

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature walks, shoot folly as it flies"

Tammam Carlyle Makes a Plea for "The Man Who Sings at His Work"—Mrs. Carlyle's Opinion About This Might Have Been Interesting.

CARLYLE once said thoughtlessly: "Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music."

It is clear from this that the sage of Ecclefechan never worked in an office. It is easy to sit in a library at the top of the house with all noise carefully excluded and the rooster muffled and make a plea for "the man who sings at his work."

We would like to have seen Mrs. Carlyle attempt to sing at her work when the philosopher was busy! She would have heard from "Tammam" and the explosion would have thrown the recent powderhouse outbreak in the east into the shade.

Theoretically the man who sings at his work is all right. Practically he is a blooming failure. The rest of the office force arises and makes remarks. Somebody asks him if he wouldn't just as soon sing as to make that noise. Others more sympathetically say, "Shut up!" or "Vat list!"

No biographer has yet pictured Carlyle as whooping it up musically as he threw off the French Revolution. If he had we believe Mrs. Carlyle might very properly have remarked, "hoot mon!"

The Montpelier Argus is urging the democrats of Vermont to make themselves a greater power than they have been for years. The democratic party of Vermont stands rockfast in its support of the maple sugar industry by a powerful plea in the state platform to have the tariff taken off of molasses.

Mrs. Alice West of Chicago is convinced that the devil should no more make use of all the attractive ladies than he should of all the kinky tunes. She stated the other day at a meeting of the sisters that "a woman in an artistic bonnet and a pretty shirt-waist can bring more of the unregenerate into the fold than one in sackcloth and ashes." The devil may well feel some alarm over this departure, for if the "artistic bonnets and pretty shirt-waists" line up against him, he will soon find himself in the position of the republican party in Texas.

The Fargo Forum had a reporter on the spot as usual when John Wandmaker, a Fargo barber with a broken roadcart wanted to get the vehicle downtown, but did not want to go to the expense of hiring a dray. The street car ran by the place. Mr. Wandmaker stopped it and asked the conductor if he might stand on the rear platform, and lead the cart down by the shafts.

The conductor was accommodating, and John paid his nickel. About half way down town two boys gave the motorman the high sign and the car was stopped. When the boys started to get on John suddenly had another idea.

"Say, you boys," he said, "I will let both of you ride downtown in my roadcart for a nickel and then you will have a nickel left for candy." The suggestion sounded good to the kids. They paid Wandmaker the nickel and climbed into the cart. And John got his cart downtown and his own ride free.

"That's too much high finance for me," the conductor said when the barber left his car and pulled the roadcart into an alley.

Oliver Martin was one of the luckiest miners that ever struck pick to earth. He and a companion named Flower had been prospecting for weeks without touching gold, and so great were the hardships endured that the two men almost died of exhaustion. While in these extremities they were overtaken by a terrific storm, which killed Flower. His comrade, terribly weakened by hunger and toil, might almost have been excused for giving up in despair and going back to civilization, but he had the grit. His first thought was to give the body of his comrade a decent burial. He started at once to dig a grave at the bottom of a tree. As he threw out the earth he struck a nugget, which, under the name of "The Oliver Martin Chunk," became famous as the largest ever found in the new world. It weighed 151 pounds 6 ounces, and realized \$25,000. The episode is extraordinary. Flower dies in the search of gold; and his death reverses the gold he had so long sought. Martin, reduced to the depths of despondency, suddenly finds himself a rich man; all the richer because his companion can no longer claim a share.

It never pays to give up and declare oneself "all in." The next effort made is likely to be the one that starts you on the road to success.

One of the strangest superstitions in the world is that of the barkeeper. No professional barkeeper thinks for a moment of taking a drink all by himself. If he does, something happens, either a fight in the saloon and things smashed or somebody manages "to deadbeat" him. Only this spring a barkeeper in Cincinnati laughed at this as a superstition and insisted upon having his occasional drink without a treat for somebody. In the space of one month he had seven fights in the saloon where he worked in consequence, had two or three bad falls with more or less severe bruises, a keg of beer rolled on him, his hand was cut



READY FOR THE POLITICAL LIGHTNING

The Candidate—Wonder if lightning will strike this chimney again.

on several occasions while picking up broken glasses or bottles, and in the end he slipped on a fruit peel and broke his arm. There may not be anything in superstitions as a rule, but it is well to keep on the safe side. —A. J. R.

A FORGOTTEN POLICY.

THOMAS W. LAWSON said at a dinner in Boston, about the insurance scandals: "Our insurance companies have given us policies of many kinds—deferred payment policies, endowment policies, mutual life policies, and so on—but I am afraid they have overlooked the best policy of all. Honesty, you know, is the best policy."

Mr. Lawson smiled and went on: "Honesty is always the best policy. There was an insurance man here in Boston years ago who found this out to his cost. The cost was \$125,000."

"A distinguished shipper in the China trade once became alarmed about the ship of his. The ship was overdue. Day after day passed. Desperate, at last, the trader decided—marine insurance was a novelty in those days—that he would try to secure a policy on the missing vessel.

"He was promised a policy, tho at a tremendous rate, of course. He was promised the policy on Monday, and on Tuesday he heard that his boat had been wrecked, and her high cargo lost.

"As the policy had not yet been made out, the trader, a very honest man, sent a note around to the manager of the insurance company, saying that if he had not yet made out the policy he need not do so, as the vessel had been heard from.

"But the manager suspected that the merchant wanted to cheat him out of the heavy premium involved, and the policy, really, could not be made out for an hour or more, he at once wrote, signed and dispatched a letter to the effect that the policy was now in force, and it was too late to cancel it.

"This cost the manager just \$125,000. He had forgotten, in his hunger for new business, the best policy of all."

A CASE OF BATHOS.

BLISS PERRY, the new occupant of the chair of English at Harvard, said of bathos recently: "A good example of bathos came within the experience of a Boston clergyman.

"A Boston fisherman had lost his little son, a boy of 4, his only child, and the poor fellow was well nigh beside himself with grief. The clergyman went to see him.

"As the clergyman talked to him, the bereaved father wept. His grief intensified itself. The clergyman, before such pained suffering, was more and more moved.

"And suddenly, rocking himself to and fro, with tears trickling down his brown cheeks, the fisherman said in a voice hoarse and broken with emotion: "Do ye think, sir, I could have the little beggar stuffed?"

Alligator, a popular native dish in India, tastes like veal.

He Wanted His Change

IN A SMALL city in eastern Indiana there lives a professor who is notorious for his parsimony. One day he stopped into a hat store, and after rummaging over the stock, selected an ordinary hat, put it on, ogled himself in the glass, and then asked the very lowest price.

"But," said the hatter, "that hat is not good enough for you to wear; here is what you want," showing one of his best derbys.

"That's the best I can afford, tho," returned the professor.

"Well, there, Mr. —, I'll make you a present of that derby, if you'll wear it, and tell whose store it came from. You can tend me customers enough to



"BUT YOU'D BETTER TAKE THE OTHER, SIR"

get my money back with interest; you know pretty much everybody."

"Thank you, thank you," said the professor, his eyes gleaming with pleasure. "But how much may this be worth?"

"The price of that hat is \$5," replied the salesman. "And the other?" asked the professor.

"Three."

"I think, sir, that this hat will answer my purpose just as well as the other," said he, taking off the derby, and holding it in one hand as he put on the cheap one.

"But you'd better take the other, sir; it won't cost you any more."

"But—but," replied the professor, hesitatingly, "I didn't know but—perhaps you'd just as soon have me take the cheap one—and perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the difference in cash."—Harper's Weekly.

THE BAGDAD BUTTON.

THE rug dealer had just returned from Persia, where he had been buying rugs.

"I got to Bagdad by water," he went on. "I floated down the Tigris to Bagdad on a raft made of skins.

"All the houses in Bagdad have underground rooms against the summer heat. From October to May the climate is cool and fine, but from June to September the south wind blows, and you get up in the morning to a temperature of 112 degrees in the shade, and by two in the afternoon this temperature will have run up to 122. No wonder they have underground rooms, is it?"

"I wanted to tell you about the Bagdad button. It is a scar, a deep, red, round scar, like a button, which every resident of Bagdad, every visitor to Bagdad, gets, sooner or later. None escape.

"I did not escape a Bagdad button. My scar is on my right arm, near the shoulder.

"The trouble starts in a painless sore. The sore may attack you the first day you reach Bagdad. It may hold off a year. It will come, tho. None escape it.

"This sore refuses to heal for twelve or thirteen months. It gives you no pain, but it must be dressed daily; it is a disagreeable nuisance. Finally it disappears, leaving a scar—the Bagdad button.

"Great French physicians have devoted years in Bagdad to a study of the button, trying to find some means of curing it. Vaccination has been tried, but it has failed. Burning out the sore with caustic has failed also. Caustic causes the sore to disappear, but it at once returns in another place, and hence, instead of one, two Bagdad buttons.

"Bagdad's fine winter climate might make it a popular winter resort but for the notorious button, which scares visitors away. The scientist who masters and abolishes this strange disease will do a great work for Bagdad.

"The button appears on any part of the body. It is as likely to appear on the nose as on the leg. It has disfigured for life some very handsome faces."

There are 200 kinds of patent horseshoes.

Get a Gibson Picture

OF REAL ARTISTIC MERIT.

"Without Price," one of Charles Dana Gibson's most famous drawings, is the picture secured for Journal subscribers this week.

HOW TO GET THEM

Out out the coupon that appeared on page 6, Editorial 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 original announcement made by The Journal regarding these pictures stated that exclusive arrangements had been made with "Life" for their use.

The Journal desires to make correction of this statement and to say that the arrangements were not made with "Life." The pictures, however, are reproductions of the original Gibson drawings published in "Life," and made famous by that successful publication.

Get a Gibson Picture At Once

Curios and Oddities

"The Passing Strange"

HOW TO PLUCK AN OSTRICH.

"THE plucking of the birds is the most interesting thing about an ostrich farm," said the ostrich farmer. "I'll tell you how it's done.

"The ostriches are driven, one at a time, into the plucking stall. This is a very solid stall of wood, six feet square, five feet high, and unroofed. When the stall door is shut, the ostrich inside can't move about, and can't harm the pluckers, working on him from without.

"It is on the ostrich's wings that the pluckers work, for only on the wings do the plumes grow. These plumes may either be cut or pulled. The better method is the latter one.

"A good plucker takes hold of a feather as near the skin as he can get. He presses on the quill, as if to stick it farther into the flesh, and at the same time he turns it half way round. This loosens it. It now comes out as readily as a rose comes off a rosebush. There is no pain to the ostrich, and in the skin where the feather had been there is no wound, and not even any soreness.

"An ostrich does not look, after plucking, as odd as you'd think. He doesn't look at all nude. For, you see, only his wing feathers are attacked, and even of them all but the biggest and finest are spared."

QUEER NAMES OF NEWSPAPERS.

THE western reporter wore a frock coat and a sombrero. "Your eastern newspapers are all right," he said, "but their names have no snap to them. 'Journal' and 'Times' and 'Bulletin' and 'Chronicle' are tame names, but they are popular here. Now if you went west—"

He took out his notebook.

"Let me read you a few of the names of western papers that I've made a list of," he said. "These names have ingenuity. Listen."

He read: "The Gisby City Scorch, the Thomas County Cat, the Bristol Whim Wham, the Saturday Cyclone, the Jayhawk-Palladium, the Sheffield Conductor Funch, the Cash City Cashier, the Cheyenne County Hustler, the Kansas Prairie Dog, the Chase County Clipper, the Burlingame Brick, the Allison Breeze,

the Axle Broad Ax, the Gully Grip, the Kansas Cowboy, the Ensign Bazzoo, the Santa Fe Trail, the Hatcher, the Comet, the Boomerang, the Lawrence Lariat, the Springfield Soap Box."

CACAO, COCA, COCO, COCOA.

"CACAO, coca, coco and coyo are words that mean entirely different things," said a chemist. "They are not interchangeable, as curacao and curacao are.

"Cacao is chocolate. It is the product of the chocolate-berry tree. This tree, which is thirty feet high, bears an egg-shaped pod. The seeds inside the pod are roasted and husked. They are ground into a paste and sweetened and flavored. This paste is cacao, or chocolate. It may be eaten or drunk.

"Coca is a shrub whose leaves give us the stimulating drug, cocaine. Coca leaves have for centuries been fed to horses and cattle in their fodder. An extraordinary stimulation is the result. A traveler, chewing a few coca leaves, can more than double his powers of endurance.

"Coco is a kind of sweet potato—a plant with an edible root.

"Cocoa is the coconut palm, which yields us the familiar cocconut.

"The present usage, which calls chocolate cocoa, is altogether wrong."

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP INDEED.

"MUNICIPAL ownership," said a socialist, "is carried to the limit in the happy English town of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire.

"The Huddersfield housewife cooks her steak on a gas range with gas from the municipal plant. She reads her newspaper by municipal electric light. She buys in the municipal market, from a municipal butcher, meat slaughtered at the municipal abattoir. If she is sick, a municipal doctor attends her in the municipal hospital. If she runs out into the country, a municipal trolley car carries her. Her children go to a municipal school, bathe in the municipal baths, and frolic in the municipal park, where a municipal band plays. If she wants to send a telegram, she goes to the municipal telegraph office. The municipal parcel post will send her parcel, for a quarter, anywhere in England or Australia, or India or Canada. Finally, when the good Huddersfield housewife dies, a municipal undertaker lays her out, and she is buried in the municipal cemetery."

In Ireland it rains 208 days in the year.

What the Market Affords

ROG legs, 15 cents a dozen. Hamburg steak, 10 cents a pound. Egg plant, 20 cents each. Rye meal, 10-pound sack, 30 cents. Coffee rolls, 20 cents a dozen. Horseradish mayonnaise, 20 cents a bottle. Pineapples, 15 cents each.

The rich and abundant juices of the pineapple are very cooling to the blood, and contain the most active digestive principle similar to pepsin, but unlike the latter this principle will operate in either an acid, neutral, or even alkaline medium, according to the kind of proteid to which it is presented.

Most every housekeeper has at some time in her cooking career been annoyed by this puzzling digestive principle of the pineapple and many a gelatine mixture has refused to gelatinize after the addition of raw pineapple juice. This is because the gelatine has been so effectually digested that all possibility of its stiffening has been destroyed, explains the May Good Housekeeping. Whether the juice or pulp is to be used it should be thoroughly sealed before combining it with any such albuminoid substance as milk, eggs or gelatine.

In preserving, pineapple should be cooked slowly and thoroughly, yet it must be remembered that its rich, delicious flavor is more easily destroyed by overcooking than that of any other fruit. The unpleasant task of paring and eyeing this fruit has been greatly reduced by the invention of a handy little machine for removing the eyes.

To make pineapple fritters, select a very ripe pineapple, pare it carefully, remove the eyes, and grate the fruit, being careful to save all the juice. Sift a pint of flour, add enough cold water to the pineapple to make a pint in all, and add this to the flour, mixing it to a smooth batter. Add a half teaspoon of salt and the well-beaten yolk of one egg. Lastly stir into the batter the stiffly whipped white of the egg, and fry in spoonfuls in deep hot fat. When delicately browned, drain, then pile on a hot platter, dust with powdered sugar, and serve very hot.

WHY FRENCH WOMEN DRESS WELL

Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

Cheap fashions in Paris do not mean cheap finery, and that is why French women dress well. When they want finery they pay for it, and when they can't afford it they go without and dress according to their means. That is the whole secret. They dress as well, relatively, on \$10 (\$50) a year as on \$1,000 (\$5,000). The style is everything and that—within limits—is as accessible to a short as to a long purse.

Experts say that the very cheapest dress which a Parisian shop girl can buy—one at 19¢ (90¢ for instance)—has a style about it and is in the fashion. Would she find its equivalent in England? In Paris it is an axiom that there is only one fashion for rich and poor alike, and East End hats and coster-girl modes have no French equivalent whatever. It is true that the French girl devotes two-thirds of her life, as a rule, to the study of dress.

She knows within a week or so what the great ladies are wearing, and, while carefully refraining from aping their luxury, she follows their fashions closely. In short, she asks for style without finery. She would no more think of going to her work in an unfashionably cut dress than she would of hanging cheap ribbons, sham lace and tin ornaments around herself. Hence her ornaments special shops must keep as much up-to-date as the great couturiers.

Buenos Aires is the largest city south of the equator. Rio de Janeiro comes next, while Sydney, New South Wales, is third.

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

MRS. VANDERBILT'S IDEA

In her dressing room and on her pet afternoon tea table Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is using an idea she gathered from her hairdresser. The embroidered cloths spread over dressing and tea tables are covered with sheets of the clearest plate glass, cut to fit the table tops exactly. The advantage of this glass cover, which Mrs. Vanderbilt is quick to take in at a glance, is that one may use the costliest of lace or embroidered spreads for months at a time without having their freshness ruined by dust or running the danger of having them spoiled at the cleaners'. This glass cover also prevents the cloths from being stained by water, cologne, hair tonic or the rings made by wet bottles. In the case of the tea table, the kettle might sputter, the alcohol run over, or a wet saucer might be put down on the glass top, yet the embroidered cloth beneath would not be spotted in the slightest. Any woman can try this, for glass is cheap.

FINE FOR THE CHILDREN

When the children want to cut or paste let them spread a newspaper to catch their litter. Tell them to cut out men's and women's faces and have a baby show with them. Appoint judges and give a prize to the one the judges think the prettiest. A twenty-year-old man or woman would be sixty days or two months old. It is most amusing.

Let them cut out animals, fruits and flowers. You can have fairs, landscapes, towns, streets and buildings, and make a nice art gallery. Make a cup of paste for them and let them work on sheets of newspapers, so when their work is done they can gather together the scraps and burn them. You can invite the neighbors' children from time to time and all together make a quantity of pictures and hold fairs.

Lord Sweedmouth, first lord of the British Admiralty, is an assiduous collector of old china.

A NEW IMPORTATION



All of the latest models in dressy street suits which the importer brought over from Paris show the corset skirt and abbreviated Etion. This is a mode most kind to those of good figure and will do much to increase the attractiveness of feminine wearers. The drawing shows one of the newest of the French models, which is exceedingly smart and becoming. The skirt is circular, with a straight front panel which extends up to high ceinture depth and is completed by a fitted girde which joins the skirt. This corset effect may be omitted if desired. The coat is of natty length and is strapped with folds of the material or braid. Buttons are an effective adornment, as

is the lace which embellishes the small velvet vestes and collar. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips and flares generously about the hem. The suit would be very chic developed in Rajah or Burlington, as well as voile, taffetas or linen. For the medium size the suit requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Two Patterns—No. 6473—Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, No. 6474—Sizes 20 to 30 inches waist. The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

Form for requesting patterns: PATTERN NOS. 6473, 6474. UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPT. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below. (Write the name carefully.) Name, Street, Town, State, Measurement—Waist, Bust, Age (if child's or miss' pattern).

HOW TO REST

To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned if one will give one's mind to it, but the former is an act some people never acquire. Rest necessitates change of scene and activities. Lounging is very often tiring, sleeping is not always restful, and sitting down, with nothing to do, is simply to invoke weariness. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to direct the thoughts into a new channel. The man or woman who is weary with care finds relief in active employment with freedom from responsibility. The brain worker generally finds the best rest in playing hard. It is quite a mistake always to expect to find it in idleness.

Advertisement for Gamossi Suede Gloves, Umbrellas and Parasols. Money Raising Sale. 610 Nicollet Ave.

Advertisement for True Tone Band Instruments. Catalog Free.

Advertisement for Rose Expert Repairing. 41-43 So. Sixth St.

Advertisement for Minneapolis Eye. 522 Nicollet Av.

Advertisement for Negligee Shirts. 50 doz. Shirts in Oxfords and madras, plain or fancy, with detached cuffs; choice; Wednesday only. 50c.

Advertisement for Panama Hats. The newest shapes in fine Panamas at prices sure to create heavy selling—this week \$15, \$10, \$6 and... \$5.

Advertisement for W. V. Whipple. 426 Nicollet Avenue. "Where men find what they want."

Advertisement for St. Paul Tent & Awning Co. Makers of Tents, Awnings, Shades, Flags and Covers of every description. Roller Awnings a Specialty. 358-8 Jackson St. St. Paul - Minn.

Advertisement for Talking Machines on Easy Payments. Minnesota Phonograph Co. 515 Nicollet Av. Send for Edison and Victor Catalog. Store Open Evenings.