

With the Long Bow

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

Hairy Caterpillar Soup a Dainty Luxury in South America—People Who Shudder at It in North America Make No Bones of Eating the Hairy Cow.

LITTLE Florence read in her natural history book the other day that some nations of South America made a very palatable and rich soup out of the hairy caterpillars that were found in that country. She took her shudder of horror to mamma and they both enjoyed a shudder together at the disgusting idea. But father, severely practical, looked up from his paper and said to mamma:

"Which would you prefer to eat, a few spoonfuls of caterpillar soup or a slice cut from the cow?"

Then they did another shudder at the thought of eating the hairy cow. It has been used to an idea. Very few people in this country object to eating the cow or the pig, but they will shudder at the idea of eating the caterpillar. But in India or China the idea of eating the pig or the cow is offensive. Somehow it does not seem quite right when you take into consideration the facts of killing, etc. But what are you going to do about it? Then there's that matter of hunting for sport.

"Lowery's Claim," published in British Columbia, claims that hunting is a relic of the barbarism in man's nature. The claim says:

"One of the most piteous sights is to see life pass out of the innocent, quivering, helpless grouse, quail, dove or other birds. Often these scenes are garnished with the cheers and laughter of the hunters, when beating out the brains of the birds that sharply cry and cling to their lives."

"The more humane and civilized man becomes the more he will despise the killing for fun. Such amusement marks the low, savage instinct."

How many men of genuine sympathy and kindly disposition can enjoy the killing of inoffensive innocents is a mystery. Still other people like to wear beautiful dry goods with gold lace, etc., on it and go out and kill their fellow men.

When we sit down and think these things out, we run against all sorts of trouble. If you are going to kill things or people you must not think much about it. If you think about it, it ruins your enjoyment in it.

After a careful survey of the sweet pea crop our estimator finds that it has been cut about 26,000 blossoms by the frost of Sunday night. This, however, will occasion no crop shortage, as the acreage this spring was increased enough to offset the shortage occasioned by the frost.

The songmakers have not failed to grasp the situation and have been for some time turning out vast quantities of what is called the "San Francisco Disaster Song," or in larger type, "Wait 'Till the Sun Shines, Frisco." The song tells how "on Wednesday morn, it was just at dawn, San Francisco got a shock," and later, how "a cry of fire from the coast rose higher" and swings into this refrain:

Wait till the sun shines, Frisco, the stricken help is high.

We will send succor, Frisco, don't you sigh; Relief trains are fast speeding, Westward they will fly, Wait till the sun shines, Frisco, by and by!

The telephone companies very shortly may be able to sing "hail to you, good day to you" to their striking linemen, for wireless telephoning is now a fact.

Charles E. Alden's discovery of the secret has opened up a new field of experiment and will doubtless do a great deal, in time, to rid the streets of disfiguring and dangerous wires and poles. It dawned upon Mr. Alden one day that if wireless telegraphy was so easy, the wireless telephone ought to be equally simple. He lost no time after this hint in constructing a telephone along experimental lines. The instrument was so small that he could put it in his vest pocket. It was attached to a wireless Marconi battery.

One evening a few weeks ago Mr. Alden set up his telephone in his studio on Martha's Vineyard island, and as he sat smoking his after-dinner pipe and wondering where he had better set up his sending apparatus, he was startled by the sound of a voice in the room. Outside the storm howled along the coast and beat the waves against the rocks of the island.

"Hello! Hello!" Is that Mr. Smith? Yes? Come over this evening if you can."

"All right. Good-by!"

Mr. Alden sat bolt upright. Then he got up and went to the door. There was no one there. The little instrument on the table began to buzz again, and then came another voice, a different one this time.

Mr. Alden realized the situation. His little instrument was not waiting for his sending instrument to be set up, but was pilfering messages from the New England Telephone company's wire which ran along a road three miles away. Wild with delight, Mr. Alden rushed across lots and got some of his friends to come in and witness the success of his discovery. When they arrived this little apparatus was still busy disclosing neighborhood gossip.

It is not necessary for a man to enter the state of matrimony to hear all the talk that is coming to him. He may set up his wireless receiver and discover all that his neighbors have for dinner—and some other things.

—A. J. R.



The way the baseball fan was feeling about it when the team came home.



The way he feels about it now.

NEW DIALECT TORTURE.

AT THE Franklin Inn, a literary club, two poets sat in converse.

"Do you remember," said the balder man of the two, "the dialect stories of ten or fifteen years ago—the magazine dialect stories, the work of Page and Harris and so on, which we tried to regard as artistic?"

"Do I remember?" said the other, and groaned. "Well," resumed the first, "a new dialect torture has been invented, play dialect, and George Bernard Shaw, a man of real genius, is the originator. Shaw's attempts to imitate the cockney and the American dialect are something incredible. Listen here."

And the poet read from his notebook these examples of the cockney dialect of Mr. Shaw:

Ah—how. Camftu—comforting. Nar—now. Ynt—ain't. Wrowt—wrote. Ey—have. Rawd—ride. Paflick—perfect. Yeyppn—happen. Awkink—asking. Waw—why.

"Imagine," said the poet, "coming across a page with those words jumbled up on it—rawd and colth and nar and yeyppn and ey. You'd think you were reading Persian, wouldn't you? And now here is how Shaw makes his Americans talk."

He read from the notebook again:

Cawnsult—consult. Cawnstutution—constitution. Sertnly—certainly. Respawnsible—responsible. Cawndooce—conduce. Precisee—precise. Doo—due. Pawnt—want. Fawly—folly. Pawnt mee—pardon me.

UNNECESSARY LABOR.

CLERK McDOWELL of the house of representatives has issued a vest pocket directory of the house, giving the names of the members, their residences and their committee rooms. "What's this, Aleck?" asked a disgruntled member who came into the clerk's office after he had a session with the speaker about getting recognized to call up a bill. "That's a vest pocket directory of the house," Clerk McDowell replied. The member examined it carefully. "Seems to me like a great waste of money," he said finally; "you could have made it a heap smaller and more accurate if you had printed Speaker Cannon's name in it and let it go at that."

Was It a Quarrel?

THEY stood in front of a portrait in the Art Institute. No one else was in the gallery and the guard had kindly turned his back. She slipped her hand into his.

"Do you remember what anniversary this is, dear?" she asked.

"Yes. Does it seem as long to you?"

"Two whole weeks—and an hour! The rice isn't out of my hat yet. In all that time we've not had a single quarrel. Ned, do you think we shall ever quarrel?"

"Never. No one could quarrel with you, dear."

"Oh, I'm sure it would be my fault if we ever disagreed and—I should throw my arms around your neck and beg your forgiveness."

"Say, I wish that guard would stay with his back turned that way. That's the trouble with guards; they are apt to look at the wrong time."

"Ned, you could never have loved anyone else as you do me?"

"Of course not."

"But perhaps you have been on earth before. Oh, Ned, you don't think you could have loved anyone in some pre-existence, do you?"

"Certainly not."

"Are you sure?"

"I ought to know, if I was there."

"Yes, that's true. Yet sometimes a doubt comes into my heart."

"Never doubt my love for you, dear. Look at this picture."

"It reminds me of some one I've seen."

"Yes, it looks like Daisy Fleming."

"You are quick to see the likeness. No doubt you knew her very well."

"Yes, indeed. Daisy and I had some good times."

"I suppose so," coldly.

"Now, don't get jealous. A man can like a girl and not want to marry her, you know."

"Indeed! You speak as if you had thought about marrying her. Of course, it's nothing to me. Oh, Ned, tell me the worst. Did you ever kiss her?"

"Now, dear, you are foolish."



"Now, don't get jealous."

"Tell me the truth, Ned. I can bear it."

"How can a fellow remember whom he has kissed?"

"Edward, for shame! As if I didn't remember when you—"

"So do I. You were sweet enough to eat."

"Did you ever make love to her?"

"Oh, a fellow is bound to be soft and moonish sometimes."

"You needn't say any more. I know it all. A moonlight night—"

"No, it wasn't. It was raining cats and dogs—"

"There, you have confessed!"

"To what?"

"To it's raining and—and other things."

"I remember we were running for shelter and she slipped and fell right into my arms—"

"They were ready for her, no doubt."

"Well, a fellow can't let a girl fall, on a night like that. Come to think of it, she held to me—"

"The brazen thing! I never did like her."

"Oh, she was sweet and pretty as the dickens. I told her I'd a notion to kiss her."

"She was willing, I suppose. That kind usually are."

"No, she wasn't. She said I didn't dare. Of

Get a Gibson Picture

By an exclusive arrangement with "Life," and at great cost, The Journal is able to give to its own readers some superb reproductions of Charles Dana Gibson's best drawings, practically free.

HOW TO GET THEM

Cut out the coupon that appeared in page 10, Dramatic Section, of last Sunday's Journal, and present it at The Journal counter with 7 cents. Out-of-town subscribers should send 3 cents extra to cover postage.

These pictures are reproduced on heavy enamel paper and are fitted with thick gray mats, and should not be confused with the inferior Gibson pictures that newspapers in many sections of the country are flooding their districts with as supplements.

The Gibson pictures from the "Life" originals are too heavy and valuable to send out in a Sunday newspaper.

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course, after that—well, a fellow can't take a dare from a girl—as pretty as Daisy."

"Oh, I knew it—I knew it. We have been too happy! If—if only it hadn't happened on our anniversary! To think you might have married her!"

"No, I couldn't."

"No, how do you know that? Did you ask her?"

"No-o, because she believed in platonic friendship."

"No-o, because she believed in platonic friendship."

"Then you never really loved her?"

"Never."

"Do you think you would have married any one but me, if I had never been born?"

"Never."

"And you don't admire this picture?"

"Not a bit. It doesn't look like anything. It isn't one, two, three."

"But you said—"

"Oh, at first glance. But now it just looks like—like paint, and, darling, the guard has gone into the other room."—Chicago News.

WHERE IT WAS DONE

Joe Bing, he cut ten cord o' wood
From rise to set o' sun;
He cut it, an' he piled it, too.
Yes, sir, that's w'at he done.
To cut ten cords of wood, I vow,
Is one tremendous chore—
Joe Bing cut his behind the stove
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he cut eight load o' hay.
I swan, an' raked it, too.
An' in twelve hours by the clock
He was entirely thru.
He could, I guess, before he slept
Cut jes' as many more—
He cut it where he did the wood,
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he plowed four acres onct,
He plowed it good an' neat;
An' fore the sun had near gone down
The job was all complete.
The horses never turned a hair,
Want' t'ired, ner leas' bit sore.
He plowed it all in one short day—
In Luscomb's grocery store.

Joe Bing, he plowed four acres onct,
By simply pickin' hops;
He done it all in jest a day
With time for sev'ral stops.
He could as well a-kept it up
A dozen days or more.
Where wuz it done? The same ol' place—
In Luscomb's grocery store.
—Woman's Home Companion.

Curios and Oddities

FLOWERS THAT TURN TO FISH.

FACTS as strange as fairy tales abound in the sciences. There is a flower, for instance, that turns into a fish. This is one of the fairlike facts of science.

The flower in question is the stone lily, which grows to the size of a small tree in South American waters, tho it is very small off more northern coasts. The stone lily is a marine flower; it lives under the sea; and that is a lucky and convenient thing for the fish it ultimately becomes.

The fish it becomes is a starfish.

There is a certain starfish born at the end of a tentacle, an actual plant tentacle, that is attached to a stone or rock in the sea. This plant grows, and its starry blossom acquires size and strength. Finally, when it is capable of taking care of itself, the blossom detaches from its plant stem, and floats away—a flower no longer, but a fish.

This is the encrinurus, or stone lily, a fish-plant with a pedigree that shames the proudest human pedigree, for distinct traces of it have been found in rocks a million years old.

PRAYERS ON SAND GRAINS.

THACKERAY could write the Lord's prayer on a sapphire, which is the size of a dime, but it is now possible to write the prayer on a surface so small that one grain of sand would hide it completely.

Microscopists sell copies of the Lord's prayer written in a circle only the 500th part of an inch in diameter. To read the prayer it is necessary to use a lens magnifying 500 times.

Writing so incredibly small is accomplished by means of levers six feet long. These levers are so adjusted that the motion is gradually lessened as it travels along them, till, when it reaches the delicate end, armed with a minute diamond pen that rests on a glass surface, it causes the pen to register on the glass writing so small as to be invisible.

INVENTION FOR THE OPERA.

"I HEAR of a fine new invention," said a patent office man. "It is a kind of magic lantern thing for opera. As the singers sing, the words of the song are thrown on a screen above their heads."

"This invention ought to succeed. It is annoying, at the opera, never to know what the songs are about. The only remedy heretofore has been the libretto, but you don't care for this remedy because, reading the libretto, you lose the action on the stage."

"But the words thrown on a screen would allow you to follow the songs, and at the same time to miss none of the stage pictures."

What the Market Affords

VEAL hearts, 5 cents each.
Fish balls, 2 for 5 cents.
Cornmeal, 10 pound sack, 30 cents.
Sweet potatoes, 7 cents a pound.
Egg plant, 15 and 20 cents.
Cherries, 30 and 50 cents a pound.

Baked veal heart is a very old English dish and is sometimes called "Love in Disguise." Wash the heart well, wipe it and fill with a forcemeat of chopped veal, bread crumbs, herbs, salt, pepper and yolk of egg. Tie it in oiled paper and bake it for an hour and a

half, basting often. Take off the paper, sprinkle it with flour and let it brown. Serve with mashed potatoes and spinach or tomatoes.

To make a delicious breakfast corn cake, cream two-thirds a cup of butter. Beat into it one cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, and, alternately, two cups of milk and two cups, each, of cornmeal and white flour, sifted with one level teaspoonful of soda and three level teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Lastly, beat in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry.

A SUIT FOR THE LAD.



the boy a sense of pride in being his father's successor. The sketch shows a blouse which has a broad becoming sailor collar. The pocket is finished with a lap so that there is one less thing to show wear quickly. The silk tie and patent leather belt may be of contrasting color and serve as the only trimming. Tucks at the wrist take the place of a cuff. Crash, linen of serge may be used for the suit. In the medium size 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material are needed.

No. 4003—Sizes, 2 to 6 years.

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DEPT. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below. (Write the name carefully.)

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Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

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CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure your body only mark 22, 24 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

A WESTERN CLUB WOMAN

THE great northwest has no more active a clubwoman than Mrs. James A. McGee of Nampa, Idaho. Her life is a record of substantial achievements both for the advancement of women and the betterment of child conditions. As chairman of the legislative committee of the second district, Idaho, Federation of Women's clubs, Mrs. McGee aided in securing the passage of the juvenile court bill enacted by the state legislature in 1905. She served on the school board of her home city, Nampa, for four years, during three of which she acted as secretary of the board.

A native of Pennsylvania, Mrs. McGee was born at Indiana, Indiana county, Pa. She was educated in the public and high schools; and completed the course at the Washington seminary, Washington, Pa., and Pittsburgh female college. About twenty years ago, she removed to Portland, Ore., with her husband and three children and a little later went to Nampa, Idaho, where they are ranked among the pioneers of the place. Mrs. McGee was corresponding secretary of the W. C. T. U. for ten years; and was president of the Woman's Suffrage club of Nampa, when suffrage was granted to the women of the state. She has always taken an active part in church work. When the Idaho Mothers' congress was formed last summer, she became its first president; and represented Idaho at the annual conference of the National Congress of Mothers, in Los Angeles in April.

OLIVE OIL FOR BEAUTY

"Good morning. Have you used olive oil?"

When you hear one woman address another in this fashion do not think she is feeble-minded or a publicity agent for a new kind of breakfast food. Study her complexion and you will see the answer. For the essential juices of



MRS. JAMES A. MCGEE, Nampa, Idaho, President Idaho State Congress of Mothers.

the Italian food product have been declared by Sir Thomas Barlow, physician to King Edward's household, to be a panacea for all the ills that the skin of woman is heir to.

When Sir Thomas was consulted by a court belle who feared that her complexion, and consequently her reign, was fading, he strongly advised lubrication, inside and out, with the oleaginous bottled exports of Lucca and Nice. And, of course, all fashionable women, altho they may deny it at first, will go and do likewise.

Beat all carpets at home and do it thoroughly. There is no cheaper or more effective way of annoying the neighbors.

To remove spots from furniture or hangings use a solution of lye and turpentine. The spots will come out in chunks.

WHY THEY SHAKE HANDS

There are four reasons why women no longer kiss each other.

First, it has been found difficult for two persons wearing Gainsborough hats or their modifications to kiss.

Second, the long flowing veils of the moment become a tangled mass of chiffon or net and the large velvet spots with too rough treatment easily become detached.

Third, the complexion, unless exceedingly well made, is apt to smear, and the powder easily rubs off, presenting a daubed effect.

Fourth, the elaborate blouse and neck ruffles, with the multitudinous chains, etc., of modern dress decorations, are easily crushed and quickly lose their pristine beauty.

It is therefore considered bad taste to kiss in public, and so, since there must be some way of welcoming a friend, the manly handshake has come in.

HAPPY PRINCESS ENA

Princess Ena is described as very tall, fair, of a round face, resembling the Duke of Connaught's when he was her age, and with the cheeks, chin and something of the mouth of Queen Victoria when young. She is good-humored and inclined to hearty laughter. When the princess does not laugh she does her best to wear the air the queen preserves at drawing rooms. The eyes are not large or expressive, but not dull either, and rather agreeable. It would be hard to describe the color of her hair. Autumn foliage as it turns from russet to pale yellow is comparable to it. But a Parisian hairdresser would know how to do the "lively auburn" hair of the Empress Eugenie. Princess Ena is too much Queen Victoria's grand-daughter not to be as much in love (and for life) with Alfonso as he is now with her.

Don't begin the housecleaning until you have bought all your spring clothes. Maybe you could not afford both.

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