

With the Long Bow

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

The Argument for Early Christmas Shopping in Order to Provide Friends with Pocket H'd'k'f's Before the Rush Begins—Baby's Crying Heard Thru the Microphone Said to Be Fearsome.

NUMBERS of elderly ladies and some not so elderly are now out gunning for sofa cushions and handkerchiefs to give to people who do not want them on Christmas.

A scientist who has listened to the voice of a house-fly thru the microphone says that it sounds much like the neighing of a horse.

A fierce yell from Kentucky greeted Secretary Wilson's statement that "corn is becoming too valuable to be used as food for livestock."

E. L. writes a letter asking why, if the saloons can be closed so successfully one day in the week, they cannot be closed the whole seven?

As the King of Siam is anxious about the census and wishes to see his subjects comfortably settled for life, he has a privileged class of girls made up of those who have reached a certain age without marrying.

A centenarian in West Virginia, who has just gone to his reward, stated that he had never known what it was to have a sick headache, and yet he was passionately fond of buck-wheat cakes and ham and cabbage.

So many stories about people of bad habits reaching the age of 105 or near it have come to the surface that the world has begun to suspect that some one person is writing all these interesting little biographies and making them real interesting, despite such little things as "the facts in the case."

For many years past, when the Journal force has gone to the grand old salary window in the good old business office to draw its weekly pay, it has seen framed there the face of A. H. Sanders, slowly, cautiously and reluctantly giving out the wealth.

So urgent was the call of the uneasy foot of the world for amelioration and rejuvenation that Mr. Sanders was finally compelled to harken to it, and will now devote his entire time to its care.

What the Market Affords

EELS, 20 cents a pound. Lake Superior whitefish, 16 cents a pound; plankers, 22 cents a pound. Finnan haddie, 15 cents a pound.

There will be red-snapper in the market tomorrow, but it did not come in time to have the price quoted today. Red-snapper, as its name implies, is a pinkish-red fish, and comes from the gulf.

SCREENINGS.

CARRIER PIGEONS never feed when traveling. Mid-afternoon is the best time to exercise. The sultan of Morocco is descended from an Irish girl.



ST. PAUL'S HALO— Covers a multitude of sins.

Putting on Style

"I WANT a shirt," said the man with the battered and dusty derby hat and clay-soiled clothes to the salesman in the furnishing department.

"What size d'you wear?" "Dollar up," repeated the customer. "Ain't that pretty steep? Y'see, I don't want this for more'n one wearin'!

"It's all foolishness wantin' me to wear one," said the customer, with a disgusted air. "I told 'em blamed if I'd do it, but they laid down on me hard an' fin'ly I said I would.

"I HAD A GOOD WHITE SHIRT, BUT I LOANED IT TO A FRIEND."

"We're goin' to have a weddin' at our house. My gal's goin' to be married an' there's goin' to be a bag of beer in, an' the feller she's goin' to marry is goin' to set up a box o' seegers.

"Now, you'll want a collar," suggested the salesman. The customer thumped his fist on the counter. "No, sir-ee," he said, emphatically. "If that shirt ain't style enough for 'em I can't help it. I'll stand for that, but I draw the line at a collar."

Curios and Oddities

"Tis passing strange!"

THE SANATORIUM HABIT.

"I WISH I was back in the sanatorium again." The speaker, a well-dressed young man with a pale face and shining eyes, sat in a cafe with his mother.

He mused a little; then, with another sigh, went on: "We patrons of sanatoria are weaklings. We are defective physically, like myself, or mentally, like that young man across the room.

"But in the sanatorium, where all are weak, he is every man's equal, and there he can hold his head up. He is coddled, too. But mainly he is as good as the rest—no one looks down on him—and that is the sanatorium's chief charm.

"Its chief charm, its irresistible charm. I know cripples who pass their lives in sanatoria—great, beautiful, luxurious places—tho they could live out in the world well enough, and I know men given to overdrinking and to slight nervous troubles who live by preference in sanatorio nine months out of the twelve.

"In your typical sanatorium the food is superb, the climate lovely, the amusements varied and wholesome; and with games and books and argument the weaklings of an intense age dream away their lives. I think I shall go back. For I, too, have the habit."

He sighed, took up his crutch, and hobbled out, stared at by many pretty women with contemptuous pity.

HOT ONIONS FOR PNEUMONIA.

OWING to the prevalence of pneumonia and the great mortality which attends its ravages during the winter and spring, several boards of health in northern New Jersey have been taking measures to protect the citizens of their towns from the disease.

"Take six to ten onions, according to size, and chop fine, put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes.

ORIGIN OF RAILWAY WHISTLES.

LOCOMOTIVES, seventy-five years ago, had no whistles. The engineer kept by his side a tin horn, which he blew before curves and dangerous crossings.

In 1833 an English farmer's cart was run down on the way to market, and 2,000 eggs, 100 pounds of butter, two horses and a man were lumped in one great omelet on the rails.

The railway had to pay the damages. The president sent for George Stevenson, and said angrily: "Our engineers can't blow their horns loud enough to clear the tracks ahead. You have made your steam do so much—why don't you make it blow a good loud horn for us?"

Stevenson pondered. An idea came to him. He visited a musical-instrument maker, and had constructed a horn that gave a horrible screech when blown by steam.

SAILORS' SUBSTITUTES FOR TOBACCO.

SAILORS on long cruises sometimes exhaust their tobacco. Thence untold misery, and many ingenious efforts to create a tobacco substitute.

Tea and coffee make the best tobacco substitutes. They smoke freely in pipe or cigaret, and their taste and aroma are not unpleasant. But they burn the mouth and rack the nerves.

These things smoke abominably, and the black fumes that they give forth from the sailors' mouths are always accompanied by oaths and imprecations. Yet many a desperate sailor has smoked them in the hope of appeasing his tobacco-hunger.

A GOOD CHECK.

AS HE took off his coat his wife said to him gently: "You remember those eight letters I gave you to post three days ago?"

"No, I didn't. How did you find out?" "Among them," she explained, "was a postal card addressed to myself. Since it didn't reach me, I knew you hadn't posted my mail. I shall always use this scheme in future. It only costs a cent, and it makes an excellent check on you. Now give me my letters, and I'll post them myself."

What Women Want to Know

MUSTY FURS.—Kindly give me a recipe for removing the musty odor from furs and winter coats which have been stored in a damp storeroom?—Inquirer.

Beat the furs and coats well and hang in the air and the sunshine. There is nothing that will remove the unpleasant odor more effectively than fresh air and sun.

BOSTON FERN.—Will you please tell me what to do for a Boston fern that has lie? I have sprinkled it with soap suds, also weak ammonia water, but they continue to come on it.—Morris.

Do not be satisfied with sprinkling the fern, but dip it in the soap suds. Shave a quart of a pound of white soap, cover it with water and set on the stove to melt. When it is liquid add a pailful of water and dip the fern into the solution, which will kill the lice and leave the plant uninjured.

QUESTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

POTATO PANCAKES.—Please tell me thru your paper how to make good potato pancakes?—A Reader. A GIRL OF 18.—What is the latest style for a girl of 18 to wear her hair?—An Interested Reader.



THE SORROWS OF YOUTH.

"It's all orf, Maria. I cawn't ride yer round the Park no more. I've bin ad up for furious drivin'."

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