, which was given by a sailor injured by the explosion.

"Well, sir," replied the jacky to his questioner, "I reely can't say that I knows very much about it. I was standin' you see, with me back to the gun, a-facin' the port side. All of a sudden I hears a hell of a noise; then, sir, the ship physician he says, 'Set up an' take this.'"—Harper's Weekly.

A String of Good Stories.

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

EVEN HE WOULD BE USEFUL.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU was entertaining a group of Englishmen with stories about America. "Many interesting things happened," said Mr. Cortelyou, "at the time of the discovery of gold in California. Resolute, dauntless and peculiar were the pioneers who went westward over the plains to dig gold and to found towns in those days."

"An English tourist once met, in the west, a prairie caravan—a great file of prairie schooners, cattle, men and women."

"We are going to found a town," the leader explained. "We will found this town in a scientific manner. We have everything needful with us here, nothing unnecessary. That man with the red hair is a baker. I am a blacksmith. The little fellow is a doctor. That fat chap is a butcher. And so on."

"How very interesting," said the Englishman. "Yes," said the leader. "We work on scientific principles. We don't have any waste. There isn't a person in our party who won't do some important duty in the new town."

"The Englishman pointed to an old and feeble man with a bent back and a long, thin white beard."

"But that very old man there," he said, "he can't possibly be of any use to you, can he?"

"Oh, yes," said the leader. "We'll open our new cemetery with him."

AMBITION.

SECRETARY HAY, before he went abroad for his health," said a congressman, "talked a little sadly about ambition."

"He was ill, and ambition seemed to be, after all, not a very wise thing."

"He told me, with a smile, of a little English farm boy whom he had once heard say:

"I wish I was a king."

"Interested and amused by such a remark, Mr. Hay said to the little farm boy:

"And what would you do if you were a king?"

"The lad answered soberly:

"I'd eat my fill of fat bacon and swing on a gate all day long."

TWO WRONGS DON'T MAKE A RIGHT.

MARY DELANEY was in a temper again. That was because her "old man" was in a temper. He was not infrequently so—and always was when Mary had baked a rhubarb pie. With foreboding she had placed her last product of this kind on the table. The "old man" tasted it cautiously, and it was then that he got into his temper again.

"Begorra, they're niver fit to ate," he shouted, embellishing his verdict with some Gaelic which belongs here, but had to be blue-penciled.

"Faith, Moike," said Mary, downcast, "an' I can't understand it at all, at all, fur I always make 'em exactly th' same way."

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

AMERICAN CLUBS ALL WRONG.

"AMERICAN clubs are few and small," said a social philosopher, "because they exist on a radically wrong principle. This principle is that club life is an extravagance, whereas the right principle of club life is that it is an economy."

"London is the club city of the world. Why are London's clubs so splendid and so popular? Because a man can dine, drink, smoke and amuse himself in them almost as cheaply as in his own house—far and away more cheaply than in a cafe or a hotel."

"Hence, in London, every man desires to join a good club, for a London club is an institution that actually saves its members money. But here in America our clubs are conducted extravagantly, and it is an extravagance to belong to them. Only the very prosperous American can afford to be a clubman."

NAILS AND KNIVES.

"ISN'T it odd," said the young man, "for a manicurist to sell cutlery?"

"Odd, but very proper," she replied. "I sell only penknives that are self-opening, and in this course I help my patrons, the same as a physician, selling drugs, helps his patients."

"I have found," she went on, "that exquisite nails are continually being broken in opening knives. The stiff spring resists, and the nail, not strong enough to lift the blade, gives way. Many a patron of mine, an hour after a half-dollar manicuring, has spoiled the whole effect of my treatment by breaking a nail over his penknife."

"Hence, to help my friends, I sell these automatic knives. They have, you see, a little button for each blade. Press its proper button, and the blade opens of itself. No more broken nails."

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

"IT IS SO warm to-day," a tourist said, "that I am reminded of Ceylon, and of my elephant hunt there."

"Were you so fortunate as to hunt elephants in Ceylon?"

"Yes. Once. I'll tell you about it. To hunt elephants in Ceylon it is necessary to have a permit. This permit costs \$250. My brother was my companion on the hunt, and for our permits we paid \$250 apiece. Then we started out. We hunted for a week. But our luck was bad. We did not sight a single elephant. Only, on the sixth day, we found some spores."

"Spores?"

"Footprints. Elephant footprints. Big, circular things, a foot in diameter. We looked at these footprints. They were a month old. Then we returned home, a little blue."

"To hunt elephants in Ceylon you pay \$250, and tho you bag no elephants, you don't get your money back."

RESTING THE HEART.

"REST your heart now and then during the day," said an instructor in gymnastics.

"But the heart can't be rested," a pupil objected. "It works incessantly from birth to death."

"It rests the heart to lie down," said the instructor.

"Every night's sleep of nine hours saves the heart the lifting of 32,400 ounces of blood. Considerable rest there, eh?"

"When we lie down, you see, the heart's action becomes slower—slower by ten strokes a minute. Thus, in an hour, 600 strokes are saved, and in nine hours 5,400 strokes. Each stroke pumps six ounces of blood, and therefore, in nine hours, the heart is saved the labor of pumping 32,400 ounces."

"The heart often requires a rest, and men generally would rest it if they knew how. But most men think, like you, that such a thing is an impossibility. A great mistake."

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY

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Your Heart, Your Smile. You may feel that you have no opportunity to scatter sunshine, that there is no one about you who seems to need you, and therefore you keep the love in your heart and your smile bright, and hidden securely from those you meet. Ah, how little you realize the worries and perplexities that burden the lives of many around you who long for the sympathetic love in your heart and the cheering, encouraging influence of your smile.

They might not need me— Yet they might—I'll let my heart be Just in sight— A smile so small As mine might be Precisely their Necessity.

Sunshine From Tennessee. It has been said that those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves. "If this be so, and there is none to doubt it," says the editor of the Jewish Publication of Memphis, Tenn., "then the members of the Sunshine society thruout the land should feel gloriously happy. These societies are doing excellent work in all directions and create an atmosphere of altruism which is a delicious inhalation for every human soul. What we have observed in our community about the work of our local Sunshine society prompts us to say that every Israelite in the country should be in some way or another identified with those institutions. If all are working in the same line and by the same methods there is not a trace of sectarianism mixed up with their charitable endeavor. They do not only assist the poor, but also strive for the moral betterment of those classes who have no home influences at all or are surrounded by unfavorable conditions. The noblest women, regardless of creed and nationality, are banded together to render actual personal service, and never did a sunbeam of their benevolent hearts shine in vain. Their success is much greater than their means would warrant us to expect, and we only hope that a host of men and women will strengthen the hands of the helpful messengers of mercy and love."

Let Your Light Shine. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see you good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven." These words form the motto of our Sunshine society, and how appropriate they are, if only all lived up to their teachings. How glorious and useful is the beautiful sunlight; without its blessings the tender plant and the sturdy oak would wither and die. King Darkness would rule the earth, and all would be drear and sad. But instead the light holds sway, and the earth is gladdened by the flowers and trees.

What the sunshine is to the vegetable world, love and kindness is to the human soul. The hardest heart must yield to the touch of love. So by following the

example of the sun, we may help to cheer and brighten the whole of mankind. The sun sheds his beams on all alike, rich and poor, great and small, and his rays penetrate the darkest corners, carrying light and joy everywhere. Also we, by kind deeds and gentle acts, may bring peace and happiness into the saddest homes of our less fortunate brothers. Let us be no respecter of persons, but as God has blessed us, let us, like our Master, minister with loving hands to the poor and needy, comforting them and drawing them heavenward by realizing God's infinite love to us all.

How often a kind word, a bright smile or an act of kindness has comforted some poor sufferer, or rescued a wanderer. We cannot know what our humble services may do, but let us in the name of the Master, go about doing good to all, shedding beams of Christian grace about us everywhere, using our talents, however small or few, for the uplifting of struggling humanity.

Let thy light shine—stretch out a helping hand That some weak brother thro' thy aid may stand." —Miss Nellie Campbell, Escondido, Cal.

Cheerfulness. "Cheerfulness is a sort of rubber tire on life's vehicle. It eases the jolt over the stone in the road which prudence and industry have been unable to remove."

Will You Not Help? Do you know of some one who is in need of sunshine and good cheer, who may be lonely or unfortunate and perhaps too proud to make known their needs? It is just such ones as these we wish to comfort and assist. We want every one to join us in our Sunshine work, and if you are unable to actively engage in it yourself, perhaps you may be willing to assist us by contributing to our Sunshine fund, and you may be able to put us in touch with some one we can help by word or deed.

Today. We say, this day is hard to bear. And full of wear, our hearts are; But, to-morrow may be fair.

So full of strange unrest are we; Our eyes are blind—we cannot see What blessings in the present be.

O Father, help us to be good. The sweet content and love unfold. What e'en the present hour may hold. —Sunshine Bulletin.

Voices of Wisdom. Every good act is sunshine. Giving water to the thirsty is sunshine. Removing stones and thorns from the road is sunshine. Exhorting your fellow men to virtuous deeds is sunshine. Smiling in your brother's face is sunshine. Putting a wanderer in the right path is sunshine. A man's true worth is the good he does in this world.—Sunshine Bulletin.

Umbrella Specials at the Gamossi. 1,000 Women's "Umbrellas," colored taffeta silk, with latest style borders, all sizes, at black; worth \$3.50, \$1.39. Men's silk and wool, with close rolling, best frames and rods, box and Werschel handles; worth \$1.50, \$1.00. 610 Nicollet. Half a Store of Goods. The Other Half Umbrellas. Gamossi, No. 20.

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