

With the Long Bow.

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

THE cannon cracker that is due to take off Little George's hand in seclusion, waiting, waiting!

Expert Dalrymple of Glasgow finds the Chicago street railway stook so deeply watered that there is danger of the mayor's getting in over his head.

When they tried to pass the bogus dollar on the deaf and dumb man he put up a kick with his fingers.

The weather man says "fair," but it looks about as much like it as a flower does like its picture in the seed catalog.

The Hohenwald, Tenn., Herald tells of a musical event that may be referred to as "A Bully Musicales" by the most particular critic. The Herald says:

Mrs. Sofa Shelton and Mrs. Mary Shouse, Misses Irene and Pearl Posy, Miss Martha Duncan and Mrs. Henderson called at Mr. George Bully's to hear him play the organ, and reported a good time.

The Valley correspondent of the Viroqua, Wis., Censor takes up the doings of the Caucutt family and works them to a finish.

Mary Caucutt, who has been very low with pneumonia, is able to be out again. Aldridge Caucutt was seen wending his way toward Mount Tabor Saturday evening. Joe Caucutt is often seen on the road between "Devil's Run" and Henry Caucutt's. Mrs. Onan Potter and daughter are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. "Hank" Caucutt. Jim Caucutt is plowing his corn. Mrs. Jordan has been cleaning house for Grandma Caucutt. Aldridge and George Caucutt have joined the Rockett band. G. S. Caucutt is traveling with John Lewis' horse. Gerie Miller is staying with Lizzie Caucutt and going to school. Grandma Caucutt is visiting her daughter at Baraboo. Willie Caucutt has contracted his wool for 31 cents. Thomas Caucutt was seen fishing Friday; he seems to have more time for fishing than the boys. "Skunk" Newlin has been working for Jim Caucutt. Henry Caucutt is having the lumber sawed for his house. Annie Caucutt was seen leading her father along the creek Saturday. What were you doing, Hank? Joe Caucutt went to Hillsboro Saturday with a load of culls. Charlie Caucutt is the proud owner of a new watch. Macy Caucutt expects about six pounds of wool off his cow this spring. Tom Caucutt comes to town daily with his basket of eggs.

If there is anything else you wish to know, write the postmaster, inclosing stamp for reply.

The excitable girl was singing away to herself and remarking "isn't that the sweetest." The chorus, as near as I could catch it, ran something like this:

I love you in the morning, I love you in the fall, I love you in the night time, And also in the hall. No form of words can carry The trust I feel in you, If you ask me when I love you best I simply say, "goo-goo."

I did not pay much attention to the song at first, but after hearing it eighteen times it began to go of itself, and in the pauses of the night I heard something singing as nearly as I can recall the words:

I love you in the spring time, I love you on the roof, I love you in the department store And everywhere else, forsooth. No fast freight train can carry The trust I feel in you, But there are several other fellows That I find are pretty good, too.

The next day I had forgotten the incident, but someone said on the car:

"Say, that old song got in my mind last night again, and I sang it to a fringe."

"What one?" "I can't tell when I love you best, For I love you all the time."

That started it off again, and all day long I found myself humming:

I love you in the morning I love you after tea, I love you when you papa Is handing one out to me. No word of mine can carry My trust in Honey Bun, etc., etc.

That's the way with those popular songs. If they get going you are lost. But, oh, for another "Annie Rooney." —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

- STRAWBERRIES, 15 cents. Watermelon, 40 cents. Tomatoes, 40 cents a basket; 10 cents a pound. Peas, 45 cents a peck; 6 cents a quart. Telephone peas, 50 cents a peck; 7 cents a quart. Beets and carrots, 5 cents a bunch. Turnips, 7 cents a bunch. Cauliflower, 18 cents. New potatoes, 15 to 18 cents. Cabbage, 2 1/2 cents a pound. Cucumbers, 5 to 7 cents. Peppers, 5 cents. Beans, 15 cents a pound. Beet greens, 15 cents a peck. Spinach, 8 cents. Butter, creamery, 22 to 24 cents; dairy, 16 to 20 cents. Eggs, 17 cents. Chickens, 15 cents.

The present supply of strawberries is almost wholly from Oregon. They are good, but considerably higher than southern berries have been. Butter is a shade lower, and dairy butter now is in prime condition and is used by many in preference to creamery. New cheese is abundant in the market and is much liked by those who prefer a soft, mild-flavored cheese. It sells considerably lower than old cheese. There is an abundant supply of vegetables, all of which are trending downward, while the quality is improving as home-grown vegetables come in or those grown farther north.

What Women Want to Know.

DANDELION TEA.—Is dandelion blossom tea a good tonic? Is there any danger of using it too strong?—Mrs. V. B. G.

Dandelion tea is an old-fashioned remedy and was always considered a good tonic. It was usually made from the roots and would of course be stronger than a tea made from the blossoms. I do not think there would be any danger of getting it too strong.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

BLUE DYE SPOTS.—I have a waist that is spotted with a blue dye that was accidentally left in the boiler. Please tell me if there is any way to remove it?—Mrs. J.



THE UNEXPECTED COMPANY—Which Arrives at Mr. Lake Dweller's at 11:30 Sunday Morning.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

THE SUPERSENSITIVE CHEEK-BONE.

"WHAT is the most sensitive part of our anatomy?" asked an ivory carver. "The tip of the tongue," said one. "The fingertips," said another. "Wrong; both wrong. It is the small patch of skin over the cheek-bone that is our most sensitive part," said the ivory carver, "and in smoothing ivory we always test our work on that patch of skin." He took up a large ball on which he had been working. "Here," he said. "Try this. Is it smooth?" The two visitors tossed the ball in the air and declared it to be smoother than satin or cream. "Now," said the carver, "test it with your fingertips and your tongue." These tests were made, and the verdict was given, "Still smooth." "Now test it with your cheek-bone." The visitors in turn rubbed the ivory ball delicately over their cheek-bone, and uttered exclamations of amazement. "By Jove, it feels rough," they said. "By Jove, the cheek-bone must be sensitive." "Sensitive?" echoed the ivory cutter. "Why, the cheek-bone is the only part of us that can lay claim to any sensitiveness at all."

HOW TORNADES BREAK WINDOWS.

"I SUPPOSE most people would think it a foolish question if they were asked what breaks the windows in a tornado," said the weather man. "However, it is not likely that many of them could tell. "Take the tornado of Aug. 20, 1904, in Minneapolis. Most of the glass was found on the street, which would be very queer if the wind blew the panes and plates inward. What really happened was this: A few seconds before the tornado funnel began its twistings, the barometer dropped exactly a half-inch. Ordinarily, the air pressure is about 14.70 pounds to the square inch. This was reduced instantly outside the houses, but inside remained the same. It meant that the pressure inside the houses was thirty-four pounds to the square foot. If the windows had been elastic they would have filled out like a balloon. As it was, they burst, part of the glass falling onto the sidewalk and the rest being caught up in the gale and blown back again into the house. "Another weather query is as to the weight of water that falls on an acre when the rain gage says a 2-inch fall. You can figure it out easily enough. It is 226 tons to the acre, which might seem to be enough to smash most anything."

THE DUBBS OF DUBLIN.

DUDLEY DUBB, a dude of Dublin, dubbed Dud Dubb, had a budding love for Isabel Dubbel, a bud of Dublin, dubbed Belle Dubbel. He babbled of his bubbling love, but was doubly muddled when the bud debarred the doubling of their lives unless their names were doubled, too. At the idea of her and himself as the bud Belle Dubbel-Dubb and the dude Dub Dubbel-Dubb, Dud Dubb doubled up with double-dyed delight. Dominic Dobb, driving doddering Dobb to Dublin, doubled this doubly-dubbed dude and bud couple, thus doubling their dove love. There came to this doubly-dubbed couple double doublets, Doble and Bobble, dubbed Dob and Bob Dubbel-Dubb, and Adele and Ardilla, dubbed Dell and Dill Dubbel-Dubb. These adorable double doublets, Dob and Bob and Dell and Dill Dubbel-Dubb, dubbed the dude Dud Dubbel-Dubb "Daddy," the bud Belle Dubbel-Dubb "Mudder." "Oh, the lovey-dovey double-doublets, Dob Dubbel-Dubb, Bob Dubbel-Dubb, Dell Dubbel-Dubb, and Dill Dubbel-Dubb," drolly drawled the dotting doubly-dubbed Dubbel-Dubb couple, Dude Daddy Dub Dubbel-Dubb and Bud Mudder Belle Dubbel-Dubb, of Dublin.—New York Tribune.

SLIPPER, SOLLIE AND SOW-BEER.

"IN MY travels about the country," said a drummer, "I have happened on many peculiar drinks. "Once, in Nevada, I was introduced to 'slipper,' a non-alcoholic beverage of a poporific kind. Slipper is yellow and sweet, and three glasses of it make you drowsy. I don't know what it's made of. "There is a drink called 'drithel' that you can get in a tavern in Manchester, N. H. Drithel is composed of hops, cloves, parsley and hemlock root. It is very bad for the health. It causes, if you take too much of it, a maniacal drunkenness, and a confirmed drithelite is likely to lose in time both sight and hearing. "Pepperpottle," which the temperance folk of New Haven love, is like molten iron. In it are sugar, ginger, buttercup seed and red pepper. Some of the older New Haven folks can take pepperpottle raw, but the novice must dilute it with three its bulk in water. Swallowed thus, it is refreshing on a hot day. "I once knew a Philadelphia Scot who imported annually from Aberdeen three casks of 'sollie.' This is made of sorrel-juice. It is a good tonic. It tastes bad. "There are some Welshmen in the Pennsylvania mines who drink 'sow-beer,' a mixture of fourteen field herbs. Sow-beer makes you sleepy. The Pennsylvania Welshmen smoke with it a tiny cigaret of dried sage leaves

The Toiling Sightseers of Europe.

By ARTHUR W. WARNOOK.

UCERNE, SWITZERLAND, May 28.—The hardest working people in Europe are the Americans over here looking for rest and change. The European waiter and porter gets the change, and the hotel proprietor gets the rest. The tourist puts in longer hours and harder hours at sightseeing than he would at home earning his bread by the perspiration of his forehead.

On our ship coming over to Naples four weeks ago, there were half a dozen men who had taken the advice of their well-meaning physicians "to let up a while, go to Europe and rest." And, doubtless, that was the firm intention of all six, until land was reached and the enterprising tourist man got in his work by offering, at bargain rates, a taste of this and a taste of that particularly tempting sightseeing dish.

And how they have worked ever since, getting up early in the morning to see the sun rise on that mountain peak, and to catch a train to take them hurriedly to see this lake and those pictures and churches and galleries without number. Furthermore, everybody gets the same habit, and instinctively you find yourself cutting up each day into so many parts, each part to be filled with just so much mountain, so much gallery or so much church. What we need is a Sightseers' Union with a strict eight-hour rule. On the present non-union basis it becomes a matter of pride to break the record daily.

"Just turning out?" asked one of the six of me the other morning at 9 o'clock. "Great Scott, I've been up since 5, saw the sun rise on the Bay of Naples, looked over the fishmarket while it was busy, did two churches and had that lovely roll and coffee they serve you for breakfast. If you expect to do Europe, you'll have to get busy," he said, mopping his brow.

"Work!" he continued, "I've never worked harder in my life. They say you've got to see it, and so here goes." It takes Americans to do Europe on the hop, skip and jump.

There are many different types of sightseers. There is the man with the statistical mind, getting at the cost of masterpieces in art, trying to estimate what it took to put up this great church or what that picture represents in dollars and cents. The other day, in St. Peter's, in Rome, I saw an American wave his hand airily about that stupendous collection of the world's great art treasures, while he asked the guide, "What did it cost?" The same man also asked the guide what Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" in the Vatican was supposed to be worth—in Italian money. He evidently thought that last condition would help get an answer!

And so the professional American sightseer trots from place to place, sizing things up at a glance, making some commercial comment on this or that, and eternally poking his bewildered guide along at a faster pace by the order, "Well, we've seen that; now what's next?"

I met a man from Boston here, and he is no better than those of us from the woolly west. He confided this to me the other day: "Say, old man, I've struck. I've been over here five weeks now and have been thru fifty miles of art galleries and inspected seventy-five churches between Naples and Lucerne. I'm all in, and now I want to sit down and watch the choo-choo cars go past. This guide proposition is largely a shell game. Mr. Guide usually has a hunch of some kind, pictures or churches, and he wants you to indulge him in this hunch. In Naples, I had a man who wouldn't let me see a thing except museums. In Rome, the guide had the picture hunch, and in Florence, where they tell me pictures are the real thing, the guide trotted me around to all the stores, telling me in a loud voice as we entered each store that here they had fixed prices and would treat me right. Of course, I can see where he would have come in, had I bought; but there was nothing doing, and so I said, 'let's to the picture galleries and clean up our work,' and you bet I saw all the pictures to be seen. I'm getting wise, I am."

It seems doubtful whether he is a real Boston man—his talk sounds wrong. At the entrance to the Catacombs, in Rome, the guide was about to light long candles to carry in the dark underground passages. "Say, boss," said the Boston man, "what's these candles for?" The guide explained. "I'm not tickled to death to go down there with these dips, but here goes." Whereupon guide and sightseer made the descent.

The guide piloted the Boston man thru one passage into another, and after looking over an army of skeletons the Boston man demurred. "Say, boss, cut this out. Your Uncle Henry has seen all of these dead ones he wants. You're next to your job all right, all right, and wait to show me the whole shop, but we'll cut it right here. Take me to the fresh air again and you and I will have a pair of Scotchies." The Boston man told me about this experience later, and added: "I'm as game as the next one, and I'll do my share of churches and galleries with the rest of the boys, but I'll be hanged if I want to do any more subway cemeteries. Not for your Uncle Henry."

This story illustrates the trials that beset the sightseer to Europe and what he has to do, whether he wants to or not. Personally, I feel a good deal like the Boston man and wish I could sit here beside Geneva's lake and throw stones in the water. But I can't. There's a party of us going to see the sun rise some place or other at 4 in the morning. There were broad hints that I would be thought a piker if I didn't go along. I don't like to be called a piker, and I don't want to see the sun rise. I guess I'll have to go, tho you would feel the same if you were doing Europe. Somehow or other that man doesn't impress me as being from Boston, Mass. Isn't there a Boston in Texas?

HE WAS NO ORNITHOLOGIST.

WITMER STONE, one of the heads of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, has gathered what is probably the finest collection of stuffed birds in America. Mr. Stone was showing these birds the other day to a Pittsburg millionaire. There were thousands of lifelike feathered creatures, ranged in line on line of cases, and Mr. Stone could not help praising them with much ornithological warmth. "Yes," he ended, "this collection of stuffed birds is worth some thousands of dollars." "Is it possible?" said the millionaire. "What are they stuffed with?"

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



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Cheering Up Somebody. Whenever you are at all vexed or discouraged and you feel threatened with an attack of the "blues" try the sunshine remedy, which is the "cheering up of somebody." Just see if you cannot find someone in your home or among your friends or neighbors who is in trouble or who appears to be gloomy and depressed. In spirit from some cause, and see if you cannot by kind word or loving deed give an upward curve to some mouth that is drooping at the corners, and by your cheerful voice and winning smile bring a bright, sparkle into dull eyes. Try this and by the time you have succeeded in the doing of what you have undertaken, you will find the shadow has disappeared from your own life.

The World Will Hear. Speak a gentle word so tender That it lingers in some ear. Sing a song of gladness quickly, And the world will stop to hear. Bind the wound that's sore and bleeding. Nurse to health the life again. If a faint and helpless brother Falls upon the lonely plain. Clothe the naked, feed the hungry, Whisper words of gospel cheer; Live the life of Christ's sweet story, And the world will stop to hear. —Iowa State Alliance.

Your Life and Other Lives. If you will think only of sweet, pure, helpful things, your life will be beautiful, and you will find such thoughts will make your life fuller, richer and happier day by day. You can make your thoughts what you are pleased to have them, your thoughts make your life, and your life will be a blessing to other lives if you choose to have it so. Scatter sunshine.

Boys' Sunshine Clubs. In Sunshine circles, as elsewhere, a definite demand creates a definite supply; it happens that, realizing the ardent wish of the boy Sunshiner for a boys' organization, our active president general, in an interview with the undersigned, requested suggestions that would help the citizens of Boyville to help others by good cheer and kindly deeds. The demand experienced in New York has doubtless made itself felt in other parts of the country, and we confidently expect and desire a vigorous campaign along the lines indicated. The effort to cultivate the love of sunshine in the boy's heart will open up a magnificent field of endeavor for the wide-awake adult Sunshiner, who will thus bring many a ray of sunlight into the darkness that penetrates even boy life, and besides will practically assist in forming principles of

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cheerfulness and kindness toward others in "the men of tomorrow" for "As the twig is bent So the tree will grow."

The new organization will stand, too, as the outward and visible sign of the International Sunshine Society's belief in, and sympathy with, boy life, with all its daily needs, its aims, its hopes and ideals. The organization will show to the world that it believes in making a place for the boy amid all that sweetens and beautifies our every-day life. In a word, our club idea will help bridge the chasm between adult and boy life, and by scattering sunshine will aid in dispelling that prejudice against certain trying periods of boy life so often encountered. The scheme of organization is exceedingly flexible, and can be adapted to city, town or country.

The new venture is cheerfully and confidently started in the belief that we can in no nobler way contribute our mite to the world's brightening and betterment than by stimulating boy life in manliness, good cheer and kindly deeds.

"Looking on the bright side— That's the way to go; Bet you it's the right side— And the bells all chime; Notin' much in grievin'— Keeps you in the groove. It's a mighty believe. Makes the mountains move. Clouds is got a light side— And the bells all chime; Lookin' on the bright side— Gits there every time." —Frank J. Mallett, Ph.D., Sharon, Pa.

Smiles or Frowns. The truly happy life is the one lived in appreciation of the little things. The little, unlooked for, unplanned for things make up our lives. The great things come not often, and are soon gone. What a wonderful old world this would be if each morning each individual would say: "I will remember the little things today, and this—remember them."

A frown is only a little thing, but may be the cause of great pain and heartache. A smile is only a little thing, but may bring much joy and happiness into some dark life. Smiles or frowns, which? —Edna Fuller Kirck.

Life Too Short. Life is too short to be anything but peaceful, every precious minute ought to be enjoyed to the full and not wasted in ugly moods and bitter words. We should never let malice give us one uncomfortable hour. It has been said by those who have made a study of these things that every time we become angry for an instant, we shorten our lives ten minutes. Let us guard against these faults so that our lives may be long and happy.

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