

With the Long Bow

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

Reports from the Sweet Pea Seeding of 1906—Large Increase in the Acreage Over Last Year—Government Reports of Condition Notoriously Incorrect—Northwestern Miller Raps Sweet Pea Crop Estimators.

REPORTS from South Minneapolis state that the sweet pea acreage shows a large increase over that of last year. The farmers got their seed in early, and with the abundant rains the plant has stood nicely and shows no signs of fly or rust.

It is generally conceded that the government report on the 10th of the month, showing for South Minneapolis an average of 8.4, against 9.2 last year, is entirely too low. There is a general feeling that the government ought to get nearer to the facts or get out of the crop estimating business.

Seeding of sweet peas on Western avenue was checked by the rain and the farmers are not yet able to get out on the land. Dry weather is needed from now on in order to get the seed in.

The Northwestern Miller states that the crop estimators on the last pea crop were ridiculously low, and insists that there were sweet peas enough raised to have a bunch on every breakfast table, with two million bunches for export.

North Minneapolis reports a life spring, with no sweet pea surplus left in farmers' hands beyond the amount needed for seeding. J. J. Hill's Pure Seed special train is now touring North Minneapolis, giving the people an object lesson in choosing seed for pure colors. Government reports of acreage in North Minneapolis are notoriously off.

The Sheldon (N. D.) Progress, speaking of the gladsome springtime, when the lamkins are gamboling in the meadows and "daring blossoms of cerulean hues are on our brown Dakota prairies rife," and song birds chant praises "neath an azure sky," states that L. C. Mallory, until recently foreman of the Enderlin Independent, is now at Grand Forks and sang "The Palms" in the Presbyterian church here last Sunday. Palms are all right for early vegetables, and it is just like the King of the Comedians to discover them growing out in the North Dakota hedgerows on the 22d of March.

Shortly after the fire in Pembina a scorchard in the Grand Forks Herald stated that "Pembina is Biting Fresh from Its Asces." This the Sheldon Progress construed as an attempt on the part of Editor Hagen "to say something mean about Daddy Wardwell."

Judge Magee of Excelsior was quite indignant last summer, the story is just leaking out now, to find several embalmed flies in his butter supply. He hurried it back to the store and "regretted to report," etc. The grocer was not there and the new boy tried to make it all right by explaining in an apologetic way:

"I picked out all of them I could find." Robert Barrow of Mound, Mo., raised a crop of flycatchers and has received forty-seven press notices, twenty-five telegrams and 1,017 personal inquiries. At last he published a card in the local papers telling why he did it. His two reasons were: First, to see if he could; and second, to see if the public would stand it. If you wish your friends to notice you pleasantly, one of the surest ways is to start a pair of sidewheel whiskers.

The other day, when there were 127 on the Lake Minnetonka car wedged in like olives in a bottle, A. C. Long of Excelsior, who sometimes writes shorthand so fast that he gets ahead of the speaker, tried to get the conductor to stop in front of Mr. Field's flat while he got that official to come out and see what he was doing. But the conductor was unaccommodating and refused to do it.

A high medical authority in a recent work insists that a man "should not hesitate to sing" because he has "no voice." This scientist says by all means sing and acquire the habit of singing some every day, whether or not you are musically inclined.

The reason for this recommendation is that singing develops the various passages and chambers of the respiratory tract from brow to diaphragm, and trains and practices in deep full breathing. Entirely apart, therefore, from all idea of making vocalists, singing should be practiced by all. This advice seems to be given with no regard whatever for the feelings of others. A man naturally wishes to keep his respiratory tract open, but he desires as well the good will of his neighbors and friends.

There are those varieties of vocal exercise that turn friends and acquaintances into enemies and sprinters from start to finish. The doctor, if he is a lover of his kind, ought to accompany his advice with an argument for having the walls of our houses and flats "deadened." Unfortunately, no method has yet been devised for having the voice operated on, taken out, sandpapered, tuned and put back.

Singing is good, but unless one is pretty sure of his ground he should retire to his music room for its indulgence.

—A. J. R.

LITERATURE. You get yourself a pen or two; You also get some ink. And then there's nothing else to do Except to sit and think.

FLOWERS OF THE FLOUR CITY



SISSICUS ROOSEFELTICUM. In full bloom in the Flour City at the present time—Brings out latent talent from unexpected places—Much appreciated by society in general.

A String of Good Stories

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

THE WIDOW COMFORTED.

"THE late John A. McCall," said a broker, "had at the end of his tongue a host of insurance stories."

"Once, in urging a man to invest in a large policy, he told a story of a Pike county girl."

"This girl married a young guide, and the day after the wedding the guide took out a policy for \$1,500. Then, with his wife, he started for Porter's Lake with a party of sportsmen, the wife to cook and wash dishes, the man to clean fish and so on."

"Now, unfortunately, the young guide was bitten by a rattlesnake one morning, and a few days afterwards he died."

"The widow notified her family and friends of his death in a note that said: 'Bill parst away yestidy. Loss fully covered by insurance.'"

GREAT MEN'S BROTHERS.

AN EDITOR was praising Max Beerbohm, the brother of the distinguished actor, Beerbohm Tree.

"I went to London to see Tree in 'Nero,'" he said, "and at Prince's restaurant one evening I was introduced to Max Beerbohm."

"He is a critic of the theater—a brilliant critic and a brilliant talker."

"He told us that he was at present engaged on a book entitled 'The Brothers of Great Men.' As he was praising this book, some one said: 'By the way, you are Beerbohm Tree's brother, are you not?'"

"Yes," answered Mr. Beerbohm calmly. 'He will be in the book.'"

A PRETTY STORY.

"THE late S. P. Langley was a great scientist and a great aeronaut," said a congressman.

"All who go in for flying must master Langley's Law, the law of the air, before they can hope to achieve anything. Professor Langley was regarded as an aeronautical failure only by the uninformed."

"This poor man wrote well and spoke well. I once induced him to speak to a party of children at an Easter celebration."

"His topic was 'Love,' and he treated the topic beautifully. He told, for one thing, how, on a spring morning, he was walking in the country, when he saw a very little, pale, frail girl carrying a very big and robust baby."

"As the little girl staggered by with her huge burden he couldn't resist saying: 'Isn't that baby very heavy?'"

"The little girl looked up in shocked surprise. 'Why, no,' she said. 'He's not heavy. He's my bruvver.'"

Feminine Theory vs. Practice



CARTER entered the room quietly and sat down in a corner. It was the "reception room" of the boarding house, and the boarders were down, waiting for dinner to be announced. They had all been there for years and knew each other's personal history, habits and idiosyncrasies. Carter was the only new boarder. The man with the serious gray eyes was talking.

"I have never been able to understand why it is," he was saying, "that the men whom other men respect are the very ones that women seem to care the least for. I mean the steady-going, quiet, dependable chaps. They may even be religious; but if they are sincere, other men respect them on account of their sterling qualities and strong characters. They make valuable employees, for they are conscientious in their work and can be relied upon. But I notice that women pay no attention to them at all, and often shun being thrown into contact with them."

"It is because they are not interesting," said the girl with the red ribbon round her throat. "You can't expect a woman who likes laughter and bright conversation to enjoy a talk with a man who has all the cheerfulness of an undertaker."

"Yes, I know," said the man with the gray eyes. "But it does seem to me that when a woman gets tired of chasing 'round in the lights and glitter of social affairs and wants to settle down she would pick out one of these steady fellows whose habits she knows are above reproach and whom she knows would make a devoted husband. But instead of that she is fascinated with some slick-headed dude who can hold up his end of an insane conversation, or some fluffy-haired artist who can drum on the piano. It is a common thing for a really nice girl to marry some sapshead, who has no thoughts above a game of poker and a cocktail."

"Well, a girl likes a man who has a little spice in him," returned the girl with the ribbon. "If he has just a little dash of wickedness in him, it lends him a kind of fascination and makes him interesting. He gives the girl a kind of sensation of playing with fire."

"Spice," playing with fire—"pish!" said the gray-eyed man disgustedly. "I am no Puritan and I don't object to a man's having his good time occasionally; but I prefer that he have a little sense along with his ability to absorb. The trouble is, the average girl always gives the man with brains the go-by for a dude that can cut a dash before the ladies."

"Now, for all you know," said the beribboned girl, "she may have the best motive in marrying such a man. If he is wild, very often she sees some good points in him, and she thinks after marrying him she can bring them out."

"Yes—marrying a man to reform him—that is one of the fondest delusions that the soul of woman cherishes," answered the gray-eyed man in cutting tones. "She thinks that with her sweetness of disposition, her heart-and-soul devotion, her loving ways, her charming blandishments, she can wean him from his folly. She brashly believes she can take a nincompoop with an empty head and mold him with her pink young fingers into a great, noble man, who will tower far above the common herd in the strength of his personality and massive brain—slush!"

"Well, I don't care what you say," answered the girl with the red ribbon. "It's no use to try to have a sensible discussion with you men, anyway. You are so overbearing and opinionated that you can't tolerate any beliefs but your own. As for myself, I intend to marry a man who has a little life in him. I would rather he stay out every night than to sit up in the evenings reading tracts. I admire the man who has a little warm blood and vigor in him. I don't want to live with a corpse that—"

Just then dinner was announced and the conversation was quickly forgotten in the rush for the table.

A week after this Carter was called away on a business trip to the west, and did not return for several months. He arrived in the city late one afternoon and hastened to the boarding house for the evening meal. He received a hearty greeting as he walked into the dining room from what seemed to be the same old coterie of boarders. But one face was missing.

"What has become of the girl who used to wear



SHOULD KEEP IT TO HERSELF. Myrilla—I should just like to catch any man kissing me! Miranda—I don't doubt it, but you shouldn't admit it.

the red ribbon round her throat?" he inquired of the man who sat on his right.

"Oh, she's left us for a home of her own," was the reply. "She married a Baptist minister. He was a widower with six children."—New York Press.

J. K. Jerome on Being Funny

The English Humorist Is Quite Sure that American Jokesmiths Are Working Overtime—Strange Opinions of the Slap-Stick Artist with a Popularity Betraying Evidence of Intelligence.

IN THE current Everybody's Jerome K. Jerome says:

"There is a danger that the stage is coarsening humor. I went to one of the New York vaudeville theaters not long ago, and during the course of the performance an actor came on—doubtless a capable representative of his craft—who gave a very delicate recital, full of real humor and of witty points. This performer but mildly amused the audience; he was merely tolerated. Following on his heels came a company who proceeded to engage themselves simply in 'knock-about business.' One man sat down on a handbox and wiped his face with a feather box, or a hat, I forget which, and tipped up against a sideboard and brought down a lot of crockery, and so on.

"This went on for about twenty minutes, and the whole of the audience was delighted. From all appearances they were intelligent, educated people. It was undoubtedly a first-class theater—if I may so assume from the fact that I was sitting in a dollar seat. The audience was composed of professional people—well-to-do tradesmen and business men. But they did not seem to enjoy the humor of the preceding actor, which was real humor. They preferred the 'knock-about business.' They roared over it. They doubled themselves up with laughter.

"I think the American indulges too much in humor. He really absorbs too much humor. It is like a man who has come to drink champagne for every meal.

Even assuming that humor is the salt of life, we don't want to eat salt with a spoon. But here in America everything seems to be sacrificed to humor. Your politics have to be made humorous. Your courts of justice have to be made humorous. Before a great time has gone by you will be having funny sermons. We shall hear that Rev. So-and-So's Sunday morning's sermon was a real screamer—that it was received with roars of laughter.

"Then the church service will be considered a bit too slow, and will have to be rewritten by some bright young humorist from a newspaper office. Your very murder cases will have to be made 'bright.' It is a foregone conclusion that domestic tragedies shall be side-splitting. I really am not sure that in time America will not get to a comical funeral service, with a low-comedy undertaker."

INCIDENT VS. ISSUE. Harper's Weekly.

Many a budding statesman loses by mistaking an incident for an issue.

Curios and Oddities

"The Passing Strange!"

EGGS AND EASTER.

THE egg from time immemorial has been associated with Easter. The egg has typified life always. In the middle ages it was forbidden to eat eggs during Lent. Hence, for forty days, eggs accumulated. In order to get them eaten, they were boiled hard, dyed bright-pink, or blue, or yellow, and given to the children on Easter morning. This is one of a dozen explanations of the dyed Easter egg.

In France, at Easter, in the district of Brisse, 100 eggs are placed in a level field and covered with sand. Then the lads and lasses, two by two, dance over them together. Of those who break no eggs in dancing—and few break any—it is prophesied that they will marry before the year is out.

In Russia, at Easter, the lowest mujik has the right to kiss any lady in the land, provided that he presents her with an egg beforehand.

Egg-picking is the striking of two eggs together, first butt to butt, then point to point, the winner confiscating the broken egg. This custom prevails all over America, but in Manayunk it is especially popular. The Manayunk boys, weeks before Easter begin, may be heard shouting in stentorian tones:

"Got 'n egg! Got 'n egg!"

The word "Easter" is derived from the name of the Saxon goddess, Eostre, whom the Saxons worshipped in April.

THE BEAST MEN.

"THE beast men live in the saddest place in the world, in Terra del Fuego, back of Cape Horn," said a sea captain. "They walk like apes, with their hands hanging before their knees, and in the bitter winds and snows of the cape they wear nothing but a strip of hide across their bony shoulders."

"They live by fishing and hunting. They hunt with bows and arrows, and their dogs help them marvelously in beating up the game. In their fishing, too, the dogs are a great help, swimming like seals, herding the fish into the nets as sheep dogs round up sheep."

"The beast men and their dogs, you see, are on pretty much the same level. That is why, perhaps, the beast men can train dogs better than we. I have seen one of these dogs, at a word from his master, plunge into the cold sea and bring up a live fish in his mouth."

"Ob, she's left us for a home of her own," was the reply. "She married a Baptist minister. He was a widower with six children."—New York Press.

"They like to wander on the mud flats at low tide in search of shellfish. They crack the shellfish and eat them as they find them. And they eat everything—sea-spiders, sea-anemones, starfish, jellyfish. They are beasts, not men."

"I saw a group of them one evening on those desolate beaches. The cold was bitter. It was snowing. And they, naked, silent, crouching, waded in the grey, cold water, and ate the shellfish and the sea-anemones and the starfish that they found in the half-frozen slime and ooze."

ANTIQUITY OF FOUNTAIN PENS.

"A NEW idea in a fountain pen," said the antiquary. "A self-filler. Without bothering with a glass dropper, you just dip the pen itself in an inkstand, press this small spring and, in a jiffy, the pen contains enough ink to last a week."

"We are accustomed, by the way," the old man continued, "to think the fountain pen a comparatively new invention. I discovered today that it is 120 years old at least—120 years old."

He took down an old book from the mahogany shelf, Samuel Taylor's "Universal System of Short-hand Writing," published in 1786, and from the work he read the following proof of the fountain pen's great age:

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

"I have nothing more to add," wrote Samuel Taylor, "for the use or instruction of the practitioner, except a few words concerning the kind of pen proper to be used for writing shorthand. For expeditious writing, some use what are called fountain pens, into which your ink is put, which gradually flows when writing, from thence into a smaller pen, cut short to fit the smaller end of this instrument; but it is a hard matter to meet with a good one of this kind."

What the Market Affords

Lamb stew, 5 cents a pound. New carrots, 5 cents a bunch. Strictly fresh eggs, 16 cents a dozen. Piccali, 15 cents a quart. Pearl barley, 15 cents a package. Oatmeal, 10 cents a package.

To make that popular dish, Scotch broth, wipe three pounds of lamb or mutton cut in inch cubes, discarding the fat and skin. Put in a kettle, cover with three pints of cold water, bring quickly to the boiling point, skim, and add one-half cupful of barley which has been soaked in cold water to cover over night. Simmer two hours or until the

meat is tender. Put the bones in a second kettle, cover with cold water, heat slowly to the boiling point, skim, and let boil one and one-half hours. Strain the stock from the bones and add it to the meat. Fry five minutes in two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a cupful each of carrot and turnip cut in half-inch dice, and half of an onion thinly sliced. Add these to the stew, with salt and pepper to taste, and cook until the vegetables are soft. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Just before serving add half a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley.

FAMOUS WOMEN



Mrs. Harriet Taylor Treadwell is the successor of Margaret Haley as the head of the Chicago teacher's united movement to win pure democracy for the schools, and thereby to make better and nobler citizens of the boys and

girls of the city. For the past year she has ably served the Chicago Teachers' association, having been elected president in April, 1905. Mrs. Treadwell is a native of New York state and a graduate of the Oswego, N. Y. normal school. Her teaching career has extended over a long period and has included all grades. She was married in 1897 to Dr. Charles Treadwell, but did not give up her professional work. Mrs. Treadwell is a specialist in children's reading and has instituted a "Book Review Day" in her school when teacher and pupils listen to reviews and discuss the worth of a book and its writer. The right direction is tactfully given to children's reading. "I never say to a boy: 'you shan't read this book,' or 'it's horrible to read dime novels'; but rather, I suggest various good books, until at last he is spoiled for the improbable, the false, the vulgar and the vicious," she says. Mrs. Treadwell is deeply interested in all things that tend towards the advancement of women and is enlisted among the active workers for suffrage in the state of Illinois.

Never use soap in cleaning sieves or saucers.