

With the Long Bow.

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

LIGHTNING RODS are going up again around Bottineau, N. D. The agent tells you that they not only stop the lightning, but field it in to the nearest powerhouse.

Lisbon, N. D., has a spoiled child. He lives in one end of the town and is so much in evidence that the town has started growing in the other direction—away from him.

One of the visitors Saturday had a nice new automobile, but his safety appliance blew up and broke his leg.

The elephants were allowed to go in bathing because they had their trunks on.

Oriental news is very quiet. It is nearly time for the people to rise and massacre the Bazoos of Barbary.

Did you ever have stomach trouble? We once knew a lady who suffered so severely from that alleged organ being late at the office in the morning that she had to have her blueberries peeled and her strawberries de-seeded.

Some time ago, in this column, the rooster's disgusting self-sufficiency was treated at length. The article pleased the hens very much, and one of the lighter-minded biddies cut it out of her paper and pasted it up on the henhouse near the roost.

Song of the Big Plymouth Rock.

I am the barnyard King! I walk before My hens in search of food. I am the Only Thing! My regency is clearly understood! I am the Rooster!

Chorus— I am the Rooster! I am the Entire Game! I will refuse to Accept another's claim. His size or market price With Me would cut small ice; I'd peck him in a trice. I am the Rooster!

One day a common bird On My barnyard with spur and beak transgressed. Perchance you may have heard? What, no? Well, then, he soon confessed I was the Rooster!

Chorus— I am the Rooster, etc.

In times of stress and storm My hoarse, deep voice is heard, cut-cut-ca-dah!! Rises in mastery My sturdy form. 'Tis I, ah-hah!

Chorus— I am the Rooster! I am the Entire Game! I will refuse to Accept another's claim. His size or pride of race Before Me must give place, If he would save his face. I am the Rooster!

The bird's grand voice swelled out over the barnyard and was not at all affected by the cynical smile on the face of the Angora Peasant. The song has become a popular one in the pasture, and even the gobbler was afterwards heard humming, "I am the Rooster!"

What the Market Affords.

- STRAWBERRIES, 12 1/2 cents. Homegrown red raspberries, three for 25 cents. Currants, 10 cents. Gooseberries, 10 cents. Blueberries, 15 cents. Pineapples, 20 cents. Wax beans, 12 cents. Cauliflower, 18 to 25 cents. New potatoes, 18 to 25 cents. Tomatoes, 30 cents a basket. Dairy butter, 18 to 21 cents.

There is nothing new in the fruit and vegetable market, but there is a marked improvement in some things, due to the coming of homegrown articles. The leader in fruit this week is homegrown red raspberries, which are fine and plentiful, selling three boxes for 25 cents.

There are a few choice strawberries, but they are the end of the crop and are quite high. Pineapples are also about gone, and the price is up. Dairy butter is scarce, and the price keeps up. Beans are selling at the same price, but, being homegrown, are much better than they have been.

STABS.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the novelist, has, or assumes to have, a great detestation for minor poets. He is continually railing at the minor poet humorously—at his vanity, his indolence, his malice, and so on.

"Two minor poets," said Mr. Churchill, "were lunching near me in New York one day. As they ate, they conversed. But their conversation was not the sincere and friendly talk that usually occupies the pauses of a luncheon. It was a series of stabs, of mean little attacks, of covert and cowardly assaults.

"I saw your sonnet, 'To a Gilt Soul,' in the Trash magazine," said the first minor poet. "Ah," said the other, "did you?" "And I heard a very neat compliment paid to it this morning," he went on. "Indeed?" "Yes. A man asked me if I had written it."



NOT SAYING A WORD.

"Retort Courteous" in Music.

ILLUSTRATING the power of the retort courteous in music, Herman Bellstedt, the cornet soloist now with the Minneapolis Park band at the Lake Harriet roof garden, tells a truthful tale, the incidents of which gave great joy to Birmingham, Ala., a few years ago.

Mr. Bellstedt, in company with other artists, was called to Birmingham to fill an engagement in connection with a military reunion.

"We arrived in Birmingham about 4 o'clock in the morning," says Mr. Bellstedt, "and, tired from travel, I went to bed in the hotel. About 8 o'clock of the same morning I was awakened by the vilest trumpeting ever heard by mortal man. As I came out of a deep sleep it came to my realization that some amateur cornet player was attempting the famous Levy-Anthen polka, a brilliant and beautiful solo which was in the process of being murdered and was dying hard.

"After a half-hour of the butchery, patience flew out of the window. 'Accoutered as I was' in pink pajamas, I leaped out of bed, seized my cornet, leaned far out of the lattice window and I Leaned Far Out of the Lattice Window. played that Levy-Anthen polka straight at the soundrel. 'For a moment there was a conflict of toots that drew the attention of all that portion of the city. Then the amateur cornetist was put out of action. We stayed there a week, and he never peeped. 'When I took the train admiring citizens gathered at the station and presented me a floral emblem.'"

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

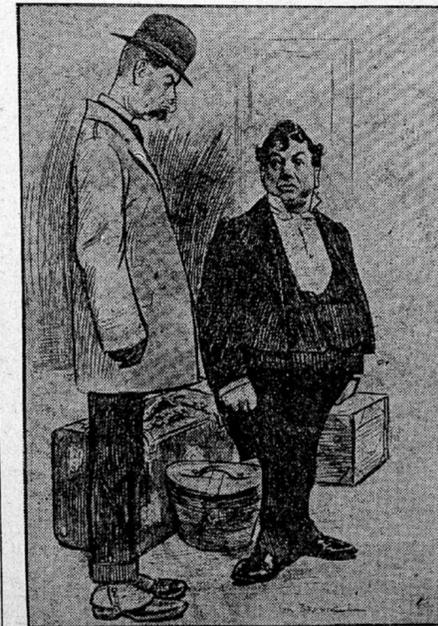
FLORENCE KELLEY, the secretary of the National Consumers' league, has at heart the welfare of factory workers, and in her study of factory conditions has made many odd friends, and heard many whimsical remarks.

"We often ask," she said the other day, "why women dress—whether it is to please the men, or to please the women. There seem to be only these two motives for fine dressing, but this morning a third motive was pointed out to me.

"Two girls stood at a cop-winding machine in a spinning mill, talking about clothes. 'That new white dress of yours,' said the first girl, 'will never please the men.'"

"The other, tossing her head, replied: 'Hm! I don't dress to please the men, but to worry other women.'"

NICE FOR THE PROPRIETOR.



"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor." "That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe."—The Tatler.

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing strange!"

MICROBES SUPPORT THE WORLD.

"SUPPOSE," said the professor, "that there were no microbes."

He smiled. "What would happen then? Then there would be no sour milk, no spoiled meat, no tainted fish, no rancid butter, on the earth's surface. Milk, meat, eggs and fish would be as fresh in the year 2000—yes, in the year 20000—as they are today.

"Also there would be no gangrene, no suppuration. Cut a man nearly in half, and the wound would be quite healed in an hour or two. And there would be no consumption, no typhoid fever, no colds, no malaria, no cholera, no measles—indeed, there are many persons who think that there would be no disease of any kind.

"Yet in a few years the earth would be uninhabited. Nothing would exist in it, neither plants, nor insects, nor animals, nor men. Nothing would be heard on it but the roar of the winds and the roar of the sea. An unimaginable desolation!

"How would this come about? It would come about through the absence of decay. Most animals live on vegetable growths, and all vegetable growths live on decay. Decay is what fertilizes, what nourishes them. Without decay vegetation would cease. Without vegetation, herbivorous animals would cease. Then, soon, the carnivora would cease, for, having no herbivora to feed on, they would feed on one another, and thus soon eat themselves up.

"And man, what of him? He, without vegetables and without meat, would still exist, for he would become a cannibal. But the race of men would diminish; the human beings slaughtered for food would far exceed the human beings born; Mr. Roosevelt's ideas against race suicide would indeed be popular in that sorry time.

"But, despite all, man-eating man would disappear. The world would grow gray and empty. Nothing would be heard but the howling of the winds and the noise of the waters. 'Let us then be careful how we kill off microbes.'"

SUBSTITUTES FOR TOBACCO.

THERE are substitutes for everything—cereal substitutes for coffee, coal tar substitutes for sugar, vegetable substitutes for meat—but the substitutes for tobacco are probably the most abundant and the least adequate of all.

An advertising agent said the other day that he had advertised in the past ten years no less than twenty tobacco substitutes, all of which, the none too good, had had a reasonable success on the market, thus showing that a percentage of mankind is harmed by tobacco and desires to abandon the habit.

One substitute, the invention of a woman, was eucalyptus leaf cigar. It smoked freely and left in the mouth an aromatic flavor. But there was no comfort, no more solace in it than in a bottle of cologne.

Another substitute was made of cornhusk. The stalks of the corn were first boiled to a syrup and then caspium was added to give bitterness. The husks, after being sun-dried, were cut up and dipped in the syrup. After their second drying, they were put up in plugs for chewing and bags for smoking. They smoked and chewed, the agent said, about as well as could be expected.

A third substitute was composed of gentian, licorice, sassafras and prickly ash. This composition the agent had feared to try.

The man has often advertised mixtures for the cure of the tobacco appetite. One mixture was made of resin, red pepper, poplar bark, white wax and beeswax. Another was made of ginseng, red clover, hops, tarred rope, hyssop, wild cherry bark, pennyroyal and spruce gum.

These mixtures nearly always cured. This was because they who took them, the agent thought, helped them along by the exercise of strong will power.

EDWIN BOOTH AS A POET.

EDWIN BOOTH was a poet, tho he never published his verse. But all over America there still live aged men and women to whom, because they were his friends, Booth wrote many graceful lines.

Framed in his study hangs a Christmas poem that Booth sent, along with his photograph, to a critic. In part the poem ran:

Dear B., think not that I forget, Or that because the walkin's wet, Is why I haven't called as yet. I fume la pipe on cigaret, In our sanctum sanctorum. 'Tis but because I have to fry Some other fish before they're dry; This only is the reason why, My friends I do not bore 'em. So, since I can't aller chez vous, This dead-head I present, in lieu Of the one which here I shoulder, Hoping this too may likewise call Before the New Year learns to crawl, Or the old one grows much older.

The critic pointed to the verses. "The actor of the past," he said, "was more learned, more intelligent, than the actor of the present. He acted better, because he had a better mind, a more highly educated, more highly developed brain.

"There isn't living today an actor who can write verses such as Booth dashed off."

THE FORTUNATE SEA-CUCUMBER.

THE TIDE was low, and here and there in the white sand were little pools of clear salt water. A pale gray, sausage-shaped creature, with a feathery tuft at one end, floated in one of the tiny pools, and a life guard, pointing to it, said:

"There is a sea-cucumber. If we were like it, we would never have dyspepsia. The sea-cucumber is the most fortunate creature that exists.

"If a sea-cucumber's digestion gets out of order, it turns itself inside out, and then, with a wriggle, cuts adrift its entire interior. The interior floats one way; the sea cucumber, lightened and relieved, floats another.

"It is now no more than a bag, an empty shell; but a new stomach grows inside it in a very short time, and this new stomach is healthy, and strong, and satisfactory in all respects. If it isn't, overboard it goes, and the sea-cucumber grows another one."

The life guard touched the sea-cucumber with his bare brown feet. But the fortunate creature, floating contentedly in the tepid water, paid the man no heed.

What Women Want to Know.

RED ANTS.—Will you kindly tell me how I can rid my house of little, red ants? Our house has just been built and has been overrun with the ants from the beginning. —Mrs. D. P. C.

Red ants will leave if you will put sulphur in small sacks and place them in the cupboard or drawers where they gather.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN A MAN'S HAT.—Please explain in your question department the best way to clean a man's soiled stiff hat?—W. R. D.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, Cynthia West-ond Alden, founder and president general. STATE OFFICERS. President, Mrs. Noble Barrow, 216 Twenty-second Avenue S. Minneapolis. Telephone T. C. 1202. First Vice President—Mrs. Grace W. Tubbs. Second Vice President—Mrs. J. A. Brand. Third Vice President—Mrs. N. A. Sprong. Fourth Vice President—Mrs. J. F. Fleming. Fifth Vice President—Mrs. E. W. Kingsley. Secretary—Miss Eva Blanchard. Treasurer—Miss Eva Blanchard. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. A. A. Seiser. Organizer—Miss Lillian M. Ellis.

Established Features. The work of the Sunshine society in the various states has grown so rapidly that the president general has had considerable difficulty in keeping watch over it. This month the Sunshine Bulletin has made an effort to start a directory of established features maintained by the different branches throughout the world. Maine was the honor bearer of heavy white satin as the best organized state in the union. Minnesota has hopes of winning the banner next year. Maine gains its laurels by supporting the Sunshine beds in hospitals for cripples at the cost of \$250 per year each.

The beds are occupied constantly. Maine also furnishes wheel chairs for all cripples who need them. The following list, tho very incomplete, gives some idea of what the society is endeavoring to accomplish: New York—The New York state day nursery, open the year round. Two dollars a week sustains a child for a month. Sunshine home for blind babies. Open the year round. Two dollars a week sustains a child. The Hillcrest Sunshine lodge, Livingston Manor, Sullivan county, New York. Open the year round. Fresh air home in summer, a rest home in winter. Two dollars a week for children and \$4 for adults. Sunshine room in the Naval Y. M. C. A. Connecticut—Bridgeport Fresh Air home. Open July, August and September. All children sent are the guests of the Bridgeport ladies. Fifteen every two weeks.

Arkansas—Hot Springs Sunshine rest home; principally for gentlemen suffering with rheumatism. Open the year round. Louisiana—New Orleans, the Catherine Cole Sunshine lunch room (accommodations for 400). Open the year round. Massachusetts—Boston, Sunshine exchange and free library. Open Tuesdays and Fridays. Maine—Two sunshine beds in hospitals for cripples. Two hundred and fifty per year each; occupied constantly. Wheel chairs are also furnished for all Sunshine cripples who need them.

Michigan—Saginaw, the adoption of a blind baby, so far as looking out for all its little needs. The city pays \$2 a week for its support. Minnesota—Minneapolis, Sunshine rest home (on Lake Chicago). The home is open June, July, August and September. Mississippi—Free libraries for every county in the state. Nebraska—Tecumseh, Sunshine rest home. Ohio—Toledo, wheel chair fund. Sunshine corner at Toledo hospital with a Sunshine free reading table. Flower mission at Milner's wholesale carpet store. Texas—Kerrville, the sunshine library.

Virginia—Box libraries for every county. Idaho—Sunshine library at Logan. Forget-Me-Not. When to the flowers so beautiful The father gave a name, Back came a little blue-eyed one (All timidly it came), And, standing at the window's feet And gazing in his face, It said in low and trembling tones, "Dear God, the same thou gavest me, Alas, I have forgot." Kindly the father looked him down And said, "Forget me not."

Send Sunshine to an invalid. Mrs. William Callahan, Webster, Ill., would be grateful for worsted, silk, calico and velvet pieces to enable her to keep up her patchwork and do her share towards supporting the family.

Mrs. Callahan has been a sufferer for eighteen years. Her limbs are all crooked and stiff and she cannot raise her hands to her head, yet she still has the Sunshine spirit. Aug. 8 is her birthday. Will not some Minnesota Sunshiner remember her?

Not Yet the Victory. However dark and profitless, however painful and weary existence may have become, life is not done, and our Christian character is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything left for us to do.—Robertson.

Acceptance of Duty. "You are seeking your own will my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows from the foot of the invisible throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I say again man cannot choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties and choose not to have the sorrow they bring. But you will go forth, and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs and no bread with them."—George Eliot's Romola.

Reckoning Up Our Treasures. We ought daily or weekly to dedicate a little time to the reckoning up of the virtues of our belongings—wife, children, friends—contemplating them in a beautiful collection. And we should do so now, that we may not pardon and love in vain and too late, after the beloved one has been taken away from us to a better world.—Jean Paul Richter.

Tomorrow's Sun. The today may not fulfill All thy hopes, have patience still; For perchance tomorrow's sun Sees thy happier days begun.—Gerhardt.

Just Received 12 and 16 Button Length Silk Gloves All Sizes - All Colors 50c to \$1.50 Pair including Brown, Navy, Pongee, Reseda, Sky Blue and Pink. Gamossini

SEND YOUR SHIRTS if you want them properly laundered. It means longer wearing qualities, by having us do the work. The WHITE Laundry 925 Washington Av S Both Phones.

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CIGARET SMOKER IN JAIL AND WRIT FAILS New York Sun Special Service. Lafayette, Ind., July 10.—Edward Hammel, a traveling salesman, who, having been convicted of smoking cigars, is serving a sentence of twenty-nine days in default of payment of a fine of \$15 and costs, will, in all probability, be compelled to serve the entire sentence. An attempt having been made to effect Hammel's release by habeas corpus procedure, based upon court decisions holding unconstitutional that part of the law which refers to the smoker, Judge Rabb of Fowler held that the prisoner's only means of obtaining relief was by appeal. Hammel's sentence will have expired before an appeal can be heard.

TOBACCO TRUST NOW HAS SNUFF MONOPOLY New York Sun Special Service. Pittsburgh, July 10.—The American Tobacco company, commonly known as the tobacco trust, has invaded Pittsburgh. Thru one of the largest deals consummated in tobacco circles in recent years, it has absorbed the Weyman & Brothers company, which operates a large tobacco and snuff factory and has been the most formidable rival of the tobacco trust. By the transaction which is said to involve between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000, the American company secures absolute control of the snuff trade in this country and strengthens its grip on the tobacco trade. See Stockwell Soom—That life insurance—The Penn Mutual. Andrus bldg.

Whether a High Ball, Rickey or Fizz, Sparkling Londonderry LITHIA WATER should always be used if you want the best. FOR SALE BY The Lyman-Ellet Drug Co., Wholesale, The C. S. Brackett Co., Retail.