

With the Long Bow

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

Wonderful Animal Intelligence Shown by Two Northwestern Dogs—How Turk Provided Christmas Presents for His Friends and Celebrated the Festal Season With the Children.

A FARGO dog is so remarkably knowing that he has been taught to sit up to a chair, bow his head and say his prayers. When his owner says "Amen," the intelligent animal at once jumps down and frisks around with every appearance of relief and satisfaction.

This story caused some narrow-minded Fargonians to look askance at the owner of the pup and to intimate that the dog frequently has been seen standing motionless in Moorhead, while looking intently at the door of one of that city's liquid refreshment parlors.

This story recalls the wonderful intelligence shown by our dog Turk. For two years he had a large, juicy, pink bone hung on the family Christmas tree for him and never failed to come in with the children on Christmas eve to enjoy the distribution of gifts.

When the second year came around and he saw the pink bone on the tree again and detected its glorious fragrance in the air, he sat studying the whole proceeding with uplifted ears and corrugated brow.

When the tree was being set up the third year Turk gave a subdued bark of remembrance and dashed out of the house. He soon came back, after a run down the street, bearing one good overshoe. This he laid down under the tree and refused to move until it was hung. It was a man's overshoe and every one understood that the dog was providing a present for his master.

His next expedition brought in a pair of boys' mittens. Where he secured them it was impossible to ascertain, but they were hung on the tree labeled "For Little Henry, from Turk."

As he was about to dash out again for other presents it was seen by all hands that it would never do to let him have the run of the town to appropriate whatever his dog's fancy might desire, so he was locked up in the shed. But he got away Christmas eve and appeared at the tree with a circular wreath of holly that he had evidently jumped into around his neck. When he was let into the room he greeted the perfume of the pink bone on the lower branches of the tree with a glad and fierce series of barks that rattled the windows.

Animal intelligence is a subject to which too little study has been given.

The Grafton Record tells how a South Dakota man was bitten by a dead wolf. He caught the wolf in a trap and when he found the animal safely anchored he hit it over the head with a club, and slinging it over his shoulder started for home. On the wolf mentioning the fact that he was alive by biting a hunk out of the man's leg, the man hurriedly released his hold and turned around in time to see a grey streak going across the prairie.

Boston reports seem to indicate that that grand old gladiator, whom the Boston democrats once threatened to send to congress, John L. Sullivan, is reduced to a point where he may have to work for a living. Talent has all too little recognition in this country.

The Bismarck Tribune tells of a remarkable stunt performed by the jury "in the Ed Morgan pigging case." The case went to the jury about 5 o'clock and at 9 it brought in a verdict to the effect that it found Morgan "guilty of selling liquor contrary to the prohibition law." The court refused to accept the verdict, saying it must be either guilty or not guilty as charged in the complaint. The jury retired and in a moment or two brought in a verdict of not guilty, greatly startling the judge, while the clerk of courts shrieked violently and trembled in every limb.

What the Market Affords

CORRESPONDENT wants some more rabbit recipes. There are very few rabbits in the market just at present, but here are the recipes to be cut out and saved until the rabbits can be purchased:

To make a rabbit fricassee cut the prepared rabbit in pieces for serving; cover with boiling water, add a heaping teaspoon of salt, half a saltspoon of white pepper and two ounces of butter. Simmer for one hour or until the meat is perfectly tender, and the water reduced to about a pint. Put the rabbit on toast in a hot entree dish. Strain the liquor, add to it one cup of cream or rich milk, heat again and thicken with one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of flour. Season with salt and pepper and add a half-teaspoon of celery salt and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Beat one egg, and pour the sauce (when sufficiently cooked) slowly on it, stirring all the time. Then pour it over the rabbit and serve in a hot dish.

Roast Rabbit.—Stuff the prepared rabbit with a highly seasoned bread and onion forcemeat; season it with salt and pepper, and rub all over with a coating made of one-half cup of butter rubbed smooth with one-half cup of flour. Put into a baking pan, pour in a pint of boiling water, and cook in a hot oven until tender and richly browned, basting it frequently with the dripping in the pan. Serve with brown gravy and currant jelly.

ON THE ROAD.

THE manager rushed into the property room excitedly. "Where is the apple to put on Tell's son's head?" he cried. "The audience is waiting. There's not a minute to lose."

The property man put down his newspaper and took his pipe from his mouth. "Tell me," he said calmly. "You refused to pay him yesterday, and he stewed it for his supper."

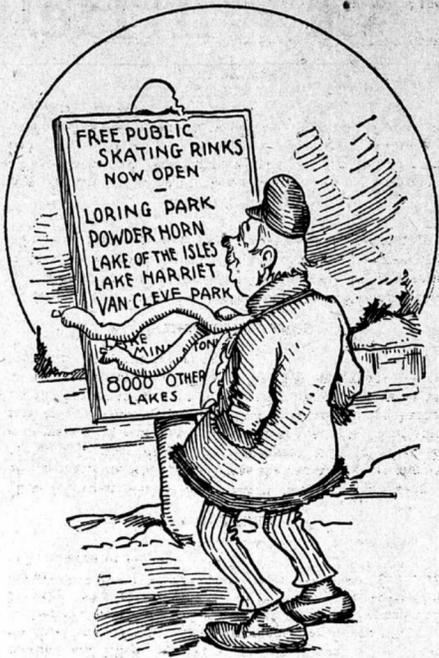
FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS.

THE Chinese train seagulls to catch fish. Blotting paper is made of rags boiled in soda. A locomotive will travel 1,000,000 miles before it gives out.

There are no undertakers in Japan. Each family buries its own dead. A ton of Atlantic water, evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt; Pacific water, 79 pounds; Arctic and Anarctic waters, 85 pounds; Dead Sea water, 187 pounds.

TWO GIFTS.

A Settlement Christmas tree one of the ladies who had come to help found a little Jewish boy hugging a large drum. "Did Santa Claus give you that?" she asked kindly. "Yes, ma'am," said Isidore. "I got the drum off Santa Claus, and I have a stomach ache. I got that off the ice-cream."



ONE SUBSTITUTE. Still a Chance to Get a Skate on in Minneapolis.

Odd Sayings of the Youngsters

From the December Lippincotts.

RAISIN PUDDING.

LITTLE Robert has but a short time been privileged to come to the dinner table and eat with the grown-up members of the family, and even now he often finds that his bedtime comes before the best part of the dinner. But when he visits his grandmother she always plans to have a wholesome dessert that Robert need not be deprived of.

On his last visit grandma had a fine, large rice pudding, which Robert was much pleased to see.

One by one the raisins quickly disappeared from his plate, and when only the rice remained Robert's interest in it vanished, and, dropping his spoon beside his plate, he asked, "Grandma, why do you have rice in your raisin pudding?"

SOUND LOGIC.

WHEN Billy was 3 years old his mother bought him a pair of short duck pants. The first time they were washed they shrank badly. Billy was fat, but his mother wedged him into the trousers—against his protest. Billy went out to play, but in a few minutes returned.

"Mamma," he said, "I can't wear these panties, they are too tight. Why, mamma, they are tighter than my skin."

"Oh, no, they're not, Billy," replied his mother, "nothing could be tighter than your skin."

"Well, these panties are, because I can sit down in my skin, but I can't in these panties."

A PRAYERFUL POSE.

DOROTHY'S mother had company, and her father was asked to put the little 6-year-old to bed. This had happened so seldom in her experience that she climbed into bed without saying her prayers. Just as he was leaving the room she called out, "Oh, papa, I forgot to say my prayers."

He came back to the bed and said, "Now, say them while I stand beside you."

To which the little one replied: "Why, papa, I can't say them lying down. Mamma and I always say them on our hind legs."

AN APPEAL TO HISTORY.

FRANCES is the 4-year-old daughter of a great architect. One bright spring morning she was possessed with a wild desire to lean far out of the nursery window. Her mother told her several times what a dangerous proceeding this was, but Frances paid little heed. Finally she added:

"Frances, it isn't considered proper to lean out of the window. No one who is at all nice ever does it."

"Why, mother?" said Frances, with marked disapproval and astonishment, "Barbara Frietchie did!"

BIRD GEOGRAPHY.

ONE day in early autumn as I sat by the window with my two little daughters, a flock of birds flew over the house. "The birds are going south for the winter," I remarked, and Ellen, who has an inquiring mind, asked, "But, mamma, how do the birds know which way is south?"

Before I could answer this rather puzzling question little Dorothy, who always has a ready reason for everything, answered, "Why, Ellen, don't you know, they have maps on the backs of all the leaves."

A PROBLEM.

JACK'S hair was so light that it had the appearance of being quite white, which was the cause of great anguish of mind to poor Jack. He discovered with joy that the ends were a little darker than that near the roots. Just after this cheering discovery his mother took him to the barber. As the barber tucked the towel under his chin, Jack looked up and said timidly, "Please, Mr. Barber, when you cut my hair, don't cut the ends off."

ANIMAL IGNORANCE.

FREDERICK and Felix, brothers of 4 and 6 years respectively, but of the same size, were asked by a stranger if they were twins. "No," replied Frederick indignantly, "I should think you'd know by our looks that we're boys!"

A MERE TYRO.

MOTHER (speaking of his playmate to her own little boy who is just learning to whistle)—"Can Harold whistle?"

Four-Year-Old (contemptuously)—"Whistle! No, he can only make the hole."

A BENT PIN.

LITTLE Mary sat on the floor beside her mother's chair, busily dressing her doll.

"Please give me a pin, mamma," she said, and her mother handed her a pin from the cushion, not heeding that it was bent.

"Oh, this is a wiled one, mamma," she exclaimed. "Can't you give me a fresh one?"

She Got a Letter



HO is it from?" inquired the head of the house as his wife took up the square blue letter and examined it with knitted brows. "I can't think," replied the lady. "It's postmarked 'Chicago' and it's addressed to me all right—Mrs. Henrietta Kerr—but I don't seem to recognize the handwriting a bit. Perhaps it's from Mrs. Mowbray. I wonder!"

"I'll tell you how I generally find who my correspondent is," said the man. "I open the letter. People who write letters usually sign them, I've noticed. They don't depend on the postmark. Why don't you open it, in the name of common sense? Isn't that just like a woman to stand and try to make out a postmark and guess at handwriting? Open it."

"It's signed 'Mollie,'" said the lady, glancing at the last of the closely written pages. "Mollie. Now, who can Mollie be? It can't be Mollie Jamison, because she's in Seattle now, and this is postmarked 'Chicago,' besides which it's not any more like Mollie Jamison's handwriting than anything in the world. And then I'm sure she would never think of writing to me unless it were something really very extraordinary."

"Perhaps it is something extraordinary. Why don't you read the letter and find out? What's the use of staring at me in that perplexed way? Read your letter, woman. Read it!"

"You needn't be so cross about it. I was just wondering. There isn't any street address on it—just 'Chicago' and the date. She says, 'Dear old chum.' Why, it can't be Mollie Jamison. We were never chums. Perhaps I've got somebody else's letter by mistake. Let me look at the envelop again, dear."

"It's your all right. Read it, I want to know about it, too."

"Dear Old Chum—I have been wondering for ages how you were, and have been intending to write to you ever so often, but my household cares have taken so much of my time that I have kept putting it off, until now I am almost ashamed to do it. John and the babies are well. I am glad to say, and mother, who has just returned to Keokuk after a nice long visit, is in splendid health. She would so much have liked to see you while she was here, but she, too, was busy, helping me, as we were without help all summer. We have had an awful time with our



THERE ISN'T ANY STREET ADDRESS ON IT—JUST 'CHICAGO' AND THE DATE.

help. I must really tell you about it."

"Now, that can't be Mollie Jamison. Her husband's name is Herbert—Herbert P. It couldn't be Mary Gantler. She never called herself 'Mollie' that I can remember—and her husband's name isn't John, it's—"

"Oh, read the letter. Perhaps John is her brother or her cousin or something."

"Well, perhaps that is so."

"You know how much furniture we have—all that mahogany that father gave us when we were married. And the cherry and maple bedroom set and the oak chairs and table in the dining-room, to say nothing of the hardwood floors. Well, we have always had such trouble keeping them in condition. The house gathers the dust so and spoils all the luster. It used to take up so much of the time rubbing and polishing that the girls didn't like it and they left us one after another. We tried beeswax and turpentine and every known polish. I believe, but they never seemed to do much good and in a day or two everything would look as bad as ever. I was in despair. At last Mrs. Ganz—do you remember Mrs. Ganz?—well, Mrs. Ganz brought in a bottle of Pol-Klene and told me to try it. I didn't have much faith in it because I've tried so many preparations, but I tried it to please her, and, my dear, the effect was marvelous. No rubbing. You simply applied it with a soft cloth and any kind of wood shines as if it had just come out of the shop, and what is more it stays that way! I only renew it once a month or so and the rest of the time a light dusting is all that is necessary. The girls love to use it, it's so easy. Certainly it has reduced my cares one half and I think I should have time to get out and see you oftener now. You should try it. It is only 50 cents for a large bottle and you can get it at any good furniture store—or write to the Pol-Klene company, — Blank street. They will gladly send you a sample bottle—"

"William," broke off the lady of the house, "I really believe this is nothing but an advertisement."

"My dear," said the man, "I really wouldn't wonder if you were right in that assumption."—Chicago News.

THE CORPSE'S MISTAKE.

"SOME people talk too much and some reporters write too much," said Edward Simmons, the artist who painted the pictures recently hung in the rotunda of the Minnesota state capitol building.

Mr. Simmons had just been talking of a story that appeared in a morning paper describing his personality that did not meet with his approval.

"It reminds me of an incident in Paris when I was there last spring," he continued. "A body was found floating in the Seine. It was taken to the morgue, where it remained the number of days required by the law, and the authorities were about to bury it at the expense of the city. At the last minute a woman identified it as that of her father. But as the body was being moved from the marble slab the mouth fell open, revealing a set of false teeth. Now, as the woman's father had had the teeth that nature provides, she at once disclaimed the corpse. As the morguekeeper put it back on the slab, he said:

"There, you have done it. If you had only kept your mouth shut you would have had a decent funeral!"

TROUBLE AT HOME.

JEROME K. JEROME was lunching with some lawyers at the University club in New York.

"As odd a client as you can imagine," he said, "called on a legal friend of mine in Rye one morning.

"She was an extremely pretty client, but her clear, soft eyes were quite bleared with weeping. Indeed, she was in tears as she entered my friend's office. Her little form shook with sobs.

"Well, my dear, said he (perhaps I should explain that this client was hardly more than 7 or 8 years old)—'well, my dear, what can I do for you?'

"Please, sir, said the child, weeping piteously, 'I want to get a divorce from my papa and mamma.'"



Has Found the Real Thing. Nero—No more of those gladiatorial shows. Football is the real thing.—Brooklyn Eagle.

At the Theaters Next Week

METROPOLITAN—

That dashing operatic comedy, "The Tenderfoot," with Oscar L. Figman, and Ruth White as the stars, will be at the Metropolitan for four nights and a matinee starting tomorrow night. The music of this piece has made it a general favorite. H. L. Hertzog, who is responsible for it, caught the spirit of Richard Carle's book. It is a wonderfully interesting western in its free swing and easy rhythm. Carle's book is not only witty, but there is a well-defined plot. Mr. Figman and Miss White will be remembered as the stars of the big revival of "The Burgomaster" two seasons ago. This is the largest production of the opera that has been seen on the road. Mr. Figman is said to have surprised even his warm admirer by his work as Professor Pettibone and he is being hailed as the coming low comedian of the day. Miss White brings to the role of Marion a fine soprano voice and much personal charm. The remainder of the cast is well-known. In the company are Jetrow Warner, a tenor of achievements; Fred Bailey, George E. Romain, Milton Baldwin, Harry B. Williams, one of the best dancers on the stage, and Brackett, Etta Lockhart and Frankie Warner. Some of the best-remembered songs in "The Tenderfoot" are "My Alamo Love," "The Thomas Hat," "Adios," "I'm a Soldier of Fortune," and "Only a Kiss."

"The Rollicking Girl," after its successful run of more than half a year in New York, comes to the Metropolitan Thursday. This is the story of the life of Sam Bernard who has made the hit of his life in the character of Schmalz, a theatrical play-maker, whose main business is "hossing the subrettes." Schmalz is a quaint character, and Mr. Bernard has an especially good opportunity for his inimitable comedy methods. He is honest and loyal, and possessed of a stock of quaint philosophy, while his pupil, Hon. George Williams, wins her hearers by her charming personality and sweet voice. Incidentally Miss Williams wears some most stunning gowns. She has five songs, and a new gown for each. There is nothing of a few other incidental changes of costumes. Her great song hits are "Friends that Are Good and True," "Tricks," "My Cabin Door," "The Girl from My Own Town," "Sam Bernard," "participates" in the singing of "Lovey Dovey" and "Indians on Broadway" and whatever his share of contribution to the melody of these songs may be, he certainly makes them, by his acting, the funniest ever heard. There are some eighty other men and women who contribute to a delightful stage production.

"The Sultan of Sulu," the operatic comedy which had nearly a season's run on Broadway last year, is to be the offering at the Metropolitan for the half-week ending Dec. 11. This company will open at the Dewey tomorrow for one week. Mr. Dinkins has spared no time, labor or expense to make it one of the strongest attractions of its kind on the road. The press and public all over the country speak in the highest terms of this organization. Two laughable one-act comedies are presented, "The Romance of a Suit Case," by Louis Morture, and "A Midnight Dream," by Charles C. Taylor, in which handsome costumes and brilliant scenic effects are seen, and mads, Harold Beckrow and Herma, also comprise the following well-known and capable artists: The Sevons, James B. Carson, Frank Riley, the Three Marvelous Keeley Brothers, Haight and Dean, Victoria Savtall and Gladys Sears, and everybody's favorite, Kelly and Barrett.

BIJOU—

The attraction at the Bijou next week will be the clever production of the Funny Mr. Dooley, an up-to-date musical comedy. The present production has several changes, and a new purpose, and there is not a dull moment from the rise of the curtain until its final fall. The performance not only scintillates with bright, clever comedy, but it is a success in scenery of magnificence and costumes that are beautiful. The music has been composed especially for this production. There are fourteen ensemble numbers, several of which are distinct hits. "I Love Them All," as sung by Mr. Clark, and "My Six O'clock Girl," sung by Casper Zarnes, and "It Makes Me Think of Home, Sweet Home," sung by Miss Tilly Cohen, seem to be the most popular hits. The chorus is exceptionally clever, being composed of pretty girls who can both sing and dance. Paul Quinn, the star of the play, is also its author, and is said to be a comedian of exceptional ability. He is aided by Emil Heusel, who as the German comedian, makes an excellent foil. The company includes J. A. Mitchell, Casper Zarnes, Robert E. Clark, Lester Pike, Miss Marie Richmond, Tilly Cohen and the clever vaudeville team, St. John and Le Fevre, who, in addition to playing prominent roles, introduce their clever dancing specialty.

ORPHEUM—

The Twelve Broomstick Witches will hold the principal place on the boards of the Seventh street home of vaudeville next week. They have been prime favorites with all those who read and run from Chicago to San Francisco. Kimoned in dainty rose, fitting like butterflies over the stage and around a flower-throned queen, the broomstick witches dance their way into the favor of all. The witches will produce the original groupings and effects with which they make such a success with the "Lale of Spice," while Delight Barsch will play the parts of the maid of Nicobar and Mother Witch. Emma Francis and her Arabian whirlwinds will make their first appearance here. She sings in a French manner and in a Frenchy makeup, then she does a dance which sets every muscle in the body on the jump, while the Arabs do some whirling and ground tumbling that keep them before the audience long after they might wish to retire. Feature number three will be Herbert's dogs, who not only do a canine comedy in costume, but introduce a dog who does the loop-the-loop all by himself and unassisted by any mechanical device. He backs off into the wings, gets a start,

and actually goes around the loop on foot, a marvelous performance. There have also been engaged Joseph Newman, the Denver show humorist; Powell, prince of prestidigitators; C. Grant Gardner and Marie Stoddard, presenting their impersonations, mimicry and music; and Matthews and Manning in "The Barnstormers."

LYCEUM—

Manager Speers announces as his stellar attraction at the Lyceum next week the Sappho Ladies' quartet, one of the first-class musical organizations of the northwest. This fine singing company first became known to fame as "The Minnesota Ladies' quartet." Other attractions are the only Mlle. Caprice, "the peech girl" of the eastern circuit, the girl who sings old little French songs in a manner all her own. Then there are the Muckrow and Hyds, old reliable performers, and Hyde and Heath, comedians and singers, portions of whose act have been copied freely in vaudeville circles. A funny act will be presented by a nameless pair of rough roller skaters, who style their turn "the skatolator duel." Charles S. Laird, in new illustrated songs, sung to moving pictures, and a complete new set of interesting motion pictures presented by the Lyceumscope, will be bright features.

UNIQUE—

The Unique will make a strong bid for public patronage next week with Margaret Severance, the young woman who has reversed the bard of Avon in the matter of his "Seven Ages." By lightning changes in costume, some bright lines of her own, strictly along legitimate lines, this ambitious, good-looking young woman runs thru Shakespeare's ages by commencing with the last one and coming back to the first. Will Hart and Mary Dillon, two former favorites, will give much excellent music, evoked from a half dozen novel instruments. The Royal Troupe of Marionettes, featured by the European Mantells, will also have a prominent place. This is a high-priced novelty replete with sensations and embodying the acme of mechanical skill in comparing the toy human beings to performers like real people. The Morrills, in a rural comedy sketch which contains some famous country songs and dances, are said to have a pleasing specialty. Louis Fleury, still in high favor with the Unique's patrons, will give new illustrated songs. New motion pictures, descriptive of comedy subjects, will be presented.

DEWEY—

The Dewey announces for its next attraction the famous Alcazar Beauties company under the personal direction of "W. Dinkins." This company will open at the Dewey tomorrow for one week. Mr. Dinkins has spared no time, labor or expense to make it one of the strongest attractions of its kind on the road. The press and public all over the country speak in the highest terms of this organization. Two laughable one-act comedies are presented, "The Romance of a Suit Case," by Louis Morture, and "A Midnight Dream," by Charles C. Taylor, in which handsome costumes and brilliant scenic effects are seen, and mads, Harold Beckrow and Herma, also comprise the following well-known and capable artists: The Sevons, James B. Carson, Frank Riley, the Three Marvelous Keeley Brothers, Haight and Dean, Victoria Savtall and Gladys Sears, and everybody's favorite, Kelly and Barrett.

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