

The Typewriter's Last Click

HE typewriter was alone. There was a good deal of novelty in the situation, for it was seldom that the ineffable sweetness of solitude crept into the hurly-burly of her work-a-day life.

From 9 in the morning till 5:30 at night there was the office, with its fluctuating but ever-present population of men, men, men, and from 5:30 till 9 in the morning there was the boarding house, where even the blessed privilege of intrinsing herself behind closed doors and calling the room her castle was denied her;

for a roommate claimed protection behind the same barricade and gradually the few square feet of space which should have been hers in which to commune and meditate as she willed had been seized upon as rendezvous by people of a festive turn of mind from every quarter of the house.

So that day, when a few diamond minutes, brushed clear of dust and slime of curious eyes and ears and idle tongues, were mercifully set down in the rim of the tarnished day, she seized upon them eagerly and resolved to make the most of them. The machine, with its half-finished stencil, was pushed back into its receptacle and the typewriter rested her head on her arms and began to think.

She was not an ideal typewriter. She was not young, neither was she pretty, and the occupants of every office into which she stepped her substantial foot did not fall victims to her charms, which were of a minus quantity; but she had her romance for all that, and somehow the confused rumble from the street and the alley brought it before her very clearly.

It did not take root in the turmoil that reigned below, but had its growth in trim farm lands, where the nearest railroad was two miles and a half away. The model of the picture she painted in fancy was far distant, but she knew it existed, and that the hedges of lilies and honeysuckle and snowballs and the green ponds where the golden-hearted lilies would soon open wide, were all for her if she only cared to say the word that would give them to her forever.

But the typewriter was an eminently practical person, and she hesitated, even in reverie, to commit herself irretrievably. She loved the city with all its noise and grime and stifling atmosphere. There had been a time when she had declared that every lump of mud on New York's pavements was dear to her, and she had not outgrown her affection for the great metropolis. Moreover, she knew that the throats of birds sometimes give out, and that as night replaces the day so is their singing succeeded by the mournful croaking of bullfrogs, the buzzing of mosquitoes which cannot be outwitted by any netting or screen that was ever invented, and the hooting of owls that have a night-time lease on every tree in the wood and utilize them as concert halls from twilight till dawn.

She knew, too, that cooking for a dozen hungry men and overseeing the household department of a farm that gives them employment would soon dull the keen sense of beauty that vibrates exultantly with the occasional contact with the glories of nature, and she shrank from the monotonous existence.

But, on the other hand, what had she? The click-clack of the machine day in and day out; the hurried voice of her employer commanding her to "do this" or "do that"; the never-ceasing struggle for a mere pittance that would buy a new dress now and then, pay for three meals a day and settle with the washerwoman. And what would it all amount to? Nothing. What would be the end?

The typewriter shuddered and raised her head. Her employer stood beside her.

"Have you finished?" he asked.

"No," she stammered. "I'll be thru in a minute."

"You've been at it long enough. Get a move on," he said gruffly.

Somehow, the slang command seemed almost prophetic. At any rate it stirred the typewriter into sudden decision. A pad of telegraph blanks lay close at hand. She tore a leaf from it and wrote a message to the owner of the pretty farm, 200 miles or so away. It was a short message. It contained just one word, a monosyllable, and was spelled, "y-e-s."



NEITHER WAS SHE PRETTY.



JIM KNOWS. Jim Key—Ah! This letter must be from a university student. I see he spells separate with three e's.

What the Market Affords

- CORNERED beef, 10 cents a pound. Anchovies in oil, 45 cents a tin. Cold roast beef, 40 cents a pound. Melon mangoes, 50 cents a quart. Dried lima beans, 10 cents a pound. Cottage cheese, 5 cents a ball. Evaporated cherries, 35 cents a pound.

Bean soup is a most nourishing and appetizing dish. To make it take one pint of beans, wash and soak them over night, put on to boil in two quarts of cold water; when the water boils pour off and add two quarts of boiling water, add a spray of dried celery and cook steady for three hours. Put into a stewpan one tablespoonful of drippings and one onion minced fine and one tablespoonful of flour. Cook slowly for twenty minutes. Then pour water from beans on this, stirring all the while. Mash beans into a paste and add the other ingredients. Season with salt and pepper, rub thru a sieve, return to the fire; when the soup boils up add one pint of hot milk and one tablespoonful of butter.

If too much salt has been added to any soup, slice a raw potato and boil it in the soup a few minutes. The potato will absorb much of the salt.

Maple syrup served with cottage cheese after the fashion of griddle cakes is a favorite dish in certain New England homes.

JAPANESE ART IN BANTAMS.

THE craze for producing diminutive fowls has led the fancier outside the realms of mere reproduction in miniature of the larger types, says Country Life in America. It has resulted in the actual creation of bantam types which are individual in character—that is to say, they do not represent any larger type. These are called variety bantams. The ideals in these cases are purely arbitrary, and are simply modeled according to one's ideas of beauty. Each type is a law unto itself. The peculiar characteristics of the different individuals, or even nations, may thus be carried into their fancy poultry.

Perhaps no more striking illustration of this idea could be cited than the Japanese bantams. What we have come to understand as Japanese art—clear-cut in its color combinations—we see carried out in remarkably characteristic style in these birds. They are strikingly distinct from any other group. One of the most noticeable characteristics, giving an immediate feeling of quaintness, is the extreme shortness of the legs. A first-class specimen, indeed, should not show any limb whatever when walking, a delusion which is greatly helped by the profusion of feather with which the bird is endowed. The tail is very largely developed, the feathers standing erect as high as the head or higher, and often touching the back of the neck. The wings are very large, reaching right down to the ground, helping materially to convey the idea of a legless bird.

AN ILLEGAL LAW.

A SOCIALIST was talking the usual socialistic paradoxes. "If I, an employer," he said, "pay my workman a dollar a week less than he is worth, I am robbing the man of a dollar every Saturday just as certainly as tho I took the money out of his pocketbook."

"Of course, it is not against the law to rob in that way. But, if law means right, then there are many wrong rights; if legal means rightful, there are many illegal laws. Think it over."

"Think over the law of heriot, for instance. Heriot is a law of England. A relic of feudal times, when the barons owned their tenants the same as they owned the land the tenants farmed, heriot decrees that, on a tenant's death, the landlord may seize his most valuable animal."

"Many English landlords waive their heriot right. Many, on the other hand, exercise it. Thus, only last month, a landlord seized, on a tenant's death, a racehorse worth \$15,000."

"Such things are continually happening in England. A movement is on foot there to abolish the law of heriot."

"I mention the matter," the socialist concluded, "to show you that lawful things are not always right things. If you rob your neighbor lawfully—and you can rob him lawfully in a number of ways—you are a scoundrel no less than if you robbed him unlawfully. For there are laws quite as illegal, quite as unjust, as the law of heriot that the English are going to abolish."

BULL FIGHT STATISTICS.

"I AM off to Spain," said a photographer. "The bull-fighting season opens in April, and I must be there for the first performance."

"The season," he said, "lasts seven months, from April to November. Each season there are, on an average, 500 fights, and in each fight three bulls are killed, ten horses, and a twenty-fifth of a man. The aggregate season's slaughter in the ring, that is to say, is 1,500 bulls, 5,000 horses, and twenty men."

"The chief matadores number twenty-five. They each earn about \$9,000 a season. The ordinary helpers earn a season only \$500."

A String of Good Stories

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

A TOUCH OF MELODRAMA.

A NOVELIST was talking about Owen Seaman, the new editor of Punch.

"I met him in London," he said, "at a dinner given by a charity society. I found him very learned and very witty. Seaman made a speech at this dinner wherein he said that charity was a profession in itself, and that our almsgiving should be done thru trained organizations if it was to achieve any good result."

"He said that professional beggars were amazingly clever. Only professional almsgivers could keep up with them. He said that even among children and infants wily professional beggars were to be found."

"Then he told how a woman beggar, a professional, with her little daughter of 6 or 7 years, was once admitted to the hall of a countess' house, and, as they passed from the hall to the drawing room, the mother whispered: 'What will you say when you come into the drawing room where the countess is?'"

"The child, smiling, whispered in reply: 'I know. I'll put on a beautiful lost look and bu'st out, Oh, mother, is this heaven?'"

WHY HE DIDN'T PROSPER.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., in an address on the subject of success, said: "I will illustrate my meaning with an incident that happened in a western mill."

"A huge, brawny chap applied to the foreman of the mill for work. Tho there were no vacancies, the foreman took him on—he told so piteous a tale of woe—and set him to shoveling coal in the mill yard."

"In the afternoon the foreman went to see how the new hand was doing. He found him, in company with an old hand—a lean veteran of 60—shoveling coal into a cart. But the old hand worked faster than the new one, shoveling in two shovelfuls of coal to the new hand's one."

"Look here," said the foreman to the brawny stranger, "this is hardly fair. Pete is throwing two shovelfuls into the cart to your one."

"Yes, boss," replied the new hand, "and I told the fool about it, too."

A SOAP EXPERT.

PROFESSOR EUGENE GIRARD, the pure food expert, said recently of food adulterations: "It is a pity that the sense of taste can't detect the impurities in our food. This sense, which often causes us discomfort in the most wholesome circumstances, will thrill us with delight when we are eating a deadly mixture of copras, sodium sulphite and salicylic acid. A strange sense! And yet—"

Professor Girard smiled. "And yet it is subtle enough in some ways. I remember sitting in a barber shop one day, waiting to have my hair cut."

"A man lay back in a velvet chair. He said in a muffled voice: 'You have changed your brand of soap, haven't you?'"

"The barber, looking pleased, replied: 'Yes. How did you know?'"

"The taste is richer," the man replied."

THE CROWN OF GOLD.

THE late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, said an editor, "once addressed a Sunday school in New York. I heard the address. It was delightful. An odd incident happened, tho, at its end—an incident that Dunbar laughed at as heartily as the rest of us."

"Dunbar, towards the close of his remarks, said: 'And, my little friends, if you do all these things, some day you will wear a gold crown. Yes, each of you, some day, will wear a gold crown.'

"A little chap on the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped: 'My faver wears one now.'

"No!" said the poet. "Yes, he does—on his toof," said the little chap."

FOR CHEAPER LENTEN FARE.

SENATOR CLAY of Georgia, in condemning certain underhand and mean business methods, said: "Such methods remind me of a woman whom I heard of in my boyhood."

"This woman was mean and tricky. One day at the beginning of Lent she called her cook upstairs and said: 'Jane, I am grieved to see how you are carrying on with the butcher's young man.'

"Oh, he's a very decent, nice, honorable person, George is, ma'am," Jane replied. 'I assure you, ma'am, I couldn't keep better company.'

"That may be, Jane," the woman interrupted; 'but I think you should consult our interests more. Why shouldn't you, now that it is Lent, get up a little flirtation with the fish dealer?'"

A LENTEN THOUGHT.

"A BIRD in the hand," he said, "is worth two in the bush."

She looked up from a reverie. "Yes, dear," she agreed. "The birds in the bush may carol very sweetly, but it takes a bird in the hand to trim a hat with."

Already, it will be perceived, her thoughts were on her Easter bonnet.



Lady (Stanch Teetotaler)—Oh, please, would you mind fetching my little dog Fido out of that public house? Obliging Ostrer—Yes, mum. Certainly. Which bar was you in?—Sketch.

Daily Puzzle Picture



April 2, 1801—One hundred and five years ago today Nelson bombarded Copenhagen. Find Nelson. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE. Upper right corner down—behind soldier.

White Linen Parasol Sale.

150 White Linen Parasols with embroidery and insertion. On Sale... Worth up to \$3.50. Sale price... \$1.64.

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Every Young Man who is particular about his appearance appreciates the superiority of our work and has our auto call at his home each week for his package. The White Laundry, 925 Wash. Ave. S.

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Tried "Substitute Coffee" 9 Months, but—

The man you like to talk with about your fad—be it bird dogs and chicken shooting or automobiling or the single tax—is a man who has gone over the same ground. It is a genuine pleasure to read a brief, pointed letter like the following, received from a man who knows coffee:

"Monrovia, Calif., Sept. 13, 1904. Gentlemen: Am using the coffee (Barrington Hall). Have sold coffee a great many years. Drank (a well advertised substitute), for nine months straight. But now it's your steel-cut straight. You have struck it. Yours, B. H. WILDE."

Mr. Wilde is only one of many thousands of particular people in America who feel that

Barrington Hall The Steel Cut Coffee has in fact struck the key note of coffee excellence. The formula by which the Barrington Hall blend is produced is one of our valuable trade secrets, because it is not an easy matter to hit upon a flavor that suits so many thousands of coffee drinkers. But the chief point of superiority is due to the steel-cut process, which we own exclusively by patent right. This removes the tannin-bearing, yellow skin, accomplishing two improvements—a better flavor, as only the pure coffee is used; and perfect healthfulness, as the astringent, bitter principle which tends to injure some people, is removed. Its fine, uniform granulation makes Barrington Hall give up all its richness quickly, thus avoiding the woody flavor from long boiling. One pound will make as many cups as 1 1/2 pounds ground in the old way. Roasted, steel cut, packed by machinery in sealed tins and guaranteed by Baker & Co., Importers, Minneapolis. For sale by the better class of grocers at 35c per pound.

A New Dining Car Just Added to the "CHICAGO LIMITED"

It is entirely different from anything of the kind you have ever run across. It reminds you of home. There is nothing adds to the enjoyment of a meal so much as your surroundings and the service. The Burlington offers both in connection with its well-established cuisine excellency. Try it on your next trip to Chicago.

The Burlington Chicago Limited leaves Minneapolis daily at 7:50 p. m., and arrives Chicago 9:00 a. m. Tickets—Third and Nicollet. Both Phones. J. F. McBLEY, City Passenger Agent. V. D. JONES, City Ticket Agent.



TO THE CRACK OF DOOM. The Colonel—I fancy your wife lost her temper today. Smith—Not a bit of it. She has an inexhaustible supply. —Illustrated Bits.