

A String of Good Stories.

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

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

REPRESENTATIVE JULIUS KAHN of California tells a grimly humorous tale illustrative of the guile of "the heathen Chinese."

One day it appears that Dennis Spencer, a prominent criminal attorney of Napa, in the state mentioned, was the recipient of a call from a Chinese, who without circumlocution at once put this question:

"S'plose, Mr. Spencer, one Chinaman kill 'nother Chinaman with hatchet. How much you o'charge make him clear?"

"Oh," exclaimed the lawyer, carelessly, "I'd take the case for \$500."

The Chinaman vanished without a word. In about a week he returned and laid the sum of \$500 on Mr. Spencer's desk.

"What's this for?" asked the lawyer.

"You say you take the case for \$500," explained the Oriental.

A light burst upon Mr. Spencer. Horrified, he exclaimed: "You mean to tell me that since I saw you last one of your countrymen has been killed?"

"Certainly," calmly answered the Chinaman. "I get him last night."—New York Times.

KILLING OFF AN "ORATOR."

D. W. MAY, now of Mayaguez, Porto Rico, a native Missourian, who married Miss Harrison of Audrain, tells this incident, which occurred in his native village, Barry: "In the local debating society, Judge Alex Waller, then a young man just beginning the study of law, was pitted against the village shoemaker, a clever German by the name of Swartz, but locally known as 'Carl Schurtz.' I do not remember the subject of the debate, but Judge Waller then as now was capable of quite brilliant flights of oratory and impressed his hearers to such an extent that when 'Carl Schurtz' arose to reply he was somewhat under the spell. His German wit, however, did not entirely desert him, and he proceeded as follows: 'Mr. President and fellow citizens, mine honorable opponent reminds me of that great American bird, the turkey buzzard; when he gets up and soars he is all right, but, Mr. President, and fellow citizens, whenever he lights he always lights on something dead.' The judges decided in favor of the negative."—Moberly (Mo.) Monitor.

THEY GO TOGETHER.

ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR., who is called at Yale the "Coin Coaxer," because since Easter he has collected \$2,000,000 for his college, is an enthusiast in all forms of philanthropy.

Mr. Stokes speaks often of intemperance. He hopefully believes that drunkenness can be eradicated. The other day he said:

"Have you ever noticed how drunkenness causes uncleanness? When you see a drunkard sprucing up a little, take heart—it is a hopeful sign. He may stop drinking ere long. But if he grows very dirty, beware. Drunkenness and dirt are inseparable companions.

"How applicable to most drunkards is the story of the tramp who said, as he lurched into a saloon:

"Where's the bar?"

"The bar? What kind of bar?" said a young man.

"The liquor bar, of course," said the tramp. "What other bar do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," said the young man, "I thought you might have meant a bar of soap."

THE TWO ARTISTS.

ROBERT HENRI, the well-known painter of New York, met, the other day, an old friend from Boston.

The Bostonian has painted all his life, but his work is not good. Before work that is not good Mr. Henri is unable to dissemble. He cannot, to save his life, call bad art good art.

Accordingly, when the obscure painter showed the noted one a few specimens of his work, no praise was bestowed on it by Mr. Henri. He only looked at it, nodded gravely, and spoke of other things.

"Henri," said the Bostonian, helplessly, "I don't think I paint as well as I did ten years ago."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Henri, in a kindly voice; "only your taste has improved."

THE REPEATER.

IN DISCUSSING at a dinner the voting fraud of Philadelphia, J. G. Gordon, the mayor's counsel, told a story of a repeater.

"He was an ignorant chap, this repeater," said Judge Gordon. "He had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal."

"When they arrested him, he asked what crime lay at his door.

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice."

"Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."

TESTING YOUR VOCABULARY.

THE following poem is one of the best specimens of macaronic verse in existence, and worthy of preservation. Its author is unknown. Five languages are represented: English, French, German, Greek and Latin.

In tempus old a hero lived Qui loved puellas deus; He no pouvait pas quite to say, Which one amabat mieux. Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin "Non possum both avoir, Sed si averse Amanda Ann, Then Kate and I have war. Amanda habet argent coin, Sed Kate has aureus curis: Et both sunt very agathae Et quite formosae girls." Enfn the youthful anthropros, Philoun the duo maids, Resolved proponere ad Kate Devant eet evening's shades. Proceeds then to Kate's domo, Il trouve Amanda there, Kai quite forgot his late resolves, Both sunt so goodly fair. Sed smiling on the news tapis, Between puellas twain, Coepit to tell his love a Kate Dans un poetique strain. Mais, glancing ever et anon At fair Amanda's eyes, Illae non possunt dicere Pro which he meant his sighs. Each virgo heard the demi-vo, With cheeks as rouge as wine, And off'ring each a milk-white hand, Both whispered, "Ieh bin dein."



THE MUNICIPAL SPHINX.

Little Tales of Famous Men

NOT long before his death Thomas B. Reed visited some friends at their summer residence at Watch Hill, R. I., says the Boston Herald. Late in the afternoon he was driven up to Westerly to take the 7 o'clock train for Boston. It was a warm evening, the horses lagged and he missed the train, the last Boston-bound train stopping at Westerly that night.

As Mr. Reed had an important engagement in Boston early the next day he seemed worried until he learned that there was a Boston express which passed Westerly at 9 o'clock. Then he smiled.

Going to the telegraph office he directed a telegram to the superintendent of the road in Boston, and sent the following message:

"Will you stop the 9 o'clock express at Westerly to-night for a large party for Boston."

The answer came: "Yes. Will stop train."

Mr. Reed read the message, and smiled. When the train pulled in Mr. Reed quietly started to board it, when the conductor said: "Where is that large party we were to stop for?"

"I am the large party," replied Mr. Reed, and he boarded the train.



"I AM THE LARGE PARTY."

What Women Want to Know.

EMBROIDERED INITIALS.—What is the proper size for the embroidered letters on napkins, sheets and towels?—June Bride.

On the napkins the letters should be from one to two and a half inches, and on the sheets and towels they should be from two to three inches.

QUESTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

Are visitors allowed to walk about the grounds and buildings at Fort Snelling? I have been told that they had been forbidden inside the grounds, under a ruling of about a year ago.—A Reader.

The Journal's Daily Fashions.

No. 2751-2790—A Natty Frock for the Schoolgirl.



THE wear given school frocks is hard and constant, consequently the supply needs frequent replenishing. The model illustrated below is neat, stylish, and better suited for this purpose than a dress of more elaborate design. Any novelty calculated to endure steady usage will answer for this pattern, but the youthful Scotch mixtures in wool or a gay plaid in gingham is recommended as giving better service and showing less soil than a plain fabric. A set of the new leather turn-overs and cuffs would delight any schoolgirl, and prove a useful accessory as well. The seven-gored ripple skirt is closed with an inverted plait in the back, and the blouse-waist may have full-length or elbow sleeves. The material required for medium size is 5 1/2 yards 36 inches wide.

Pattern No. 2751, 3 sizes from 12 to 16 years, as is Pattern No. 2790. To obtain either or both of these patterns in any of these sizes, send size, name and address with 10 cents for one pattern, or 20 cents for the two together, to The Pattern Department of the Minneapolis Journal.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

THE SAILOR AND THE TURTLE.

"THIS here hot weather," said the sailor, "together with the lack of ice in these here drinks, reminds me of the time Carlos Ribera and me was wrecked in the South Seas.

"In them hot waters we drifted on a raft for eleven days. Our food was raw fish and turtle. Our drink was rainwater.

"The rainwater we got by catchin' it in our shirts, and wringin' it into a bottle. The skirts was red fannel, and when we wrung them the color run a little. Thus our drink-in' water allus was the hue of blood.

"But I started to tell you about the turtle.

"We caught this turtle after two days' fastin', and he was the size of a trunk. There was enough meat on him to last ten days, but would he keep? If he wouldn't, we was liable to starve. Carlos says to me, he says:

"We'll have to treat this here tortle like the natives does," he says. "We'll have to hang him up and cut off chunks of him as we need them, keepin' him alive," he says, 'or otherwise,' he says, 'he'll spile."

"And so, to save our skins, we done it. We hung up that there tortle, and we cut steaks off of him as we needed them, and, by crinns, he kept healthy to the end. To the end? Why, what remained of him was still livin' when a sail hove in sight and we was rescued, and when we tossed them remains overboard they swim off in good shape, if a trifle awkward.

"The natives in the tropics, where there ain't no ice, always use tortles in this way, Carlos Ribera says. I consider it the cruelest deed I ever heard of. Sometimes I think that, instead of takin' part in such a cruel deed, it would have been better for me if I'd 'a' let myself starve to death on the raft in the South Seas."

THE SPEAKEASY HUNTER'S TROUBLES.

THE man wore a black patch over his right eye.

"I am," he said, "a speakeasy hunter, and I injured my eye in the discharge of my duty. It was like this: 'I suspected last week that John Smith of North street ran a speakeasy in his back kitchen, and one night I bored a hole in the wooden wall of the kitchen with a gimlet, and to this hole I applied my eye.

"I saw a great light within. Then, suddenly, this light was blotted out, a hot fluid blinded me, and I fell to the floor in bitter pain. Do you know what had happened. A syringe-ful of raw whisky had been squirted into my eye. The gods are just, tho'. I nabbed the speakeasy within two days, and my eye will be well again long before the proprietor gets out of jail.

"Speakeasy hunting is an exciting trade. I have pursued it in nearly all our American cities. My narrowest escape was in Philadelphia two years ago. I entered a soft drink establishment that I believed to be crooked, and I demanded of the proprietress that she let me taste the contents of a certain suspicious cask. She insisted that I must not do this, that the cask contained poison, but with a skeptical sneer I lay down on my back and applied my mouth to the bung-hole. The woman uttered an ugly oath, and swinging a bungstarter around her head, she cracked me over the forehead, as I lay there defenseless, so hard that the blow fractured my skull. Then she rolled me out into the woodshed, where I lay unconscious for a day and a half, when the ash-man found me by accident and took me to the hospital in his ash-cart."

CHINESE TYPESETTING.

A TEA merchant of Newark received the other day from a Hongkong a Chinese newspaper that contained, in its English department, the "Burial of Sir John Moore," set up by a Chinese compositor. This degenerate son of the inventors of printing had hammered and banged the stirring poem until, when it left his hands, it bore this shocking form:

"The Burial of Sir John Moore.—Not a drum was heard not a funeral note as his horse to the ramparts. We hired not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the gram when our Hero we buried. We buried him doubly at dead of night. The soda with our bayonets turning. By the shuffling moonheams mirty light and the lantern drinly buning. No melen coffin enclosed his breast not in shut nor in horsed we wound him. But he lay like a wanior taking his note. Will his martial cloak around him. Few and shore were the prayers and we, spoke not a word of borrow. But we steadfastly galed on the fall that was fed and we bitely thought of the morrer."

THE FACT FACTORY.

NO UNVACCINATED person can vote in Norway.

"Bosh" is a Turkish word meaning "nothing." Sumatra grows the largest flower in the world. It measures a yard and three inches across, and its cup will hold six quarts of water. Rafflesia Arnoldii is its name.

The Austrians use a stone blotting-pad that never wears out. A little scraping with a knife cleans it effectually. Living is 40 per cent cheaper in London than in New York.

The mountains of the moon are far higher than those of the earth. The Danube flows thru countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. Among the sultan's plate are babies' baths of solid gold. Big gun practice at sea often causes lobsters, in sheer fright, to drop a claw.

What the Market Affords.

PARSNIPS, 2 bunches for 5 cents. Celery, 25 to 40 cents a dozen. Corn, 15 to 17 cents. Beets, 3 bunches for 5 cents. White radishes, 3 bunches for 5 cents. Cauliflower, 15 cents. Cabbage, 5 cents. Hubbard squash, 15 cents; crooknecks, 10 cents. Tomatoes, 23 to 25 cents a basket; homegrown, 15 cents a pound. Red Raspberries, 7 to 8 cents; \$1.30 a case. Black raspberries, 10 cents. Blackberries, 10 to 15 cents. Currants, 10 cents.

Two new offerings in the vegetable market are Hubbard squashes and parsnips. These richly flavored vegetables are a distinct addition to the larder. Cauliflower is much improved in quality and so is cabbage. Celery is better blanched, more tender and cheaper. Corn is more mature and improved in flavor. The little round red radishes are being largely replaced by the long white kind which are solid and tender, but sharper in flavor.

Sour cherries linger in the market and are very tempting, but are rather high priced, and there are still a few currants. Blackberries are becoming more plentiful and are somewhat replacing raspberries, of which the receipts are smaller, but the quality is still good.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York, Cynthia West- over Alden, founder and president general. MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS, Room 64, Loan and Trust building, 313 Nicol- let Avenue, Minneapolis, Telephone, N. W. Main 1225. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sun- shine Department of The Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Miss Eva Blanchard, 129 East Fifteenth Street.

Just Smiles. Mrs. Alden tells the following little story in the Bulletin of a little sunshine: At a branch meeting not long ago I spent half an hour asking the different children what they had done for Sunshine — if they had discovered any new way of making some one happy, etc. I noticed a tiny, blue-eyed girl who seemed to devote her whole attention to applauding every report. Her little hands were red as fire from vigorous clapping. She wore a yellow ribbon bow almost as big as herself. "Dear me; do you belong to Sunshine?" I exclaimed. "Why, you are too little; you can't pay dues. Now, I wonder what in the world such a mite of a girl ever did to get such a big sunshine bow pinned on her?" Her eyes fairly danced with delight and she stood up to report. "What could such a little girl do?" I repeated, and the children held their breath that they might hear the answer. She swayed gracefully so and fro and then, with a wee laugh, said: "Oh, I just smile on the old folks."

Laugh a Little Bit. Here's a motto just your fit, Laugh a little bit. When you think you're trouble hit, Laugh a little bit. Look misfortune in the face, Brave the belidams' rude grimace; Ten to one 'twill yield its place If you have the wit and grit Just to laugh a little bit.

Be Tender Now. In life, not death, Hearts and fond words to help them on their way— Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy; Careless, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day. Then board them not until they useless be; In life, not death, Speak kindly, Living hearts need sympathy, —Spirit of the Times.

A Little Splash. There's a little splash of sunshine and a little splash of shade Always somewhere near. The wise bask in the sunshine, but the foolish choose the shade. The wise are gay and happy; on the foolish sor- row's laid. And the fault's their own, I fear. For the little splash of sunshine and the little spot of shade Are here for joint consumption, for comparisons are made. We're all meant to be happy, not too foolish or too staid, And the right dose to be taken is some sunshine mixed with shade. —Stanley Dark.

Wordsworth Says: 'Small service is true service while it lasts; Of friends, however humble, scorn not one; The daisy, by the shadow that it casts, Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun. Good Work at Memphis. Memphis, Tenn., has an Alden lunch- room which is accomplishing a wonderful amount of good in the southern city. The room was opened in 1902, and the first year over \$5,000 was expended. The lunchroom has provided good, cheap lunches for working girls, and with the donations and money raised by bazaars, etc., has become self-support- ing. All help, with the exception of the cook and some one to wash dishes, has been donated by members of the society. Nearly all the prices of food are kept to

Consent to Live Content. There are no roses from heaven sent For us to bear with sighs and tears; And with imagined fears augment Our discontent. Our burdens are what we invent; For should we find a passing grief— Then let it pass! Relief is meant For discontent. And let some wisdom supplement Our longings and our hope and trust. Then light our way, we must repeat Our discontent. Then take the sunshine God has sent, And share that light and life with all; Just let the burdens fall; consent To live content.

Hullo, Says ELLENCOE. —FOR— \$10 and \$15 We are now showing a line of new patterns and fabrics in medium weight clothing for fall. Our system of selling direct from our factory to you, saves you the retailer's profit. We also carry cravenettes at \$10 and \$15. C. P. WHEELLOCK IN CHARGE. 304 NICOLLET AVE.

Special Glove & Parasol Sale at the GAMOSS! Kayser's fine lisle gloves 19c 39c 59c 79c PAIR. Misses' Parasols, 25c worth to \$1.00. Ladies' Parasols, 25c worth to \$3.00. 98c 610 Nicollet Gamoss!

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SOME PEOPLE Make the mistake of neglecting and pains, especially in the eyes, are you making this mistake? Aches and pains especially in the eyes are nature's danger signals that some- thing is wrong. When your eyes need attention, bring them to me and get the best service and advice. Consultation free. DE MARS 609 Second Ave. S., OPTICIAN.

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