

With the Long Bow.

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

Fleets of pleasure boats sweeping grandly and gasolinely across the broad bosom of Minnetonka have seen of late years a low, rakish craft stealing stealthily thru the half-closed, weedy channels of the upper lake.

Commodore Johnson and Admiral Cooley have two sharp scythes. Clad in these, they dive and run along bottom cutting rapidly over several yards of bottom.

As you have watched a locomotive, evidently under great pressure, pulling a train of heavy cars up a grade, you have wondered why more engines did not explode.

People at Wymdrem, N. D., who saw the Soo road's locomotive No. 226 perform this stunt at the station the other day will not soon forget the incident.

About 4 o'clock, after the engine had pulled in from Enderlin Engineer Stables and Conductor Murman were in the station and Morton Roberts was sitting on the cab steps.

All was comfortable and quiet when the engine broke into about a million pieces, accompanied by more noise than the baby.

Soo stock has been rising pretty rapidly of late, but none of it has gone up as quickly as No. 226, when it dented the Wymdrem station.

Elbert Hubbard thinks that cigarette smokers are usually active, alert, competent men. They are quick to see an opportunity, ready to take advantage of it, and are often generous, appreciative, sympathetic, kind.

"Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker—never promote him—never depend upon him to carry a wad to Gomez, unless you do not care for Gomez and are willing to lose the wad."

While employers do not care much about Gomez and prefer to keep a wad, instead of forwarding it to Cuba, still they would quickly promote a cigarette smoker if it took him out of the room. The smell is not pleasant.

The North Dakota Palladium tells of a man at Bismarck who has a musical cigarette box. Every time you slide the cover to get a nail, it starts the hidden machinery, and the box plays "We'll Soon Be at Home Over There."

What Women Want to Know.

OPEN TO CRITICISM.—Will you please state if my friends would have a right to criticize me if I were to go to the state fair accompanied by a gentleman friend, who would pay my railroad fare and also, if a girl friend and myself were to take a pleasure trip accompanied by a man friend who is no relation of either of us?

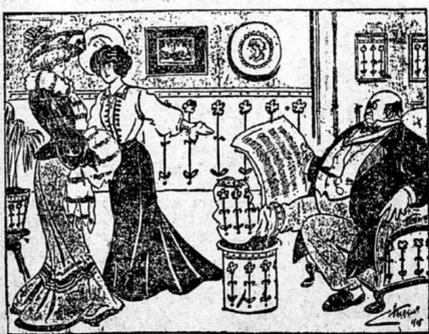
If your home is in the country and you would like to be away more than a day you would certainly place yourself in a position to be criticized if you went to the state fair with a man friend. Neither you nor your girl friend should even think of taking a pleasure trip with a man who is no relation.

It is very difficult to cure eczema of the hands, as every time they are washed the trouble is aggravated. The X-ray is now being used very successfully for eczema. An ointment made of one part of bismuth and three parts of vaseline, creamed together, will make a soothing salve or a powder of starch and bismuth will often cause relief.

QUESTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

RED ANTS.—Please tell me how to exterminate red ants in the pantry and greatly oblige.—Mrs. C. S. T. LUNAR CAUSTIC.—Some time ago you recommended, thru this column, lunar caustic as a remedy for warts.

THE "ART IN THE HOME" CRAZE



Miss Mildred—Oh, Gladys, see, I've made pa's gout bandage harmonize with our scheme of decoration.—London Scraps.



WONDER WHY?

The Treachery of Women.

WELL I remember my introduction to Bell Layton. It was seven years ago, when I was traveling in America. I was riding thru a somewhat broken and uneven trail, taking it easy.

"Pardon my impertinence, but can I assist you?" "I don't know, sir. You see, Dixey has stumbled and broken the girth," and she turned appealingly to me a pair of melting eyes.

"Hand me your rein. I'll hold your horse, sir; I can hold both at the same time." "Oh, you need not trouble; Jack will stand well enough without holding."

She looked so pretty, and her voice was so sweet that I was captivated, and, just to please her, handed her the rein. She stood between the horses' heads holding them, and I went to the side of her horse to take note of the damaged girth.



"DO AS I SAY AND ASK NO MORE QUESTIONS."

I was on one knee examining the strap, when I heard a slight flutter of her dress, and looked up. She was sitting on my saddle. I was surprised at that, and my surprise increased when I saw the muzzle of a couple of revolvers were pointed at my head.

"Hands up, please!" "What on earth do you mean?" "Just what I say. Up with 'em, quick!"

I complied with the request, but I could scarcely believe the evidence of my eyes and ears. "Why do you do this? Can't you explain?" "Young man, you're too sweet and fresh for anything. You do as I say, and ask no more questions, if you want your ma to see her boy again."

I was stupefied, but I had sense enough left to tell by the tone of her voice that the fair creature was not chaffing. "Come, get your wits about you, and take Dixey's bridle off. Keep your back this way and your hands away from your belt. Hand me the bridle. Take that old saddle off. You can pitch it away. Now walk off there to the left until I tell you you can stop."

While I was executing her orders I had a little time to think. "I suppose you intend that I shall finish my journey on foot." "You are correct, my young knight. I'm sorry to put such an obliging boy to the trouble, but I need a new horse."

"Well, I suppose you've got it, the I can't say you're welcome. You've got the best of me; but if it were otherwise I would not harm a hair of your head, you're too pretty, and, tho' I blush to say it, you're not the first girl who has made a fool of me, but I hope to get wisdom by and by." "I'm sorry for you, sir knight; but step off and keep your hands up. I'm in a hurry."

I complied, and stopped when she called "Halt!" Then she gave Jack a cut with her whip, whistled to her own horse and dashed away, while I looked helplessly on. As she went out of sight round a turn in the road she waved her hand as a mute goodbye.

I had plenty of time to muse upon the treachery of woman as I walked the fifteen miles to the next town; and during that walk I passed a resolution to shun all pretty young women in the future. Did I get my horse again? Well, that is another story. —Jonas Brown.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

GIBRALTAR GOING TO PIECES.

THE public is not aware that the great rock of Gibraltar is tumbling down—that its crumbling, rotting mass must be continually bound together with huge patches of masonry and cement.

Yet they who sail past Gibraltar cannot fail to notice, on the eastern slope of the fortress, enormous, silver-colored patches gleaming in the sun. These patches, in some cases thirty or forty feet square, are the proof of Gibraltar's disintegration.

Sea captains, cruising in the Mediterranean, say that Gibraltar has been rotting and crumbling for many years, but that of late the disintegration has gone on at a faster rate than heretofore.

They say that the stone forming this imposing cliff is rotten stone, and that, in a little while, the phrase, "the strength of Gibraltar," will be meaningless.

WEAR WHITE IN SUMMER.

AN interesting experiment, made in June by a physician, proved conclusively that for the sake of coolness only white should be worn in hot weather.

The physician spread out in an intense sunshine a large piece of white cloth, another of dark yellow, another of light green, another of dark green, another of blue, and another of black.

Then, with the help of six thermometers, he made the following table of the various heats which each color received from the sunlight:

Table with 2 columns: Color and Temperature in degrees. White: 100, Dark yellow: 140, Light green: 155, Dark green: 168, Blue: 198, Black: 208.

Thus the physician proved that, in July or August, the man in white is a little less than twice as cool as the man in blue, and a little more than twice as cool as the man in black.

WHY TATTOOERS ARE LEARNING GREEK.

"A TATTOOER nowadays," he said, wiping the red needle on his coat, "has to know the Greek alphabet to get along."

"Why the Greek alphabet?" "Because all the college boys are having the Greek letters of their fraternities tattooed on their arms. They come to me and say, 'Put delta phi upsilon on me; or, 'I want psi you; or 'give me, in scarlet, beta theta pi.'"

"The consequence is, if I don't know my Greek alphabet—alpha, beta, gamma, delta, and so on—and if I don't know how to make each letter, I lose the college boys' trade. They go to a more learned tattooer."

"On the white beaches, this summer, nearly every college boy's sleeveless bathing-shirt shows on his brown arm the tattooed name of the Greek letter fraternity he belongs to. It is a new fashion, a new fashion in tattooing; and it has caused an astonishing run in Greek grammars among the tattooers of America."

What the Market Affords.

- BLACKBERRIES, 10 to 15 cents. Blueberries, 10 cents. Peaches, 15, 30 and 40 cents a dozen. Pears, 30 cents a dozen. Plums, 60 cents a basket. Concord grapes, 35 cents a basket. Currants, 12-1-2 cents. Pineapples, 60 cents. Apples, 30 to 50 cents a peck. Bananas, 20 and 25 cents. Cantaloups, 2 for 25 cents. Tomatoes, 25 cents a basket; homegrown, 10 and 15 cents a pound. Celery, 10, 30 and 40 cents a bunch. Corn, 10 cents a dozen. Hubbard squash, 15 cents. Egg plant, 10 and 15 cents. Cauliflower, 10 and 15 cents.

The fruit market is very unsatisfying, for there is little that is choice and inviting, and nearly everything is high. Blueberries are being largely used for pies and sauce and apples are in greater demand than they would be otherwise, owing to the dearth of attractive summer fruits.

The vegetable market affords nothing new, but the vegetables are fine, abundant and cheap. That is, all but home-grown tomatoes; they are fine but not cheap, some big, smooth, solid ones selling today for 15 and 20 cents a pound. Celery is better blanched and more tender.

A few currants linger in the market and, while not fine enough for jelly, make good pies or can be put up in pickles, preserves or jam. A good many people are trying a cold process for currant jam, mashing every berry carefully and mixing the fruit with an equal weight of sugar. The mixture is then put away in sealed jars without even being heated in the sun. This will certainly retain the fresh flavor, but it will be well to watch the cans for awhile and see that the fruit don't ferment.

The Journal's Daily Fashions.

No. 2729—A Fetching Morning Gown.



size, 8 yards of 36-inch material are necessary. Morning gown No. 2729: 6 sizes, from 32 to 42 inches bust. Send 10 cents and the size and address to the Pattern Department of The Minneapolis Journal.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 96 Fifth Avenue, New York. Cynthia West-wood Alden, founder and president general. MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS. Room 64, Loan and Trust Building, 313 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 Little Sunshine. There is a dear little 3-year-old sunshine in Truman, Minn., who wishes to brighten the life of some little baby. Her mother has written to the Sunshine Society at the request of her little daughter, asking that a little baby, poor and needy, may be sent to them for a month or six weeks to enjoy the sunshine and pleasant surroundings of their country home.

Which Are You? There are two kinds of people on earth today. Just two kinds of people, no more, I say. Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood. The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth, You must first know the state of his conscience and health. Not the humble and proud, for in life's little struggles, But let me guide me, bold me, Lord, Who puts on rain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears. Not the two kinds of people on earth I mean Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses Are always divided in just these two classes. And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load Of overtaxed litters who toll down the road? Or are you a leaver, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Cup of Water. To quench his thirst the common need, Christ said—shall live for evermore. Such is the worth of kindly deed. —William Bruntton.

Merry Sunshine. Work a little, sing a little, Whistle and be gay; Read a little, play a little, Busy every day; Talk a little, laugh a little, Don't forget to pray; Be a bit of merry sunshine, All the blessed day.

Doing Good Brings Comfort. Comfort your days by doing good. The Great Physician knew that service is the sovereign remedy for bitterness and depression, so he bade us invite to our feasts those who had need of us, rather than those who would pay us back again.

Something Each Day. Something each day—a smile, Isn't much to give, And the little things of life, Make sweet the ways we live.

Special Umbrella Sale at the Gamossi. Men's and Women's Silk and Wool Mixed. Tape Edges. Taffeta, boxwood handles, worth \$1.00. Women's Colored Taffeta Silk Umbrellas, latest borders, Princess handles, worth \$2.50. an \$3.00. \$1.39 Umbrellas Repaired and Re-covered. 610 Nicollet Gamossi

HEADED FOR THE Gamossi Umbrella Hospital. The owner won't recognize this disabled umbrella after Dr. Gamossi operates upon it. New ribs, a new shank and new body and the umbrella is in condition for years of service. The fee is small and the work of the usual Gamossi Standard. Gamossi Glove Co. No. 20 610 Nicollet Ave.

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INSIST UPON CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER. Our new auto is in continuous demand, but we're still time to call for your laundry package each week if you'll phone us. We do the work right. The White Laundry 925 Washington Ave. S.

DULUTH MAN DROWNED. PROMISING CAREER OF GRAY HOLSTON, A YOUNG LUMBERMAN, IS CUT SHORT.

DE MARS School of Optics. For full particulars call on DE MARS The Optician 609 Second Ave So.

Duluth, Minn., Aug. 14.—Gray Holston, 23 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Holston of this city, was drowned at noon yesterday in Duluth harbor. He was one of a party in a sailboat and fell overboard in a sudden squall, which required the attention of every one on board to manage the craft. The young man could not swim, and, weighted down with heavy clothing, was unable to help himself. He came to the surface but once. He was junior member of the lumber firm of D. E. Holston & Co. of Duluth and well known in business and social circles.

Three Rivers, Mich., Aug. 14.—John C. Gilbert of Chicago, a magazine artist, was drowned at Corcy Lake resort, ten miles west of this city, yesterday.

FELL DEAD IN PEW. Mrs. William Long of Sheboygan, Wis., Dies in Church.

Special to The Journal. Sheboygan, Wis., Aug. 14.—As the minister of the Methodist church here was starting a prayer yesterday Mrs. William Long fell dead in her pew. The minister failed to notice the woman and her husband sat with his dead wife's head on his shoulder till the prayer was ended.

Paying for What You Get. People get so tired of paying more than a thing is worth that they eventually swing round the other way and want to pay less than it is worth. The merchant's best business policy is to always let his customers feel that they are getting all their money is worth, and they will soon be ashamed to expect anything more. With golden grain belt beer the value is so evident that the price is rarely asked or even considered. If you can get a table delicacy and tonic in one and feel sure it will make you strong and healthy, what's the difference about the price? As a matter of fact, this beer costs no more than others, the difference is all in the quality.

BRASS BAND. Instruments, Drums and Supplies. Northwestern agents for Buescher "True Tone" Band Instruments—the best on earth. Catalogue mailed free. When you want an instrument go to the man who knows—that's Rose. B. A. Rose, Metropolitan Music Co., 41-8 5th St. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

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