



HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

Prinz's Opera

By Randolph Edgar.



PEAKING of goats," remarked Curtis as he lazily poked the fire before him, "I firmly believe I possess all the attributes of that noble animal. In fact, I ought to be presented with a medal for being the goat personified of this town."

The speaker, after lighting his pipe, gazed before him in silent thought, and then, sinking back into his chair, continued: "Do you remember that chump called Prinz, who wrote the music for 'The Fire Worshippers'?" Well, you are lucky never to have met him. The other night, at the club, just as we had all gone down to dinner, Fred Ellis, who is continually digging up celebrities, brought Prinz in and introduced him to the crowd. I can't say that Prinz was at first sight especially prepossessing. His clothes were decidedly 'musical,' if you know what I mean by that, and his hair, which lapped his ill-fitting collar, was tangled, and, like his Van Dyke beard, dyed. Huge rings were crowded over his thin fingers, and about his person arose a penetrating odor of eau de cologne. 'Chawmed to meet you,' he assured us as he sat down at the table, 'I'm as hungry as a bear!' As a matter of fact, he'd been to about eight teas that afternoon.

"Believe me, from the moment Prinz landed at the club until he left us, he talked of nothing save himself. The sole topic of conversation was Prinz, his youth, his first opera, how Lady Somebody had given a tea in his honor in London and so on. One or two of the men made heroic endeavors to 'cut in' and change the subject, but it was no use; the evening belonged to Prinz.

"As he arose to depart he invited us, in debonair fashion, to drop down to the theater in about half an hour and witness 'The Fire Worshippers.' We'd all read the criticisms of his opera, which weren't especially flattering, but, as he persisted, and we didn't care to hurt his feelings, the outcome was that at 8:30 we found ourselves in the front row of the Colonial theater.

"There are no words to describe that comic opera, it was so morbid. The music reminded me of the undergraduate stuff we used to hear at college, and the words—old minstrel jokes, old chestnuts that would have disgraced any farmers' almanac in the country.

"Seated in an upper box, the most conspicuous place in the theater, was Prinz, attracting more attention than the stage itself, and beaming on the festive scene with a gleeful unconsciousness of the audience's lack of applause. Occasionally he would catch the eye of one of the soloists, and then leading her song with a bejeweled forefinger, he would lean far out over the box and bestow some of his benevolent smiles upon the unfortunate actress. At each bit of so-called humor in the performance he would break out into guffaws of uncontrollable mirth, tho I could swear he'd seen every rehearsal within the past month. Oh, it was great!

"After the fall of the curtain (we did not dare leave sooner), we drove up to the club and held a meeting to decide how to thank Prinz for his evening's entertainment. During the controversy I was called to the telephone. When I returned the crowd was about to leave. 'It's all decided,' Wulkop informed me. 'We're going to drop in at the hotel tomorrow afternoon, thank Prinz, and tell him that we liked everything but the libretto, that's the easiest way out.'

"The following afternoon I called on Prinz at the Touraine. Imagine my surprise at being ushered in to find Prinz and a stranger the only occupants. It was rather hard on me, I thought, that the crowd didn't show up; but I decided to make the best of it and play my little role. 'Your opera was delightful,' I exclaimed, grasping his moist hand. 'Everything,' I added, 'but the libretto.' As I finished this remark, he turned to introduce me to the stranger, who had gloomily arisen. 'Allow me,' said Prinz, 'to present my friend, Mr. Davenport—who wrote the libretto!'

EXTRAVAGANT GOWNS.

AN antiquary was chuckling over an article on extravagance in dress. "A man wrote this, 'I'll warrant,' he said. 'Men are always writing such things. See what a man wrote in 1630 of a certain Miss Phraser's gown.'"

And he read from his notebook: "This lovely rich gown, of the best brocade, much bejeweled and embroidered, cost 330 pounds. It frights Sir Cave Scroope, who is much in love with her, from marrying her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes."

He turned another page: "Mme. de Montespan," he read, "wore at a great court festival a gown of gold on gold, embroidered in gold, bordered with gold, and over that a gold frieze stitched with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff imaginable. But why deck out the human form with such ruinous extravagance?"

What the Market Affords

FLLOUR, \$2.55 for sack of 100 pounds.
Strictly fresh eggs, 30 cents a dozen; storage eggs, 25 cents.
Creamery butter, in prints, 30 cents a pound; jars, 29 cents.
Sweet potatoes, 6 pounds for 25 cents.
Evaporated peaches—unpared, 15 cents a pound; pared, 25 cents.
Confectioners' sugar, 10 cents a pound.
Chocolate, 35 cents a pound.

Few northern cooks realize the possibilities in the sweet potato and it is seldom served on a northern table any way but baked or fried. It is quite as good mashed and sweet potato croquettes are as tasty as those made of Irish potatoes. A favorite southern pie is a sweet potato custard made of one pound potato, same quantity each of butter, sugar and eggs, allspice to flavor. Use half or a quarter of this if you wish, only use the "pound for pound" proportions. Boil, peel, mash thru a colander, and weigh the potato, cream the butter and sugar and mix with it, then add the yolks well beaten, flavor with spice or any extract you prefer. Add the whites beaten stiff, and mix well; have your pie-plates lined with good puff paste, pour in the mixture about an inch thick, or less if you like, and bake. Eat cold.

Sweet Potato Pudding.—Two cups mashed potatoes, one-half cup sugar, one egg, two cups sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup shredded cocoanut; cook potatoes in their jackets till very soft, and mash while hot. Mix potato, butter, sugar to a smooth paste, then add egg, cocoanut, and lastly the milk. Beat all together thoroughly; pour into deep granite pudding dish, sprinkle top with cocoanut and sugar, and bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

Sweet Potato with Chopped Nuts.—Almost any nuts will do, altho English walnuts are best. To six medium sized potatoes add one cupful of shopped nuts. Mince all together; add one-half cupful of melted butter and one well beaten egg. Place in a buttered bread tin. In the morning turn out, cut in slices, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in butter.

SHE MARRIED THE BEST MAN.

Wahpeton Gazette.

D. E. Morden tells the story of a strange experience which he encountered on his last trip in the northern part of the state. It was the day after the last snow tie-up and he was on one of the Great Northern's tri-weekly specials enjoying life as only traveling men can after being snowed in for five days in one of those one-horse towns that Billy Prunes tells about. At the little town of Perth, a bridal party boarded the train and took seats directly in front of Mr. Morden. There was the bride-to-be, the groom, and his aunt and a cousin, the best man and the bridesmaid. They were on their way to another town down the line where the wedding was to take place and where a great feast and dance had been arranged for them.

In a few minutes it was noticed that the bride and the best man were crying and the groom became uneasy and took a seat by himself, a little further down the car. Presently the bride got up, walked over to the groom, put her arms around him and began to bawl, at the same time telling him that she had done wrong but she liked the other fellow best. By this time the other passengers were beginning to get interested and some of the inquisitive ones soon discovered what all the trouble was about. The bride had agreed to marry the would-be groom, but at the last moment had made up her mind that she really loved the best man, whom she had known for a long time. So after a great deal of sobbing and tear shedding on the part of the bride it was arranged that the best man would take the place of the groom at the wedding and that the groom and his aunt and cousin would take the wedding trip to Chicago which had been planned for the bride and groom, and the bride and her party got off at the next station.

The was-to-be-groom had had very little to say during the performance on the train but his feelings were probably aptly expressed when his aunt tried to console him by telling him that there were lots of other girls in the world and that he could probably soon pick out another one whom he could. "Marry h—l," he said, "I'll never marry as long as I live."

A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

"I BELIEVE," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that what a boy is depends largely upon his environment."
"I know it," replied her hostess, as she carelessly toyed with her jewel box. "There was my cousin Ebenezer's boy. He never knew what it was to have a well day till the doctors found out that it was his environment and cut it out."

FRANK AVOWAL.

OLD Uncle Steve, a typical antebellum darkey, loved to sit around the stores and do light errands.
A merchant said to him one day, "Uncle Steve, of all the things you ever did, what would you rather do?"

Uncle Steve deliberated a moment and said, "Well, Mr. John, I b'lieve of all the things I ever done or ever spee to do I ruther rest."

WANTED IT WHITE.

LITTLE Mary was taken to a colored church for the first time, and was so filled with terror when the "brudders" and "sisters" got religion she had to be taken out weeping. When her mamma tried to comfort her she said with a sob: "Oh, mamma, I am so frightened that when I get religion it will be colored."

A String of Good Stories

"cannot tell how the truth may be; say the tale as 'twas said to me."

A VAIN DEFENSE.

A PARTY of men, among whom was William J. Bryan, were one night waiting for a train in a depot in a small Missouri town. The landlady was the only woman present.

The talk turning upon the alleged inability of women to see the point of a joke as readily as do the men, Mr. Bryan took the ground that a sense of humor was as much a part of the feminine make-up as it was that of man, but that it merely lacked opportunity for development.

"To illustrate," he said, "take the story of the party of excursionists in the Aegean sea. When approaching the Grecian coast the party assembled about the rails to enjoy the beautiful scenery. One lady turned inquiringly to a gentleman at her right and said:

"What is that white off there on the horizon?"
"That is the snow on the mountains," replied the gentleman addressed.

"Well, that's funny," she replied. "My husband said it was grease."

All the men in the group laughed noisily at Mr. Bryan's story, but the landlady looked puzzled. Finally she said: "But, Mr. Bryan, how did the grease get on the mountain?"

Mr. Bryan at once dropped the defense of women as born humorists.

REBUKING A BOASTER.

THE late ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson was a plain man, to whom ostentation of every kind seemed vulgar. A rich senator was once boasting to Mr. Simpson in a Washington restaurant about his luxurious way of living. Among other things he said:

"I was obliged to discharge my second coachman last week. Tho he was in many ways an invaluable fellow, he was continually hanging around one of the prettier under housemaids."

Mr. Simpson considered such talk pure vulgar boasting, and proceeded to rebuke it as such.

"I," he said gravely, "have been obliged to discharge my third groom. He was always loafing in the servants' billiard-room."

THE WRONG INFERENCE.

PROFESSOR BARRETT WENDELL of Harvard lightened with an anecdote an English lecture.

"There was a certain instructor," he said, "who was always impressing upon his students the need of perspicuity. 'A young man came to him one day to get back an essay that had been submitted.

"A very good essay," said the instructor, as he returned the paper, 'but, Mr. Smith, you should write always so that the most ignorant person can understand every word you say.'

The young man looked up anxiously.
"What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor?" he asked.

IT TOOK HIM ABACK.

IT was the sweet scent of the lilies in the conservatory, the beauty of the young girl's gilt hair, or the excellent champagne he had taken with his supper—at any rate, after the two-step, as they rested in the shadow beneath a palm, he proposed to the debutante in white.

"It cannot be," she said. "I am unworthy of you."

"Oh, rubbish," said he.
"It is true; it is too true." And she sighed.

"You are an angel," he said ardently.

"No, no, you are wrong," said the young girl. "I am vain, idle, silly, utterly unfit to be your helpmate thru life."

He laughed lightly. He said in a soothing voice:

"Why, this is sheer madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A very wise, deliberate, practical woman," she replied—"one able to live on your small salary."

X-MAS DINNER AFOOT.

MICHAEL had been doing his Christmas shopping and was returning to his home, several blocks from the terminus of the streetcar line. He was burdened with numerous parcels and packages, which were continually slipping from his grasp. The one that caused him most annoyance was the Christmas turkey, which, stuffed head-downward in a large paper bag, had penetrated the bottom of its dampened envelop and seemed all legs and neck, and simply would not adjust itself to the other bundles. Finally it burst thru the bag and dropped to the ground, and Michael, after several ineffectual efforts to arrange it conveniently, sat down on a doorstep and, wiping his perspiring brow, observed with feeling, "Begorra, if I'd 'a' knowed this tur-rkey was goin' to be such a thrubble I'd 'a' bought a live one an' made the dom bur-rd walk!"

THEIR GOAL.

DESPITE the fact that Northern New England is a stronghold of temperance, if not of prohibition, temperance lecturers sometimes go there and encourage the faithful. One such speaking in Keene, N. H., reminded his hearers of the story of Dives and Lazarus. The lecturer pointed out how when Dives was in hades he did not ask for beer or wine or liquor, but for one drop of water.

"Now, my friends," said the lecturer, "what does that show us?"

A voice from the back of the hall instantly replied: "It shows us where you temperance people go to."

COULDN'T SMELL ANYTHING WRONG.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, in company with the gentleman who used to manage his lecture tours, was once examining a hall in a town in Ohio, where it was proposed Mr. Riley should give a reading.

The two men had as their guide a colored janitor who was quite talkative. Mr. Riley observed that the janitor made use of long words of whose meaning he was ignorant. So the poet determined to have a little fun with him.

All at once Mr. Riley began to sniff the atmosphere critically. "It seems to me, Jim," he said sternly, "that the acoustics in this place are pretty bad."

"Why, boss," said the janitor reproachfully, "yo' shore must be mistaken; I don't smell anything."

HER MEAN JOKE.

"WHERE have you been now?" asked Mrs. Jawback, icily. It was a cold day, anyhow.

"I've been watching the cavalry evolutions," explained Mr. Jawback, trying to warm things up a little. "I do love to see the horses caracole about the field."

"Well, I love to see you stay at home and carry coal about the house," said Mrs. J., with grim humor. "Go and attend to the furnace at once."

CHANCE TO USE HIS TALENTS.

"SAY, Pat, can you tell me where the Rockefeller building is?"

"An' how did yez know me name were Pat?"

"Guessed it."

"Ye're good at guessin', sor?"

"Fine."

"Thin guess where the Rockefeller buildin' is."



THE GUILLOTINED KING TO THE CZAR.
Shade of Louis XVI.—Side with your people, Czar, while yet there is time. I was too late.
—London Punch.

"DIVINE SARA" AT HYDE DINNER

Dilettante Is Host to Bernhardt and Ten Men at Modest Feast.

Journal Special Service.

New York, Dec. 18.—Sara Bernhardt dined as the guest of honor of James Hazen Hyde last night, and ten men surrounded the French actress at Mr. Hyde's table. It was the express wish of Mme. Bernhardt that no other women be invited, and also that there be only a few guests. Mr. Hyde conquered his desire to make the Bernhardt dinner a gorgeous feast and the ten men represented the various professions rather than society.

This is the first time the former vice president of the Equitable Life Insurance society has acted as a host since his celebrated Louis XIV ball in Sherry's last January, when Mme. Rejane was present.

Simplicity marked the dinner last night. There were no paid entertainers, no music, no leaders of fashion. Sara was there to shine alone. This was her wish and she took a genuine delight in being the only woman among the following men: Edmund L. Bay-

lies, Heinrich Conrerd, Perry Belmont, David Belasco, Kyle Belton, Antoni Scotti, Samuel Untermyer, M. de Ma and J. H. McIntyre.
French was the language spoken as Sara quipped things from grape fruit to cognac. She sat between her husband and Mr. Untermyer. Mr. Hyde's lawyer dinner was served in the dining room paneled with Cirsian walnut and hung with crimson brocade satin. The table was neatly garnished with pin roses and purple orchids. The dinner was served at 8:15 and at 11 o'clock the divine one murmured her "Je vous remercie" and was gone.

MARRIED FIFTY YEARS

Pioneer Couple of New Ulm Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Special to The Journal.
New Ulm, Minn., Dec. 18.—At the German Methodist church in this city, Henry Little and wife were given a reception by their relatives and friends, the occasion being the celebration of their fiftieth wedding anniversary. They were married at St. Peter, Dec. 16, 1855, and moved to a farm near this city, where they have resided continuously ever since, with the exception of a few years spent in town. There were 110 people present at the reception, several from out of the city, and many valuable presents were given the couple.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Little were here during the massacre and were among the refugees who sought shelter in St. Peter. They are both past 70 years of age.

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