

With the Long Bow

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

The Season Brings with It Need for the Great Kentucky Skin Beautifier Now Going Up and Down the Land on Its Great Mission of Mercy and Helpfulness.

NOW is the time when, if ever, you need to take a little of that Kentucky Skin Beautifier. By reading the advertisements you will discover at once that your liver has been working overtime and eating between meals, and has wrinkles in it.

Surely gratitude should well up in us as a spring that this great household remedy is within our feverish grasp.

An argument between a socialist and an individualist occurred on Fourth street yesterday noon. It was mild and gentle and soon over.

The socialist contended that under the competitive system, which was a state of war, you never could get things set right. You must change to a co-operative basis.

His opponent claimed that the present system was by far the better for the individual, as the fight put him on his mettle. What was needed was to eliminate the evils of the present system—to improve it, in fact.

The socialist grunted, but as he walked away he fired this parting shot:

"You can't improve a fight very much."

The people who were sampled by the alleged indignant dog on First avenue S are now out of danger. This is an advantage over hydrophobia, but it does not make any pleasanter or more popular the experience of having an excited dog take a piece out of your trousers and possibly a slice of the dark meat with it.

A gentleman in New York city was hurried to the asylum for the crime of attempting to clean the street with his shirt. If anyone attempted to interfere with the natural thickness of the streets here suspicions of his sanity would at once arise in the breast of the street commissioner.

When Congressman Longworth returns he is due to see a large placard on the front of his house, reading: "Gone on My Wedding Trip with Tootsie. Have Had a Fine Time, but Glad to Get Back."

Health Commissioner Darlington of New York analyzed a sample of church communion wine brought to him, and found it to be a combination of wood alcohol, aniline dye and a poor quality of cider. A corporation that would adulterate the wine would not hesitate to steal the steeple or carry off the hymn books.

People highly trained musically are said to be slowly understanding Chinese music. The Chinese have always claimed that their music was ahead of the western music, and that we were too obtuse to grasp it. They regard our music as barbarous and bald. The Chinese music is made up of eighty-four scales, each with its special philosophical significance.

The ordinary western man, who likes "My Old Kentucky Home" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," hearing a Chinese orchestra for the first time, is filled with humorous amazement. It sounds to him like the scraping of files, the rasping of old tomato cans, with a few of the other boys drawing laths along a picket fence. There is no time nor melody to it.

Dr. Gladish, a German savant, who has worked out the intimate connection between Chinese musical theory and the musico-philosophic conceptions of Pythagoras, has always insisted that our lack of appreciation is due to lack of training, and that we shall eventually come to understand better the marvelous intricacy of Chinese and Japanese musical effects.

Musical harmony is of two kinds: melodic, in which a succession of notes produces an effect, and chordal, in which an effect is created by notes struck simultaneously. Melodies, being easier and more readily recognizable, are developed first, and chordal harmonies are produced later and are capable of much greater complexity and "color." It is this piled up, architectural music, chordal, in which the Chinese are strong. In our appreciation of Chinese music we are trying to look at a tower lengthwise, so it sounds to us all out of proportion.

As some people seem to enjoy smells that other people do not, so it is probable that musical tastes will differ, but it is not well to laugh at a Chinese orchestra in the presence of the Chinese. They may not laugh back, being too polite. But they recognize your immaturity of taste. —A. J. R.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

THE GOVERNESS—What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg, Margie? Little Margie—Why, I guess his goose was cooked.

Johnny—My mama can cure people by the laying on of hands. Tommy—I don't believe it. Johnny—Well, it's a fact, just the same. She cured me of the cigaret habit that way.

Little Harry—Mama, does God know all our thoughts? Mama—Yes, dear. Little Harry—Then why can't I think my prayers instead of saying 'em?

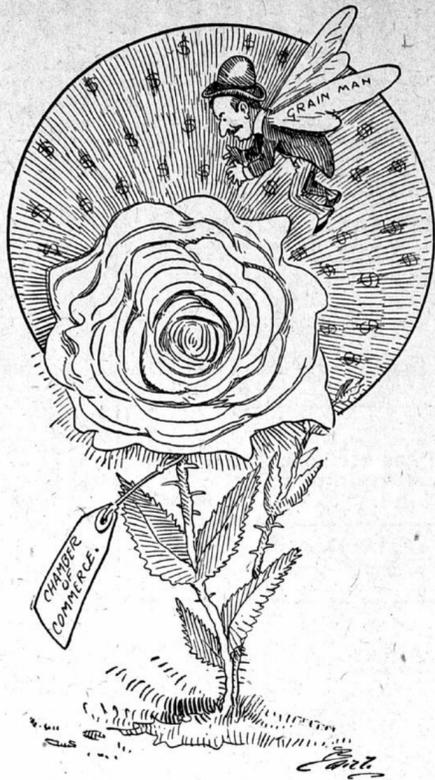
Small Bobby—Say, papa, what makes giraffes have such long necks?

Papa—God gave them long necks so they could reach the leaves of the palm, which only grow at the top of the tree. Small Bobby—Well, why didn't God make the leaves grow lower down?

HANDED ONE TO BEVERIDGE.

ONE day when Senator Beveridge was in one of his most eloquent flights old Senator Pettus of Alabama got up and asked leave to interrupt. "Does the senator from Indiana yield to the senator from Alabama?" thundered the vice president. "Nothing," replied Beveridge, "affords or can ever afford the senator from Indiana more pleasure than to yield to the distinguished and able senator from Alabama, who never makes a speech himself or interrupts the speech of another senator without adorning it with a brilliant radiance." Pettus stood there with his jaws wagging with the inevitable cud of tobacco until Beveridge had finished the sentence and then said, "Mr. President, I move we adjourn." And they adjourned.

FLOWERS OF THE FLOUR CITY.



What's in a Name?

(The Chamber of Commerce Rose.)

The members are seeking a new name. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Jimmie Had to Make Good



"WFULLY sorry, old man," cried Dawson hurriedly. "but I can't stop a minute. In an awful rush! Got six calls to make between 8 and half-past 10."

"It must be painful to be so popular," was the ironical reply.

"Painful! It's a downright shame! That's what I call it. What? Well, I don't care if I do, old man. Perhaps just one will help me see it thru." The two wandered thru the nearest gilded door, and Dawson told his pathetic story.

"Say, did you ever notice the difference in a woman's voice when she talks over the telephone and when she uses the same vocal cords in ordinary conversation? It seems they call up all the silvery notes the moment they put their mouths to a transmitter, and what you hear at the other end is a sweet cadence, a rippling of purring waters, a dropping of molten gold, a sighing of soft breezes and all that sort of thing. They seem to realize that there is no vision of their lovely faces to charm you and all the fascination must be concentrated in their voices—and they put it there. That's why all feminine voices—except Central's—sound alike over the wire. They are all the essence of concentrated honey. Now you can recognize almost any masculine voice the moment you put the receiver to your ear—but the voice feminine—well, that's my trouble anyway.

"This afternoon my office boy happened to be out on an errand, and when the telephone rang I foolishly answered it. When I have an office boy to guard me I always make would-be telephone talkers reveal their identity before I will even go to the phone.

"Hello!" came in notes of silver over the wire.

"Hello!" I answered, cautiously.

"Is that you, Jimmy?"

"Ye-es," I replied, "this is Jimmy."

"Well, don't you know me?" came the answer in golden tones of surprise.

"Your voice sounds so—different," I murmured non-committally.

"Why, Jimmy!" came the purring waters reproachfully, "I thought you said I was the only girl who ever called you up at your office. Oh, Jimmy!"

"Now, as a matter of fact, there are several 'only girls,' you know. You understand how it is, old man. You were unmarried and—er, fairly good-looking once yourself. I thought for the flash of a second, and then I answered enthusiastically:

"Oh, is that YOU, dear? What's the matter with your voice? Have you got a cold? You've no notion how unnatural it sounded. But now I recognize you."

"There was a little rippling laugh at the other end of the phone, a doubtful little laugh, not so very good-natured as it might have been. And still I couldn't catch on.

"All right, Jimmy," came the dulcet answer. The purring brook had frozen, but the waters dripped musically over the ice. "Of course, I believe you. I wanted to say that you must come up tonight. I have something very important to tell you. You simply mustn't make any excuse, for you've got to be here."

"You bet I'll be there, sweetheart," I answered fervently.

"And then she answered, 'Naughty, naughty! to talk so sentimentally over a phone,' and rang off. Now the question is, where am I to be? There are about six places that I can think of that might be right—and I've got to get around to every one, unless I happen to hit the right place early in the game."—New York Press.

TITLES.

STRANGER—I noticed that you called that stately, gray-haired old gentleman judge. Is he a superior court judge or a local judge? Native—A local judge, sir. He wuz judge at a trottin' race last week.

A String of Good Stories

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

THE AMATEUR NURSE.

MISS HELEN GOULD was inspecting a hospital in which she is interested. At the end of the inspection, the nurse-probationers, young and pretty and trim in their fresh uniforms, gathered about Miss Gould. They insisted on holding an impromptu reception in her honor.

Miss Gould praised the long and arduous course of study and practice that a nurse must take.

"I have no sympathy," she said, "with amateur nurses. A surgeon once told me a story that illustrates well the amateur nurse's skill.

"A young woman had taken some sort of correspondence course—nursing in three lessons—and thereafter went about looking for accidents, train wrecks, and runaways, wherein she might distinguish herself.

"Her search, one snowy afternoon, succeeded. Hurrying up to a crowd, she found a man prostrate and groaning. He had fallen on a hidden slide and broken his leg.

"At once she took the entire business in her own hands. 'A cane!' she said, and the bystanders quickly gave her one. She broke it in pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages. By the time the ambulance arrived, the injured man, pillowed on overcoats and bandaged in snowy linen, looked as tho he had been under a great physician's hands.

The ambulance surgeon, examining the patient, looked greatly impressed.

"Who," he said, 'bandaged this limb?'

"I, doctor," said the amateur nurse, blushing.

"Well," said the surgeon, 'it is admirably done. But you have made, I find, a slight error.'

"What is that, doctor?" she asked.

"You have bandaged," he answered, 'the wrong leg.'"

HOMELY WIT.

A MAGAZINE editor was praising sadly William Sharp, recently deceased in Sicily, who achieved no little fame as a poet, under the pen name of Fiona McLeod.

"Sharp," he said, "wrote melancholy, dreamy things, but he was personally a cheery, vigorous soul. No one liked a joke better than he.

"He was one day praising the real literary talent that humble, uneducated people often show in conversation.

"He said that in Londonderry one afternoon, he was seated in a barbershop when a farmer entered to get his hair cut.

"The farmer's locks had an odd, ragged look, and the barber, after regarding them scornfully, said:

"Who cut your hair last, old man?"

"My wife," the farmer answered, with an awkward smile.

"The barber snorted.

"What did she do it with?" he asked. "A knife and fork?"

CRITICISM.

"I DON'T believe," said Henry James at a dinner, "in savage criticisms of living writers. Why take up a man in order to put him down? All that such a course achieves is the infliction of useless pain.

"No pain is greater than that which harsh criticism gives. And when a smile of disapprobation can give torment, what must be the pangs that long columns of printed condemnation cause?"

"A certain resident of Rye once moved to London, and there was appointed to a political post of some honor.

"Meeting a Rye man afterwards, he said:

"I suppose you know, James, of the honor that has befallen me?"

"I do," was the answer.

"And what," said the other eagerly, 'what do they say down home about it, James?'

"They don't say nothing," James replied. 'They just laugh.'"

THE CAREFUL MILLIONAIRE.

LIEUTENANT BEVAN of the Drake described at a dinner in New York an English millionaire.

"This man," he said, "never earned a penny in his life. He never lacked a penny. Yet he is as careful of every shilling as tho it was his last.

"I once dined with him, and, as it was raining when I came to go, I hesitated a little while before the umbrella rack in the hall.

"I hate," I said, 'to start out in this rain.'

"Then I laid my hand on an umbrella.

"I don't like, either," I went on, 'to borrow your umbrella.'

The millionaire seized up my handsome malacca walking stick.

"Oh, take it," he said, heartily. 'Take it, my dear fellow, and I'll keep this stick as security.'"

OSTRICHES AND ANGELS.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM, the author-architect, was talking about a wealthy amateur painter.

"A lady," he said, "paused before his latest picture at one of his studio teas, and cried enthusiastically:

"Oh, perfect! Mr. Smear, these ostriches are simply superb. You should never paint anything but birds."

"Smear winced.

"Those are not ostriches, madam. They are angels," he said hurriedly."

What the Market Affords

XTAILS, three for 25 cents.

Beets, 17 cents a peck.

Squash, 10 cents each.

Rye meal, ten-pound sack, 30 cents.

Pumpernickel bread, 5 cents a loaf.

Quince preserves, 25 cents a jar.

Spiced beets may be prepared in quantity, as they keep well and are extremely useful as an addition to salads, as a relish with cold meats or as a garnish for many dishes. Boil a number of medium-sized beets until very tender, drop in cold water and rub off the skins. For a quart of beets put into a saucepan one-half of a cupful of sugar, five cloves, a saltspoonful of white mustard seed, half of a blade of mace, an inch of stick cinnamon, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a pint and a half of vinegar. Boil together until reduced one-half; add the beets and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Lift out from the saucepan, place half in a fruit jar; cut the remainder in fancy shapes or slices and place in another jar. Strain the vinegar and divide between the two jars; so prepared they are ready for immediate use. For salads rinse quickly in cold water and dry on a cloth, then use alone or in combination, adding a French dressing.

To make a canned corn pudding in Nantucket fashion beat one egg; add one cup of canned corn, half a cup of rolled cracker crumbs, half a cup (or less) of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two cups of milk. Bake nearly an hour in a very slow oven. Serve hot, with butter, at luncheon or supper.

GREAT REORGANIZATION SALE STILL CONTINUES. Men's Clothing and Furnishings being sold at prices below actual cost of goods. Our Spring goods are arriving and these prices must clean our tables and counters. We quote a few sample items: \$18, \$15 and \$12.50 Men's Suits in Fancy Worsteds, Cheviots, Tweeds, Cashmeres, Blue Serges and Black Cheviots, at \$6.85. \$10, \$8.50 and \$7.50 All Wool Suits in Fancy Cheviots. Six different patterns, all sizes; while they last, at \$4.48. \$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1.00 Negligee Shirts in plain colors and fancy stripes and figures, at 79c. 25c Seamless Half Hose, in black, natural and camels' hair, at 11c. EARLY ARRIVALS 75c and 50c Fancy silk lisle Half Hose, 3 pairs for \$1.00; at per pair, 35c. 75c and 50c Silk Lisle and English Web Suspenders, cast off ends, 19c. 50c, 35c and 25c Neckwear in Four-in-Hands, Tecks, Bows and String Ties, at 19c. ARCHER & MEAGHER Corner Nicollet and Third Street

Bernhardt Gloves 8, 12, 16 and 20-Button Lengths. Black, White and All Colors. Silk, Glace and Suede. 610 Nicollet. Gamossie

DO IT THIS NOON GET YOUR LUNCH AT The Royal Inn 40 S. Third Street. The Good Food The Prompt Service The Cleanliness The Taut Ensemble Will make you feel good-natured for the balance of the day. Lunch Counter or Chair Table Service at All Hours.

Have you ever tried The Truitt Eyeglass? There is a world of delight in wearing them, easy on the nose, firm, handsome and are made by C. A. Hoffman The Optician 624 Nicollet Ave. Try the new Truitt Bifocal Spectacles. Everything Optical. Kodak Supplies.

INSIST UPON CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER

FINE CUTLERY A full line of Cutlery Sets, Manicure Cases, Shaving Outfits, Toilet Articles, Cutlery Grinding. R. H. HEGNER, 207 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis.

Bed Linen Laundered Without a Wrinkle at The White Laundry No Chemicals. A postal card or either phone will bring our auto for your work. 925 Washington Ave. S.

KOOCHICHING COUNTY No part of the continent will now go ahead as fast as this new district, with all its new railroads, development of the great Koochiching falls and its unlimited supply of natural resources of every kind. We have located thousands of people there and are absolutely on the ground floor and can do far better for home-seekers and investors than any other concern or agent operating in that country. For information, homes or investments there, confer with The Enger-Nord Realty Co. 120 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR Lumbago Apply an Allcock's PLASTER as shown in illustration. It not only relieves all pain but it strengthens the muscles and restores energy as nothing else can. Also invaluable for Colds, Coughs, Aching Kidneys, Weak Chests, Weak Backs, Rheumatism, Sciatica. INSIST UPON HAVING Allcock's A Remedy of Over 58 Years' Standing. Prescribed by Physicians and Sold by Druggists in Every Part of the Civilized World. Guaranteed not to contain Belladonna, Opium or any poison whatever. Allcock's CORN PLASTERS. | BUNION PLASTERS. For Relief and Cure of Corns and Bunions. Give Immediate Relief. Afford Absolute Comfort.