

With the Long Bow

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

How the Modern Seeress Tells Your Fortune, Not by the Life Line in Your Hand, Nor by the Clothes Line, but by Means of the Impression of Your Teeth.

ISN'T she the meanest, that girl who offers to tell your fortune by the print of your teeth instead of by the lines of your hand? An apple or a cookie is provided, and you are supposed to set your dentistry in it so as to get the impression. After you have done this the seeress remarks: "My, but you bite easy."

The Moose Lake (Minn.) Star has a vivid account of the discovery of iron somewhere in the vicinity of Barnum. The writer, evidently an old mining man, says:

"The story of its discovery reads like a dime novel. A farmer, whose name we shall withhold, drilled a well. He came to a layer of slate rock and stopped. This gave him a small supply, but not enough for the additional stock which he had purchased when the creamery started in Barnum. His next move was to drill down thru the slate, with the result that he got plenty of water, but such smelling stuff! The water contained about 50 per cent pure iron in solution. A bucketful of it weighed exactly 239 pounds. A blooded heifer drank of it and it started a cold sweat in her and the perspiration hardened as it oozed out thru the pores and she was covered with iron spikes that stood out like the quills on a porcupine.

"Sievren Swanson heard of the phenomenon and went there at once and waded for a day and a night in the slush around the well. When he came home and took off his cowhide boots he found the wooden pegs had iron heads. Of course Sievren began to buy land at once.

"A prospector from Duluth arrived on the night train, walked out to the farm from Barnum in the night, called the owner out of bed and paid him \$5 or \$10 for the privilege of buying it at 1 per cent of its true value within a couple of years."

This may be an exaggeration, but any old inhabitant of Barnum will tell you that "the stuff is there." Northern Minnesota is full of iron millionaires. Some day a few of them are going to wake up rich.

Chicago university has given birth to what is called the Black Friars Opera company, the child of a musical club in the school. Each spring term it presents a comic opera in which a few swift ones are handed out to the faculty or to prominent students. This spring the company was about to pass a warm jolt to the university's revered founder when the faculty stepped in and shut off the electricity. The objection of the faculty was that the song mentioned the name of the founder, John D. Rockefeller, and spoke of him in a disrespectful manner. The words, "Tainted or sainted, just so it's green," were also objected to on the ground that the university had accepted no tainted money. After mentioning John D. by name, the chorus ran thus:

Money, oh, money, strange it may seem; Tainted or sainted, just so it's green; Money, yes, money, 'twas ever so; At the Midway Varsity they take the dough.

As Senator Hoar once said, "sometimes the meanest thing you can do is to tell the exact truth." —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

RHUBARB is almost a specific for curing the various small indigestions that accompany the early spring season. And it is so much nicer when baked than stewed as a breakfast dish. But if peeled, cut into inch bits and plenty of sugar sifted over, it is set in a rather cool oven and allowed to cook it will be found much less trouble and more delicate. Stir once in a while with a silver fork, and do not add any water. When cold it may be served in party shells or tarts, in a bowl that has been lined with macaroons, or in pies.

Until you have eaten a cold egg you don't know just how delicious a soft-boiled egg can be. Have your water boiling, and have ready an earthen bowl or jar of some thickness, which you have previously made hot. Place your eggs in the bowl and pour on the boiling water. Then cover the bowl with a tight cover and put over it also a cosy or a folded napkin. In five or six minutes the eggs will be done, soft-boiled to a consistency that it is impossible to gain in the ordinary way. One beauty of this plan is that the eggs are placed on the table together with the fruit, cereal and coffee, and by the time one course is finished the eggs are ready, without the necessity of watching over a stove or of getting up from the table to go after them in the absence of a maid.

THE TOWER A DREAM BUILT.

THE shot tower was very high. At the top, in the center, was a great perforated plate, a giant colander, and a hundred feet below a vast tank of cold water glistened.

"Here she goes," said the foreman. He dumped a huge ladleful of molten lead into the colander. It fell in a fine rain thru the perforations. Down below there was a splash, splash, splash, and in the tank lay many pounds of fresh shot, round and perfect.

"The shot tower, a grand invention, was due to a dream," the foreman said. "Once upon a time shot was made by hand. Lead was cut into tiny cubes, and rolled around in a barrel till, the corners wearing off, the cubes grew round. A tedious, costly process.

"Then came the dream of a man named Watts, a shot-maker.

"Watts dreamed one night that he went to a party, and that on the way home from the party a strange rain began to fall. This rain hurt him.

"It stings like shot," he said.

"And then he caught some of it in his hand, and found that it was shot.

"When Watts awoke the next morning, he couldn't get his odd dream out of his head. He thought of it all day long. And late that afternoon he went up into the steeple of a church, and melted a small chunk of lead, and dropped it down.

"The lead fell in round pellets, in perfect globules. It was shot—shot made with none of the difficulties of cutting and barrel-rolling. Watts, thanks to his dream, had happened on a wonderful invention.

"The shot towers that rise like steeples over the land—only steeples are for the saving of life, while shot towers are for its destruction—would none of them exist if Watts had not had that strange dream of his."

NOVELS' ENDINGS.

HERE are some endings of novels, compiled by a novel reader of vast experience:

"As she gave him the first kiss of satisfied love, it seemed to them that all heaven and heaven's glory was about them."

"He opened his arms wide, and, with a glad cry, she fell upon his breast, and burst into tears."

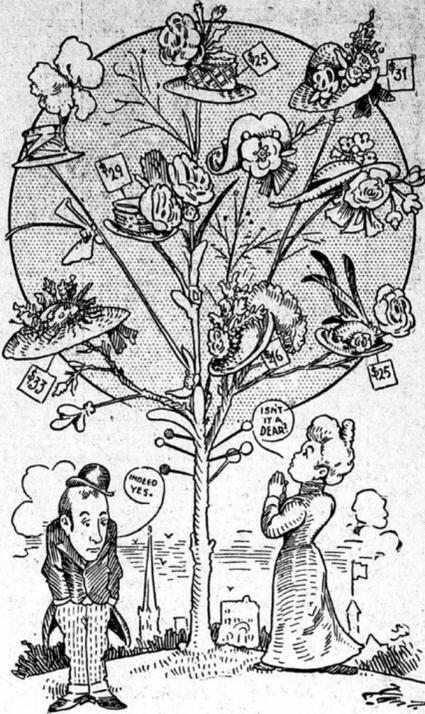
"It all seems like a dream to me," she said.

"And this," he murmured, "this is love. Ah, darling! And the weeping girl was folded in his strong arms."

"Lilian, my darling, my wife!"

"She smiled, hung her head, and then, with a little sob, put up her— but ye can guess the rest, sir."

FLOWERS OF THE FLOUR CITY.



The Easter Bonnet. (Havetohavem Breakusupica.)

If the sun shines watch for these beautiful creations to bloom about 10:30 tomorrow.

A String of Good Stories

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

THE UNSYMPATHETIC PRINCESS.

JULIAN STORY, the successful painter, was talking at a dinner party in Philadelphia about sympathy. He said: "Without sympathy, without the power of putting ourselves in another person's place, we cannot understand people, and we cannot escape from being extremely disagreeable.

"There is a pretty little princess in Rome who lacks sympathy. She is married to a rich old prince. But, when she drives on the Pincio, the rich old prince is seldom beside her. I fear he got a rather poor bargain in his pretty but unsympathetic wife.

"The prince, the other day, uttered a low groan as he passed from the cold gray drawing room to the cold gray dining room of his huge palace.

"Oh!" he cried. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! The rheumatism in my shoulder is coming on again. Oh, oh!"

"Well," exclaimed the princess, "isn't that too bad! Here I was going automobiling with Count Zuppa Inglese tomorrow, and your rheumatism is a sure sign of rain. What wretched luck!"

WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE.

FREDERICK STARR, the anthropologist of the University of Chicago, once delivered a lecture on the African pigmies, a subject on which he is an authority, with a pigmy anecdote.

"A certain Englishman," said Professor Starr, "brought a pigmy to England with him, and proceeded to educate the little fellow in the language and the customs of Great Britain.

"The pigmy got on very well. He showed a kindly disposition and many original views.

"One day, as his tutor was finishing an elaborate toilet, the pigmy said:

"Ah, lord, you look as fine as a peacock."

"Now, the pigmy had never been taught the meaning of the word 'peacock,' and his tutor, surprised and pleased, said:

"What do you know about peacocks, Mbomba?"

"I saw one pulling Harrod's great cart this morning," Mbomba replied.

"That was no peacock. That was a mule, you fool," the tutor cried angrily.

"No can help," said Mbomba. "That is what you look like."

RANK.

CAPTAIN HOMER HEDGE, president of the new Aero club, was talking hopefully at West Point about the future of flying.

"No doubt we shall all fly some day," he said, "as safely and easily as we now ride or sail. Before that day comes, tho, every subtlety of flying must be mastered. I fancy that we look at the art too broadly now. We handle it in too cursory and general a way. We handle it as an old man I once knew in the west handled military rank.

"Meeting this old man one day, I said to him:

"Let me see, your nephew enlisted for a soldier, didn't he?"

"You're right, sir," said the old man. "He did."

"Well," said I, "what rank does he hold now?"

"The old man frowned reflectively.

"Let me see," he muttered. "I ain't quite sure, but I know it's either a general or a corporal."



OUTWARD APPLICATION ONLY. Landlady—I do 'ope as how you're better with your noo-ralgia, Mr. Brown, and that you liked them pancakes I made. Mr. Brown—Yes, Mrs. Jones, my neuralgia is much better since I applied the pancakes, thank you.—Scraps.

It Was the Wrong Lady

JOHN DAVIS walked home with ringing heels and an expansive smile. His wife knew that something had occurred the moment her eyes lighted upon him; but, being a patient little woman, she hid her curiosity and waited until her husband should confide in her. The disclosure came with the second cup of tea at the supper table.

"Lottie," he began, passing his cup to be refilled, "did you ever hear of Mrs. Porter Patterson?"

"Do you mean the rich, fashionable Mrs. Patterson of Montrose Terrace?"

"Yes."

"Of course I have heard of her, and I have seen her, too. She spoke at our club once."

"Did she? Well, I expect her here to see me tomorrow morning." He said this airily.

Mrs. Davis swallowed the bite of cake she had in her mouth at one fell swoop. "What for?" she gasped, as soon as she could catch her breath.

Davis took a letter from his pocket and passed it to his wife. It ran as follows:

Mr. John Davis—Dear Sir: I have a matter of some legal importance which I am desirous of confiding to the attention of a lawyer who can devote special time to its adjustment. Mr. Bailey, of Bailey, Blathers & Bliss, has mentioned you as a person upon whose integrity and care I may rely. As I desire to talk the matter over without interruption and have a settled objection to lawyers' offices, I will, with your permission, call upon you at your house at an early hour tomorrow morning. Yours,

—M. L. Patterson.

"What does it mean?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"Haven't an idea. Something deucedly confidential, I should judge," assuming a look of inscrutable wisdom. "It often happens in the legal profession," he added, leaning back in his chair and putting his thumbs in the armpoles of his vest. "But what I want to know is what 'early' means. What do you think 'early' is, Lottie?"

"I've no idea. I should think she would not be later than 8 o'clock."

"Very well. I shall try to be ready for her. I can't afford to offend such a client as that."

Mr. and Mrs. Davis retired to rest at an early hour that night. The servant girl having abruptly left the day before, Davis put his trust in an alarm clock and slept peacefully to dream of a fat fee. The couple were awakened in the early gray of the winter's morning by an imperative ring at the doorbell.

Mrs. Davis grabbed the small clock that stood on a little table by her bedside.

"My goodness!" she groaned in horror, "this miserable clock has missed the alarm again and it's nearly 8 o'clock. John! John! For mercy sake, get up! There's Mrs. Patterson ringing the bell, and not a person in this house to open the door."

John leaped from the bed with a cold shudder. Not an instant was to be lost. With one hand he reached for his dressing gown and with the other he made wild swoops under the bed for his slippers. In an incredibly short time he strode downstairs and opened the front door. A large, imposing-looking woman in black stood before him.

"Madam," he began, standing as much as possible in shadow, "our servant has left us and I fear we have overslept. I hope you will pardon me if I ask you to wait for five minutes until I complete my toilet." With this he waved his hand toward the parlor throwing the door wide open for the lady's entrance.

"But—" she began, hesitatingly.

Mr. Davis smiled deprecatingly, holding out a pleading hand. "Don't be hard on me, I beg, my dear madam; grant me a moment of time and I will be with you at once."

With persuasive eloquence he gently guided the reluctant lady to the parlor and, with apologies absolutely bristling from every hair on his head, fled to his room.

"Lottie," he panted breathlessly, "for heaven sake, help me! This is a pretty fix you and your beastly old clock have got me into. I suppose I'll lose the best client I ever had just from your carelessness! Hang it! Don't any of these bureau drawers open?" tugging at one mightily.

"Ugh!" he grunted savagely as the drawer suddenly yielded and landed him on his back, provokingly disclosing its contents of female garments. "Haven't I any shirts, or do you hide them to aggravate me?"

"Here's your shirt, all fixed," answered Lottie meekly, almost crying. "Don't swear so!"

"Well, I guess you'd swear if you had to dress in five minutes and couldn't find a blamed thing! Darn the collar! I've broken every nail I've got clear to the quick trying to button it! Reach me that powder, can't you? I'm red hot! I'll melt every collar I've got before I get one on! Now hand me my coat! Do I look decent? I feel like the devil!"

Lottie, trembling and quite weak with excitement, assured him he looked lovely, and he, feeling that he could do no better, called up his best smile and descended the stairs, while Lottie hung as far over the banisters as a decent regard for her life permitted to hear how he was received.

"My dear madam," she heard him say, in that fine barytone voice which she always thought so captivating, "I regret so much to have kept you waiting. I hope you will forgive me and consider me entirely at your service, Mrs. Patterson."

The woman arose from the edge of the chair on which she had been sitting and spoke the first words she had been allowed to speak.

"Me name's not Patterson, sor. I'm the washerlady from next door, and I came to see, sor, if I could get the loan of a bar of soap till the family's awake. They forgot to lave anny out for me, and I loikes to get at me washing early, and I'm not liking to wake them, sor!"—New York Press.

FISH THAT FALL UPWARDS.

"LIKE a rocket," said the captain, "a big fish shot out of the water, and immediately burst into a hundred pieces. I thought there had been a submarine explosion, but it was only nature.

"The fish, you see, was one of those deep-water fellows that fall upwards. These fish live three or four miles down, where the pressure is inconceivably great—so great that a man, if he could get down there, would be crushed into a jelly, and they have to be careful about swimming up, for if they go a yard too far, they begin to fall.

"They begin to fall upwards, and faster and faster they rise, till, finally, they shoot right out of the water and burst. If you don't believe this, ask any scientist.

"It speaks well for the prudence and the wisdom of the deep-sea fishes that so few of them ever fall upwards."

Daily Puzzle Picture



April 14, 1865—Forty-one years ago today Lincoln was assassinated. Find Lincoln. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. (Upper left corner down—large head—nose against soldier's arm.)

BRIDGE WHIST

No. 1—"NO TRUMP" MAKES. (Written expressly for The Journal by Miss Bessie Allen of Milwaukee.) All Rights Reserved.

Miss Allen, the writer of this series of lessons in bridge whist, is a member of the American Whist league and one of the best players in the country. She has made a thorough study of the game and with its knowledge of whist and her acquaintance with all the subtleties of the game.

Glossary.

Revoke—Holding one or more cards of the suit led and playing a card of a different suit.

Finesse—Attempting to win a trick with a card lower than your highest and not in sequence with it.

Sequence—Two or more cards of consecutive value.

Bridge.

A game for society, a game for the masses. Lighter and less serious than whist, yet possessing chances for science to such a degree that it is worth real study. The game becomes more and more interesting and a greater pleasure as one begins to analyze hands, learns to outwit the adversary and to make the small cards count.

The fascination of bridge is its combination of skill and luck. There is an immense amount of luck in it—luck thru the honor score, and luck in having a good hand when you are the dealer. How often it seems to a bridge player that when he has the "make," his hands are poor and he is hunting around to know what to do, and then, when he has no chance, he has three aces of four honors in hearts.

But such is bridge. That element of chance gives to it the spicy flavor and makes the loser always ready for "one more rubber."

A Few Preliminary Suggestions.

Be careful to avoid all mannerisms at the bridge table. It is not only bad form, but often gives important information as to your hand; if to your partner, then it is unfair, and if to the opponent he can take advantage of it.

Never make a remark about your hand before the play. Many a rubber has been won by finessing against "such cards," said with disgust before the hand was opened.

Arrange your cards, suits together, and each suit in numerical order, that the eye may grasp at a glance the highest or the lowest card. Alternate the color of the suits, black and then red, to prevent as much as possible the chance of a revoke.

Make a mental note of the number you hold in each suit. If, late in the hand, your memory is dim as to what has been played of a suit, or what is now the commanding card, ability to recall what or how many you originally held often times will bring back to you the entire play of it.

If you are the dealer, be sure you look over the hand before declaring the trump, for, once having made a declaration, you cannot retract it.

As to "No Trumps."

First consider the possibility of making it "no trump" or "without." Four aces, of course, make the ideal "no trump" hand, but, fortunately for the other side, one seldom gets them.

Three aces or their equivalent is a good rule for a "no trump" make—the king and queen of a suit or king and jack of a suit, being equivalent to an ace. Thus:

- AKQ
AKJ
AK10
AK9

Two aces, the king and queen of clubs and the king and jack of hearts being equivalent to an ace in each of those suits.

Sometimes, in using this rule one may combine a king in one suit and a queen in another, if both are well guarded. For instance, holding

Two aces, the king of spades amply guarded and the queen of diamonds twice guarded, make the equivalent of three aces and so we make it no trump. The king of one suit and the jack of another are not equivalent to an ace.

Length in one suit is an advantage in a "no trump" hand. One long, established suit and an outside ace is sufficient strength to declare "no trump." A "long" suit is one in which there are five or more cards, and it is considered "established" when you can win three consecutive tricks in it. Thus ace, king and queen, at the head of a suit of five form an established, or "set up" suit, the supposition being that after leading your three high cards, every one will be exhausted save yourself and your small cards will be good for tricks. Occasionally you will find the remainder of the suit hunched against you, but that is part of the luck of the game. The rules have been worked out for the usual fall of the cards and will win in a majority of hands, but no rule is infallible.

Holding six or more of a suit, headed

by ace, king and jack, one may reasonably hope to win three consecutive tricks, either by finding the queen but once guarded, or by a finesse in the jack; but this is not a sure thing and with one outside ace it is a doubtful "no trump."

However, when holding a black suit of six or more headed by ace, king and jack and an ace in another suit, try it "without." With two aces in your hand, if you pass the make to your partner, he will scarcely be able to make it "no trump." If he could make it red, then the combined hands must make a good "no trump," and if he would make it black—well, then you would surely rather take your chance at a "no trump."

Suppose you are the dealer and hold

Make it "no trump." But if, with this same holding, the suits were transposed and the long suit was red, then the case would be different, for it is possible to make the game with a red trump and we would declare it the long red suit.

Holding a good red make, do not declare a doubtful "no trump." When the hand looks fairly good, but you have not three aces, and are in doubt as to its being a "no trump" make, use the "rule of twenty-four." Give to every honor in the hand a numerical value, call the 10-spot one, the jack two, the queen three, the king five, and the ace seven. At this valuation, add the honors you hold in all the suits, and if the sum total equals twenty-four, the chances are you will make the odd trick at a "no trump."

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