

With the Long Bow

Low Trick Played on the White Terrier Jack in a Debasing Dogfight—Brindle's Hide Was Filled with Red Pepper and Jack Was Obligated to Release His Hold to Sneeze.

VERY low trick was played on Jack, a white bull terrier who had been made into a fighting machine by the city government of New York. A Tammany politician thought so highly of his terrier, Brindle, that he matched him against Jack for \$250 a side. Three hundred men gathered at a roadhouse outside of the city last week at midnight to enjoy the intellectual feast provided by the dogs' joint debate.

At the first encounter Jack got a nice chew of Brindle, and the white dog's backers yelled enthusiastically "that it was all over." To their intense disgust Jack, who had never before let go of anything, released his hold and sneezed, "as if he felt his bloody head off," said a man who saw the fight.

Jack's owner was wildly excited, talked blasphemously and insisted that his dog's handler should examine Brindle. He soon discovered that red pepper had been rubbed into Brindle's hide. When Jack had secured a fair hold on the other dog's integument the pepper arose and Jack simply had to sneeze. As he could not make a go of this sneeze without breaking his hold, you see at once the enormity of the crime committed by Brindle's owner.

Of course there was a man fight, for there was good money up and a great many battered statesmen are today running the city of New York.

In digging in a sodded part of the garden the other day a disturbed queen ant drew up and away. The queen ant is one of the most interesting insects in the world. She is born in the ant community at the height of its annual development when the ant hill is crowded with queens, workers and males. During her prenuptial life, she may assist the workers in carrying about, feeding and cleaning the brood. She eats food brought into the nest by the foraging workers. She may occasionally join the workers in excavating chambers and galleries. If she belongs to a slave-making species she may even accompany the workers on their cocoon-robbing expeditions.

When fully mature she becomes impatient for her marriage flight and must often be forcibly detained in the nest by the workers till the propitious hour arrives when the males and females from all the nests in the neighborhood rise high into the air and celebrate their nuptials.

The queen then descends to earth and pulls off her wings with her jaws or by rubbing them against stones. She then starts in on her life work of creating colonies. A burrow is prepared in the soil, under a stone or in rotten wood where the eggs are laid and hatched.

The little fellows know at once what to do. They enlarge the original chamber and continue the excavation in the form of galleries. They go forth in search of food and share it with their exhausted mother, who now exhibits a further and final change in her behavior. She becomes timid and utterly indifferent to the young while she limits her activities to laying eggs and imbuing liquid food from the tongues of attendants. With circumscribed activity she lives on, sometimes to an age of fifteen years, as a mere egg-laying machine. The current reputation of the ant queen is derived from such old, toothless, timorous queens found in well-established colonies. But it is not chivalrous to dwell exclusively on the limitations of these decrepit beladames without calling to mind the charms and self-sacrifices of their younger days.

The queen of one genus of American ants called Atta keeps garden during her retirement. She carries the germ of this garden from the parental nest in the form of a pellet of fungus stored away in her buccal pocket, spits it out soon after completing her chamber, cares for the rapidly growing plants and carefully weeds them till her brood hatches. These then bring into the nest the pieces of leaves and the vegetable detritus essential to the maintenance and growth of the garden.

All these details have been written for the Popular Science Monthly by a man who has made a passionate study of an anthill. In addition to what is told above, he has thrown in such words as "metabolism," "ethology," "catenary reflexes," "phototropism," and "intraspecific polymorphism." By skipping these you may learn a great deal about a very interesting lady, the queen ant.

I wrote my name upon the sand And trusted it would stand for aye; "Slap," came a high, dod gusted wave And washed the feeble line away.

I carved my name upon the bark And after years returned again, There was a chopping sound and, hark! A smooth barked tree lay on the plain.

To solid marble next my name I gave as a perpetual trust,



LOCAL ITEM

Our old friend, Mr. Mo Squito was seen in the Lake of the Isles vicinity last week.

A San Francisco jolt stepped in, And lo, the words were nameless dust.

All these had failed. In wiser mood I turn and ask myself, "What then?" Why should I be so deadly set To keep my name before all men.

Why should I work with eager toil When I may live quite free from care, Assured that my dad binged old name

is, not to put too fine a point upon it, to be found in the directory as usual if anybody cares to look for it.

THE AWAKENING OF THE COUNTESS.

AT LAST her dream had come true. She, old Jack Billion's daughter, was a countess! For very joy the young bride could not sleep.

Hist! What was that? Count Torid-Agnello stirred uneasily. His repose seemed troubled. Now, in a persuasive voice, and with appealing gestures, he began to speak.

"He's talking in his sleep. Is he talking of me?" she murmured. And bending down her head, the young girl heard: "Shoestrings, six for five! Collar-buttons, dime a dozen! Won't you buy, please, gentlemen!"

NEW HORSE RACE PLAY. "WE COULD use this play," said Manager Fiasco, tapping thoughtfully the manuscript in his hand.

THE NEW CASABIANCA. He stood upon the chilly pave, The child with curly hair, Around him surged a human wave, But ne'er a word he said.

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Saved from Cough Medicine

THE Saturday Night club disbanded suddenly. It is a great pity. It was a good club and philanthropic. It had an excellent purpose, which was to prevent suicides. Those who take the trouble to look in the Monday morning papers will find that about four times as many suicides occur on Saturday night as on any other night in the week.

Hawkins, who was the originator and the president of the Saturday Night club, had studied the question long and earnestly. "I wish I could help those people," he said to seven men to whom he outlined his plans for the club. "If we only know it in time we could save them from self-destruction."

The idea of the Saturday Night club was to search for the would-be suicides and help them out of their trouble before it got too late. There were eight members of the club, and their plan was to go out separately on Saturday night, wander about the city, and if they found some poor man or woman who seemed to be in the depths of despair and upon the verge of suicide to offer help.

Of course they were first to find out whether he or she really needed help or not, whether the morbid person really intended to commit suicide. That was absolutely necessary, since the club members would soon be at the bottom of their funds if they helped those who were not deserving.

Hawkins is satisfied there was something wrong with the method employed by the club members to grapple with the problem. Each one of his associates agrees with him. In all New York it is doubtful whether there were eight more discouraged or disgruntled men than gathered in Hawkins' rooms last Sunday to report.

Langdon told his story first. Langdon is an eminently respectable gentleman and once taught Sunday school in young Mr. Rockefeller's church, but all the delicate attentions an "artist" had employed could not hide the fact when Mr. Langdon arose to speak that he had a "shiner"—as black eye is termed in vulgar society. Mr. Langdon was disgusted, and did

and arrest him if he did not "23." Nothing Mr. Hawkins could do or say swerved the policeman, who seemed to believe the philanthropist's real purpose was to rob the "drunk."

Hollowell told of a weeping woman he had assisted. He encountered her in Third avenue. She had been deserted, she told him when he pressed her for an account of her troubles, and she did not know which way to turn. Hollowell had given money to her and begged her to be of good cheer. He was supremely happy until he discovered that his watch, which he treasured on account of its associations, and his "roll" were gone.

Croyden said he had seen a man in the Subway station at the Brooklyn bridge, at 11:48 Saturday night, who seemed bent on self-destruction. The man paced the platform, stopping occasionally to look for an approaching train. That he meant to cast himself before it was evident. Croyden watched him narrowly. As an express came thundering from the south Croyden saw the man draw a vial from his pocket, put it to his lips and throw his head back. To be ground up by the wheels evidently was not enough, but he must make sure of the job by poison. As the first drops of the fluid were on the man's lips the vial was sent spinning out over the track by a blow Croyden struck. An instant later he had dragged the fellow away from the edge of the platform. The man struggled violently. When guards and policemen separated the struggling men the would-be suicide insisted on Croyden's arrest. He was taking his cough medicine, he said, when he was attacked by the crazy man.

"Cough medicine!" said Croyden, aghast. "I thought it was poison." The injured citizen exhibited a stained white shirt bosom as proof. Nothing more was needed. A lot of the mixture had dropped on the snowy surface when Croyden's blow was landed. It took Croyden two hours, and he had to summon various legal and financial friends from uptown, before the police of the City Hall station would let him go.

Why tell of the experiences of the others? All their efforts went awry. And they seemed to think, or at least their actions indicated, that Hawkins was responsible for their troubles.

Without formal action, but by unanimous consent, the club disbanded, and there is no talk of reorganization. Neither is there any spirit of cordiality among the former members.—New York Press.

A FATAL DISTINCTION. THE missionary dodged a warclub of ironwood studded with shark's teeth.

"But," he said reproachfully, "you invited me to be your honored guest at dinner."

"For dinner!" howled the savages, closing in upon him. Under a mangrove tree the great pot boiled and bubbled ominously.

WOULDN'T DARKEN IT ANY. "JANE, I can hardly believe my eyes. You are making the bread without washing your hands."

"Well, ma'am, what's the difference? It's only brown bread."

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not waste words in his narration. His story was that he had seen a man sitting on a bench in Madison Square park in an attitude of deep dejection. He had tapped the man gently on the shoulder, intending to offer sympathy and aid, but before he could explain his mission the man, who seemed to be furious over something, struck him a most violent blow in the face. Hawkins, than whom there is no gentler soul, told with sorrow how he had followed and watched with deep interest the movements of a semi-intoxicated man, who was excited and much distressed, only to be stopped by a policeman, who threatened to "fan"



She—But how can I be sure of your love? You may be marrying me for my money. He (thoughtfully)—Well, you might give away your money before marriage. She—To whom? He—Why, to me, of course.

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Curios and Oddities

DO WIDOWS OR WIDOWERS MOST REMARRY? "DO WIDOWS or widowers most remarry?" said the reporter.

"Widows. Widows, decidedly," the minister answered. "And how do you account for that fact?"

"I account for it on monetary rather than on sentimental grounds. Widows remarry oftener than widowers because they need help more than widowers. They are alone; they may have a child or two; and all the money they can call their own is a life insurance policy for \$1,200 or \$1,500.

"So they remarry. They remarry speedily. With much wisdom acquired from their first marital experience, they have no difficulty in persuading some prosperous and steady young man to set them afloat upon a second matrimonial voyage.

"Widowers are most apt to remain single if they have children. Eight out of ten of the widowers whom I remarry are childless men."

A CHOLERA BELT.

"THE cholera belt," said a pale Anglo-Indian, "is not an imaginary girdle, like your pea coat, but a real girdle, which every foreign resident of India wears day and night.

"In winter the belt is made of heavy wool. In summer it is made of light wool. It is never taken off. Even when you are sleeping in a temperature of 105 degrees, tossing and moaning and perspiring, despite the punkah that fans you from above, you still keep on your cholera belt, no matter what else you shed.

"Every Anglo-Indian has a couple of dozen cholera belts. They are said to prevent cholera, and I have no doubt they do so. At any rate, I never heard of any wearer of a cholera belt whom cholera ever seized upon."

FEMININE FACTS.

D RUNKENNESS is rare, smoking common, among Japanese women. A woman's brain declines in weight after the age of 30.

Creolian women have very long feet. Hottentot widows cut off a finger-joint when they remarry. Ellen Terry is passionately fond of cats.

Brides in Australia are peited with rose leaves. In Africa wives are sold for two packets of hair-pins. Patti sleeps with a silk scarf about her neck.

No photographs are ever taken of women in China. Sarah Bernhardt has a huge bed fifteen feet long. Only one woman in 100 insures her life.

FORGOTTEN PRICES.

IN VENICE, in 1374, a pig brought 50 cents. In 1398 a hen was bought in Paris for 2 cents. Bread in Pompeii cost 9 cents a loaf. 4 cents.

Poppea, Nero's wife, paid 4 cents a quart for asses' milk to bathe in. In 1542 eggs sold in Barcelona for 12 cents a hundred. Figs' feet sold in Rome in the fourth century at the rate of twenty for 4 cents.

Bread in Pompeii cost 9 cents a loaf. The loaves weighed about six ounces. Doves for sacrifice in the temple of Jerusalem cost 5 cents to 10 cents each.

HIGHEST OBSERVATORY IN THE WORLD.

THE highest scientific station in the world belongs to Harward. It stands on the summit of Mount Misti, an extinct volcano near Arequipa in southern Peru. The altitude of this station is 19,300 feet.

No one lives at the station. No one could live there. The air is too rare and cold. The barometer on top of Misti often stands at 14 inches. The thermometer often falls to 25 degrees below zero.

Once a month an observer climbs up to the station to take the readings of the instruments. He is two days climbing up and two days climbing down.

NUMBERS OF THINGS.

ASTRONOMICAL photographs show stars to the number of 68,000,000. There are 17,000 daily papers published in the English language.

An expert cigaret maker will roll 2,500 cigarets a day. In Rome's cemetery over 6,000,000 people are buried.

The hair of vegetarians does not thin till the sixtieth year. The Greenland whale often lives 400 years, and it takes him a good while to do it very often.

THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

SEIZING her by the shoulder, he shook her roughly to and fro. "Mayme," he cried, "wake up. The house is on fire. You save the baby."

"But," wailed the woman dolorously, "the motor cycle—" "Don't worry," he shouted. "I carried that out long ago."

What the Market Affords

C RAPIES, 15 cents a pound. Navy beans, 6 cents a quart. Rye bread, 15 cents a loaf. Molasses, 40 cents a gallon. Brown sugar, 5 cents a pound. Seeded raisins, 12 cents a pound. Citron, 20 cents a pound.

Old-fashioned soft gingerbread is a dainty that everybody likes. It is often served with whipped cream for a luncheon dessert. To make it break one egg in a cup, add one tablespoonful melted butter, three tablespoonfuls sour milk or cream; all the cup with molasses and turn all into a mixing bowl. Beat thoroughly and add one cup flour, one level teaspoonful soda, one level teaspoonful ginger, one level teaspoonful allspice, one-half teaspoonful salt. Bake in gem pan or in sheet. Sour cream and three-fourths of a tablespoonful of butter may be substituted for the sour milk and butter.

DOG COLLARS A FAD. Dog collars are to replace the festoon necklaces for wear with lingerie waists and the chic lace and embroidery boleros which are to be one of the distinct features of white gowns this summer.

Following out the craze for Alice blue, which came into popularity more than a twelvemonth ago, when the president's daughter first selected the shade, stones of Alice blue encrust many of the new dog collars. Amethysts are largely used, for the color being so refined they lend an appearance of greater value to the necklace. Aquamarines have once more come into favor as settings for the new neck decorations and are much preferred to rhinestones.

Some of the dog collars are composed of rose gold medallions with no jewels at all, the parts strung together with fancy links or perhaps a horizontal bar of chased or filigree gold. The green gold is liked by many, generally for the reason of its harmonizing with some particular costume that the wearer likes rather than by reason of its becomingness.

France is the home of most of the best metal workers and French gilt is the composition or plating of the col-

lars themselves, the Turkey has sent over some rare eastern designs, which are exquisitely beautiful, showing delicate traceries of a contrasting gold or a design enameled over its surface.

PICTURE POSTAL INSULTS

Society in England has taken up the fight against what it regards as one of the most intolerable nuisances of the day—the picture postal cards which are being sent broadcast not only in Great Britain, but in this country as well. The members of the nobility do not object so much to the clogging of the mails, but to the fact that enterprising publishers have issued a series on which appear the photographs of titled Englishmen as well as scenes in their homes. The women assert the promiscuous sale of their pictures is an insult and several of them have applied for injunctions restraining the publishers from selling the cards. Not only society women, but other prominent persons have taken up the fight and among those who have asked for injunctions is Marie Corelli. In her petition, the novelist asserts the photograph of herself on the postal cards is a gross libel and that the caption under one series of the pictures—"Shakespeare and His Contemporary—Marie Corelli?" causes her to look ridiculous.

A few drops of tincture of benzoin added to the water when washing the face is helpful in remedying large pores.

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

FROM ELIZABETH LEE. A Girl of Fourteen.

Dear Madam—I am a reader of The Journal and would like your advice. I am a girl of 14 and I want to get a suit for spring. My favorite color is brown. I have light hair and blue eyes. I would like short sleeves. Does a girl of my age wear long lace gloves? Minneapolis. —E. C.

A pretty brown and white check in light woolen goods or mohair would be nice, with plain brown for the coat. A generally becoming model has the skirt laid in box pleats stitched down over the hips, the bottom finished with a hem. The bodice may be baby fashion, gathered into a band of plain brown (silk if mohair has been selected, and cloth if the frock is of woolen material) at the top to meet a yoke of lingerie. Trim the band with rows of cream soutache and allow the belt to match. Have puff sleeves ending below elbow in band cuffs of the plain material. For your coat have a smart box or pony model, as considered the more becoming (you do not give proportions in your letter) with collar in Tuxedo style, of white broadcloth trimmed with white soutache and coat sleeves ending in cuffs to match. You will find such a coat extremely useful as an extra wrap, over other than its own skirt. In regard to gloves, I think plain silk or kid will be in better taste than lace gloves, the oftentimes mitts are becoming and certainly quaint looking on maids, especially those owning pretty hands. —Elizabeth Lee.

A DAINTY SUMMER OR GRADUATING FROCK. The day of days to the girl is the event of her graduation from school. It is the stepping from girlhood into womanhood and demands the daintiest of apparel. The dotted and embroidered swisses are charming for such frocks and need only some fine lace to render them most exquisite. Here is given a suggestion for such a gown, made very simply, but most appropriate. The round yoke and sleeve frills are made of rows of insertion sewed together, while a flounce of the same might adorn the bottom of the skirt. Any of the sheer materials could be used to develop this



frock. In the medium size six yards of thirty-six-inch goods are needed. Two patterns: 4033—sizes, 12 to 16 years; 4034—sizes, same. The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

PATTERN NOS. 4033, 4034. 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).....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When you want measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be, when miss' or child's pattern it may be only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

PEARLS FOR A PRINCESS

Every Christmas the German emperor gives his daughter a pearl of great price, and this year the thirteenth pearl was added to the matchless string, which will go to the princess' twenty-first birthday, be unequaled in Europe. For Louise is in her fourteenth year, and it won't be long before papa is seeking a son-in-law worthy of being his only girl's husband. Not much is known of princesschen, as the emperor's subjects call her, save that she is a lively, nervous little body, much indulged by her mother and adored by her brothers. This fancy of adding a pearl each year to the prospective necklace for a royal debutante is also in favor with American mothers, and there is more than one American baby who has started in almost as luckily as the kaiser's eldest daughter.

UNLUCKY EMBLEMS

The Parisian has an idea that when lucky charms fail unlucky ones may succeed. Thus she seeks eagerly after various curious little emblems, such as these: A peacock's tail feathers in enamel, a little bunch of green ribbons, a tiny pair of crossed knives suspended from a ring, a round tablet of gold bearing the number 13, a cracked mirror charm, or a single eye—presumably an evil one—painted upon a plaque. These are supposed to bring good luck when the usual lucky ones fail, just as the number 13 and the opal are claimed as individual luck-bringers by certain English believers in their power for good.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS YOUNG

She eats three warm meals a day at regular hours. She sleeps eight hours and as often as possible two of them before midnight. She takes fifteen quiet minutes in a darkened room after luncheon. She begins each day with a cold bath, followed by a glass of cold or hot water. She is careful to spend at least half an hour every day in the open air. She never rides where she can walk the distance comfortably. She doesn't waste her vitality in superfluous and energetic talking.

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Advertisement for WHEN YOUR UMBRELLA ACTS LIKE THIS. Don't Throw It Away. Take It to the GAMOSSA UMBRELLA HOSPITAL. Doctor Gamossi and his assistants will put it in good repair at small charge. 610 Nicollet Ave. GAMOSSA GLOVE CO. No. 20.

Advertisement for We Clean Everything. Lace Curtains, Draperies, etc., are our specialties. Henry Bros. Dye House, 1213-15-17 Hennepin Ave. Both Phones Chas. Kronich, Mgr.

Advertisement for Wedding Gifts. Originality, exclusiveness, utility are the watchwords in our great China and Cut Glass. Section. The uncertainty of judgment in the selection of gifts is done away with when choosing from our stock of unique and artistic gems in Porcelain, Pottery, Glass and Metal. A visit to our store may suggest a much sought idea as to what to give. Boutell Bros. FOR WHITE LAUNDRY WORK. SEND YOUR PACKAGE TO THE WHITE LAUNDRY. 925 Washington Avenue So. Both Phones.