

Blossom's Letter



AMES JOHNSON'S name does not confer any special distinction upon its owner. Johnson has long since discovered that in emergencies where his personal appearance is not a sufficient guaranty his card will not help him.

A letter came addressed to James Johnson in a feminine hand. Johnson opened it when its turn came. As he read the words, "Darling Jimmy," at the top of the page, his expression of dignified preoccupation disappeared.

When Johnson had enjoyed the letter to his heart's content he examined the envelope. The name James Johnson was clearly written, as was also the name of the office building.

"I'd give a dollar to see Mrs. Johnson's face if she could read that letter," Johnson remarked to one of the men in the office. Then, his sense of humor being rampant and his guardian angel temporarily off duty, he pocketed the missive.

When Johnson went home to dinner he managed to let the letter fall while he was removing his overcoat. He appeared quite unaware of the incident and also of the fact that his wife had picked up the letter.

But when she said, "Who's this from, James?" Johnson proved that he had in him the making of a great actor. With a dramatic start he clapped his hand on his pocket. Then he faced Mrs. Johnson and said, in an intense voice, full of suppressed excitement: "Let me have that letter. It's nothing that will interest you."

The mingling of indifference and appeal in his voice was masterly.

"Why, of course it interests me to know what correspondents you have, James, dear," said Mrs. Johnson sweetly.

She extracted the letter from the envelope, while Johnson protested with a fine imitation of increasing apprehension. Then he had the experience for which he had professed his willingness to pay cash—the sight of the changing expressions on Mrs. Johnson's face as she read the letter.

When she reached "Your Own Blossom," Johnson began to laugh. Mrs. Johnson, however, crumpled the letter in her hand and shrieked for her mother.

Johnson perceived that it was time for explanations. But he met with the unexpected difficulty that no one paid any attention to them. His mother-in-law, who had hurried to the spot, took the letter from her daughter's hand and read it thru, while Mrs. Johnson wept stormily.

Finding his wife deaf to his words, Johnson tried the older woman, but he had hardly begun on his story when Mrs. Johnson interrupted him. "That was an afterthought, mamma," she sobbed. "At first he was overwhelmed with confusion."

But the special providence which watches over imbeciles did not forget Johnson. Only one thing could have saved him, and that happened. While things were at their worst the James Johnson who was the rightful owner of the letter presented himself. Failing to receive his daily missive from a young woman in the suburbs he had called her up by telephone to upbraid her gently. Learning that the letter had been sent as usual, he had interviewed the postman. Finally he had traced the other Johnson to his lair.

The new James Johnson was in a state of most ungentlemanly rage. But the more violent his language and the more insulting his demeanor the more intense was the other Johnson's gratitude. When the newcomer shook his fist in his face and threatened him with arrest the other Johnson could have embraced him. Plainly Johnson's namesake formed a very poor opinion of his courage, for he concluded his remarks with the assertion that even if there had not been ladies present he would have hated to soil his hands by "kicking such a poor-spirited cur."

When the caller had departed, Mrs. Johnson fell on her husband's neck. Her mother was less forgiving. But, as Mrs. Johnson said to her afterward, "no man with anything on his conscience would ever dream of playing such a joke on his wife."—Chicago News.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

AT AN important junction station in the southern part of Mississippi Uncle Alex, an old-time plantation dandy, meets every passenger train with a basket of sandwiches composed of two big, thick slices of excellent home-made salt-rising light bread and half of a chicken, which he sells for 15 cents each and the bread alone is worth the price. A gentleman who was astonished at the low price asked how much he paid for his chickens. Uncle Alex evaded the question and continued to press a trade, and finally the gentleman demanded:

"I want to know where you got your chickens."

"Why, boss," said Alex, "you're a Yankee furr away up north."

"How do you make that out?"

"Cause no southern white man don't never make no inquisition whar er po' ole nigger gits his chickens!"—Hoo Hoo Bulletin.

REAL TEARS NOT DESIRABLE ON THE STAGE.

"I F I could shed real tears in my pathetic passages," said an actress, "I shouldn't care to do so. Real tears oblige one to blow the nose, to blow it voluminously, and nose-blowing is not desirable on the stage."

"Of course, you have noticed, whenever you have wept, that your nose no less than your eyes filled, and you had to blow it and wipe it and give it a good deal of attention. This was because there are tiny canals that pass from the tear ducts in the eyes' corners to the nose, and, when we cry, our tears flow out of our nose quite as fast as out of our eyes."

"Hence real tears on the stage would be a mistake, and when you hear of an actress shedding real ones there, don't believe the story; for, if it were true, the poor thing would quite spoil the beauty of her scene with all manner of nasal blasts, toots and buglings."



ANOTHER SITUATION VACANT.

Irascible Employer—Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?

Voice—Not THIS end, sir.—Ally Sloper.

What the Market Affords

MICHIGAN peaches, \$1.75 a bushel; 25 cents a basket. Minnetonka green grapes, fifteen-pound boxes, 65 cents.

Fresh cranberries, 9 cents a quart. Cabbage, 6 to 10 cents a head. Green onions, three bunches for 5 cents. Radishes, 1 cent a bunch. Tongue, fresh or pickled, 15 cents a pound. Spring chicken, 15 cents a pound. Spring duck, 12 1/2 cents a pound.

The Michigan peaches, favorites with so many housewives, are in the market and are in prime condition for preserving. The ripe grapes are not to be found in any quantity, and they are not very good, but most housekeepers prefer the green grapes for the popular grape juice or for grape conserve. To make the grape juice select fine grapes, not overripe, stem them and put them into a kettle with water just covering the bottom to prevent burning. Bring them slowly to the boiling-point, stirring occasionally. As soon as they begin to bubble take them off, put them into a cheesecloth bag, and hang this up overnight with a clean kettle below to catch the juice. In the morning squeeze the bag a very little with the hands and strain the juice thru a flannel bag. Sweeten to taste, put on the fire, and slowly bring the juice to a boil, skimming frequently. As soon as it is perfectly clear put it into sterilized bottles with clean, long corks, and seal with wax.

Spoiled grapes are especially nice with meats. To make them press the grapes for their skins and put the pulp thru the colander to remove the seeds; then mix the pulp and skins and measure, taking five pounds of fruit and four of sugar, with a tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves, and a pint of vinegar. Boil slowly for three hours, put in sterilized glasses, and cover with paraffine.

Grape Conserve.—Prepare five pounds of grapes as before, taking off the skins, removing the stones, and mixing pulp and skins together. Then add an equal amount of sugar and the pulp of five oranges and two pounds of seeded raisins. Mix all thoroughly and boil till thick—about three or four hours.

The Journal's Daily Fashions

No. 2767—A Simple Little Frock.

THE provident mother knows that in planning frocks for the little folks it is a good plan to have at least one or two plain ones among the new supply. Dresses for everyday wear must be changed very frequently, and the absence of all trimming greatly simplifies the work of laundering them. Then, too, a child is more comfortable in a garment of this description than in one elaborately trimmed. The illustration shown is simple and pretty. The fullness can be restrained at the neck either in shirrs or tucks. The long bishop sleeve may be used, or the fetching little short puff. The white thin materials or gingham are very appropriate for the small dresses. For a medium size, two yards of material 36 inches wide are required.

Pattern No. 2767, in five sizes, 1/2, 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Send 10 cents, with size, name and address to the Pattern Department of The Minneapolis Journal.



What Women Want to Know

MUTLAWED BILLS.—Will you please tell me the meaning of the word "outlawed" as applied to an unpaid bill? How can one be compelled by law to pay a bill, and is a husband responsible for the bills of his wife if the indebtedness was contracted years before his marriage to her? I would appreciate an early reply.—W. J. B.

If a bill is not paid within a certain time it is considered outlawed and cannot be presented for payment. If a civil suit is instituted against you for the payment of a bill, and the decision is against you, the bill must be paid. A husband is not responsible for bills contracted by his wife years before his marriage to her.

QUESTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN A SPONGE.—How can I clean a bath sponge?—An Old Subscriber.

VARNISH STAINS.—Please tell me how to remove varnish from a white linen dresser scarf? Camphor was spilled on it and caused the varnish to loosen and stick to the cloth.—Mrs. E. L. T.

Curios and Oddities

"Tis passing strange!"

AMERICAN APPLES—BEST IN THE WORLD.

IT WAS an early apple, gold here, pink there, perfect all over. The consumer sunk his teeth in it, and grunted with ecstasy. The producer said:

"The American appraiser is without honor in his own country. But abroad he ranks high. In England, France, Germany, all over Europe, American apples are delicacies. A plate of them stands in the fashionable fruiterer's window. An apple for the fruit course of an expensive table d'hote tickles a foreigner the same as a pomegranate or a mango would tickle you here at home.

"Apple-growing in America has reached a perfection to be found nowhere else. Usually it is quantity, not quality, that America stands for, but in the matter of apples it is both. Consider an American orchard.

"In such an orchard the trees are pruned like rose bushes. Not only the branches, but the roots are pruned, and the ground around the trees is weeded—even grass is not allowed to grow—but all the soil's-nourishment goes to the trees alone.

"In the spring the trees are washed, scrubbed clean with water, like human beings, and afterwards they are painted with an insectproof solution. Cankered trees are removed as soon as the canker appears. Grafting goes on continually, like appendicitis operations in a hospital.

"The picking of the apples is a fine art. They are picked, of course, by hand, and the greatest care is taken to keep them free from bruises. After their picking they are graded—sorted, that is to say, into three or four different qualities—and that is why a barrel of American apples is always uniform in size.

"These apples are packed by experts, by men who have studied apple-packing the same as lawyers study law. So carefully is this work done that a barrel of American apples is opened in St. Petersburg, or Paris, or Berlin in as good condition as tho the fruit had been grown within three miles."

BEHIND THE COUNTER.

THE moon floated like a plate of gold in the pale sky, and the sea's moonlit spaces were of restless silver. On the steel pier, smoking and chatting, sat a number of young men—young salesmen in shops and stores, enjoying their vacation.

"My work with the druggist is amusing," one said. "The other day a woman came in and asked for the secret of imagination. The secret of imagination! She meant citrate of magnesia, of course. Paroxysm of igide was ordered in a letter the other day from a blonde lady who ought to have known better than to write peroxide of hydrogen like that."

"I don't like our shoe department," said a second young man. "Still, it has its odd side. A little man last month came in to be fitted. His size was five, and the style that suited him cost \$3.50. He found that the extra large sizes of this style—tens and elevens—were reduced to \$1.25. So he bought a pair of tens, put them on, and stomped out, proud and happy. There was as much of him on the ground as in the air."

"In the perfumery end we handle vaseline and cosmo-line," said a third young man. "A boy once presented a note from a doctor that said, 'Four ounces of vaseline, to be well rubbed in thrice daily.' I weighed and bottled the vaseline, but I didn't label it—we are not druggists, you know—and, by jingo, the next day the boy's aunt came back with the empty vaseline bottle and said:

"Will you please give me a double quantity this time? It's the only kind of jelly that will lay on our Willie's stomach in his awful weak condition."

A POSTAL NEED—INTERNATIONAL STAMPS.

"SUPPOSE," said a druggist, "that I wanted to write and ask a London firm if they would give me the addresses of English physicians likely to be interested in a new baby food. Naturally, in such a contingency, I ought to inclose a stamp for the reply. I couldn't do it, tho. The only stamp I could send would be one of our 5-cent ones, and what good would that be? That wouldn't carry a letter mailed outside of the United States.

"We need an international stamp. We need a stamp that we can inclose to foreigners when we request them to write to us, and they need an international stamp that, in like circumstances, they can inclose to me.

"The German government, some years ago, undertook to get up such a stamp, but the undertaking fell thru. I wish our government would take the matter in hand. It is a matter in which all who conduct international correspondence would be interested."

JAP TOYS REFLECT WAR.

"A LREADY Japanese goods," said an importer, "are beginning to reflect the Russo-Japanese war. Look here."

He took down a delicate ivory paperweight, tagged \$27. It portrayed a huge and bearded Russian soldier, on his knees, begging for quarter, while over him, with clubbed gun, stood a trim little Japanese.

"We have mechanical war toys, too," he continued. "There is one on the upper shelf. The fortress on the hill is Port Arthur. You load the little gun in the foreground with one of these wooden balls, and the report causes the fortress to rise up in the air and fall over backwards.

"This tiny toy is called 'The Warriors.' The big man is a Russian, the little one a Jap. You wind it up, here at the back, and the warriors fight furiously, stabbing and punching and kicking. But always in the end, you see, when the mechanism runs down, the little Jap is left standing victorious on the prostrate form of his huge foe."

NATURE TEACHES INVENTORS.

"WE GOT our hints from nature," the inventor said. "Take, for instance, the hollow pillar, which is stronger than the solid one. The wheat straw showed us the superior strength of the hollow pillar. Solid, the wheat straw would be unable to support its head of grain.

"Where did man get his idea for carriage springs? From the hoofs of the horse, which, like the springs derived from them, are made of parallel plates.

"Scissors we got from the jaws of the tortoise, which are natural scissors; chisels from the squirrel, who carries them in his mouth; adzes from the hippopotamus, whose ivories are adzes of the best design; the plane from the bee's jaws; the trip-hammer from the woodpecker."

COMPOUND INTEREST.

A BANKER was urging a young man to put his money in a saving fund, where he would get compound interest on it, and in the course of his argument he used a telling fact.

"One cent," said he, "put out at compound interest at the beginning of the Christian era, would amount today to—how much do you suppose?"

"Oh," said the young man, "a hundred dollars or so."

"Today," said the banker, "it would amount to over \$200,000. And at simple interest what do you think it would tot up?"

"About half that?"

"At simple interest it would reach only \$1.15."

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 96 Fifth Avenue, New York, Cynthia West-over Alden, 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. STATE OFFICERS. President, Mrs. Noble Darrow, 816 Twenty-

Goldenrod. Tell me, sunny goldenrod, Growing everywhere, Did fairies come from fairyland And make the dress you wear? Say, did you get from mine of gold Your bright and shining hue, Or did the baby stars some night Fall down and cover you? Or did the angels flap their wings, And drop their glitter down Upon you, laughing goldenrod, Your sparkling hue to crown? Or are you clothed in sunshine caught From summer's brightest day, To give again in happy smiles To all who pass your way? I love you, laughing goldenrod, And I will try, like you, To all each day with deeds of cheer, Be loving, kind and true. Cultivate Sympathy. Resolve to be helpful. Humanity needs help, in the way of kind deeds. Try to realize the condition of those who are out of work. What does it mean to them? It means to sell or pawn the few sticks of furniture which make what they call home. To walk and walk in search of work, while disappointment makes the heart sick and leads to proper nourishment enflees the frame; to see a poor wife falling and sinking for lack of food; to send your children to school breakfastless; to know that as you grow each day more gaunt and shabby in appearance there is less and less chance of getting work; to return faint and footsore after a long day's tramp and hear those whom you love best on earth crying for want of food, and to feel thru all this that you have done nothing to deserve it. This is what it often means to "be out of a job." If you, too, are human, such suffering cannot be a matter of indifference to you. Then lend a hand to help the needy. It has great value for you in the discipline of your character. A Working Girl's Home. The Sunshine society is about to establish a Sunshine home for working girls that they may have a home at reasonable rates. The plan is to take only girls who are earning less than \$10 a week; the greatest number receive from \$6 to \$7, and have no homes. Having found the need so great, Sunshine has decided to open this home for them so they may have a comfortable place at the lowest possible rates, perhaps not over \$3 a week.

Tomorrow. We cannot tell what life shall bring Upon the coming morning, But still we know it will be best, If joy or pain or sorrow. There may be words of love to speak, To cheer some fellow being, To help him tread the heavenly road, Thru faith alone, not seeing. Ah, yes, there may be deeds to do, For hands now useless seeming, To lift some burden with a song, To lustre of lily dreaming. What if there be a cross to bear, To golden crowns it leads to, To pain that glides, peacefully crown 't may be what thou needest. So if our life be sad or glad, 'Twill not be grief or sorrow, If we fulfil not but trust in God, Upon the coming morn'g. —Mary Louise Lewis.

Mississippi Sunshine. Mississippi has free libraries for every county in the state, and a Sunshine scholarship at the Auburn school, including tuition, which alone is \$15 a year, board and books. There is also a Sunshine park. Sunshine in Missouri. One Sunshine branch furnishes a bed in St. Louis Children's hospital. Two beds and a junior cottage in a southern Sunshine rest home at Hendersonville, N. C., are supported by Missouri Sunshiners, who also support beds in the blind babies' home in Brooklyn.

Take the Sunshine God Has Sent. There are no woes from heaven sent For us to bear with sighs and tears; And with imagined fears aguent Our discontent. Our burdens are what we invent; For should we find a passing grief— Then let it pass, no relief is meant For discontent. And let some wisdom supplement Our longings, and our hope and trust. Then light will break, 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. —Felicia Blake.

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