

With the Long Bow

—Eye Nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies.

Thirst for Rapid Automobile Driving Said to Be the Result of an Increasing Tendency Towards Explosions of Psychic Energy—Possible Revival of Carriationism as a Feature of the Sport.

REV. G. L. MORRILL, who was crossing the half street to take a car, saw an automobile just at the point of making a strong theological point against the clergy and went into the air like a live ball on a hard pavement. The machine glided rapidly under him and he alighted without other danger than a slight strain of clerical courtesy.

In the afternoon the clergyman appeared on our streets jauntily carrying a Springfield musket.

A writer in the conservative British Medical Journal insists that the thirst for rapid automobile driving closely resembles the craze for strong drink. He adds to this assertion the further information that there is in the present way of living an increasing tendency toward explosions of psychic energy, and that this is shown in one form as the mania for high speed and in another form as an unnatural desire for strong drink or stimulating drugs.

If this is the case, automobile temperance societies should be formed at once and automobiles will be provided with places in which to take "the cure."

We may also expect to see a new Carrie Nation going through the garage with an ax or perhaps snatching the gasoline pump from an astonished witness. Saloonkeepers and automobile shops will be prohibited from selling or renting to "habituals," and the widow of the victim will be entitled to collect from the garage.

Notwithstanding these precautions we continue to keep one eye over our shoulder.

Editor Sjblom of South Minneapolis has issued a key and is safe, but Olaf Hjelloy of Devils Lake was recently chased by wolves.

If Senators Platt and Depew will take any number between 1 and 10, multiply it by nine, cut off the tens, add thirteen, and then add the original number they will find out what the American people want of them.

The Leavenworth, Kan., high school has found with a start that a negro girl leads her class in scholarship and is therefore entitled to deliver the valedictory address for forty-three white pupils. The white pupils who are behind are making an outcry. Are we to be dominated by colored intellect?

Speaking of race prejudice a recently published book about animals tells of a case of "substitution" that has its interesting features in which a cat with a family of seven kittens was deceived into adopting two baby squirrels. The owner of the cat in her presence took two of the kittens and placed them in a hat on the table. She saw the procedure and was not at all anxious about it, but while her attention was distracted by another member of the family the two baby squirrels were substituted in the hat for the kittens, which were then spirited away. After a time the cat became anxious for the safety of her children in the hat and jumped on the table to investigate. When she looked into the hat she gave a start of surprise, felt her pulse with her other paw and looked all around as much as to say, "Am I seeing things?"

Nobody appearing to answer the question, she looked again and as the little squirrels, beginning to give the universal baby cry for nourishment and attention, she took them out of the hat and added them to her brood. At times as she looked at them she would close her eyes and wrinkles would come in her brow, but she never solved the problem and the squirrels grew to full size together with the little cats and had a fine time sporting about the house. The cat had another bad half hour when she saw them eating acorns and corn, but she stood by them stoutly until the whole brood were weaned. The mother thought was so strong that it broke all barriers, as it always will. —A. J. R.

EARTHQUAKE-PROOF MATERIAL.

REPRESENT the American Rubber Tube and Tiling company," he said. "Our products are the greatest invention of the age. Any city whose water mains are made of iron or any other metal is at the mercy of earthquakes. Our proposition is to equip the water department complete with rubber water mains. Earthquakes cannot injure them. Freezing cannot burst them. They are pliable and give room for expansion."

"But in case of an earthquake," said the mayor, "the great buildings would fall on the rubber water mains and choke off the supply of water."

"Our company," said the agent, "is now perfecting plans for rubber construction in all skyscrapers so that if an earthquake topples them over they will bounce back immediately into place." —Kansas City Times.



ST. PAUL'S OLD MAN OF THE SEA. St. Paul—Say, Simbad wasn't in it with me.

A FLY LIT ON HIS EYE.

YOUNG lady has recently received a shock. Among her extensive male acquaintance there is a blue-eyed youth. He goes much into society, and is a hot favorite among the nicer sex because of his eyes. Alack! one of them is glass; but there is no need, he says, for everyone to know that, and, really, it seems so much the counterpart of the other that not one in a hundred would detect it. On this occasion he escorted the young lady in question to a refreshment room. As they were taking tea and coffee he looked unutterable things at her, when all of a sudden she gave vent to a startled exclamation. Her eyes fixed on him with a mysterious intentness and horror. A fly had settled in the center of his glass eye and remained there—here, of course, unconscious of its presence. The sight of that eye looking at her with a fly on it, and the owner making no attempt to brush it off, was too much for his companion. It overpowered her, and she shudders when she recalls the circumstance. —Answers.

CURIOSITY REWARDED.

SEVERAL years ago a farmer drove to Buffalo to buy from a wholesale firm a bill of goods for his country store. After coming downstairs and while waiting for his goods to be packed he noticed several men using the speaking tube. After a while his curiosity got the better of him and he asked the proprietor what that thing was. "A speaking tube," said the proprietor. "Speak to someone upstairs and see how it works." "What will I say?" asked the farmer, going over to the tube. "Ah, say anything you like," said the proprietor. "Hay!" shouted the farmer. "Are the goods Mr. Parsons of Williamsville ordered ready?" "Yes," said the man upstairs, "the goods are ready, but we are looking the old skinflint up. We think he is kind of shaky."

THE WHITE SQUAW.

JOHNNY MINE, a Kickapoo linguist and philosopher, whose real name is Mah-me-quah-mah-che-mah-net and who can speak ten different languages, is in Washington in the interest of the Mexican branch of the Indian linguist in the world. He has some rather uncomplimentary opinions about the white man's governmental methods, but he thinks the white man's wife is a person entirely above criticism. "Not much difference between the white squaw and the red man," explained Johnny. "They both paint, white squaw with white paint and red brave with red paint. They both have to wear feathers when they're dressed up; Indian, he wears eagle feathers, white squaw wears any kind of feathers she can get. White squaws not much different from the Indian."

The Idiocy of Tompkins

BEASLEY has changed his boarding house. His departure was so abrupt that Mrs. Simmons has not got over the shock. She says that in all her experience she never knew a gentleman to act so peculiarly. Possibly Mrs. Simmons had a soft spot in her heart for the star boarder, for such Beasley had become. But Beasley's pride was hurt. His special weakness, if it can be called by so mild a term, is his fondness for puns, and at the dinner table he never let an opportunity get by him to inflict them on his long-suffering fellow boarders.

Mrs. Simmons always laughed heartily and applauded him vigorously after some particularly atrocious pun. As for the boarders, they liked the Simmons fare, and so they had to tolerate Beasley.

His puns were not of the bubbling, effervescent kind, but heavy and labored. When he heard what he considered a good pun on the streets or at the vaudeville he stored it away in his memory, and like a scheming villain, coolly bided his opportunity. If the opportunity did not appear, he proceeded in a cold-blooded way to create an opening for his pun by turning the conversation into channels that would lead up to the point where it would fit.

When he came in to dinner a few evenings ago and took his accustomed seat at the head of the table his face wore a self-satisfied expression, and the boarders feared the worst.

The professor on the right was discussing with Miss Miller, the handsome stenographer, the great loss the scientific world had suffered in the recent death of Curie, the discoverer of radium.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in Beasley, "these men of science are all the same. They're no doubt that the time will come when science will be able to predict accurately all such disasters as the San Francisco earthquake and enable us to avoid them to a great extent."

"Was there anything new in the afternoon papers in regard to the condition of the San Francisco sufferers?" inquired Miss Miller brightly.

This was just what Beasley wanted. "Oh, yes, the situation is improving, but I think the government is making a great mistake in sending these tents there for housing the sufferers."

"Why so?" asked Miss Miller, with wide, questioning eyes.

The supreme moment had arrived. With great deliberation Beasley remarked, "Well, don't you see, it will make their suffering more in tents."

"Will make their suffering more in tents," roared Tompkins, from down at the other end of the table, before Beasley could complete his sentence.

After all his skillful work in bringing the conversation around to the right point, Tompkins had taken the pun from him just as it was hanging on his lips. The silvery laugh of approval that Miss Miller gave Tompkins, and the imbecile smile with which the latter regarded Beasley, did not help his feelings any.



"YES, INDEED," CHIMED IN BEASLEY

He arose with dignity from the table, leaving his prunes untouched. That night he packed his trunk. To his friend, the professor, he remarked confidentially that he positively would not remain another night under the same roof with that gibbering idiot Tompkins.

THAT FRENCH ACCENT.

IN BOSTON Mrs. Bernhardt went to examine the furniture for "Camille." She always inspects her stage arrangements before the curtain rises. "How do you like the furniture, madam?" inquired the stage manager. "Bon, bon, bon!" replied the madam, frankly delighted. "Now, what do you think of that," the stage manager snorted. "Me working my head off to get this stuff, and she says it's bum!"



COAL TRUST—Have you no pity on this poor man? "Where is the advance to come if it is not charged up to the consumer of domestic coal?"—From the railroads' answer to the miners.—Philadelphia North American.

A String of Good Stories

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

THE SEASICK PASSENGER.

MARSHALL WILDER was talking about the new type of Atlantic liner—the huge, broad-beamed boat, with elevators, grillroom, gymnasium, restaurant and roof garden.

"These luxurious and steady ships," he said, "are more popular because they are more comfortable than the slim record-breakers that roll in a calm sea worse than the new type does in a wild gale."

"The new type promises to abolish seasickness. Pirates boarding it wouldn't find such wretched, limp, pale passengers as they used."

"A pirate, you know, boarded once a record-breaking liner."

"As, armed to the teeth, he clambered up the side, he saw a passenger leaning over the rail."

"Throw up your hands!" the pirate shouted fiercely.

"The passenger, with a wan smile, replied: 'I think I did, about ten minutes ago.'"

BISHOP POTTER'S BISHOP.

A CHICAGOAN was describing a winter day in Cairo.

"A winter day in Cairo is like a May day here," he said. "The sun shines with unspokeable splendor, and the stainless sky is always blue, a tender, delicious, smiling blue."

"At the end of such a day in Cairo I had the honor of dining at Shephard's hotel with Bishop Potter."

"Bishop Potter told us, at this dinner, a story about an irascible bishop."

"He said that the prelate went far off into the country in the depth of winter to preach at a small church. He expected the church to be crowded in honor of his visit, but when he entered it he found, to his great disappointment, that only half a dozen pews were filled."

"So, after the service, the bishop spoke very bitterly to the rector about the small attendance. He be-

gan bitterly, and as he talked, his temper rose. He concluded his tirade in a white heat of passion. "The rector listened calmly. He answered the bishop with these words: "Well, sir, the church shall be full enough next time. I'll not let my people know you're coming."

BIG FEAT.

WALDORF ASTOR was talking about the aristocratic English regiment to which his younger brother belongs.

"There is a major in this regiment," he said, "who has very big feet. Even the most aristocratic persons, you know, have big feet occasionally."

"This major bought a wild and unmanageable charger not long ago. She was a beautiful animal, but no groom could stay on her back. His friends expected to see a good deal of fun when the major first mounted her."

"A lot of them, my brother among the number, gathered on the day the mare was led out to the major. He, his large feet hidden in tan-colored boots, petted the handsome animal, gave her a lump of sugar, and then leaped deftly on her back."

"To the surprise of all, the wild charger proved as gentle as a lamb or a cow. The major rode her without the least difficulty. There was no trouble whatever."

"Amazin', isn't it?" said a young captain to my brother.

"Oh, not very," my brother answered. "The mare probably thinks she is between the shafts."

WHAT WATER WILL DO.

D. R. A. TORREY, the evangelist, was condemning drunkenness in Philadelphia.

"For my part," he said, "I wish all the whisky dealers were like a certain western one, a hard-headed old Scot, who grew rich in the trade."

"After he had grown rich, the old man built himself a fine house—a limestone mansion on the hill, with a park around it, with conservatories, stables and out-buildings—in a word, a palace."

"One day the old Scot rode in the omnibus past his fine house. A temperance man pointed up at the grand edifice, and said with a sneer:

"'It was the whisky built that, wasn't it?'"

"'Na, na, man; the water,' the Scot answered."

What the Market Affords

BLUE FISH, 20 cents a pound. Fresh mackerel, 50 and 60 cents each. Red shad, 90 cents to \$1.10. Shad roe, 40 cents a dozen. Soft shell crabs, \$2 a pair. Halibut, 18 cents a pound. Lake Superior white fish, 20 cents a pound. Cucumbers, 10 and 15 cents each. Water cress, 5 cents a bunch. Evaporated corn, 20 cents a pound. Oranges, 40 cents a peck.

The blue fish are the novelty in the market today. They are of good size, running from 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 pounds each. Red-blooded fish, as salmon, blue fish and mackerel, in which the fat is distributed thru the fish, should be broiled rather than fried. Have the broiler hot and brush the fish with butter or oil. Be careful that the fire is not too hot. After the first few seconds the fish should be drawn away from the

fire and cooked more slowly. Baste with butter once or twice, and turn every ten seconds in cooking the flesh side, oftener in broiling the skin side, to avoid burning. When broiled spread with maitre d'hotel butter and serve garnished with slices of lemon and parsley. Sliced cucumbers should accompany the blue fish. To cook fish roe broil them for ten minutes in salted water into which a tablespoonful of vinegar has been turned. Then remove them from the hot water and plunge into cold water, roll them in egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Cold cooked roe may be used up in an escallop with cold boiled rice. Break up the roe and cover a buttered dish with it. Put in a layer of rice, sprinkle lightly with minced parsley and lemon juice, moisten with a thin white sauce, and continue until the dish is filled. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven.

THE UGLY ELBOW

The scarcity of really pretty elbows, or rather the prevalence of ugly ones, is particularly noticeable now that elbow sleeves are so generally worn. Many women whose arms are quite plump and of good shape have elbows that spoil an otherwise pretty arm. They are bony and hard and so hopelessly prominent that the only thing to do is to wear the sleeve well below the bend of the arm.

A well-known beauty specialist claims that there is no necessity for this, as elbows respond very quickly to treatment and there are none so ugly that they are hopeless. Most elbows are disfigured by the callous places formed by continually leaning on them. These may be removed and the appearance of the elbow generally improved if on retiring each night the elbows are soaked for several minutes in warm water in which a pinch of borax has been dissolved. When carefully dried they should be well rubbed with a good cold cream.

If the elbows are sharp and pointed try massaging them twice a day with a reliable skin food. The flesh all around them should be treated with the skin food, which will fill out the surrounding tissue and cause the angles to disappear. Of course it is unnecessary to add that if the habit of leaning on the

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

HOW TO WIN HER

- 1. Contrary to the general opinion, a woman isn't hard to understand. She sits always with her cards exposed. If you have horse sense you can see them. 2. Don't try to create a monopoly. Give the other fellows all the rope they want, but insist on being "it." 3. If you have a keen rival give him five nights in the week if he wants them, but never take the siding for him. Ask for but little, but insist on getting it, and if you don't get it jump the game. 4. Let the girl do most of the chancing. She likes to do it and will like you all the better if you force her to tag. Also, you will like her better. If she won't chase there's nothing doing for you, anyway. 5. If the girl doesn't like you it's no use. 6. Don't show jealousy of anybody. Be especially indifferent to the fellow who is giving you the hardest race. Never for a minute assume that anybody can beat you out. 7. Be kind and considerate always, but insist on having your way when you think you are right. 8. Don't be a hypocrite. Don't give up anything for the girl's sake that you wouldn't give up for the sake of your own self-respect. 9. Allow the girl the greatest possible freedom in regard to men friends; don't monopolize her time, and keep an anchor or two to the windward in the form of pleasant, friendly intimacies with other girls. There'll be a lot of times when you'll need an anchor. 10. Keep this thought in mind: if you lose you'll get over it. They all do.



adorned with French knots. The cuffs and collar may consist entirely of lace or of insertion and the material. In the medium size the pattern calls for 3 1/2 yards of thirty-six-inch material for its development. No. 6425—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

A SIMPLE LINGERIE BLOUSE.

The lingerie blouse has come to be so important a part of every woman's gowning that the home sewer is looking for attractive models which she may create. The blouse sketched is quite simple yet stunning with its tucks resembling box pleats and edged with lace. A blouse of this kind is very easily made yet just as effective as one requiring much more time and expense. If made of mull or batiste, a dainty little flower or vine might be embroidered along the sewing of the tucks, while a soft silk made up in this fashion would be prettier if

SOLD HER BEAUTY

Professional beauties often pose for photographers and painters and sculptors with the understanding that they are to be paid a royalty, or a fixed sum, for the right of reproducing face or figure in pictures. Most conspicuous of these is Marian Murray, America's greatest "camera model," who turned her beauty to commercial account by selling her "picture self" to a photographic firm for a term of years. Her agreement with that company is not unlike that an author makes with a publisher for his "copyright." She sold her beauty to that firm exclusively—no other firm can buy even one of her lovely arms. Miss Murray is photographed for advertisements of every kind of commodity—soap, hair tonic, perfume, a periodical, a motor-car, a railroad, in a different pose and in a different costume. It is obvious that when Miss Murray left her father's farm in Connecticut with the conviction that her beauty was worth something in the open market, she proved herself a good business woman. She sold her beauty as a man would sell, payable weekly.

LONG GLOVES INJURIOUS

Some of the French physicians are making a disturbance over the long, tight gloves! They enumerate all sorts of dreadful things to come from the continuance of this fashion—hands as red as a kitchen maid's, crumpled feet, and even varicose veins and their attendant miseries; but whether women of fashion are skeptical or indifferent it is hard to say, for there seems to have been no falling off in the number of gowns designed especially to be worn with long gloves. There is a chance of escape from such ills in buying the gloves made to order. Most Parisiennes do, because they are so fastidious in the matter of their handgear, and frequently, even with the most beautifully shaped hands and arms, there is a slight difference in size between the two hands, which is sure to bring about a misfit. The right hand being used so much more than the left, it is apt to require a half-size larger glove than its idle fellow.

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