

With the Long Bow

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

MR. ROCKEFELLER drew a \$13,000,000 dividend out of oil last year. Every time you hear an automobile chugging...

The cable brings the news that Mrs. Caton and Marshall Field were traveling in Italy and the Alps when they were engaged.

"How dare you?" "Well," said Marshall, "I don't just know how I did dare, but it came sort of natural."

"Too natural to you, I'm afraid." "See here, Delia," replied Marshall earnestly, "what's the harm in an old fellow like me putting his arm around your waist?"

"Oh, no harm at all," replied Mrs. Caton, with great dignity. "Why not both arms—and why not take the public square for it?"

"Oh, all right, if you say so," replied Mr. Field, dropping the reins. "Any thing to please the ladies. Far be it from me to disappoint."

"Mr. Field, what do you mean, such actions I am not used to. What do you mean?" "Well, I'll tell you what I mean, Delia. I've got \$400,000,000 in the savings bank and a nice business under way and what's the matter with us hitching up?"

"This is so sudden!" "Sudden!! You wouldn't want one to drag out a proposal over two days, would you, or hold a three-weeks' peace conference over it, would you?"

"No-no." "Of course you wouldn't. We've got the money and the time, too, and I don't see anything standing in the way of us running over to London, hiring Westminster abbey for the day and putting up a check for \$10,000 to secure the services of the Archbishop of Canterbury to make the necessary racket over us."

"Oh, Mr. Field—Marshall—you men get at these things so rapidly! So unconventionally. I am flustered!" "Of course we do. A man hasn't got a million years to live after he is 70 and naturally he feels in some haste lest his teeth drop out or some of those New York dudes with a billion dollars to the good carry off the sweetest thing that ever climbed the Alps in a buggy at 3 p.m."

"Oh, Mr. Field, what will the papers say?" "Say? They'll give it two columns!" "Well, I suppose I'll have to give in."

"Of course you will. We'll have a wedding that will set London society by the ears and cause more talk than a church row."

And so the great Chicago merchant drove with one hand all the rest of the way, and they went up the Matterhorn and down the other side and never saw a mountain.

Dr. Valentine Malpasse, a well-known French physician who practices in Paris has come out in opposition to hand shaking, on the ground that it is not merely unhealthy, but a possible danger, as likely to convey infection. He makes the claim that infection by transmitting microbes is likely whenever two hands are clasped.

If mere hand shaking is dangerous, how serious must conditions be when one holds the hand of his best girl, say for hours at a stretch. It is clear that this kind of a grip must form a bridge over which four billion microbes might easily pass dryshod. We are glad our earlier youth is past. It was a close call.

The Hankinson, N. D., News states that John Hell, Jr., has arrived there to take up his residence. When a Hankinson man's wife asks him who that strange man was she saw him talking with, won't she be surprised when he remarks: "-----"

Will D. Wallace, of Lisbon, N. D. (over Gazette office), advertises for "twenty young men of good moral character to take up the study of band and orchestra instruments. Those with some knowledge of music preferred." If the Lisbon Gazette listens attentively it will soon hear something to its disadvantage.

Kansas is beginning to suspect that an independent company in the oil business stands about as much show as a bed-bug on the drivewheel of a locomotive.

Starting a coal fire on the 3d of September makes a man feel like selling the piano. —A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know

THREE RICHEST WOMEN.—As we are in a dispute concerning the three richest women in the United States and their addresses, will you please publish their names in The Journal?—E. C. C.

Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Hetty Green, Bellows Falls, Vt., and Miss Helen Gould, New York, are considered the three richest women in the United States.

RESTORE COLOR.—I have several stains on my brown silk dress and in trying to take them out I have taken the color out also. Will you kindly advise me thru your column what I can do to restore the color to my dress?—An Inquirer.

I fear there is nothing that you can do to restore the color when it has once been destroyed.

QUESTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—What do you do when you cannot sleep at night?—A Subscriber.

ART OF CONVERSATION.—Is there any one in this city who teaches the art of conversation?—Ester.

LONGFELLOW AND MINNEHAHA FALLS.—Did Longfellow ever visit Minnehaha falls?—Ignorance.



BOTH SATISFIED.

Northwest—Hope I'm not crowding you? Minne—Nope, I like it!

What the Market Affords

LAKE SUPERIOR whitefish, 15 cents a pound; jumbos, 22 cents a pound. Crappies, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Fresh halibut, 16 cents a pound. Fresh cod, 20 cents a pound. Bluefish, 20 cents a pound. Green onions, four bunches for 5 cents. Beets, three bunches for 5 cents. Potatoes, 35 cents a bushel. Tomatoes, 25 cents a peck. Cucumbers, 1 cent each.

There will be few crappies in the market tomorrow, for the fishermen are all busy in the harvest field. The Lake Superior whitefish are unusually nice, however. The jumbos are a favorite for planking and come anywhere from three to ten pounds in weight. A whitefish that is under three pounds is not considered a jumbo.

To plank the fish, clean and split it down the back and fasten on a heated oak or other hardwood plank. Planks are made for just this purpose, one inch thick and of different lengths. The size for a medium fish will cost about 50 cents, but as they can be used for years the price is not high. Brush the fish with oil or melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a hot oven and baste frequently with melted butter. The lower oven of a gas range affords an admirable place for cooking a planked fish.

When the fish is cooked fill the space between it and the edge of the board with mashed potatoes, either in a plain border or in potato roses, shaped by being put thru a forcing bag. Brush the potato with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with milk and let brown. Set the plank on a serving dish, garnish the edge with parsley and radishes and serve with maitre d'hotel butter. Spread the butter on the fish or melt over hot water and serve in a dish apart.

To make the maitre d'hotel butter cream one-fourth of a cup of butter, add half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, half a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and three-fourths of a tablespoonful of lemon juice and beat slowly and thoroughly. The butter is much richer and more fragrant if it stands a day or two and can be kept in the refrigerator for instant use.

The green onions may be served in a white sauce on toast after the fashion for asparagus. Boil the new beets, peel, slice and serve with butter, pepper and salt. Beets are particularly good when baked in a hot oven, then sliced and dressed. Have the tomatoes and cucumbers ice-cold and dress with oil, vinegar, pepper and salt.

The Journal's Daily Fashions

2805—A Jaunty Eton Coat.



THE Eton and Dree-toire coats have held first place during the past seasons. The Eton will continue in favor for some time to come. This surplice bolero coat is one of the newest importations, having an individuality of design which will lend a charm of distinction to the wearer. The clever touches of the French designer are noticeable in the saucy rever, cuffs and the jaunty disposition of the tabs in front fastening with large buttons. The model is reproduced in a rich shade of green taffeta with a darker shade of chiffon velvet outlining the surplice fronts, backs, sleeve revers and cuffs. Green taffeta snugly girdles the waist and appears with narrow gold braided edging to form a tiny vest at the neck. Large gold buttons with green enamel filigree mark the centers of the tab ends. For a medium size this coat requires 7/8 yard of material 44 inches wide.

The pattern 2805 is in five sizes, 32 to 40 bust, and can be obtained from the Fashion Department of The Minneapolis Journal.

INCONVENIENT.

PHYSICIAN—You will be glad to know, madam, that your husband will almost certainly recover. Wife—Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall I do? Physician—Why, madam, what do you mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband should get well? Wife (sobbing)—Yes—only, when you said last week you didn't think he would live a fortnight I went and sold all his clothes.—Harper's Weekly.

The Broken Idol



DORA VIRGINIA BROOK was a good girl as a rule, and as pretty as she had any need to be. But she was of a romantic disposition. Therefore it was a great pity that being in the book department of the stores with her dear mamma her eye should have lighted upon a little vellum-bound volume entitled "Flames of Passion."

She had bought it because she was greatly interested in the portrait of the author, which formed the frontispiece. He was depicted on horseback, a singularly handsome type—tall, clean-shaven, muscular, with magnificent eyes. Consequently, when Dora Virginia Brook came to read those poems she found that they were very good and lovely.

As a matter of fact the verses were about of the usual badness, as most verses are. They were full of passion, somewhat of the cat-on-the-tiles order, calculated to strain the upper register of the thermometer, and they would have been quite unsuited to Miss Brook if Miss Brook had realized what they meant. But she did not, which was good for her; and women adore most that which they do not completely understand, which was good for the author.

There was a little preface which Dora examined with greatest care. It suggested a dark past and other interesting things, and it gave the author's private address. This was a house with a Japanese name which I am quite unable to spell, but that matters less, as even if I could spell it you would be quite unable to pronounce it. The house was situated in Croydon, which seemed to Dora to be all wrong. On the other hand, Croydon has the advantage, as anybody who lives there will tell you, of being very handy.

There could be no harm in writing to tell an author how much one appreciated his work. Dora had almost decided upon the step when the almost excessive handiness of Croydon made a frantic and successful appeal to her. She went to Croydon in the afternoon, which was quite wrong of her, and I deeply regret to add that she told her mother that she was going down there to see her old governess, being fully aware at the time that her old governess had been called to her eternal rest some three months previously.

It was really a most extraordinary thing. Nobody at the station had ever heard of Hector Leroy or of the house with the Japanese name. The policeman did not know it, even postmen disclaimed all knowledge. Dora began to think that culture in Croydon was in a bad way. She lost herself in a tangle of back streets, rows of mean little houses depressed her. In desperation she stopped a baker's boy, showed him the name of the house written down and asked if he could direct her.

"Why, there it is bitin' yer," he said. It was, indeed, as he had intended to imply, the dirty little pig of a house before which she was standing. The name was painted on the fanlight and some of the paint had come off. The front door was open and an elderly gentleman in a frock coat, without collar, tie or waistcoat, was engaged in the simple act of taking in the milk. Him Dora approached.

"Is Mr. Hector Leroy at home?" she asked. "Great Scott!" said the man. "Yes," he added. "Won't you walk in?" They entered a dirty room with a littered writing table.

"You see," said the elderly man, "I'm not often called by that name. My real name's Peter Bunn. You can't stick that on a title-page, you know."

Dora sat down abruptly and said faintly that she saw. "The same thing with the photo," went on Mr. Bunn, cheerfully. "The one I've got in the book is a fair knock-out. It's really the photo of a chap who got lynched for horse-stealing in Texas. But it struck me that he looked just the kind of man to write that kind of thing. Not a bad idea, was it?"

Dora murmured that it was very clever and looked at her watch. "It's made the book go," said the old man. "We've done 300 copies actually sold. Of course I don't do that sort of thing for a living. I'm employed in some chemical manure works. But you were wanting to see me about something, I suppose?"

"Nothing whatever," said Dora, with sudden energy, and ran as it had been for her life. The old man looked puzzled, observed to himself that it was a funny game and resumed his preparation for tea. Dora had a bad accident with her copy of "Flames of Passion" when she returned. It got a good deal burned; in fact, it was all burned.—Barry Pain in the Tatler.

A POOR EXCUSE.

DAVID WILLCOX, the president of the Delaware & Hudson company, was opposing the idea that a coal strike would occur again.

"There will be no danger of a strike," he said, "as long as the operators and the miners are perfectly open and fair and reasonable with one another. And they must not suddenly leap up with unexpected demands that require immediate answers. They must give one another time for thought, they must give plenty of warning when they have in contemplation any change."

"Should they make sudden, unexpected demands, it would not do for them to excuse themselves with such specious argument as that which a certain kitchen maid employed upon her mistress."

"This maid said calmly, one Sunday afternoon: 'I don't see how I am going to cook the dinner, ma'am. There is no coal.' 'No coal!' cried the mistress. 'Good gracious, Maria, why didn't you tell me before?' 'The maid answered calmly: 'I couldn't tell you there was no coal, ma'am, when there was coal.'"

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



MINNESOTA DIVISION. INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 96 Fifth Avenue, New York, Cynthia West-Over Alden, founder and president general.

MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS. Room 64, Loan and Trust Building, 313 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Telephone, N. W. Main 1222. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sunshine department of The Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Miss Eva Blanchard, 139 East Fifteenth Street.

STATE OFFICERS. President, Mrs. Noble Darrow, 816 Twenty-Sixth Street. Vice President, Mrs. Grace W. Tubbs. Secretary, Mrs. E. W. Kingsley. Treasurer, Miss Eva Blanchard. Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Frederick C. Sammis.

SUNSHINE FINANCES. Some idea of the work the officers at the international headquarters do can be obtained by a glance at the revenue and disbursements. The whole amount contributed since the society was incorporated five years ago up to Aug. 1, is \$59,713.50 and nearly all of this has been paid out directly for Sunshine work, as the officers draw no salaries, and the clerk hire is largely given. The Sunshine spirit is gaining the world over, and this is plainly shown in the comparison of May, June and July of 1904, with the corresponding months of 1905, which shows an increase of \$3,173.05, or nearly 100 per cent for the three months.

The revenue for July, 1905, was \$1,728.76 and the disbursements of all kinds, \$1,099.33.

A Sunshine Window. Rev. Henry Burton of Charnwood, Hoylake, Eng., who composed the beautiful verse, "Pass It On," which the International Society has as its creed, has written the following letter, which will interest all sunshineers, but which will interest so many. Now this is my vagrant thought, which in these lines has its first and last expression, as I commit it to your keeping. If it comes to nothing I shall not be disappointed; but, if it should bring the realization of my hope, I need scarcely say that it would be a great gratification to me, for the Sunshine would not only give my own western sky, but it would travel down the years, carrying its message to many thousands. With sincere regards, believe me, dear Mrs. Alden, yours in Sunshine service.—Henry Burton.

The following is the poem in full which Mrs. Alden suggests be placed upon this Sunshine window.

"Pass It On." "Pass it on, Pass it on, Pass it on, Pass it on, Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in heaven the deed appears, Pass it on. Did you hear the loving word? Pass it on, Like the singing of a bird? Pass it on, Let the music and the glow, Let it cheer another's woe; You have reaped what others sow, Pass it on. Have you found the heavenly light? Pass it on, Souls are groping in the night; Daylight gone, Hold your lighted lamp on high, Be a star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on. —Henry B. Burton.

A Wayzide Tale. There is an old legend in Italy of a hermit who was sent out to find the faithful ones, all the "Hidden Servants" of God. The following ballad is used to illustrate the existence of many true children of God, in the most obscure positions in life doing the best they can in their limited opportunities. The poem is a version of what two old dames told the hermit: "But, sir, we are just two poor old wives. Who never have done in all our lives. A plus deed that was worth the name. She said, and her white head drooped for shame. Then said the other, 'And yet 'tis true We help in all our husbands' do. When twice a year they have killed a sheep, 'Tis only half for ourselves we keep; Our poorer neighbors have all the rest. And this, I fear, is the very best We ever do.' 'This will,' 'This will,' 'But think, is there nothing more to tell?'"

They both were silent a little space, And each one questioned the other's face. 'Till, doubtful, when she had thought a while, The elder said, with a modest smile: 'This summer have forty years gone by Since she—my sister-in-law—and I Together came to this house to dwell; And in all these years, from first to last, No angry word has between us passed. Not even a look that was meant to stand, And that is all I can call to mind.'"

Special Sale Gamossi Umbrellas. Men's and Women's Taffeta Umbrella, best natural handle, close rolling, worth \$1.50... \$1.00. Women's Colored Silk Umbrellas, with latest borders, worth \$2.50... \$1.39. Children's School Umbrellas, 20, 22 and 24 inch, worth \$1... 50c. 610 Nicollet Gamossie.

HEADED FOR THE Gamossi Umbrella Hospital. The owner won't recognize this disabled umbrella after Dr. Gamossie's thorough work. New ribs, a new shank, and a new body and it's in condition for years of service. The cost is very small and the workmanship—well, it's Gamossi. Gamossi Glove Co. No. 20 610 Nicollet Ave.

WHEN YOU THINK LAUNDRY THINK HENNEPIN. As we do better work we become better people. That's why we have spared no expense in securing the very best machinery possible and employ only the most thoroughly trained operators in order to do the most perfect work possible. That we have met with a great measure of success is proven by the fact that we have today the largest laundry in the north-west. Absolute satisfaction is our aim. For a trial call on us. NEXT MONDAY, CALL N. W. Main 621-J or T. C. 120. Hennepin Laundry Co. 120-122 First Ave. North.

Wake Up and tear away from the old fashion Eyeglasses. Satisfaction or Money Back. Paul C. Hirschy OPTICIAN 518 Nicollet Up Stairs.

PIKE & CO. Poultry Supplies. Special offer for Fair Week—Full size packages Wyandotte Brand Poultry Food or Lice Powder free to every purchaser at our new location 513 2nd Ave. So.

WRINKLES. Mole, warts, superfluous hair and all disfiguring blemishes are speedily and permanently removed. Imperfect and deformed features painlessly corrected. Full information furnished free. DERMATOLOGIST WOODBURY, 103 State St., cor. Florence, Chicago.

STORAGE. Household goods a specialty. Unusually facilities and lowest rates. Boyd Transfer & Storage Co., 45 So. 3rd St. Telephone Main 656—both east-west.

WANOUS' BETTER RUBBER GOODS. Don't let anyone tell you that cheap rubber goods are good enough. The risk is greater than the cost. We have everything of a private nature—both men's and women's. Many articles are exclusive with us. See Our Better Rubber Goods. See our prices. MISS WANOUS, Druggist, 725 Nicollet.

Violins, Mandolins, Guitars. from \$1.75 upwards. I have a large assortment of instruments taken in in trade—all in perfect condition, most excellent bargains. Write for catalogue. Musical instrument good to one who knows.—That's ROSE 41-43 SO. SIXTH ST. Expert Repairing.

Why? have trouble with your Eye Glasses falling off in hot weather when I can put on one of my new Patent MI-CROCHIE Glasses. Must be seen to appreciate. No charge made for trying them on; will fit every nose. Kindly call and try them on your glasses. Paul C. Hirschy Manufacturing Optician 518 Nicollet Ave. 2nd Floor.

BIDS WANTED. Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of Minnesota at their office in the Capitol building, in St. Paul, up to 10 o'clock a.m. on Monday, Sept. 18, 1905, for the construction of proposed Esch Hatching Ponds at Glenwood, Minn., according to plans and specifications prepared by John B. Irvine, Civil Engineer, No. 508 Globe Building, St. Paul. Bids must include all labor and material for the completion of the work, and must be accompanied by certified check for 10 per cent of the amount of bid, conditioned upon the successful bidder entering into a contract with said Board. Plans may be seen at the office of Hon. O. J. Johnson, Glenwood, Minn., and at the office of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, Capitol Building, St. Paul, Minn. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 21, 1905. Board of Game and Fish Commissioners.