

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot only as it flies"

Story of the Iowa Girl Who Made the Joyful Noise at Her Own Wedding—What Can Be Done on Occasion with a Trained Voice with Jounces in it.

THERE was a girl born in the '80's in Iowa gifted, so her parents said, with "the supreme gift of song." She had a voice! From earliest youth she was generally understood that Lucille was to be a prime donee of some kind and to climb the sublime heights of musical expression. When there was anything going on in town Lucille's voice was rubbed down, trotted out and given a taste of the fresh grass of popular applause. Later in life this voice studied at "The Conservatory" somewhere. The conservatory was unhappily named so, for as prices went for they were not at all conservative in looting papa about \$3 or \$4 an hour for carrying Lucille's whiney.

When nothing more could be done for this outcry, Lucille went home to Iowa to rest preparatory to starting in on her career as a prima donna. At this epochal point in her career the girl met a worthless cuss, the cigarette boy of the town who read the Chicago American and had the air, and she decided offhand to marry him. This youth wore a little shallow lid on the back of his head for a hat, his coat was three inches deep, his coat was riotous and his baggy pantaloons, turned up at the bottom, were upheld by a belt. He had two or three weak ideas and sang the topical song and, as bookkeeper in an implement house, he offered that kind of assistance to trade that fills selfmade business men with an ardent longing to sell out and retire to the country.

So Lucille and Charlie went to be wed and Lucille determined to make the event the opportunity for displaying The Voice. You may recall that this voice had gone thru The Conservatory. So at the wedding, a church affair, Lucille marched up the aisle to meet the groom at the altar, and as she marched she displayed The Voice upon a "piece" by an European composer, Russian probably. It had abbequiatras in it and jounceandos and it was full of other kinds of noise. The groom was held rigidly to his place at the altar by father and the best man, all feeling like 40 cents in change, 10 cents of which was counterfeit, as Lucille knocked the heads out of several casks of noise and emptied their contents into the church.

This little event filled the town with deep joy and offered material for society comment for weeks to come. But it got a nice writeup in the local paper.

The following letter has been received: To the Long Bow Man:

The writer found, when he began to take notice of other things besides things to eat, that he had been born a negro. He was not consulted as to color before birth, but, if he had been, would have chosen black in spite of its disadvantages, first, because his mother was black and second because he has since met so delightful a black woman who has consented to become his wife. She might not have done this had he been red or white or yellow.

In reading the Century Magazine for May last Sunday, the writer was much interested in Luther Burbank's article on "The Training of the Human Plant." Mr. Burbank says:

"We are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet the same results that are always seen in a much crossed race of plants; all the worst, as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensities. Right here is where selective environment counts. When all the necessary crossing has been done, then comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that should be the finest race ever known. The characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite; the finished product will be the race of the future."

I, a black man, was led to wonder, and I have since thought of it much, whether there are not qualities in the negro race that will be wanted in that final composite. Is there not, possibly, a strain of music, a banjo thrum perhaps, or a note of suffering patiently endured, or of loyalty to those in authority, that the negro race can contribute to this final composite. I wonder what Mr. Burbank would say to this. Doubtless race prejudice will prevent the complete amalgamation of the black with the white race. But is there not already a sufficient admixture to permit the final race to seize on the qualities of our race that it may need?

This is a mere speculation, but even we negroes are human and life is as dear to us as to you. We love to think that we as a race shall not wholly die but live, what is worthy of living, in a new race. Is this too much to ask? Very truly, —George L. Johnson.

A ravine runs back of Tad's house and the public sometimes uses it to hold ashes, old bones, rotten wood and tin cans. Last week one family, having seen enough of its varicolored Easter eggs, dumped a half dozen of them to help the owner up to grade. Tad and Tom, same age and that a bad one for peace



JOHNNY "SEEN" THINGS" IN CITY WATER

Now they claim you don't need to drink the city water to get injury from the germs. Perhaps that is the reason Johnny hates to wash his hands and face.

of mind, discovered this glorious find and proceeded to eat a few of the fruit. Boys eat anything.

Tom stood with his hands in his pockets and immediately showed Tad's father that he was wasting his worry in his case at least:

"O, that won't make any difference to us. We are Christian Scientists."

Then papa was sore! But nothing happened anyhow and both boys were out in the road the next day seeing who could come the nearest to getting run over by the automobiles that came down Mount Curv avenue with blinders on. —A. J. R.

TELEPHONING THRU HUMAN BODY.

"FOR experimental purposes," said a scientist, "I once allowed my body to be used as a telephone." He shook his head sadly. "No more. Never again," he said.

"The moment I grasped in either hand the broken ends of wire, I felt a severe shock, and groaned aloud. The speakers were three miles apart. That first shock was a nothing beside the one which followed the start of their conversation. Each syllable cut thru my vitals like a knife. With a grunt of agony I fell to the ground, and, as the talk continued to penetrate me, my muscles jumped and wriggled like madmen snakes.

"There were pains in my chest and arms, a burning, prickling sensation in my legs, and sharp, dagger-like flashes of a neuralgic nature shooting thru my heart. "I couldn't let go. There I lay in the dust, writhing and jumping like a beheaded chicken, and the jovial conversation of my friends passed thru me. "The experiment was a complete success, but if you ever participate in a similar experiment, be one of the talkers. Don't be the human wire."

ANOTHER REPAIR BILL.

"OH, PAPA, come and look at kitty. It's too cute for anything."

"Why? What's she doing?"

"She's standing on her hind legs in front of the house, sharpening her claws on the tonneau of your new red automobile."

She Played the Game

(A dozen women have just seated themselves at card tables for an afternoon at bridge. A young woman of beaming countenance and languorous brows eyes shakes her silken skirts into place as she seats herself at table I, and continues talking.)

"OH, DO I play with you, Milly? Isn't that fine! For I don't know a thing about the game and I hate to play with one of these experts—that is, I don't mean—of course, you play a fine game, my dear, perfectly fine; every one knows that—but it's different when people are old friends. They can't get cross at each other for mistakes. I— "Oh, is it my deal? There—did you ever! I was dealing three cards apiece instead of one. That reminds me of the cutest nonsense jingle that began—dear me, how on earth did it begin? Well, never mind."

"Mrs. Jones, I saw your little girl the other day. Yes, she had on that pretty pink frock. She's a sweet little thing and, do you know, you could have her nose changed by the simplest operation? You wouldn't believe it, it is so simple. It's a shame to let her go thru life with such a large nose, and I suppose if large noses are in one's family, and one grows accustomed to them they don't seem as bad as they are."

"What's that? I lay my cards down! I always like that part of bridge, for it gives a person such a chance to learn new points by observation, don't you think? I'm always so anxious to learn."

"Milly, have you seen Dora Fiske's new spring suit? Well, you've missed the best joke of the season, then. It's the most—well, really, I can't begin to tell you how funny it is. She has no more nose than— "Oh, are we thru the four hands? Where is the next table? What's that? We stay here because we lost? Why, Milly, you must be mistaken—I'm sure we are the two to progress, because I played just as carefully and concentrated my mind on the game!

"That Jones woman never waited to be sure, but just walked off as if she was glad to leave us. Her little girl is so homely! Oh, here comes that Dimson woman and I just hate her. I don't see why she gets asked to card parties. She has a roomful of prizes now and—

"How do you do, Mrs. Dimson? It's been an age since I've seen you. Yes, I dearly love bridge. I think it's so intellectual, don't you? I never feel that I am wasting time when I play it. I get so wrapped up in the science of it that I never consider the price. So many women play just for that and I think it's just as wicked as gambling. I heard that the prize today is one of those perfectly gorgeous copper jardinières, but of course, that won't affect me any, as I don't play fiercely enough to win."

"Oh, partner! That last play of yours lost us two tricks. I don't want to be disagreeable, but really,

out in front! It's such a cheap-looking affair—it's yours, Mrs. Lorkins! Oh, indeed! I think it's nice to get one like that at first to experiment on, you know; because if anything happened to it you wouldn't feel so badly. Of course, when my husband bought me my electric runabout he got the most expensive kind, but then Tom is foolish over me. He says the best is none too good for me. Then he has the gasoline car for heavy work, so we can spare the electric. It's such a bore having two cars. I quite envy you, Mrs. Lorkins, with just the one and that may not last long, of course. My husband says it never pays to buy a cheap electric, but I know most men are closer in regard to money than Tom is. He always wants me to be the best-dressed woman everywhere I go. Not that I try to have better gowns than the others, but, of course, with plenty of money—

"The last game? Dear me, if I'd only a few more chances and could get some partners who paid attention to the game instead of talking I might get a decent score."

"What's that? Mrs. Dimson got the prize? Well, I have my opinion of her. The most disagreeable creature! She thinks she knows it all! Why, dear, between you and me, the only way I can explain it is that she cheats!"—Chicago News.

WHY GAME DOGS CAN'T EAT GAME.

THE setter ate the mutton chop greedily, but he would have none of the partridge bones. "A good game dog," said his master, "can't eat game. His taste is repugnant to him. This is a remarkable instance of the influence of heredity."

"Game dogs have been trained for many generations not to eat the game—the birds and rabbits and what not—which they bring back to their masters in their mouths. They have been trained to consider that the eating of such game would be a disgrace and an unpardonable sin, the same as bank clerks have been trained to consider that the pocketing of a few dollars from the millions they annually handle would be a disgrace and a sin."

"And the result in the game dogs' case has been that this moral abhorrence of game, suggested to them by their masters, has been transmuted, in its passage down from one generation to another, into an actual physical abhorrence. In the matter of game, thanks to heredity, game dogs now are never tempted. They can't sin."

"It would be a good thing for policyholders if, in the same way, man's moral disinclination to steal had been changed by heredity to an actual physical aversion to other people's money."

NEW THEOLOGICAL CRITICISM.

"WHAT is your opinion of that story about Jonah living inside the whale three days?"

"Well, there have been times when I've given my wife worse excuses than that."

New York has 27,000 women who support their husbands.

"I wonder whose new electric automobile that is if you'd pay attention to the game—what? I was who you put on that king? Oh, you must be mistaken, for I'm quite sure—

"Really, Mrs. Dimson, I can't allow you to make it out all my fault that we didn't move this time. I am positive you played that king. Anyhow, I'll have some one else for a partner now and maybe then I can win."

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Papa—Earl, if I hear you talking to your sister again as I did just now I shall have to whip you. When in the world did you pick up such bad language? Earl—Wasn't I picking up bad language. We was playing Easter dress. Papa—Playing what? Earl—Easter dress. It's a new game. She was my wife and wanted to get a new dress.

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"The bride noticed the oversight at once. "Why, you only bought one ticket, dear," she said. "By Jove!" the fellow answered. "I forgot all about myself."

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"A little girl, the young lady's niece, answered the bell. "Is your auntie in?" said the young man. "Yes, sir," said the little girl. "That's good. Where is she?" he went on. "She's upstairs," said the little girl, "in her nightgown, looking over the balustrade."

What the Market Affords

STRIPE SEA BASS, 22 cents a pound. Bluefish, 20 cents a pound. Fresh salmon, 20 cents a pound. Shad roe, 50 cents a pair. Bullheads, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Pickercil, 10 cents a pound. Pike, 15 cents a pound. Mushrooms, 60 cents a pound. Creamery butter, 22 cents a pound. New cabbage, 4 cents a pound.

Sea bass, which is again in the market, is delicious, baked with a stuffing of mushrooms. Use the canned or fresh mushrooms. Mince them, mix them with a slice of salt pork chopped fine and fill the fish. Bake the fish about thirty-five or forty minutes. Then cover it with thick slices of tomatoes sprinkled with minced green pepper and dotted with bits of butter and bake fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Fresh salmon cutlets are an appetizing luncheon dish or dinner entree. Take slices an inch thick from the middle of the fish, wrap them separately in oiled paper and fry in boiling fat. When done, take them out, drain, and serve with the paper still on. A quantity of anchovy sauce should be served in a separate dish.

An interested reader has sent a recipe for young mustard greens that is sure to be liked by those who are fond of greens. Wash and drain the greens. Stew until tender, about one hour, with salt pork, which has been parboiled. Chop fine and cover a platter with the greens. Place poached eggs on top. The proper accompaniment of this dish is southern hockeye.

be dressy or plain, it must be becoming. A novel effect has been created in the blouse shown by the trimming bands at yoke depth and on collars and cuffs. The use of the tucks is also unusual and attractive. The trimming bands are terminated in front and on the sleeve with pretty buttons and buttonholes which prove smart and effective. The blouse was developed in silk columbia with trimming bands of chiffon broadcloth. Any soft silk or wool might be adapted to the design. The pattern is easily followed and no experience is necessary to its successful development. In the medium size 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6458—Sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

UPON RECEIPT OF THIS PATTERN NO. 6458, 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).....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 24, 28 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 "feet."

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

A SAUSAGE STORY

"What do you think that stupid Nora of mine did this morning?" said Mrs. Martin to her friend, Mrs. Rose, as they met at the market. "She threw away all our sausage for breakfast because they burst open in cooking and she thought they were spoiled."

"I'm not laughing because you lost your breakfast," replied Mrs. Rose, but the word 'sausage' sends our family nearly into convulsions. When the Maythams visited us a short time ago, I ordered some sausage for breakfast. I wanted it particularly nice, so I cautioned Nellie, who was just over from Ireland and had only been with me two weeks, to be sure to prick each sausage so they would not burst open. She looked a little dazed and I explained, 'Just stick a fork in each one.'

A beam of intelligence crossed her face and I felt sure she comprehended our simple breakfast would be all right. "Imagine our feelings when Nellie, next morning, deposited in front of George a platter on which the sausages marched in battle array, each bearing aloft a kitchen fork! I said 'each,' but I am mistaken—one poor little sausage brought up the rear with a corkscrew. Nellie, realizing from my face that something was wrong, explained apologetically, 'Indeed, mum, the forks got' out, and I set to myself, sez I, wan prick will do for the little wan.'"

A literally true tale, this.—Good Housekeeping.

MAY BEAUTY HINTS

Rainwater gathered in the month of May makes the skin fragrant. It is very soft and it makes up beautifully into scented stuff which makes the skin positively fragrant. The cucumber must be a ripe one, gathered in May, and simmered down in the precious May rainwater. When ready to strain and bottle, a few crystals of powdered borax are dropped in the water and very little of May perfume is added. The result is a bottle of scented stuff which makes the skin positively fragrant.

Nerve pillows are made in May for the healing of tired muscles. They are made entirely of May violets and May

dried. When perfectly dry they are mixed with lavender flowers and are kept until fall, when they can be made up into nerve pillows. It is no harm to make them into these pillows at once. When you feel tired, place one of these pillows under your head. It will rest the entire muscular and nerve system. May dew will keep you from rheumatism and May showers will cure neuralgia and that tired feeling.

There is a May shampoo. It consists of a basin of rainwater, gathered as it falls, and to this is added a yolk of a fresh egg, laid the same day, if possible. Beat together and, as you are beating, whisk in half a cup of soap jelly. Spread this upon your hair, rubbing it in well. Let it remain on and then rinse with fresh, clear water. Use no other shampoo than this. Save half the basin and rub it into the hair the next day, rinsing off in the same way. It acts as a tonic upon the scalp.

To wash the face in May rain let the raindrops patter on it. Then walk an hour in the pattering rain. Then come home and rub the face with skin-foam. It will be soft and white. This is a favorite way to treat the skin of a professional beauty.

A TORTOISE SHELL COACH

A candid correspondent, who knows all about it, says the Spanish king's new royal coach was given to society over in Madrid something to gaze at and something to talk about. The state carriage in which Princess Ena

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WALTER J. BUZBY.

A String of Good Stories

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

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

M. R. SATO, the Japanese diplomat, was defending the old samurai ideal—an idea still held by some Japanese conservatives—that business is dishonorable. "The samurai," he said, "claimed that business was dishonorable because in every barter, every deal, your object was to get the better of the other man. To get the better of him you tried to deceive him. If you succeeded in deceiving him, your gain, or profit, represented the extent to which your deceit had been carried."

"For instance, you bought a horse for \$200. You persuaded B it was worth \$300. B bought it for \$300. You had deceived him, cheated him, to the extent of \$100."

Mr. Sato smiled. "That," he said, "is the samurai way of looking at business. Some children, before they grow sophisticated, look at business eddily, too."

"A boy said to his father: "Father, if I take a dollar out of your pocket, that is stealing, isn't it?"

"Certainly, my son."

"And if I bet a dollar on a race and win two dollars, is that gambling, father?"

"Yes, my boy."

"But, suppose I have something that is only worth a dollar, and sell it to some foolish and ignorant person for \$4, making \$3 gain—what is that?"

"That? Oh, that is simply business."

SHE THREW HIM OVER.

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