

With the Long Bow

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

Story of a Northern Minnesota Citizen Who Worked the Deadbeat Racket So Successfully that He Made a Record by Beating the Band.

ONE of those thriving new cities in the vicinity of Lake Itaska boasted a citizen, fairly common in other parts of the state, but rather new to the region north of Brainerd, who was always beating his friends by borrowing a dollar, or five dollars if practicable, or, if neither of these demands "went," he was not averse to taking a quarter. When the band was formed a delegation asked him to take the bass drum, and he did so, but complaint was made that he even beat the drum. They were willing to pass this over, however, for musicians are a good-natured lot, but one day he beat the band by selling the drum. He was ordered out of town, and he went to beat the cars, for he claimed he had lost his ticket and the conductor put him off at Brainerd.

The dramatic critic of the Athens (Kan.) Eagle has been having trouble in working at his profession. He says:

We thought that the citizens of Athens respected and desired freedom of the press. Apparently they do not. James B. Parker, whose wife is taking the part of Juliet in the charity series, objected to our calling her skinny, and waited for us at the theater last night. Fortunately we caught him one on the eye, which destroyed some of the effect his objection might otherwise have borne. Parker is a danger to the community.

Charles Stiles of Ward county, N. D., moved into Minot to spend the winter where the climate was warmer and where he could go down and see the train come in. The other day he went out to his farm and found that boys or other vandals had built a fire on the floor of the sitting room and practically ruined the room. Quiet people would not care to have seen Mr. Stiles catch these scoundrels at their work.

Maxbass, N. D., exulted in a new variety of sleigh that tore up the streets of that thriving town like a tornado last week. The Monitor editor loosened up and took a ride. He says:

"The sleigh consisted of a common kitchen table turned upside down, and in this position a couple of pieces of four-by-fours were nailed on for runners. The method of entrance was quite easy. You simply jump into the center of the thing and immediately attach yourself to one of the artistically molded upturned legs, while the driver unscrews the reins from the one on the southwest corner. Then with a wild, blood-curdling whoop that would crack an alabaster cast of Venus, the chaffeur throws the reins on the horses' back and away you go. While holding frantically to the upturned leg visions of home, debts and a long-forgotten prayer are struggling for mastery, but all rapidly fades away and you begin to wonder how many carriages will be at the funeral, and whether your system will be buried whole or in unrecognizable chunks. By this time the team has settled down to an easy jog-trot. A ride in this style of sleigh is exhilarating, but don't attempt it if you have a weak heart."

Speaking of Christmas, the Maxbass Monitor feelingly says:

The day is an especially happy one for the little children, and there is no one so base as to rob them of their delight at the coming of Santa Claus. In the exemplification of this event the poor should be sought out and cared for, amities forgotten and wrongs forgiven, and all meet on the common plane of human brotherhood. With this thought in view all may worship at a common shrine and raise their voices in loud hosannas to our King. We sincerely wish our readers a Merry Christmas.

This is all right and creditable, but in the very next paragraph the Monitor says fiercely:

If the Bottineau Courant does not reach this office with a little more regularity we will go over there one of these days and punch the everlasting stuffing out of the man—or boy—who is in charge of the mailing galley.

Rene Bache, in the Saturday Evening Post, says that the horse is a born fool and never gets over it. From the books of accident insurance companies he has figured out that one person in twelve of the population meets with a disabling accident once in every twelve months, and of these, 12 per cent are due to the horse. This is to say that every year the horse steps on 750,000 people. If but 1 per cent of these die, then the country loses every year 8,000 lives because of horses. Only one accident in 2,000 is attributable to mule kick.

As a rule, the horse does not mean to do it. He is merely an ass. The mule, on the other hand, means it, and when his foot roams the horizon he is pretty sure to know that there is a man acting as target somewhere to the rear. The horse just kicks out, and if he hits, all right, or if he misses, all right.

Less mule kicks figure in the mortuary records because people who have to do with the mule know that the animal is a live wire and hasn't any dead ends. An automobile is better than either. —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

- CODFISH, 10 and 20 cents a package. Pumpernickel bread, 5 cents a loaf. Shallots, 10 cents a bunch. Wax beans, 25 cents a pound. Chowchow pickles, 20 cents a quart. Florida oranges, 25, 35 and 40 cents a dozen.

Codfish fritters are very much like codfish balls, only more tasty. To make them, boil together gently one pint of pared, quartered raw potatoes and one pint of raw fish for one-half hour. Drain and mash them together till fine and light, add butter the size of an egg and two eggs well beaten; salt and pepper. Fry in deep fat.

Here is the way codfish balls are made at the Hotel Majestic, New York: Free two pounds of codfish from all bones; chop it and season with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and a little finely chopped lemon peel, adding chopped parsley, marjoram, a little soaked breadcrumbs with the water drained well out. Mix all together with two eggs and form into balls the size of a tomato. Fry a large sliced onion in two ounces of butter, add a teaspoon of boiling water, let it boil up, then put in the balls. When cooked gently over the fire heat three eggs in a vessel, add the juice of two large lemons, a little chopped parsley, stir this well in, without letting it boil. Then dish up the balls and pour the sauce over. Garnish with parsley.

A VALID CLAIM.

THE American, as his automobile sped thru the lovely English country, said, with a proud and sweeping gesture:

"We Yankees have a right to be proud of these old estates of ours over here." "Estates of yours?" said the haughty Briton. "Estates of yours?" "Well, what would become of them," said the American, "if it wasn't for our girls' money?"

CHRISTMAS ECONOMY.

"WHAT did you give your wife for Christmas?" "A check for five hundred." "What did she give you?" "Ah—er—a check for five hundred."

THE JOURNAL'S HOME EXERCISE SYSTEM.



Arm, Hand and Hip Exercise.

(To Strengthen the Morals of the Rising Generation.) Select a well-spoiled boy and a well-soled slipper. Apply the slipper externally to the boy in most exposed portions. Stop when tired. This also gives the boy some good lung exercise.

The Baby's Busy Day

"WHAT makes you do it?" queried Crawford curly when he came home to find his wife conquered by a sick headache and had learned the cause. "Why doesn't that young woman get a nurse and keep her? Just because her mother went to school with you back in the seventies is no reason why you should put on a cap and apron five times a week to take care of a youngster who's no grandchild of yours. Haven't you raised your own family and married 'em off, eh?"

"Oh, I know it, Dick," moaned Mrs. Crawford. "But I felt sorry for her at first. She really did have difficulty in getting a nurse girl and no man knows how hard it is to stay at home all the time with a baby. So I offered to help several times. And, since then, when it's convenient, Adelaide just brings Marie Antoinette over. At first I didn't mind—so much. But today she was fretful and cried most of the time."

"That's kid's a demon," said Crawford. "Look at Florence's baby. Does she howl like Marie Antoinette, I want to know? Not much. Florence inherited some of her mother's sense about training 'em. Florence never howled that way, nor Tom, nor Bess. I wouldn't do it any more, Lizzie." "Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Crawford, feebly. "I don't want to hurt Adelaide's feelings. But I don't think I shall again very soon, Dick."

Yet the next afternoon Mrs. Crawford trembled in spirit when she heard her husband's latchkey in the door and realized that he had come home after the papers which he had meant to take downtown that morning and had forgotten. Usually he sent a boy for such things. Why should he have chosen to come personally that afternoon? For, on Mrs. Crawford's lap, wide-eyed and staring at the generous collection of toys her hostess and keeper had gathered for her, sat Marie Antoinette, deliberately making up her mind whether to cry or not to cry.

"Lizzie!" said Crawford, and his wife started guiltily. "I know," she said feebly. "I didn't mean to. But Adelaide brought her over and she was all ready to go downtown and it was for matching some silk, because her dressmaker is coming tomorrow, and I think the baby is going to be good."

"Hm!" grunted Crawford, catching up his bundle of papers and making for the door as Marie Antoinette, having arrived at a decision, lifted up her voice in an ear-piercing shriek. "Don't expect a particle of sympathy from me to-night, Elizabeth, over your headache and general exhaustion. It is lamentable weakness on your part, and I regret to see it."

Mrs. Crawford imagined that she heard the door close behind her husband, but she was not sure, owing to Marie Antoinette's scarlet wailings. So she went over to the window and saw her spouse making for the car, a free man, even if a business man.

It occurred to Mrs. Crawford in that instant that if she were not tied at home by a child not her own she undoubtedly would have taken the car over to Florence's that afternoon to see dear Florence and the darling grandchild.

Mrs. Crawford held the screaming child close to her. "Marie Antoinette," she said deliberately, "I am going to put you on the floor in a nest of pillows, with your rattle and your dolly. I can't spank you soundly because you are not my child. I wish you were mine for this afternoon. But you may play or you may cry."

Five minutes later Mrs. Crawford was calmly rocking, calmly embroidering with a shrieking, purple-faced child at her feet, in whose wallings she seemed to find deep peace. Marie Antoinette screamed till she was breathless and then took breath to scream again. For an hour she shrieked practically every moment, with her guardian smiling from time to time above her.

"Yes, Adelaide," said Mrs. Crawford calmly, as that young woman hurried in by the side door drawn by the shrieks of her offspring, "she's been crying rather hard this afternoon. She didn't seem to like her playthings and I wanted to finish this yoke for Florence, so she's been crying considerably."

When Crawford inquired later what Adelaide said Mrs. Crawford remarked that her chief quality of speech was incoherency and that she departed forthwith.

That was six months ago. Mrs. Crawford has not writhed once under the opinion her young neighbor has of her savage methods of infant entertainment—especially since Marie Antoinette is now cared for exclusively by her nurse or her mother.—Chicago News.

HARD TIMES INDEED.

"HARD times!" said Farmer Cornsilk. "Why, there hasn't been wot ye might call hard times since the panic o' '79. Gosh dost it, in the '79 panic then Wall street fellers all clipped their mustaches off close so's they could smoke their cigars shorter."

Curios and Oddities

"The passing strange!"

SWEAR-OFFS AFFECT TRADE.

THE liquor and the tobacco business will fall off at the first of the year," said a clergyman. "Church attendance will increase. The sale of serious books will go up. The clubs will have a bare, deserted look. So for perhaps a month. Then all things will be again as they were before.

"These changes will be due, of course, to New Year's resolutions and swear-offs. All manner of resolutions and swear-offs will be made.

"The man who drinks too much will swear off alcohol. He who smokes too much will swear off tobacco. So many will these swear-offs be that the alcohol and tobacco sales will shrink considerably.

"Some men and women, feeling that they have neglected their religion, will resume church-going, and our churches will for a time fill up.

"Other men and women, feeling that they have neglected their families, will resolve to stay at home of nights instead of going to the club. Thus the clubs, both male and female, will be deserted temporarily.

"Many will resolve to read one serious book a week, and the publishers of Haeckel, Darwin, Wells and Conrad will feel this resolution in heavy order sheets.

"This great movement of swear-offs and resolves lasts, on the whole, only a short time. Nevertheless it does good."

HOW TO GROW TALL.

THE physician had devoted four years to a study of human growth. He summed up his work in these words:

"We can grow tall, but it takes generations. A healthy, out-of-door life, in a pure, dry air, is the secret of good height.

"The people who inhabit the most elevated regions are taller than those on the plains. The inhabitants of temperate, bracing climes are taller than the inhabitants of hot, relaxing countries. The drier a place is, the taller its people are, and vice-versa.

"Manufacturing and mining communities run to shortness. Agricultural and fishing and hunting communities run to height. Rich families that go in for polo and motoring have tall children, while rich families that devote themselves to study or hard work have short children.

"It is not possible for a short man to run himself up to six feet, but it is possible for him to run his grandchildren up to six feet."

PROFESSIONAL BONDSMEN THE BEST.

"IT IS silly to object to professional bondsmen," said Leeco, the detective. "They are the best."

"They certainly are the handiest, with their cash right there in hand down," a magistrate agreed.

"Sure," said Leeco. "Give me a professional bondsman every time. That is, looking at it from the court's point of view. And if I got in trouble, it would be a professional I'd go to, paying him for his services. Thus I'd escape from an awkward appeal and an awkward obligation to a friend.

"Many magistrates turn down professional bondsmen. They don't do this because the bail tendered isn't good—it is practically always cash bail—but because the bondsmen make a business, make money, out of going people's security.

"What I always say to such objections is: "In the case of a cashier or collector, would you refuse a trust company's security because the concern makes a business and a profit of such work?"

HARDEST LIFE OF ALL.

"SAILING-SHIP life is the hardest of all," said the first officer of a liner. "I lived on sailing-ships till two years ago.

"Once we were 156 days in sailing from Liverpool to Frisco. It took us eight weeks to round the Horn—eight weeks of snow and hail and icy winds. Night after night we sailors, turning in, took off our soaking underclothes, wrung the water out of them, and then slept with them under our pillow so that when we came to put them on in the morning they would be warm.

"Sometimes we would spend five hours aloft trying to reef one sail—a sail frozen so stiff, so boardlike, that it would be impossible to make a wrinkle in it.

"Handling these wet and frozen sails and ropes, our hands split. These cracks, which would not heal, are called 'sea cuts.' They are a sailor's bane."

WORN-OUT BILLIARD BALLS.

IN the billiard room a dozen tables were in full blast, and thru the hum of conversation the click of ivory balls came sharp and clear.

"What becomes of your worn-out balls?" said an idler.

"Well," the man at the desk replied, "when a ball is only a little off it is sent to the factory to be trued up. We get our balls trued up until they become too small for use. Then we sell them at so much per ounce.

"After their sale they are carved into various small trinkets, but in the main they are made into dice. Of the forty or fifty balls rolling and clicking busily here this evening, it is safe to say that 90 per cent of them a few years hence will be working just as hard in the form of dice."

A NEW IDEA IN COFFEE.

"THE nerve of her!" said the western girl. "She came to stay a week and brought her coffee, all made, in sealed tin cans. The nerve of her!

"I admit that it was superb coffee. It was put up by the most famous restaurateur of New York. To serve it, you sunk it a few minutes in hot water, taking care that fire didn't touch it, and that it didn't boil.

"This New York girl told me that this famous restaurateur makes a regular business of supplying ready-made coffee, in sealed tins, to tourists and travelers. She said that rich New Yorkers are often seen crossing the continent or the Atlantic with these tins of special coffee, which can be heard jingling amid their luggage as they get on or off."

COSTLY PERFUMES.

"THE perfumery business multiplies itself by five in December," said a perfumer. "He who does a \$500 weekly business does a \$2,500 one then.

"The attar of roses is not the most expensive ingredient we use. There are certain crystals that cost \$45 an ounce, and they weigh heavy, at that.

"Musk bags are also costly. A musk bag is a tobacco-brown affair, about the size of a walnut. It costs \$18 usually—a little more than its weight in gold.

"Perfumers keep much of their stock in the safe, along with the books and money. They have to, when they are continually buying packets no bigger than a pound of sugar that are worth \$400 or \$500."

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

DE fines' Christmas present Desse oles eyes eber see, Wuz w'en Eliza Jenny Done gib 'erse 'f to me.

Dat's fawty yeags ago, hun; An' now Ah's deader'n 'live; But 'deed ye's deaher to me now'n Ye zuz in 'Sixty-five.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Plethoric Manaster (Soliloquising)—I do feel queer. Wish I hadn't eaten the boots and all; those spurs were a bit too piquant.—The Bystander.

One-Third Off Umbrella Sale AT THE GAMOSSI 610 Nicollet Ave. See Our Ad on Page 6 of this issue.

When You Think of Changing Laundry Remember the Hennepin The Latest Improved Ironing Machines. We have distanced competition by installing the latest ironing machines for ironing men's shirts.

FIFE'S Cutlery and Tools. 420 Nicollet. Christmas rush now over. We are offering staple cutlery at prices that must induce sales.

IT'S WORTH WHILE for you to send us your cleaning ironing or dyeing work. Ladies' and gentlemen's clothing, household goods, etc., are in our line, and we never overcharge. There's an advantage in dealing with us that you'll be pleased with.

MYSTERY AT ST. CLOUD Young Man Found Badly Injured in Railroad Yards. Special to The Journal.

He was taken to the hospital. He cannot tell clearly what happened to him. He says he fell off a Northern Pacific train, but that road is a mile from where he was found. His father, John O'Brien, lives in Milwaukee.

NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE GOING! GOING!! GONE!!! The ORIGINAL remedy that "kills the dandruff germ."

When you go to California—where every month is June—travel on the California Limited A luxurious train, exclusively for first-class travel. Meal service by Fred. Harvey. Visit Grand Canyon of Arizona.