

With the Long Bow

First Detailed Story of the Charivari Given Alfonso and Ena by the Hoodlum Friends of the Bridgroom—Disgraceful Scenes in Old Madrid—Don Jorge Johnson Arrested by the Town Marshal and Fined Five Pesos.

Special Correspondence of the Long Bow. MADRID—The charivari given Alfonso and Ena was a disgraceful affair and resulted in the town marshal arresting Don Jorge Johnson for carrying concealed weapons. After the royal pair had retired to the palace after the reception, which was attended by the leading society people of Madrid, a gang of hoodlum friends of the bridegroom gathered in front of the stately pile about midnight and began to blow tin horns and beat on washbolers with iron pokers. The din was deafening.

The town marshal of Madrid soon appeared on the scene and warned the offenders that they were breaking the law of illegal assemblage. He was given the laugh and the noise was redoubled. The marshal went away to call out the constabulary.

At this juncture Alfonso appeared at the window and made a short speech, thanking the serenaders on behalf of himself and his wife for their attentions and stating that a keg of the royal nails was then being tamped in the barn behind the palace.

A mighty cheer went up and the crowd vanished around the corners of the palace.

Having drunk up Alfonso's beer the good-natured gang proceeded to tip over the royal stables. All the vines on the palace were pulled up, the plank walks tipped over and a cord of firewood was passed from hand to hand and lodged on the top of the palace.

At this point the Madrid guards marched up, escorting the fire department, which tried to scatter the rioters by playing on them. A free fight followed. Don Jorge Johnson was arrested and clapped into the Alhambra. Shortly after this the crowd dispersed.

Alfonso stated this morning that the damage to the palace could not be repaired short of 250 pesos.

In police court this morning Don Johnson was publicly rebuked by the ead and fined five pesos.

"Everything is made use of but the squeal," used to be said of the hog at Packingtown. The public is now finding use for this discarded feature.

Reports from Russia state that when the grand duke's baseball club was practicing on the Nevsky Prospekt the other day an anarchist substituted for the baseball a bomb covered with a baseball hide. The substitution was not discovered until the royal striker "found" the second ball pitched and would have headed out a three-base hit had not the ball exploded, killing two dukes, a markeo, one no-account and the umpire. The troops at once fired on the grandstand, killing twenty-seven people.

After a series of twenty straight defeats the Boston baseball club, swollen with terrapin and baked beans, has won a decided victory. There is always room at the top, but sometimes the other fellow sees it first.

The conservatives and radicals of block 5, Lake View addition, are at it again hammer and tongs. The argument was started last night by a leading conservative stating with some heat that one generation could not overturn in fifteen minutes the accumulated wisdom of the ages. "There is too much," insisted the conservative, "of this New Thought abroad. The way our fathers have found best is not one that should be discarded because some long-haired reformer has found an old shoe in his canned meat."

"Well, I don't know," replied the radical. "If women have ridden horseback on side-saddles for 3,000 years, is that any reason why they should not adopt the other method now?"

"Yes, it is. The fact that that method of riding has been in vogue for so long gives good ground for suspecting that the people who want to change it now have some ulterior motive."

"The fact that this habit of riding comes from past ages of ignorance, un wisdom and superstition is suspicious," replied the radical, "and is in itself reason why it should be examined carefully before it is assumed to be unchangeable and of divine decree."

"Well, if you nihilists ever get control, this government will go to the dogs in fifteen minutes, that is easy to see."

"I think it will take more than fifteen minutes," "But if you do not allow any advance on the ideas held by your grandfather, how is the world to make any progress."

"Progress hades. It isn't progress you want, it is degeneration."

As the conservative walked away at this point swollen with indignation, the argument came to a close, the radical stating this aphorism as his final shot: "The true conservative is one who considers all attempts at progress as insults to his grandfather's memory."

FLOWERS OF THE FLOUR CITY



The Sweet Girl Graduate. (Essayica Knowlton.)

An annual that breaks into flower early in June each year.

Seven Ages of the Politician--No. 5.



THEN THE CONGRESSMAN, SEEKING THE BUBBLE RECOGNITION EVEN AT JOE CANNON'S MOUTH. (Next in series will be The Senator.)

In Persia bells ring for prayers five times a day, and merchants, clerks and customers rush off to the mosques, leaving business at a standstill.

Curios and Oddities

POETRY AT \$1,875 A LINE. THE highest price ever paid for poetry was \$1,875 a line—\$15,000 for an eight-line poem.

It was not a good poem, either. James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses" wrote it. Smith met one night at dinner in London Strachan, the famous English printer Strachan, who, with old age and gout, was most infirm. Indeed, he could hardly walk. But his mind was exceedingly powerful and brilliant, and he talked so well that Smith, on his return home, wrote the following doggerel about the old man:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout When last I saw you walk; The cause I presently found out When you began to talk. The power that props the body's strength, In due proportion spread, In you mounts upward, and the strength All settles in the head.

This was undeniably rank poetry and ranker flattery, it pleased Printer Strachan so well that he added to his will a codicil giving Smith \$15,000.

THE MOST ROMANTIC TRADE.

THE maker of porcelain and pottery has decidedly the most exciting and romantic trade in the world. The great factories of Sevres and Dresden were founded by Bernard Palissy. This man invented white enamel, but it took him sixteen years to make the invention—sixteen years of hunger, misery and persecution, which culminated in the episode, used in H. A. Jones' play of "The Middleman," wherein Palissy only maintained his furnace fire by burning all the furniture in his house, and finally opened the furnace door to find within the glass which he had sought through the best years of his life.

Botgther invented hard porcelain. He was an alchemist, and one day, chancing to discover that his powdered wig was unusually heavy, he inquired the cause, and found that the weight was due to the kaolin with which the wig was powdered. This kaolin was the substance for lack of which Bettger's investigations had for years failed.

When Elers opened a porcelain factory at Burslem, he employed none but the most stupid and illiterate workmen, so that his process might not be known. But Samuel Asbury resolved to learn the Elers method, and, affecting ignorance and stupidity, he got a place in the factory, mastered all of Elers' secrets, and eventually opened a plant of his own, wherein he duplicated in every detail the work of Elers.

MILK-FED KID.

"THIS is milk-fed kid," said the leather merchant. "It is very soft and fine and pliable, isn't it?"

He smoothed the delicate white skin, and went on: "All first-rate kid is milk-fed. It comes to us from the French mountaineers. These men are superb goat-herds. Their immense flocks supply the world's kid gloves.

"The goat-herds of France are careful to keep their kids on an exclusive milk diet. They pen the little animals, with their mothers, in rocky enclosures, where there is no grass. At that, the kids often escape, often manage to eat solid food. For, with almost human perversity, kids, that shouldn't be weaned, wean themselves early, whereas calves, that should be weaned, cling like grim death to milk.

"One meal of grass will spoil a kid's skin, will rob it of its softness and pliability, will harden and coarsen and stiffen it. Hence, when you buy kid gloves, always choose the milk-fed kind."

SURE WAY TO GET BAIT.

THE boy wanted some worms for bait. He had selected a promising spot, a shady and low-lying dell, but, tho he had been digging now for fifteen minutes, not a single worm had his spade turned up.

"Here, sonny," said an old angler, "take this chunk of soap and make me a quart or two of soap suds."

The boy brought the suds, the old man sprinkled them over the ground, and then he, in turn, began to dig. It was amazing. Here, where the boy before had not found a single worm, the old man now discovered them in dozens.

"You can find worms 'most anywhere, sonny," said the old man, "if you wet the ground with soap suds. The sapsuds draws them, the same as molasses draws flies. A weak mixture of blue vitriol and water will do the same thing also."

NOT A MANTREP.

A LOW cry shattered the nocturnal silence, and the man awoke.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "I forgot to tell you, Fanny, that I am carrying my money in a safety pocketbook now. It sticks a pin in your finger when you try to open it in the usual way. Feel under the left hand. You'll find a spring there that you press twice."

A PLEA

Cook of cooks, before we part, Stay a moment ere you start! Don't you think that it were best Just to give us one more test? Please consider ere you go: Cook of cooks, we need you so!

Stay a week! We'll let you play On the piano day by day; When making a welcome all Your acquaintances that call! Stay a year or two, for oh! Cook of cooks, we need you so!

Stay! The parlor will give up; With the family you shall sup! Stay! and if you chance to find Anything not to your mind, You have but to let us know— Cook of cooks, we need you so!

Stay! for we have tried a score, And we can't stand any more! Take, oh, take the blessed worth: Please consider ere you are worth! Spare this culinary blow! Cook of cooks, we need you so! —La Touche Hancock.

MRS. MACKAY'S GIFTS

Mrs. Clarence Mackay of New York decided that it was better to be an "Injun giver" than to have her gift to school children criticised. She took back an oil painting from each of the public schools in New York to which she had presented it because she heard that the principal of the school had criticised it. The painting was of Voltaire reading to King Stanislas. The school principal wrote Mrs. Mackay, assuring her that reports of such criticism were pure fabrication and that the school much appreciated the picture, together with others she had presented, but the wealthy lady was obstinate and demanded back her pictures, the Voltaire and all.

PACKING DON'TS

Don't pack clothes in a trunk which has not been used for some time without airing the latter; it may have been lying in a damp corner.

Don't begin to pack before you have collected together all the things required, else you may, at the last moment, be obliged to squeeze some heavy article in the top of the trunk, and thus crush lighter articles.

Don't forget that a dress bodice or blouse must have the sleeves stuffed with soft paper, and any crushable trimmings, such as lace or chiffon, should be stuffed out with rolled-up tissue paper; otherwise all the freshness will be gone when brought to light again.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Never scrape an iron enamel pot or pan, as that is what ruins it. Zinc is best cleaned with hot, soapy water; then polish with kerosene and coal ash.

When polishing stoves a fine gloss is obtained by adding a teaspoonful of alum to the ordinary black lead.

When making a steamed or boiled pudding, put a plate in the cloth at the top to allow for the pudding to swell.

To clean a fishy frying pan, fill with cold water and place on the fire to boil. When boiling, put a red hot cinder in, then wash in the usual way.

When making garments must be dried indoors, by all means keep them away from the fire or they will instantly shrink. Hang them in a warm room but never near the fire.

A vast amount of dusting is saved if damp cloths are spread over each register before the furnace fire is shaken. The dust arising from the ashes is prevented from going all over the house.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING

An engagement ring should never be regarded as a woman's property till the marriage service has been read. There may be urgent reasons for breaking engagements to marry, and the ring should then be returned to the giver. Should he ask that it be kept as a pledge of friendship, it can be done without offending good taste very much; but such a thing rarely happens. The ring is a money investment to a young man; and, besides, there are other girls in the world. Usually men have the good sense to make no fuss over a woman's greediness, but an occasional man wants not only his ring, but all the other presents he has given, returned; and the law says he has a right to them whenever the law is asked to settle the question.

ORIGINAL "LITTLE DORRIT"

Mrs. Mary Anne Cooper, who is still living in London at the age of 90, with faculties unimpaired, is said to be the original of Dickens' "Little Dorrit." As Mrs. Anne Mitton she was the mate of Dickens and his sister and was always called her "Dorrit." Many points of the story are said to be taken from her family history. The aged lady speaks enthusiastically of Dickens. She says, "We were his friends all his life, and he often brought manuscripts to read to us. There never was such a man—so gentle, kindly and clever."

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"Why She Didn't Get the Place"

Is the Gibson subject for this week. The man behind the paper ventured the opinion that the pretty applicant would do, but the big, homely wife thought otherwise.

It Killed the Water Bugs.

IN a large Washington Heights apartment house there exists a select organization known as the "Don't-Dare-Smoke" club. At least that is what it is called by all the indignant women folk in the building, who permit their own husbands and sons to indulge their fondness for the fragrant weed. Perhaps the four old gentlemen who make up the club membership call their coterie might not look well in print.

Each of the members has passed his sixtieth birthday and is possessed of a craving for a post-prandial cigar or pipe.

Each lives with a married daughter in an apartment with all modern appliances except sufficient room to live in old-fashioned comfort. And each daughter insists that her nice honeymoon furniture and up-to-date hangings shall not be ruined by tobacco smoke. So, after each meal, the four old gentlemen may be seen ambulating outdoors for a smoke, and on stormy days they are permitted to trot back and forth, with cigars or pipes, in the broad lobby.



The "Don't-Dare-Smoke" Club.

Not long ago the club suddenly seemed to have gone out of existence. Tenants missed the four white-haired men as they passed in and out of the house, and there was considerable speculation. At the end of a week the girl, in charge of the telephone board received an urgent summons from the apartment occupied by the daughter of one of the club members. Would she please come up at once?

The girl promptly answered the call of distress, and found the four old cronies in dire straits. For ten days the young matron had been away and they had been holding a regular smoketfest in the absence of the youthful and determined guardian of fine hangings. And now, she had determined that she would become three days sooner than planned—that very afternoon, in fact—and would the telephone girl please tell them at once how to get the tobacco smoke out of the lace curtains?

The four cronies looked so distressed and yet the situation was so comic that the telephone girl almost forgot to be tactful and laughed, but she finally admitted she was not a housewife and would therefore have to call in some one of more experience. She appealed to a housekeeper who had often expressed sympathy for the "Don't-Dare-Smoke" club, and for a brief hour the old cronies were very busy.

When the young matron arrived home that evening, she sniffed her way from hall to kitchen.

"Father," she said severely, "I smell some dreadful disinfectant. Has any one in the house had diphtheria or scarlet fever? I noticed it as soon as I stepped off the elevator. I wish you thought those Jenkins children would have some dreadful disease, their mother is so careless."

Her father interrupted the flow of criticism. "No, no, my dear. No one ill. It was the water bugs. They got very bad while you were gone—and the druggist gave me a new and very powerful poison for them. I don't think you will find one about the place."

And the funniest thing is that the fussy little housekeeper has not found a water bug to this day.—New York Press.

MOTORMAN TOO SELF-ENTERED.

A young man who is very proud of his good looks recently secured a job as motorman on the car line. After he had been "broken in" by an old hand at the business he was given a car, and in all the glory of a brand new uniform he began his duties.

The new motorman was very sure he was the most attractive thing on the road, and he never saw a pretty girl that he didn't feel she was gazing in admiration at his military figure. A few days ago he stood on the platform of his car, with cap set at a rakish angle, when a girl who was fair to look upon stepped out on the street crossing and bowed as a signal to stop the car.

A patronizing smile lit the face of the brass-bound Beau Brummel and he doffed his cap with a graceful sweep as the car swept by, leaving the girl standing with a frown on her face, at the crossing.

"Didn't you see the lady signal you to stop?" inquired a passenger.

"Do you suppose she wanted to get on?" replied the motorman. "I thought she was just throwin' a wink at me."—Fargo Forum.

In Queen Elizabeth's time a woman would eat a pound of beefsteak for breakfast.

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

Colors and Styles.

Dear Miss Lee—Will you kindly give me advice as to what colors and styles would be most becoming to me? I have material for a white linen shirtwaist suit and would greatly appreciate any smart way you suggest for making it. Also a hat after afternoon and Sunday wear. Am 16 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 125 lbs; bust 36; waist 23; hips 37; have medium dark brown hair, greenish blue eyes and a fair complexion. How can I arrange my hair, which is not very thick, becomingly; my face is rather large boned.

DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

The duchess of Sutherland has restored activity to many village homes and has been unwearied in her plans for opening sales for her homespuns and beautiful Scotch materials. The industry has been valuable to the crofters, who, during the long winter months, had no means of obtaining a living, and she certainly has solved the problem in those northern lands of keeping men and women constantly employed, which is a wiser way than waiting to give them artificial work when they are unemployed. The reason why these Scotch materials are so beautiful is that they are dyed with seaweed from their own wild coasts, and the tints thus secured are unobtainable in any other way.

A PRINCESS WEDDING GOWN



The majority of the new gowns are princess in fact or effect, and the most exquisite wedding gowns are built after this manner. The princess gown shows a designed especially for the home sewer and allows of several variations to suit the wearer. The fulness is fitted to the figure by means of inverted box pleats,

but shirrings may be used instead if preferred. The deep yoke may be of some dainty lace or if the design be used for an evening gown, it may be omitted altogether. The sleeves are in short puff ending at the elbow in tiny pleats and finished with a narrow pleated lace. If made of a soft silk or mull, the shirrings about the waist are more satisfactory while a heavy satin or silk would be better suited to the development shown. For the medium size 10 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods are needed.

6591—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

PATTERN NO. 5391. DEPT. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL. Name, Street, Town, State, Measurement—Waist, Bust, Age (if child's or miss' pattern).

SIGNS OF LONG LIFE

The woman who is apt to be long-lived has eyes that are round and wide rather than long and narrow. Brown or hazel eyes indicate a longer life than do black or violet.

The nose must be wide and full thru its whole length, and have open, easy, dilating nostrils. This indicates a good heart and good lungs.

The brow must be wide and full and well set, and the chin square and firm. If the orifice of the ear is low, indicating a deeply seated brain, there is a better chance of long-life.

The brow must be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The head must be wide behind and over the ears. The woman who appears taller in proportion when sitting down than when standing has a good chance to live long. If the body is long in proportion to the limbs, the heart, lungs and digestive organs are large.

What the Market Affords

VEAL CUTLETS, 10 and 20 cents a pound. Veal chops, 20 cents a pound. Veal for stew, 10 and 20 cents a pound.

Beets, 5 cents a bunch. Lettuce, leaf, 3 cents; head, 5 and 10 cents. Rice, fresh, 8 and 10 cents a pound; cracked rice, 6 and 7 cents. Bananas, 15, 20 and 80 cents a dozen.

Veal is as cheap just now as at any time during the year, and it offers a welcome change to the housewife who has wearied of serving "beef," lamb and ham as a steady diet.

Veal, when proper for eating, should be firm, with hard, good-sized bones, and the flesh mush show a pinkish tinge.

Outlets of Veal Forecasts—Buy two pounds of lean veal cut from the hip, and chop it very fine. Mix it together with two ounces of raw veal suet chopped, and add a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper and a small grating of nutmeg. Now season with half a cupful of cream, a scattering of finely chopped onion and one raw egg. Roll this mixture out to half an inch in thickness. Cut into odd shapes, dip in powdered breadcrumbs and fry four minutes on each side. Serve with tomato sauce.

Tomato Sauce—Strain half a can of tomatoes and season with a piece of onion, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and one bay leaf. Thicken with butter and flour rubbed together and stand in boiling water for ten minutes, stirring all the while so that it will become creamy.

A Roll of Veal—Have the bone removed from a loin of veal, and before rolling fill with the following stuffing: Chop bacon very fine and mix with an equal quantity of breadcrumbs, a grating of lemon peel, a dash of mace, the same of cayenne pepper and salt and pepper. Mix together with one egg well beaten. Now lay this dressing neatly inside the loin, after which roll and tie into a round loaf. Lay pieces of bacon on the top, cover with hot water and stew slowly for four hours.

When done, allow the veal to partly cool in the liquor, then drain it and leave it till cold. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Breast of Veal—Cover a breast of veal with hot water so that it becomes blanched. Remove from the water and cut into small equal-sized pieces. Return to the water in which they were

parboiled, place them over the fire and thicken with a small quantity of flour. Stir until smooth. Season with a lump of butter, two carrots peeled and cut into small pieces, a bay leaf, a bunch of sweet herbs, if handy, and salt and pepper to taste. After covering the saucepan, cook the meat slowly until nearly done, when two or three young white onions should be chopped up and added. As soon as the veal is done, place on a hot platter and keep warm while the sauce is being prepared.

Strain the liquor in which the meat was cooked thru a fine sieve. Squeeze into this the juice of half a lemon and thicken with the yolks of two eggs, which have been previously whisked together with a fork. Stir over the fire without boiling and when it becomes creamy, pour it over the meat.

Cream of Veal—Cut a veal steak taken from the leg, into small pieces and put them in a bowl with an equal quantity of bread which has been previously soaked in boiling milk. Mix the veal and bread together thoroughly. Stir in with these ingredients the yolk of one egg, the whites of two eggs and enough milk to make a stiff batter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place this mixture in a mold having an air-tight cover and steam in boiling water for three-quarters of an hour. When done, turn onto a hot platter and pour around it the following sauce:

Spanish Sauce—To a cup and a half of boiling water add one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of finely chopped carrots, one bay leaf, two whole cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Allow this mixture to boil until it is partly reduced and then thicken with two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour rubbed together. In the meantime soak a scant tablespoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water for ten minutes, stirring all the while, and after straining the sauce, add it to the gelatin and strain a second time.

Every housekeeper should keep in her kitchen a number of the separate first tin covers with handles. They come in different sizes, and prove invaluable to slip on bowls, pots and pans in which articles of food are cooling or cooking.

These tin covers are a big improvement on using fine china plates or the best napkins, as many cooks will do, with dire results.