

With the Long Bow.

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

I MET a man the other day who stated that he had "taken" cod liver oil for several years. He could not see that it had ever done him any good, and he confessed that he had acquired no taste for the delicate, fishy confection. I asked him, "Why take it, then?" and he couldn't tell. Having tasted cod liver oil in the eighties, I decided that a violent death was preferable to tasting it again. Did you ever know anybody to get well taking cod liver oil?

When it came out that there were several profits on coal, one of them reaching about \$4, a lot of people claimed to be astonished.

A Pennsylvania man whose house occupies the angle in a turn of the road is much annoyed by automobiles butting it. So far three big, livid locomotives have handed out jolts to the farmer's abode, and he has put up a sign requesting them to keep on their side of the fence.

The example set by the king a few weeks ago in wearing white "topper" hats, has caught the English imagination. The new white top hat is light in weight, and is made with a brim of greater or lesser curl, according to the style of the wearer.

"The advent of the white top hat," said a leading West End society hatter in discussing the subject, "will kill the already moribund no-hat crusade."

If there is anything the hatter does not care for, it is the present no-hat movement. Some extremists have been going about London and the country without hats, and were surprised to find what a convenience it was. The hatters seemed to have much trouble in getting the idea.

Trenton, N. J., has a mathematical puzzle that can show Ann. The mayor, pastors, newspapers and professors are all busy on it, and some of them mad already. The craze started from a wager that the Y. M. C. A. baseball team would score twice as many runs as the Waldrons. At the end of the game the score stood 1 to 0. Immediately a fierce discussion arose. The papers carry columns of opinions.

Some say no bet, others say the men betting on the Y. M. C. A. team won.

"One is 1,000 per cent more than 0"; "it is 100 per cent more, and cannot be considered twice as much." These are samples of the "solutions." People who can't settle as simple a problem as that should apply to the "professor."

What this suffering country needs now to leap into the breach and save us is another statesman like George Francis Train.

Old Tom Platt, over 70, and rather sore on the world, says that his life has not been worth while. Many of his countrymen have suspected this for years and years.

A strange case has been under observation in a New York hospital of a well-to-do merchant from the country, who, when he arrived in town, found that he had completely forgotten himself. Dr. Morton says of him:

I saw him a few minutes after he arrived by a roundabout way, at a private sanitarium. He was cheerful, even humorous, in his predicament, so humorous, in fact, that when asked his name he searched thru his pockets and produced a large roll of bills, but nothing to identify himself. "Doctor," he at length said, "I've completely forgotten my name and where I live, but, by jimminy, I must be somebody somewhere to be carrying as much money as this around."

It must be a great relief to a man sometimes to forget himself, but it can be carried too far if you are in business.

Several months ago Professor Andrew N. Fox of the chair of Biblical languages in the German Institute of Chicago Theological Seminary sent the following telegram to John D. Rockefeller:

John D. Rockefeller, New York City, N. Y.: Wanted—Two professorship endowments for foreign missionary work at home. Eleven million lives touched. Check accepted on face value. No questions asked.

Whether the insult of the "no questions asked" got on Mr. Rockefeller's nerves or whether the seminary authorities did not relish the professor's self-imposed task of trying to reach some of the Standard Oil wealth is not known. At any rate, Professor Fox has been dismissed.

Undoubtedly the professor considered that telegram a very witty bit of literature. It would be interesting to know what John D. thought of it. —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

WITH everything one could think of in the market, there is nothing especially new, and prices remain unchanged. As a result of the hot weather the cherries in the market for a day or two were of very inferior quality, but today there has been a limited supply of nice sour cherries sold at \$1.35 for sixteen-quart crates. There is so much waste to cherries if they are seeded that they are rather too expensive for canning at more than 10 cents a quart.

The fish market is supplying everything seasonable, both salt and fresh water, and, while the prices are rather high, the quality is good and there is so little waste to fish that it is much cheaper than meat. Cod is unusually high this season, owing to a scarcity. Boiled fish is desirable for hot weather, as it is easily and quickly cooked. A piece of three or four pounds will cook in half a hour. Unless one has a flat perforated pan that fits into the kettle by which the fish can be lifted out, it should be wrapped in cheesecloth for boiling, in order to keep it from breaking in handling. The special fish kettles have this loose strainer bottom.

The most suitable accompaniment of boiled fish is cucumbers, which are very acceptable in every guise now. If something different from the sliced vegetable or salad is wanted, make thin cucumber sandwiches to eat with the fish.

What Women Want to Know.

WEDDING INVITATIONS.—What is the proper way to give invitations to a wedding when people wish to invite a few guests, but are not going to print anything but the announcement of the wedding?—Subscriber.

For a small wedding it is quite correct to simply call and extend a verbal invitation. This may be done either by the bride-elect or her mother. Otherwise, either informal notes requesting the attendance of the friends desired should be sent, or invitations in the usual formal language may be written instead of having them engraved. The choice is largely a matter of taste, but depends somewhat on the degree of formality to be observed. Even a small wedding to which no engraved invitations are sent may observe punctiliously all the forms of a large function.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

BATH BAGS.—Can you tell me how to make the bath bags that are to be used in place of wash cloths?—Mary.



WITH THE MAYOR ON THE LID. The Force—The town's O. K. with His Honor holding things down. We needn't worry, he's proved himself a good policeman.

The Journal's Daily Fashions.

No. 2714—A Dainty and Becoming Dressing-Sack.



2714

HOW often have blessings been called down upon the inventor of the dressing-sack. When tired and nervous woman is freed from the day's work and is at liberty to divest herself of the visiting or street costume, where the collar, perhaps, has not been as comfortable as it might be, and the skirt has become laden with dust, with what a feeling of relief does she don the comfortable dressing-sack! The sack portrayed meets all requirements—comfort, beauty, simplicity—and can be made of French flannel, challie, pongee or the thinner material like lawn or organdy. There is a choice of two sleeves, a long bishop with cuff, suited to the heavier material, and the three-quarter sleeve with frill a little more adapted to the thinner fabrics. The quantity of material required to make up the pattern is 4 1/2 yards 36 inches wide.

Pattern No. 2714 is cut in six sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust. To obtain this pattern in any of these sizes, postpaid, send size, name and address, with 10 cents, to The Pattern Department of The Minneapolis Journal.

MULE OR SAILOR.

ADMIRAL DICKINS, during the sham bombardment of Fort Monroe, smiled one morning, as a sailor staggered past him with a bale of hay on his back.

"He makes me think," said the admiral, "of another sailor, a British one, whom I saw one day at Gibraltar. He, too, had a load of hay, and was toiling with it up from the little fishing village that lies at the foot of the great rock. I talked with him a little while, and, as we parted, I said:

"Who are you, my man? What job do you hold here?" "Well," the sailor answered, as he took up the hay again, "I used to consider myself a British bluejacket, but I'm dashed if I don't begin to think I'm a commissary mule."

A Cruelly Deceived Woman

IF IT WASN'T for the children the woman would get a divorce. She has been deceived for ten years. That is the period of her married life. The courtship leading up to that nuptial contract covered two years. In that time the man and the woman wrote many letters. The woman wrote 746 and the man 715. The day before the wedding the woman said:

"Henry, have you kept all my letters?" "Every one," said Henry. "How sweet of you," murmured the woman. "Now, I'll tell you what we will do. I have made two sofa pillows, one for you and one for me. Instead of stuffing them with cotton or feathers or sweet balsam we will fill them with our old love letters and keep them forever and ever. Won't that be lovely?"

Henry said that he thought it would be. So the woman gave him his pillow cover. It was very pretty, also it was appropriate. It was made of green satin, embroidered in gold. It said, "From one I love." Her pillow also was an ornate affair. As soon as the woman and her husband went to house-keeping she placed the two pillows side by side on the sofa. When they began to get dusty she packed them away in scented tissue paper and put them in a dark closet. Once a week she took them out and patted them and said, "Dear Henry."



One day last week the woman remembered a certain poetic effusion she had one time written to Henry. She wished to see just how she had worked it, so she opened the sofa pillow and looked for the letter. It was not there. None of her letters was there. Instead of stuffing his pillow with her loving epistles, Henry, the wretch, had used old bills and business letters and circulars, because, as he shamelessly admitted when taxed with his disloyalty, he didn't want to take chances on being made to feel like a fool by having "all that tommyrot brought up against him when he reached the age of gray hairs and discretion."—New York Press.

HE WANTED GORMAN'S ADVICE.

SENATOR GORMAN'S friends (and foes) know that his qualities as leader are at least mastery, but how far they trust to his judgment may not be so well known to the reading public. One of the statesman's friends had a dream not so long ago, which he is telling, and it makes clear the whole Maryland political situation.

He was standing before heaven's gate and St. Peter was just opening it. As it swung back the venerable warden asked the name of the new arrival and proceeded to look up his record in a great book. Then he said, "Enter!" The Marylander hesitated. He looked all around him and scratched his head, but he did not advance toward the open gate.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked the saint. "Enter!" "Well, I hope it's all right," said the other, slowly, "but I do wish I could have a word with Gorman before taking so important a step."—New York Times.

A BATCH OF BISCUIT.

GOVERNOR McLANE of New Hampshire was talking about Henry James' criticism of American speech.

"I suppose that Mr. James wants us to use the broad a," he said, "and to talk in every way like Oxford graduates. The broad a is all very well, and the Oxford graduate talks more musically, no doubt, than the native of Paint Rock. At the same time it was thru the cultivation of this English way of speaking that my best friend nearly lost his wife—lost her, I mean, thru divorce, not thru death.

"She had made, one day, some biscuits, and at dinner that night she said in her cultivated way: "I made a big batch of these biscuits." "You did, indeed, dear," said my friend, her husband. "How do you know how big a batch I made?" she asked, surprised. "I thought," he murmured, "that you said botch."

SILK HAT CHANGES OF A CENTURY



THE high hat is celebrating its centenary this year. It was in 1805 that the cocked hat of colonial times began to disappear, coincident with the passing of small-clothes, and the long brocaded waistcoat of the eighteenth century. The credit of introducing the "topper," as the beaver was nicknamed, has been credited to the celebrated Beau Brummel, but that arbiter of fashion of the early nineteenth century can only be credited with having introduced a change in its shape. The idea from which the modern high hat evolved came undoubtedly from the headgear adopted in the days of Henry of Navarre by Huguenot officers who wore cone-shaped arrangements of hard felt with rolling brims. The hat passed entirely out of use until the revival at the opening of the nineteenth century attacked men's dress. In 1805 the first high hat appeared in Paris. It had a cone-shaped crown, with straight, converging edges and a narrow, rolling brim. A wide band decorated with a buckle in front finished the first hat. In eleven years the topper underwent considerable change. The crown became decidedly belled, but the brim, band and buckle remained much the same. By 1840 the real Beau Brummel hat came into fashion. It was a cumbersome affair of heavy, rough beaver that made the wearer look decidedly topheavy. The buckle hung on for eight years, when the crown assumed almost a modern shape, but the brim became flatter. The crown grew in height as years went on, until 1860, when the sartorial monstrosity with a tall, straight crown and a narrow flat brim afflicted mankind. Fortunately the "war-time" topper was shortlived. It had undergone a radical change in shape in five years. The hat of 1865 was more like that of today than the silk hat of 1870, when the brim became narrower once more. In thirty years the silk hat has undergone few changes until today, when the tendency appears to be again toward a flat brim and a tall, slightly belled crown. The silk hat of the present time is not much unlike its ancestor of the period of 1816.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY

Logo for the International Sunshine Society, Minnesota Division. The logo features a sun with rays and the text 'INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY' and 'MINNESOTA DIVISION'. Below the logo, there is a list of officers and members, including the President, Vice Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer.

Sunshine Theories. Wealth and poverty have nothing to do with sunshine. Neither have creeds. It is for that reason that so many clergymen of different faiths meet at Sunshine gatherings and delight in these as an opportunity for coming into contact with one another. This Sunshine society starts out with the proposition that poor people are not mostly objects of charity, and that rich people are not mostly beings without feeling or sympathy. Also that people who regard themselves as neither rich nor poor are in an overwhelming majority everywhere. Kindness extends its mystic Freemasonry over all classes. The curly barefoot boy who helps the aged man across the street has much in common with the Fifth avenue maiden who gets together the foundlings of the almshouse and serves them with her own hands. He doesn't know it; she doesn't know it, but both will be the stronger for finding it out. The woman on a western farm a dozen miles from a railroad station, rebelling in her scant hours, against her isolation and yearning for glimpses of the greater world, has much in common with the wealthy city woman who languishes in an elegant city apartment wondering what she will do next. Each might help the other, if but with a letter, which Uncle Sam will charge only 2 cents to carry.

So far as what we call material sunshine goes, there are not many lives so devoid of accessories that some are not superfluous. The unluckiest child has some toy that is now unused. The closest scribbled student has some textbook that can be passed on to a boy who has none of that kind, and a farmer's wife can send a jar of jelly that will gladden the heart of a brave son in the jungles of Luzon. That sympathetic souls may be brought into contact with one another is the aim of the society. It is said: "Now we see thru a glass darkly, but then face to face." It is the theory of Sunshine work that some glimpses of the greater world, has much in common with the wealthy city woman who languishes in an elegant city apartment wondering what she will do next. Each might help the other, if but with a letter, which Uncle Sam will charge only 2 cents to carry.

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Happiness Reflective. Washington Irving said: "Surely happiness is reflective, like the light

of heaven; and every countenance bright with the smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence."

Beautiful Thoughts. "Every day is a fresh beginning." Keep your heart warm toward God by a constant recognition of his goodness in the blessings of each day.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—It matters little if dark or fair—Whole-souled honesty printed there. As we meet and touch each day, The many travelers on our way, Let every smile be brief contact be A glorious, helpful ministry.

Pass It On. April beam, the little thing, Still it makes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the silver linings sing— Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on; Souls are groping in the night, Daylight goes, the shadows fight, Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a star in someone's sky, He may live who else may die— Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy need, Pass it on; Look upon thy brother's need, Pass it on; Live for self, you live in vain; Live for Christ, you live again; Live for him, with him you reign— Pass it on.

—Rev. Henry Burton.

The Keynote of Sunshine. Love is, indeed, the keynote of sunshine. Those who enter here speedily do forget the struggles and every trembling fear of the spirit and tearing from the selfish each evil thought and all that selfishness within their lives has wrought, resolving to forget barter for selfish ends, finding no servility for imperiousness. All are servants in that they willingly work for other's good, actively if possible, serving also if they needs must stand and wait; all are masters in that they command many willing workers to do their gracious behests. The Fatherhood of God includes all as kindred. Fraternity, the ever-compelling brotherhood of man, leads each to heart to never forget the rule of life is love.

Advertisement for 'Great Parol Sale. 600 Manufacturers' Samples at Less than cost of making.' It features an illustration of a woman in a dress and a list of items for sale, including children's and misses' parasols and women's stylish parasols.

Advertisement for 'Samossi' gloves, showing a pair of gloves and the brand name.

Advertisement for 'SEASON'S CLEAN-UP' by J. A. RUSH & CO. It offers various cleaning services and includes a small portrait of a man.

Advertisement for 'HENNEPIN LAUNDRY CO.' It features a circular logo with the text 'WHEN YOU THINK LAUNDRY THINK HENNEPIN.' and describes the services offered, including laundry and ironing.

Advertisement for 'An Order for Quality Ye Olde Tyme Bread.' It features an illustration of a woman and a child, and mentions 'St. Olaf Tyme Bakers'.

Advertisement for 'J. M. Moreau OPTICIAN' located at 616 NICOLLET AVE. MINNEAPOLIS.

Advertisement for 'PRACTICAL SHORTHAND' by The Munson Shorthand Institute, featuring a portrait of a man.

Large advertisement for 'EDISON PHONOGRAPHS' by MINNESOTA PHONOGRAPH CO. It features an illustration of a gramophone and offers a price of \$1.00 down per week. The address is 518 NICOLLET AVENUE.