

With the Long Bow

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

Milwaukee Catches and Tames Its Limburger—Violence of the Cheese Abated Under the La Follette Regime—Scientists at Length Eliminate the Bouquet of the Edible and It Is Now Increasing in Popularity with Giant Strides.

A MILWAUKEE paper estimates that the consumption of limburger cheese in that city has increased a hundred-fold in two years. One reason for the sudden invasion of the peaceful homes of Milwaukee by this formerly violent edible is due to the introduction of the Wisconsin article of limburger, which is not permitted to ferment as much as the foreign article, and is, as a result, almost without perfume.

Another reason is that the article is also disguised under the name of "Canembert cheese."

In other words, the old limburger that used to appear on the stage, breaking up picnic parties and ruining the happiness of families by the violence of its bouquet, has been caught and tamed, is named with a new name, and is carrying Milwaukee by storm.

People who have resided within two blocks of the limburger of other days will withhold judgment pending further and cautious investigation.

Mr. Satterly of the Annandale Advocate believes that about one person in ten bitten by a mad dog has rabies. Mr. Satterly says he has been bitten "in the face, on both legs, one arm and the seat of his pants," and he has felt no particular objection to water, neither has he been pasteurized. However, he is not around making a collection of dog bites. In the presence of a mad dog a tree looks all right to him still. In case of absence of trees he takes the fence.

A drayman at Aneta, N. D., drove his horse thru the thin ice and lost him. A sympathetic citizen took up a collection of \$162, bought a new horse and presented it to the drayman. The drayman made a big protest on the ground that the price of the gift horse was too high. Naturally the man who solicited the funds was sore at the drayman, and he returned the collections and took the horse home. The drayman is now sympathizing with the parrot that talked too blank much.

The spider is about the meanest appearing object in creation, but the Academy of Science at Paris last week had a view of a set of spiders so terrible that it made the flesh creep. These objects of horror were the giant spiders which Dr. Charcot brought back from the Antarctic regions, and which were for the first time on exhibition. They measure about a foot in diameter and have ten legs. How would you like to have one of these spiders crawling on the back of your neck?

The Rock Hill (S. C.) Record is advertising for a reporter. It says: "No deadbeats, political agitators, persistent money-borrowers, booze-fighters or cigar fiends need apply. Faithfulness, loyalty, willing spirit, one who is not particular as to the exact number of hours he puts in, will be appreciated." People who are anxious to qualify themselves for a reportership should make notes of these fine points. There are said to be four of these reporters in the United States, and they are sometimes "scooped" by a common reporter who borrows money and is committing cigaretteicide.

Henry Howse of Pittsburg, an electrical expert, has invented a hen stimulator by attaching which to the biddy she is beguiled into tossing off one egg per day, no matter what the weather or the trust does. Some question might arise as to the quality of these hothouse, or perhaps hothens, eggs, due to overstimulation, but it is safe to say that they will be an improvement on the Oslerized eggs of the trust. Just what the rooster thinks of this condition of things, or whether he can keep up with the fierceness of competition in the henyard, no one has taken the trouble to inquire.

What the Market Affords

ORANGES, 45 cents a peck. Green peppers, 5 cents each. Rye meal, ten-pound sack, 30 cents. Parsnips, 15 cents a peck. Chili sauce, 10, 12 and 25 cents a bottle. Pork tenderloin, 25 cents a pound.

With oranges so cheap and plenty, this is a good time of the year to make marmalade. Take three-fourths of the prepared weight of the fruit in sugar. Wipe the fruit carefully, then take off the peel in quarters and remove as much of the white bitter portion as is desirable; cut the rest of the peel into shreds. Cut the pulp in half, and with a glass lemon-squeezer or spoon remove the juice and pulp, discarding the seeds, tough membranes and pithy portions. Stir the sugar into the juice, pulp and shreds of yellow rind and let cook until very thick, but not firm like jelly. The rind will be more tender if simmered in water to cover before the sugar and pulp are added. Weigh this water with the rind, juice, etc., in determining the quantity of sugar required. Some people use lemons with the oranges in the proportion of one lemon to five oranges. Gelatine in small quantity, about an ounce to two quarts, is often added to orange marmalade to keep the rind from settling to the bottom of the glass.

This is the way Mrs. Lida Ames Willis, who is lecturing on domestic science at the pure food show, makes appetizing pepper sandwiches: Remove seeds from four or five sweet green peppers, chop fine and simmer in two tablespoonfuls of butter eight or ten minutes without allowing to brown. Add salt to taste. When cold place between thin slices of bread slightly buttered and cover the layer of pepper with grated cream cheese and serve.

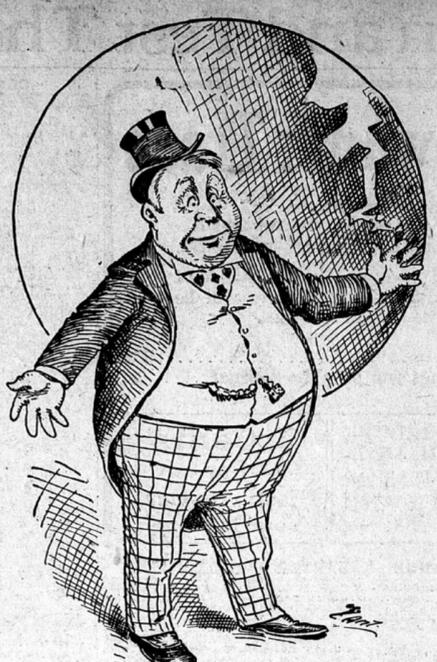
SHE REBUKED GLADSTONE. LAURA HAIN FRISWELL, in her recent book, tells this amusing anecdote of William E. Gladstone. Miss Friswell had been to the wedding of Sir Edward and Lady Ernyntrude Malel, and was trying hard to get out of the crush.

"I heard a voice saying: 'It's 4 o'clock! It's 4 o'clock! We shall be late for the house, Harcourt; we must get out.' The speaker was just at the back of me and pushing dreadfully; but I, grasping my friend's arm, stood back; then I turned my head and saw Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt.

"What do you mean by this ungentlemanly behavior?" I asked indignantly. "We are late for the house, madam," returned the "grand old man." "And is that any reason why we should be killed by those horses? If you were men you would keep the crowd back."

"She's right there," whispered Harcourt; "we must keep the crowd back. I beg your pardon, madam." Gladstone looked very cross, but did as he was requested, and muttered something which I took for an apology. They kept back the crowd."

In mourning the violet is the only flower that may with propriety be worn.



THE MAN WITH THE ALIBI. Are you still trying to explain where you were Saturday night?

A String of Good Stories

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

HAND TO MOUTH. SENATOR REDFIELD PROCTOR of Vermont at the conclusion of his term will retire from public life.

"I make this announcement a long while in advance," he said the other day, "so as to give the people plenty of time to select my successor. I believe, you know, in deliberation. Anything that savors of a haphazard, hand-to-mouth way of living is repugnant to me.

"I have no sympathy with people who conduct their politics, or their business, or their profession, in the hand-to-mouth way a certain English family lived.

"A boy of 10, the son of this family, ran into a pawnbroker's one evening, laid a fryingpan on the counter, and said: 'How much?' 'Tuppence,' said the broker.

"Very good," agreed the boy, and the man took up the pan, then dropped it. "Confound you," he cried, shaking his fingers, "that pan's hot."

"Of course it is," the lad replied calmly. "Mother's just fried the rump steak, an' now she's waitin' for the money for the bread."

A GIVE-AWAY. JEAN GERARDY, the cellist, was praising, at a dinner in Boston, an unknown child-musician.

"We speak of painting the lily," he said, "and of gilding fine gold—well, it was just such a futile task that I once saw this little boy's father try to do.

"The boy plays beautifully the works of others. His father last year announced that he had developed, along with his technical talent, a wonderful skill in improvisation. The man invited a hundred and fifty of the leading musicians and critics of Paris to come to a certain hall on a certain evening and hear the lad improvise.

"We all went. I sat, full of interest, on the front row. The boy appeared, bowed, and took his place at the piano. 'And for two or three minutes he played beautifully. For improvisation, this was unprecedented. The audience, glancing at one another, exchanged nods of delighted approval.

"But suddenly the boy stopped. With a puzzled frown he looked at his father. Then he laughed, and in a loud, gay voice he said: 'Papa, I have forgotten the rest.'

TWO KINDS OF SPACE. MISS FRANCES WILSON, who recently became the wife of Charles Huard, a French artist, under circumstances charmingly romantic, was in her childhood a close friend of Eugene Field's.

The poet-journalist was very fond of children. To this fondness innumerable children's poems in his daily "Sharps and Flats" column bore witness. And in his frequent visits to the Wilson residence no one welcomed him more warmly than the little girl.

She said of him the other day: "I can still see his tall, gaunt figure, and I can still hear his musical and deep voice uttering jests gravely. 'He was always jesting. One night in May he was walking with a young lady and me. The young lady was romantic. She looked up at the sky spangled with stars, and said to Mr. Field: 'Space! Space! How wonderful it is! Does it not overwhelm you?' 'Indeed it does,' said Mr. Field in a deep, awed tone. 'I have a column of it to fill every day.'"

That Brute of a Husband

"I USED to be jealous of my first husband," said the black-eyed widow, "and of my second one, too; but I tell you, when I get my third I declare, if I am jealous I won't show it. It makes such a lot of unnecessary trouble for innocent people.

"I went to a party last week, for instance. It was terrible. They haven't got thru talking about it yet—those who saw it. The minute I got there a dark-eyed young fellow with a black mustache began to make goo-goo eyes at me from across the room. I never laid eyes on him in my life before, honestly. He sat by a young woman with hair the same color as mine, but a whole lot prettier. The young woman was instantly looked at her husband, saw the goo-goo eyes, looked away at me and frowned.

"I never encouraged him in the least—not one bit. I looked quickly away at somebody else who was being introduced to me.

"I forgot him altogether, talking with half a dozen others, until pretty soon he was brought up and introduced. Then, of course, he sat down by me, rather close—there was such a crowd—and talked to me until, really, I thought he would never quit. He took my fan and fanned me with it, and I laughed and he laughed, all about nothing, the way they do at parties, you know.

"Right in the middle of a laugh I happened to look up and catch the glance of his wife. She was sitting by an awfully handsome man, and, as I say, she was a jolly lot prettier than I am or ever dared to be, but there she sat, not paying the least bit of attention to her companion, but glowering at me.

"Her husband looked up at the same time and caught her look. Then he turned to me and laughed, and I laughed and he took my fan and put it up in front of both our faces so she couldn't see them, and we nearly killed ourselves laughing the way they do at parties, you know, about nothing at all.

"He put the fan down after a while and looked at my hair. 'How pretty it is,' he said, 'with all those little curls dangling around. It is almost the same color as my wife's.' Then he laughed again, just as if that were anything to laugh at, and added: 'Are they all yours?' You know how much false hair they are wearing this winter, if you know anything at all.

"Yes, of course," I smiled back, edging away just a little for fear one of them might accidentally drop off, and laughing again worse than ever.

"I think she saw him looking at my little curls from across the room and that was what made her sight so good, the jealous thing.

"Better be quiet," he cautioned. "She's looking at us again."

"Then he looked at me and I looked at him and we laughed some more and I began to wonder if anybody was ever coming up to be introduced, because, to tell the truth, I was running out of conversation and we couldn't go on laughing forever at nothing at all.

"By and by he raised his arm slightly and put it around the back of my chair, where it just touched my shoulders. 'Getting cold?' he asked.

"I was getting a little cold, so I made no serious objection, but then I looked over at his wife, who was looking over at the arm. My goodness! Thunder clouds! A terrible storm threatened.

"It seemed that she couldn't sit where she was any longer. She must be up and doing. She stood there in the corner, her companion getting up and standing, too, in that way they do at parties, not knowing exactly what was the matter. Her husband looked her way and saw them standing. Then he laughed and I laughed, and he said to me: 'What white ribbon is that under the hem of your skirt? Isn't it your little shoestring that has come unfastened?'

"It was, and could I help his kneeling down and fastening it for me? Could I? 'Just wait till I tell you what she did to me after that! She suddenly started off in our direction and stood sternly over me. Then she stooped and held up something in her hands so everybody in the room could see it.

"Is that yours?' she asked in a suave and gentle tone that made me shiver all over.

"And what do you think it was? A little curl exactly the color of my hair, which is nearly black. Exactly the color of hers, too, which was nearly black. I felt all over my head to see if my curls were all there, and, oh! my goodness! One was gone!

"No," I answered quickly. 'It isn't mine. Whose can it be?' 'It was her husband who saved the day, or rather the evening. He got up quickly and fitted the little curl right into her hair just underneath one of the plaits. Those plaits are all false, too, they make the coronets of. Everybody knows that.

"It's yours,' he said. 'I am sorry when I helped you pin it on that I didn't pin it on a little tighter.' 'And it was fun to see the way she rushed away to the dressing room with her cheeks on fire!

"He sat down by me. 'She might have had some reason for it,' I said quietly, 'if we had done any flirting.' 'That's just exactly what I was thinking,' said he. 'Then both of us laughed the way they do at parties, you know, about nothing at all!'"—New York Press.

A HIDEOUS JOKE.

"THE most hideous and appalling joke I ever saw," he said, "occurred last night at the theater.

Browning, King & Co. ORIGINALS AND SOLE MAKERS OF HALF-SIZES IN CLOTHING. STORM OVERCOATS. If we had had usual Winter weather you couldn't buy now—as you can this week—Storm Overcoats that were made to sell at \$20 to \$30 for Fifteen Dollars. The coats are here—Single and Double-breasted—about 100 coats in all to choose from—and the storms are due. "If you cannot stay in when it storms," said Beau Brummell, "you must wear your shelter on your back."

Gamossi Cleaning-Up, Stock-Taking Sale. 12-button length fine French Suede, white, black, pongee and mode, pair, \$1.10. 16-button length Glace, in white, regular \$2.75 value, pr. \$2.00. Elbow length lace and embroidered Silk Gloves, reduced from \$3.50, pair, \$1.69. Fur and Fur Lined Gloves and Mittens at cost to manufacturer. 610 Nicollet, Gamossi GLOVE CO. INC.

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