

With the Long Bow.

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

MR. CORRIGAN, who was "frisked" by Rockefeller in 1893, now comes forward to tell how John went thru his clothes for the change, taking even his jackknife and bunch of keys.

Honey is highly recommended by dermatologists as a cosmetic. Some girls, even smeared in honey, couldn't be sweeter.

The other day a kid, aged 7, who had been brought up never to be afraid of anything, took me out to Calhoun to enjoy his first swim.

Before I was ready to superintend the operation, he had dropped into the lake like a sack of flour falling out of a grocery wagon.

What I want to ask is, how, without any experience, did he know what lakes were for and how to utilize them properly.

Wanted—A new idea. After writing this column for eighteen years and several odd months, at exactly 1:15 p.m. Saturday last all ideas suddenly gave out and the column went dry.

North Dakota editors are sampling and commenting on a variety of Bulgarian breakfast food called "yaghurt."

Maine was handed out an earthquake shock Saturday that reminded old inhabitants of the time when the democrats and greenbackers carried the state in 1880 and elected Dr. Garcelon governor.

A Springfield, Mass., bulldog last week paid for all the bones he can wear out for a year by his splendid work in holding up a burglar. The craftsman entered the store of H. F. Fletcher & Co. early in the morning.

WOMAN'S ORNAMENTAL SWIMMING.

LIFE guards at summer resorts say they are sorry to see so many women learning to swim, for swimming women are in greater danger of drowning than the old-fashioned, non-swimming type.

This statement of the life guard, which facts bear out, is easy to explain.

Women who can't swim are timid. They never go where the water comes higher than their knees. They wallow in the shallows, shrieking like maniacs, and the life guard has no trouble with them.

But the women who can swim are daring. They desire to show off. They go out beyond where the waves break; they swim in their weak way to and fro; then, when they lower their feet to wade, they find that the water is over their heads, and instantly they become terrified.

Frantically they strike out for the shore. So terribly do they exert themselves that in two or three minutes they are quite exhausted. Then under they go, splashing and sobbing, and if no life guard—professional or amateur—happens to be at hand, they drown.

If women would learn to swim well, to swim like men, it would be all right, the life guards say. But theirs is an ornamental rather than a useful style of swimming, and when it is most needed it is least effective.

THE PURE FOOD SWINDLER.

IN THESE days of municipal housecleaning and general reform, the swindler has many a golden opportunity. A poor grocer said the other day:

"I was swindled last week out of \$10. A well-dressed, handsome man came into my store, and bought apple butter, four different kinds of catsup, seven fruit extracts, some red wine, eight sorts of spices, and various other things."

"After he had tucked his purchases under his arm, he smiled and said: 'For your sake I hope all this stuff is pure.' 'Pure? Why?' I said anxiously."

"I'm a government food inspector," he answered, "and I am going to take these things for analysis to a government chemist. His analyses are mighty severe. I hope you'll come out all right. But—"

"I am only a poor grocer in a small way of business. I know nothing positive about the purity of my goods. And a prosecution would have ruined me—it would simply have ruined me."

"I looked hard at the inspector. The inspector looked hard at me. I winked my eye kind of accidentally. He smiled and winked back."

"'Would \$10—?' I began. 'Sure,' said he. 'Sure, friend.' 'So I handed him two fives, and he left like a shot.'"

"Well, I saw him again this morning in the prisoners' dock. He had tried the same dodge on one of our big grocers, one of our big, prosperous fellows that advertise a half-column a day in all the papers. These fellows pay to know their goods are pure, and so, when the swindler visited one of them, he was found out and arrested in a jiffy."

"But he had swindled me, and dear knows how many like me before that."

"He had played hob with the milkmen, too."



HOT WEATHER. Future Punishment of the Man Who Kicks.

The Journal's Daily Fashions.

No. 2728—A Box-Plaited Suit for a Tiny Man.



2728

THE Russian suit, be it plain, tucked or plaited, is an ideal garment for the manikin who has just emerged from the chrysalis state of lingerie dresses. The trousers foster his sense of dignity and gratify his budding manhood, which, even at this tender age, is beginning to sprout and assert itself.

Pattern No. 2728 is cut in three sizes from 2 to 6 years. The Minneapolis Journal will mail the above pattern in any of these sizes, on receipt of 10 cents and the size, name and address.

What the Market Affords.

CUCUMBERS, two for 5 cents. Watermelons, 25 to 35 cents. Raspberries, 7 cents; four for 25 cents. Tomatoes, 25 cents a basket. Wax beans, 5 cents a pound. Green string beans, 10 cents a pound. Cauliflower, 10 and 15 cents. Broilers, 20 cents a pound.

The cry now is for good hot weather dishes, and in the manufacture of these tomatoes and cucumbers are invaluable ingredients. Cups of tomatoes or cucumbers may now replace all kinds of pastry cases. To vary the breakfast eggs, scoop out the centers of small, firm tomatoes, sprinkle with seasoning and chopped parsley; break into each carefully an egg and bake until the egg is set.

Fresh tomatoes are much better for scalloping than canned ones. Place thin slices of tomatoes and bread or cracker crumbs in alternate layers in a baking dish, adding seasonings of salt, pepper and bits of butter to each cucumber layer; use chopped onion if liked. Bake about an hour. Green tomatoes are said to be even better than ripe ones for this use of salt, pepper and bits of butter to each crumb layer; as in all scallops, should be of crumbs, liberally dotted with bits of butter.

What Women Want to Know.

HARMONICA PLAYING.—Please answer this question thru the What Women Want to Know column: Is harmonica or mouth-organ playing injurious to the lungs?—A Reader.

Mouth-organ playing, like playing on any wind instrument, should develop the lungs instead of injuring them.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

"IF I WERE KING."—In the play "If I Were King," given here several years ago by E. H. Sothorn, he spoke a few lines in the garden scene with the heroine of the play of "The Thing of Yesterday." I should very much like to know the lines referred to, and can you tell me where I can find them or give the address of the author, Justin McCarthy?

Also what will clean an old brass antique lamp; something that will take off the dirt, but will not give a bright polish?—Subscriber.

THE PIG WAS SORE.

THE late Father Scully of Cambridge told the following story at a temperance lecture in that city: A very much intoxicated man tumbled into a gutter and fell asleep. A pig came along and lay down beside him. A reverend gentleman passing noticed the pair and remarked: "You can always tell a person by the company he keeps." And the pig got up and walked away.

The Grand Prix.



PARIS, June 12.—The Grand Prix race of Paris is really worth seeing—if you have never seen it. But, on the other hand, if you see it once—like climbing the tower of St. Peter's at Rome—you probably will not be particularly anxious to do it a second time.

The Grand Prix race at the Longchamps course, just outside Paris, comes every year on the second Sunday of June, and may be called "The French Derby." It really inaugurates the summer season, as Paris migrates to the country soon after it is run.

The Grand Prix means 250,000 francs (\$50,000) to the lucky winner, and everyone in the gay capital who can scrape up the necessary price for new clothes, carriage and admission fee takes in the big show.

Last Sunday, the Grand Prix was run, and, while they say the crowd was somewhat smaller than usual, I can't see how it could possibly have been larger. There were 255,000 persons there, and the sight was worth while. Such finery as was exhibited there is hard to imagine. In fact, that is the whole idea—the display of gowns for the next season by the Parisian makers. The wealth and beauty of costume would delight milady's heart, were she from New York or Dodge Center. Still they say the array of costumes was not quite up to the usual standard, as Parisian weather has been very fickle of late, and a great sprinkling of smart tailor-made suits. The millinery, of course, was glorious, and the society reporter would be taxed to her utmost to tell the plans of architecture of a thousandth part of the head adornment.

Thousands and thousands of Americans were there, and there seemed to be as many women as men. The men, by the way, also appeared "in their best blocks," but, the I searched and searched, I did not see a single Frenchman with the makeup one sees of that excellent gentleman in our farce comedies. No "pot hats," no jumpingjacks at all. Gracious! Where is the Frenchman we see on the Bijou stage?

At 3 o'clock there was a roll of drums, announcing the arrival of President Loubet, and there was a great craning of necks to see him as he entered his box. Then the "saddling bell" rang, and everyone took his seat so that as you looked over the stands and field you saw as many people as there are in Minneapolis (nearly), waiting for the race to start.

But just at that instant Mr. J. Pluvius did a rather mean trick. The clouds had been rolling up, and suddenly, before the race could be started, down came the rain, and a regular thunderstorm was on. Lucky ones with umbrellas, of course, were safe, but nevertheless most of the crowd got a ducking, and the loss in gowns was once more something to think about. For fully half an hour the big raindrops fell, but the race was run just the same, and if your eyes were quick you could see at least seven seconds of the event. Then there was a great splashing around in the mud by everybody, while about one hundred thousand carriages and autos were being hunted up. If you had good luck, and found your's, you found yourself tearing back to town again with the biggest bunch of people you ever were in.

Down the great Champs Elysses the crowd rolled, thru the great Arc de Triomphe and across the Alexander III Pont, the handsomest, largest, most wonderful bridge in Paris, and one of the world's great bridges as well. When I saw this bridge for the first time, I experienced the first pang of homesickness, as it was quite impossible to look upon it and not be reminded of "that dear Tenth avenue S bridge" right at home.

And so the Grand Prix crowd scattered, and the gentlemen who operate the cafes and table d'hote arrangements got busy. All Sunday night and into Monday morning the merry-makers had a "la-la-la-la" time of it. That's what people here say, but I don't know exactly what it means.

Oh, yes, I forgot to say that Finasseur, whoever he may be, won the race. I didn't see him come in, but they say he won. Anyhow, the winner is quite a detail you don't care about. You go to the Grand Prix to see the crowd.

—Arthur Warnock.

WHEN LOWELL MADE HIS BEST SPEECHES.

THE late Joseph Jefferson often declared that in spite of his long experience on the stage he did not find it easy to face an audience for the purpose of speechmaking. He said he greatly envied men who found it comparatively easy to get up on the spur of the moment and deliver a graceful impromptu speech.

Once in making an address the celebrated comedian said this used to be a source of great annoyance to him in his former days, till once he heard of the experience of one of the most brilliant literary men as well as one of the most graceful after-dinner speakers that our country has ever produced.

It was at a banquet given in honor of the poet James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell had delivered one of his wonderfully happy short speeches. At the informal reception which followed the banquet I congratulated him on his speech and warmly expressed my admiration for it. I even had the audacity to ask him if it was prepared, which he answered in the negative. I told him at the same time how difficult I found it to get up and say anything worth while offhand. "I begged him to tell me if there was any royal road to impromptu after-dinner speechmaking."

"The face of the distinguished poet brightened up, and, with that genial and humorous twinkle in his eyes which his friends loved so well, he answered: 'I make all my best after-dinner speeches in the carriage going home from the banquet.'"



HE EXISTS ONLY ON THE STAGE.



LUCKY ONES WITH UMBRELLAS.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 98 Fifth Avenue, New York, Cynthia West, founder and president general. MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS. Room 64, Loan and Trust Building, 312 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Telephone, N. W. Main 1225. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sunshine department of The Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Miss Eva Blanchard, 139 East Fifteenth Street.

A Fearful Heist. The crosses which we make for ourselves by a restless anxiety as to the future, are not crosses which come from God. We show want of faith in him by our false wisdom, wishing to forestall his arrangements and struggling to supplement his providence by our own providence. The future is not yet ours; perhaps it will never be. If it comes it may come wholly different from what we have foreseen.

Our Life in Vain. The we climb Fame's proudest heights; The we sit on hills afar; Where the throne of triumph are; The all deepest mysteries be opened to our sight. If we win not by that power For the world a richer dowry; If this great humanity share not our gain, We have lived our life in vain.

The our lot be calm and bright, The upon our brows we wear, Youth and grace and beauty rare, And the hours fly swiftly staging in their flight. If we let no glory down, Any darkened life to crown, If our grace and gladness have no ministry for pain, We have lived our life in vain. —David Swing.

Kindness and Courage. "Life is mostly froth and bubble, Two things stand like stone: Kindness in another's trouble, Courage in your own."

A Surprise for Our President General. The birthday of Mrs. Cynthia West-over Aiden has come and gone, but she will long remember with pleasant thoughts the little surprise party that awaited her at headquarters. A committee of ladies mysteriously appeared at the office about 2 p.m. She was, of course, delighted to see them, but did not divine that it was a well-laid plan to wish her many happy returns of the day. A beautiful box of candy was handed to her by Mrs. Royal Gage of Brooklyn, saying: "I am sure you will pass on some of the contents to us when you open the box." Candy of all kinds met the low when the lid was taken off. First one lady and then another received a piece of candy until Mrs. Gage said: "I will take the piece in the middle of the box if you will give it to me." Smilingly Mrs. Aiden immediately raised the piece of chocolate and

found to her great surprise that it concealed a \$20 gold piece, under that a \$5 piece and then a smaller gold coin for the \$2.50. Counting it all up she found that she had \$27.50 in gold and 50 cents in silver.

Each of the workers at headquarters had some little gift to denote the sunshine, and well knowing that Mrs. Aiden always prefers an inexpensive gift, they were dainty but not costly.

Heartily and sincerely were the wishes for good health, happiness and many years for the president general, and tea was served. An enjoyable afternoon was spent in this manner, and as there was a debt owing at headquarters, Mrs. Aiden turned over the amount for the purpose of helping to pay it, feeling that this would mean the most sunshine to herself.

Worship or Service. To which he calls me, be it toll or rest— To labor for him in life's busy stir, Or seek his feet a silent worshipper. So let him choose for us. We are not strong, To make the choice; perhaps we should go wrong, Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth For loving worship—and so fall in both.

The True Alms. Helping others does not always mean sending fuel, food and clothing. The needs which these material things satisfy are the smallest needs of human lives. There are other and sometimes better ways of helping—with sympathy, hope, cheer, courage, inspiration, comfort.

These are the blessings more people need than the food and the fuel. So far as we know Jesus gave no money. He did not have it to give. Yet there was never in this world such a dispenser of true alms as he was. He gave encouragement, instruction, love. He told people of higher things. None of us are too poor to help in the same way.

We may not have silver and gold to bestow, but out of a warm heart we can give coins of love which will mean far more than money.

Meeting of Coropis Branch. Coropis branch of the Sunshine society will hold its thimblebee tomorrow with Mrs. W. H. Parker, 732 East Sixteenth Street, at 10 o'clock. Each member will bring luncheon for two and the men are invited to come to the luncheon at 12:30. A large attendance is hoped for.—Mrs. C. S. Hawley.

Office Furniture J. F. GAGE & CO., Cor. Henn. Ave. and 6th St.

Correct Fitting Spectacles and Eye Glasses are not a matter of price, but that of Experience and Skill. We have both at our command and will serve you best and latest machinery at your command. Just telephone for our auto delivery and it will call for your work.

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IT'S TOO HOT TO WASH And you needn't either, when you have the services of the most skilled laundress using best and latest machinery at your command. Just telephone for our auto delivery and it will call for your work.

The White Laundry, 925 Wash. Ave. So. Both Phones.

I Don't Sell kodaks and fountain pens and run an optical business on the side. I stick right to my specialty of examining eyes and fitting glasses by the very best and most up-to-date methods. You can't afford to let an uneducated man experiment on your eyes. You should consult an honest and competent optician. Call on

DE MARS 609 Second Ave. So. No Charge for Examination.

SAC CITY, IOWA.—The first year of the Sec City Chautauque has been a success in every way. With Captain R. F. Hobson to open, and Governors La Follette and Cummins to tell the story of the uprising of the people against corporate greed, the management has offered a fine program. The attendance has run as high as 2,000 a day. Professor Holden of Ames gave lectures on farm topics. Professor C. F. Curtis spoke on animal husbandry. Colonel Baird gave his lectures on "The Twentieth Century Searchlight" and "The Safe Side of Life for Young Men." Rev. Dr. McArthur of New York spoke on "Japan's Victory, Christianity's Opportunity."

SLEEPY EYE, MINN.—Archbishop Ireland yesterday opened a class of over three hundred young people at St. Mary's church. Over one thousand had him last night in a brilliant and impressive address. He confirmed a class of 100 at Leavenworth today.

Cool, Snowy Silk Gloves To wear with short sleeves; elbow length Silk Gloves, 50c to \$1.50 PAIR White, black and all colors. Headquarters for Kayser's Patent Tip Silk Gloves, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 pair. Gamossi Glove Co. No. 50 610 Nicollet.

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

NEW RUGS FROM YOUR OLD CARPETS CARPET RENOVATING & LAYING SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET NATIONAL CARPET CLEANING CO. Nicollet Island—Both Phones

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Use Beach's Peosta Soap Beach's Glycerine Hand Soap keeps the hands soft.

If you send your washing out keep your eye on the method your washerwoman employs. Don't permit the use of rank, cheap soap that makes the clothes yellow and requires boiling to get out the dirt. An out of date washer will give the clothes more wear in the wash tub than you give them in actual use. Five bars of Peosta cost 25c at any grocery store and they will do five large washings.