

With the Long Bow

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

Wise Man at Rolla, N. D., Bets a Farmer that His Horse Cannot Drag a Bushel of Wheat Attached to the End of a 150-Foot Rope.

SOMETIMES a man gets a strange idea and will make a bet, for instance, that a flour barrel is longer than a horse's head. One of these geniuses at Rolla, N. D., last week astonished the Grocery Store club by betting a farmer that a horse couldn't drag a bushel of wheat attached to the end of 150-foot rope. The horse did the stunt with ease with a man standing on the sack—and then the owner of the horse dragged the sack with one hand.

Then the farmer offered to bet the wise man \$5 that if he took two wire nails about three inches long, wired them carefully together in the form of an X, that it would be impossible for him to swallow them.

A roar went up from the grocery crowd when the wise man refused to bet and it made so much pleasant noise that the judge helped himself to a bit of cheese without attracting unfavorable notice or comment from the clerk.

Who did not fear the mighty czar, But gave the same a little czar, Threatening to knock from him the czar, The douma!

The little father for the sphinx, Listed his people's angry zmoan, Remarking, "they would take my ezthrono, That douma."

They dealt in yards of fervid talkoff, And everybody thought they'd balkoff; I rather think they're due to walkoff, That douma.

The Edgeley, N. D., Mail figuring that it was not getting all the news that was going hit on a plan of leaving tablets of paper in a number of business houses and calling each week before publication day to gather up any news notes that may have been jotted down by the persons in whose places the tablets are left or by their customers. In this way the Mail has secured some most astonishing bits of news, often unprintable and, many of them, making the work of the Le Sueur Liar appear like the reports of the Mother's club.

Upton Sineclair's remarkable book "The Jungle," which is now being so widely advertised by the congress of the United States and by the president, cannot be read by anybody who has any heart in him at all without profound emotion. It is not that the slaughter and packing of meat are not well and cleanly done that is the central point of the book, tho' that is a feature of it. But the real purpose of the book is to show that our brothers and our sisters, our own flesh and blood, are pounced on by the beasts of the jungles of civilization and are exploited, body and soul. I have copied out one paragraph from "The Jungle," giving, it seems to me, the heart of the book. Speaking of the beef trust, the writer says: "What they wanted from a hog was all the profits that could be got out of him; and that was what they wanted from the working-man, and also that was what they wanted from the public. What the hog thought of it, and what he suffered, were not considered, and no more was it with labor, and no more with the purchaser of meat."

Civilization in its true meaning is good, but no one questions that there are still jungles left where the wild beasts lay in wait for our brethren and devour them. These jungles may be cleared out and reduced to good farming land. —A. J. R.

CHINESE INVENTED FOOTBALL. FOOTBALL originated with the Chinese, according to Stewart Culin, the expert on games. Professor Culin has for years studied games as Edison has studied electricity, and wonderful are the many discoveries he has made.

A curious and ancient Chinese drawing, unearthed by this investigator, shows a primitive minister playing football with a king and two chamberlains. The time is the tenth century, but long before that date football was recognized in China as an exercise excellent for soldiers.

In the eighth century football was introduced from China into Japan, as golf was introduced recently from England to America, and the former game became as popular in Japan of 800 A. D. as golf is popular in America of today.

From China and Japan football spread gradually all over the world.



FLOWER OF THE FLOWER CITY

Spring-Blooming Water Lily. (Smallictheca Biglicium.)

A flower that blooms early and often. Indigenous to Minnesota.

BABY BROUGHT HIM LUCK.

A CERTAIN young lawyer whose business connections bring him much in touch with some corporation interests had not had his head swelled by his rapid rise in the last few years, and has vetoed some of his wife's ambitions to climb the social ladder. He has a baby daughter to whom he is every much devoted, and occasionally, on a Sunday afternoon, will take the youngster out for an airing in her perambulator.

A few Sundays ago the lawyer and his wife were out with the baby carriage when they met the head of one of the big concerns for which the lawyer holds a retainer walking with a friend.

"I never was so mortified in my life!" exclaimed the wife, after the magnate passed. "You must not wheel the baby carriage in public again!"

"Nonsense," replied her husband. His further remarks were interrupted by his brother, who had been hurrying to overtake him.

"I heard a compliment to you just now, Jim," said the brother. "You know Steele, the traction man?"

"Just met him," said the lawyer. "So did I," said the brother. "He was talking with his friend about you. I heard him say, 'A very promising young lawyer—must be a decent sort of chap, too. He's making a lot of money, but he isn't too proud to push his own baby carriage. I'll have to keep an eye on him.' Pretty good, wasn't it?"

The lawyer's wife hadn't had anything to say about the family dignity since the incident.—New York Globe.

AN OLD RAIN CHARM

"WE CAN get a copious rain in this section within twenty-four hours if some wise man will do as I say," remarked a citizen this afternoon. "All that is necessary is for someone to kill a reptile, black snake, moccasin, rattler or any kind, and hang him on a clothesline or a tree. It will rain then in spite of everything." —Raleigh Times.

CAUSE OF WRINKLES

WRINKLES are caused by the effort to force a smile at father's once funny story, which he insists on telling every time any one calls.—Chicago Tribune.

"Out for the Coin"

"GIVE me a young man with ideals and I am willing to back him to the finish," said a prominent real estate broker, whose offices on lower Broadway are like a beehive. "By ideals I don't mean a purpose, a single aim, altho' that is necessary, too. A man may have as his purpose the acquisition of wealth, and he may get there; but I doubt if he makes the real success that is achieved by the young man who has nerve enough to want to do a thing well for the sake of doing it well. I know this sounds like a lecture, but I have had a serious illustration of my point and the last chapter in the story took place this forenoon.

About six months ago a young man walked into my office and announced he had come to New York to seek his fortune. He was the son of an old friend of mine. His father and I had been boys together in Virginia. He was serene, confident of success.

"I think New York is the place for a young man," he said with a cheerful smile. Thomas F. Ryan came here from Virginia, and you know what he has done.

"I might have said I knew whom Ryan had 'done,' but I didn't interrupt him till he had blown himself out.

"What can you do?" I asked.

"Anything," was the reply. "At least I am willing to try anything. I am out for the coin."

"Perhaps I am a bit old-fashioned, but it didn't seem to me that the young man was stepping on the threshold of his business life with the proper reverence. In my experience the man who has in mind the pay rather than the desire to be best, is likely to be continually hunting a job.

"If you are just out for the coin, as you put it, why don't you turn confidence man?" I suggested. "I hear that is a paying vocation, in spite of the risk it involves."

"Oh, I mean any good job," he rejoined. "I am willing to earn all I can get."

"The men that get the good jobs," I said, "are those who can do a particular thing better than any one else."

"Yes," the young man blithely interposed, "I know everybody has to have a graft."

"Graft!" I roared. "Graft, did you say? Do you think all business men are bunco steers and shell workers? It strikes me you have a peculiar point of view for a youngster who even aspires no higher than to follow in the footsteps of Thomas F. Ryan."

"I said some other things, too, but the young chap appeared so taken aback at my irritation that I felt ashamed. I thought his trouble might not be fundamen-



FIRST THE BEARDESS PRECINCT TYRO OF THE GAME, WHO JOYFUL SKIPS ON ERANDS FOR THE BOSS. (Next in series will be The Alderman.)

Gibson Pictures Worth Framing The Journal's Gibson drawings for this week are unusually good ones, entitled "Fifteen Years After." How to Get Them Cut the coupon from last Sunday's Journal. This coupon, with the nominal sum of 7 cents, when presented at The Journal counter, will entitle the holder to one of these rare reproductions. 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 various sections of the country are flooding their districts with. The Gibson pictures from the "Life" originals are 400 heavy and valuable to send out in a Sunday newspaper. Get Coupon from The Sunday Journal

Curios and Oddities "Tis Passing Strange!" WARNING TO BEARDED MEN. AS THE veterans rode by their long white beards glittered like snow against the rich blue fabric of their coats. It is well that these good old men should wear beards," said a physician "for, when one becomes old, one should be spared the exertion of daily shaving. But I would like to issue a warning to all beard wearers. I would like to shout 'Keep your beards dry,' in a voice loud enough to be heard around the world. Were those words heeded, many cases of sore throats, cold and influenza would be avoided, and many deaths would be indefinitely put off. So many men, with beards neglect, when they wash their faces, to wipe their beards dry. A beard a foot long demands a lot of toweling. It should be toweled, after every wash, a good five minutes. Otherwise it is damp. The owner goes about with this damp thing upon his delicate and sensitive throat. Then, if he takes tonsillitis or influenza, he blames the American climate. He should blame his damp beard. There are too many damp beards among us. Too many men, washing their faces three or four times a day, have their beards damp and clammy a good three hours daily. To these brave old veterans of ours especially I would shout in clarion tones: "Keep your beards dry, and you will be spared to us for many Decoration Days to come."

TROY, N. Y., GETS GOOD WATER TROY, N. Y., expects to begin using its new water supply very soon. That city has very nearly completed all the adjuncts to a new reservoir in the Tomhannock valley. A great body of water, longer than Saratoga lake, and about one-half mile across, with fields, dwellings and highways. The great reservoir dam extends between two hills, admirably placed by nature for such a use. The new Tomhannock lake is fed by three creeks and by a number of smaller streams. It is proposed to supply the city daily with 18,000,000 gallons. The work of constructing the Tomhannock waterworks system was begun in 1902, and the total cost involved up to Jan. 1 was \$1,425,855. A WOMAN HATER A NEW and very popular book says: "She slipped two slender white arms around his neck." Why only two? And why not the truth? If the girl were the prevailing style of shirt-sleeves the arms were brown and scrawny, and would do for a nutmeg grater at a pinch, and the elbow could be used at picnics for a can opener.—Aitchison Globe.

What the Market Affords Rib Corn Beef, 4 cents a pound. Lamb Steak, 14 cents a pound. New Potatoes, 44 cents a peck. Bermuda Onions, 8 cents a pound. Pie Cherries, 15 cents a quart. Lemons, 18 cents a dozen. Escalloped Onions—Boil the onions until tender, then put a layer of them in a buttered baking dish, over it sprinkle a layer of bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Continue alternating until the dish is nearly full, when cover the top with crumbs and grate a little old cheese over it. Moist-en the mixture very generously with milk and bake for thirty minutes. Cherry Cobbler—Select a deep baking pan and line with a rich paste made with the following proportions: To 1 cup of flour, 3 tablespoons of lard, a pinch of salt and 1/2 of a teaspoon of baking powder. Mix with sufficient cold water to roll nicely. Fill the pan, lined with the paste, full of pitted cherries; cover with a layer of the paste, perforated like a pie crust and bake in a quick oven, at least 30 minutes. When thoroughly cooked remove the top crust. Season the fruit with sugar and butter to suit the taste. Take out a portion of the fruit, place the crust directly on the cherries, upside down and cover with the rest of the cherries. Serve hot with whipped cream if desired. Cherry Compote—Secure red cherries because of their piquant flavor, and be sure to have only the perfect fruit. Do not stem them but shorten the stems with scissors. Put the fruit in a preserving kettle with white granulated sugar in proportion of a quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and add the juice of one lemon to the same quantities. Put over slow fire and boil three minutes, removing all the scum and shaking occasionally; take out fruit with a spoon, put in a bowl and carefully drain off all syrup, which should be reduced by further boiling. To thicken the syrup a little gelatine may be used, but it is better without as the thin jelly of pure syrup is beautifully transparent. Pour this jelly or syrup into a dish to cool and when ready to serve the compote, pile the cherries in a pyramid and turn the syrup over them. Or, prepare cherries the same, take four tablespoons of sugar and a pint of water to one quart of cherries, put in a saucepan, let boil and skim; add a half cup of raspberry juice, put in the cherries and cook until tender; pile them on a glass dish, reduce the syrup to a thin jelly and when cool pour over them. FROM ELIZABETH LEE A Graduation Gown. Dear Miss Lee: Knowing that you have helped so many, I come to you for advice. How shall I have my graduation gown made? Enclosed is a sample of the material I have for it. I am about 5 feet 3 1/2 inches tall; bust measure, 33; waist 24; hips 38. Would a shirred dress look well on me? Should I have three-quarter length sleeves? I wish the dress made without much trimming. Am I almost 15 years of age? How long should I have my dress? What is the name of the cotton cloth in the sample? —L. M. B. The sample appears to be a mercerized cotton lansdowne and will make up into a pretty graduation frock, which will give much service afterwards. Have it made Princess, shirred to fit the figure, and trimmed on the bottom with three little over-lapping frills of the goods, edged or not, with val lace. Finish the top with a deep, plain, round yoke of the goods, trimmed with rows of val insertion and outline with a bertha of the goods. The sleeves will be puffs, ending just below the elbows in narrow ruffles. As the material is of rather a plain nature,

Where Feminine Fancy Lights ONE WOMAN IN A HUNDRED Not one woman in a hundred knows or thinks about seating herself gracefully. Columns have been written about how to enter a room gracefully, how to acquire a graceful carriage in walking or dancing, but the art of sitting gracefully seems to have been omitted from the category. Yet it is one of the things that are necessary to make a girl as attractive as possible. The average girl spends much more of her time sitting than walking or dancing. How she makes the most of her opportunities. A woman may be very beautiful and her whole appearance may be spoiled by her awkward movements. How distressing to watch her flop down in an ungainly manner in an attempt to seat herself somewhere. If a woman is tall she should choose the highest chairs to seat herself in, instead of doubling herself into a disjointed position in a low chair or one too small for her. When she seats herself at a table she should not lean over it lazily, or rest her elbow on it. These habits are too easily acquired, and a woman does not add to her attractiveness by indulging in them. CARE OF AWNINGS With the first hot days the heating sun on window pane or doorway grows uncomfortable, and one thinks instinctively of awnings. Old ones must be taken out, dusted and repaired, or new ones must be ordered. Economy should never be practiced in materials. The costing more in the beginning, it is wiser to buy only the best striped heavy duck and make it up on a galvanized iron frame of simple construction. As for the mechanism, the old-time method of pulling on a string is hard to improve upon. Spring rollers, those that go up like window shades, and other intricate appliances, besides being expensive, have an uncomfortable knack of getting out of gear. In colors it is acknowledged that furs give the best service. Greens, tho' specially cool-looking, are uncertain, while the many novelty stripes in bright Venetian reds and blues are very apt to run if they do refrain from fading. The character of the architecture should also influence the choice of awnings. City houses have a more or less conventional standard, but greater laxity is allowed in shading the country home. Here the fancy yellows and reds are often used with good effect, or a broad green and white stripe looks well where there are wide verandas. A gray stone house should have yellow awnings; a colonial, green or blue; for brownstone, the various browns and linen color are good. Sometimes, too, the awnings are solid white, with a skirt of blue, yellow or green. As many people object to awnings because they keep out the air, they are often made with a small hood at the top for ventilating. Or they are run on a rod at the top, leaving a space narrow enough to shut out the sun and at the same time allow a circulation of air. In the care of awnings, continual discussion is held on whether they are better up or down when it rains. On the whole, they are better down, as thus the dirt runs off that otherwise might accumulate in the folds and leave a stain. In a windstorm, however, they should always be up. The average life of an awning is three or four seasons, tho' they frequently last much longer. They are often turned after two summer's wear with quite fresh results. Never neglect to thoroughly clean and brush them before they are put away. A BLOUSE OF RAJAH PRINCESS ENA'S BEAUTIFIER. Victoria Eugenia Julia Ena of Battenberg, who will be known in history as the first Queen Victoria of Spain, has been drilled in English beauty arts until she is letter perfect. Accustomed to plenty of water and quantities of fog and dampness, she is a believer in the virtues of water as a beautifier. She takes the English cold baths and believes that the skin should be toughened by early walks in the dews and rains. She has the hard, clear skin of the English woman, and she has the English woman's beautiful hands. AN EMERGENCY BASKET Every household, especially every household where there are young children, should have an emergency basket. This basket should contain a pair of scissors, absorbent cotton, old linen, adhesive and court-plaster, several antiseptic bandages, a little oiled silk or rubber tissue, a pair of forceps, a glass syringe, a paper of safety pins and a bottle of antiseptic solution. If you keep this basket and your medicine chest well stocked there and but few accidents that you cannot look after, at least until the doctor arrives.

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