

With the Long Bow

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

The Other Side, or the Pleasures of Lying Abed at 5:10 O'Clock in the Morning and Later—Why Strain Yourself Chasing Bugs Before Breakfast—A Chapter for Amateur Gardeners.

ONE of those gardeners who dearly loves to see somebody else sprain himself improving Nature and keeping Pan out of the garden objects strenuously by letter to any advocacy of what he calls "the unnatural habit of arising at 5:10 a.m. to chase weeds."

Even those who sometimes "prevent the dawn" in their haste to get out on the land before breakfast know by experience the pleasures of sleeping in the morning and it is only the greater pleasure of spraining themselves before breakfast that draws them from their reluctant couches.

Sometimes the garden lure fails to work. You simply will sleep, no matter if eight large pestiferous weeds are planting themselves in the flower bed and going up the sweet pea trellis hand over hand.

Doubtless you hear the clock strike five. Count 'em, one, two, three, four, five. With a sigh of infinite content you turn over, bunch up the pillow, curl up and drift away. In vain the song of eighteen large, spiny birds who sit outside and holler fire; in vain the large yellow sun pouring glorious streams of light into the room; it is you for the sleeps and be durned to them! The clock goes six and the distant streetcar slams by with a noise like grandpa's clock breaking something and running down. You drowse off again and, free from all care, hear the city hall clock call off the half past six, a quarter of seven!

Seven be blowed! You are good for five minutes more. The breakfast bell explodes. Say, what's the use. Well, here goes! off to sleep again!

Suddenly, a quarter past! You leap fiercely into the air and into something. Slap! That's the cold water. Slap! Pantaloon! Slap! Vest and coat together. Slap, slap! That's a hair comb. Bang! Bang! That's going down stairs, "two to one."

Scrabble, that's breakfast, and you are off. We contend that this is the best way to run a garden. It may have its pleasures but George Bug and Henry Worm eat up the rose bushes when you do it.

They talk about the competitive system! The ice dealers of Cincinnati are charging 40 cents a hundred for what costs them 4 cents. The only competition here is father competing with about everything in the world in order to get the 40 cents. Some day father will get together and the boys who work him will have to go to work.

The literary hub for many decades has been at Boston, but this year it seems to be sticking thru in Packington. How times have changed!

Mr. Rockefeller went off to Europe but left Aldrich in charge of congress. Aldrich is a safe man, but the congress is getting pretty wild eyed. If not in violation of the city finances anywhere, we would like to hear Mr. Morrell pray for congress.

When "we kids" of the ages of 2, 4, 6 and 8 were forced to church in the early days of the republic we looked quiet and respectable enough on the outside, but interiorly we were in a state of active rebellion. Forcing this course of religious observance on us seemed then like father's star crime. Who wanted to grow up respectable anyway!

Two sound early church goers seem to be scarce on the brain. I hear them now. One of these was the rare old organ droning out the hymn-tune "Dedham":

"Sweet was the time when first I felt,"

I know every line of it. The second was the tremendous trumpet blast when old Deacon Moses Lakeman used his large red handkerchief. The people were seated, the organ had ceased, when on the deep, decorous quiet came a mighty, prolonged triumphant roar like a great spiritualized ocean steamship whistle.

It was the deacon using his handkerchief. No one seemed to pay any attention to the blast for it was a custom, one might almost say a religious observance of the deacon's.

As I grew older I came to know that the deacon was a relic of the old Federalist days when snuff taking was in vogue. This social habit induced certain strenuousness in caring for the nasal air passages and brought about conditions that resulted in those triumphant blasts.

We used to hear more or less about Gabriel blowing his horn and in some way I connected this with Sunday services and so, naturally, with Deacon Moses Lakeman. When we used to hear read those passages about "the trump shall sound and the dead shall awake," I connected the event, without any thought at all of the ridiculous or the irreverent, with Deacon Lakeman as the trumpeter.

For many, many years that kindly and courteous

WHY MEN DON'T GO TO CHURCH



The Summer Resident. Mr. Zumbra Otis—You see I'd really like to go to church, but we are so far away out here that it would take the whole day.

old gentleman has been in his grave. I revere his memory and I love the old hymn-tune of "Dedham." —A. J. R.

BROTHERS.

COMMENCEMENT day at Dothem Hall, the famous seminary for young ladies.

"Papa," said the pretty girl in white, "let me present you to Miss Dothem, our principal."

Miss Dothem beamed on the old man.

"I congratulate you, sir," she said, "upon your extremely large and affectionate family."

"Large and affectionate?" he stammered.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Dothem. "No less than twelve of May's brothers have come steadily during the winter to take her driving and sleighing, while the two older ones were most assiduous in escorting her to the theater twice a week."

COUNTRY BOARD.

"I MADE money last summer boardin' city folks," said the Paint Rock philosopher, "an' I don't deny the fact."

His eyes took on a hungry glitter.

"But this year," he went on, "I expect to double up."

He paused to borrow some flannel, and there was a breathless silence in the general store.

"This year," he said, "I'm a-goin' to run the place, b'gosh, as an obesity cure."

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

IT IS easier for a girl in a beautiful white gown to stand on a palm-banked stage on commencement day and thrill a vast audience with eloquent words about the nobility and courage that meet life boldly than it is for her, on a sultry summer afternoon, to bend gracefully and calmly over a red-hot stove and help her mother get lunch ready.

GERMS FROM GERMANY.

GERMANY'S best schools are her public ones. Poor boy and prince alike attend these schools. Thus there are not two dialects—the vulgar and the aristocratic, as in England and France—but all Germans speak alike, and the language, both written and spoken, is learned.

Berlin's sewage is used to fertilize the city's huge sewage farm—a farm thirty square miles in extent.

The German emperor's cigars are seven inches long, and come from Havana to him in glass tubes, hermetically sealed.

A Berlin man breeds rats for surgical experimental work.

Germany's proportion of suicides is the largest in the world.

In the Rush Lunchroom

UNCLE SILAS WEATHERBY of Vermont entered one of the quick lunch rooms of the lower town during the noon rush, and after cautiously hanging his old brown hat on the nearest peg and depositing his voluminous umbrella behind a chair, seated himself at one of the numerous tables. Everybody was shouting and gesticulating and waving slices of pie and cups of coffee in the air, but no one seemed to notice Uncle Silas. Presently an ox-shouldered waiter with a wet apron tied over a crimson sweater shot down the aisle between the tables and bellowed back toward the kitchen:

"I say! One in the dark! Chokers! North Poles for two!"

Uncle Silas dropped the paper napkin he was trying to tuck under his cap, and looked up in astonishment:

"Is—is this here an eating place?" he gasped.

The big waiter grinned.

"Sure 'ting," he replied. "What did yer t'ink it was—a shooting gallery?"

"No, no, but I didn't understand exactly what you were saying. What in tarnation is 'One in the dark'?"

"Why, black coffee. When a mut has been out wid de fuzz for a while he wants black coffee, and de blacker de better, see?"

"But 'chokers'! What in the world are they?"

"Soda crackers. When a guy gets to making too much money he gets one of dese here billionare stom-acks and can't eat nothin' but crackers and milk. Sometimes he can't eat nuttin' but de crackers. North Poles! Oh, dat means two cones of ice cream on saucers. Say, where are you from, Pop?"

"Vermont."

"I t'ought so. Well, sit real quiet and I'll bring out yer maple sugar as soon as I spill dese ducks a few orders before dey start a riot."

And the big waiter made a slide for the rear, while Uncle Silas toyed with his paper napkin and pondered over the ways of the quick-eating city man. Presently the big waiter was back.

"Dutch gunboat!" he thundered. "Snakes!"

Uncle Silas jumped out of his chair.

"Where?" he gasped.

"Where's what?" demanded the waiter, tilting his tray.

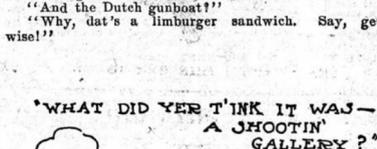
"The snakes."

"Back to the maple trees. Snakes are buns; these buns that go round and round. See?"

"And the Dutch gunboat?"

"Why, dat's a limburger sandwich. Say, get wise!"

"WHAT DID YER T'INK IT WAS—A JHOOTIN' GALLERY?"



The big waiter wheeled around, and making a megaphone of his hand, shouted: "One bath, Jimmy, one bath!" Uncle Silas squinted his eyes and looked up inquiringly.

"Did you say one bath, young man?" he asked incoherently.

"Why, do people take baths in this lunch-room?"

"Aw, get out!" exploded the waiter. "A bath means a glass of water. If I was as green as you I'd be workin' in de city hall. See? Omnibus!"

Uncle Silas picked up his hat and his umbrella and started for the door.

"Where are yer going now?" demanded the big waiter.

"I am going to get out of the way," replied Uncle

Get a Gibson Picture

of Real Artistic Value

The Journal's Gibson pictures—reproduced from the originals of "Life"—are worthy of a place in any home. They are clear, distinct and reproduced on the best enamel paper, fitted with a heavy, gray mat. These Gibson pictures are not to be confused with the inferior reproductions given out free by many Sunday papers in different sections of the country.

How to Get The Journal Gibsons

Cut out the coupon on page 6 of the editorial section of 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, handled exclusively in the Northwest by The Journal. These Gibson reproductions are far too valuable and heavy to send out in a Sunday paper.

"Plenty of Good Fish in the Sea"

Is the Gibson subject for the week.

Silas excitedly. "I heard you say the omnibus was coming, and I was afraid I'd get run over." And the old man vanished toward the street, while the big waiter handed the omnibus a stack of used dishes and dashed back to get another order.—New York Press.

HOW CLIPPING BUREAUS AROSE.

THE press clipping bureau, an institution unheard of twenty-five years ago, and now a large and flourishing business, originated in a curious way. An English immigrant, having failed miserably in America, was spending almost his last dollar on a good breakfast in an expensive New York restaurant.

Into the restaurant stalked a large, long-haired man. This man ordered a sumptuous meal, and said to the waiter, who seemed to know him:

"Please get me all the papers, Guy, that mention my performance."

Guy the waiter, disappearing, brought with the omnilette to the large man, who was an operatic tenor, a bundle of newspapers as big as a trunk.

"These are the New York and Philadelphia papers, sir," he said. "I'll have a lot from other cities later in the day."

And the operatic tenor, after handing the other a \$2 note, fell on the papers with nervous haste, pishing and psnawing much because he would have frequently to search a paper three or four times over before he would find the article he sought for.

To the English immigrant, looking on, came an idea.

"Many men," he mused, "are written about in the world's press. These men would all like to read what is said of them, and they could all afford to pay well for the privilege of reading what is said of them; but there is no way for them to get hold of the articles in question. Have they the time to subscribe to all the leading papers and to read these papers thru? No. Hence they would be willing to pay a reasonable wage to the man who would do that for them."

And the immigrant, radiant and eager, bought a great lot of newspapers and a "Who's Who" forthwith, clipped out all the references to prominent person the six or eight cuttings he had gathered, with the six or eight cuttings he had gathered, with a letter stating that he would read the world's leading papers daily, and would send to the prominent person in question every article about himself contained therein, at the rate of 5 or 10 cents per article.

In a day or two the immigrant found himself earning \$50 or \$60 a week. In a month he was doing a business of \$10,000 a year. Now he is at the head of the oldest and largest clipping bureau in the world, and his is the industry of having originated a brand new business.

THE BRIDESMAID.

BELLA, the beautiful bridesmaid, did not rise for breakfast the day after the wedding.

"I have," she explained languidly, "a stitch in my side."

A smile curled her pink lips.

"It came," she continued, "from being hemmed in by the crowd around the claret cup at the reception."

This remark, as a jeu d'esprit, they deemed but sew-sew.

Curios and Oddities

"Tis Passing Strange!"

GOOD FIGURES OF SPEECH.

AT THE Franklin Inn, a literary club, some novelists and poets discussed figures of speech.

"A striking figure of speech," said a sonneteer, "came from the pen of an amateur, the pen of Gordon Cumming, the rich English explorer. Gordon Cumming described a tropical jungle as 'a forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of penknives.' Not bad, eh?"

"Not at all bad," said a novelist of the historical, or "knee-pant" school. "A figure I have always remembered is used in Guy de Maupassant's 'Bel Ami.' Maupassant, in describing a woman's painted face, says that her red mouth resembled a wound. I thought that figure a stroke of genius till I read in Balzac that a certain lady's mouth was like a wound. George Moore, by the way, says in 'Agnes Lahens' that the painted mouth of Agnes' mother was like a wound, too."

"Similes and comparisons," said an elegiac poet, "take best if they are alliterative. Consider the popular comparisons of the day, how alliterative they are—a plump as a partridge, 'as good as gold,' 'as large as life,' 'a blind as a bat,' 'as flat as a flounder,' and so on."

"Western journalists often hit upon original figures," said a realist. "It was a western journalist who wrote: 'He seemed dazed and confused, like a lobster awaking from a nightmare. He was a tall man, and stepped as high as a blind dog in a wheatfield. As for his voice, it was rasping and shrill, like a crowbar falling on a tin roof. The he looked as gloomy as if he had swallowed a hearse and pair of black horses, he needed assistance no more than a frog needs a watchpocket.'"

SIXTH SENSE OF BATS.

"IF YOU blind a bat," said a biologist, "the creature, somehow, will still see. If you doubt this, consult Levy."

Levy, the great authority, once removed the eyes of several bats, and covered the vacant sockets with leather patches. In this condition the bats flew about the room, avoiding the walls and corners, and when a door was opened, they flew out of it without touching the jamb or frame.

"Afterwards, in flying thru a sewer that made a right angle, the bats turned at the proper point without brushing the walls, and they flew thru threads suspended from the ceiling without touching them, though the threads there was only an interval sufficient for their passage with spread pinions."

"Bats, living in the dark, have found their eyes almost useless, and have developed a sixth sense that takes the place of eyesight."

AMBIGUOUS.

FROM her seat in the bow she turned cautiously, giving him a roguish smile.

He, from the stern, murmured, "If we were not in a canoe, I should certainly kiss you."

"Sir," she said, "take me ashore at once."

What the Market Affords.

Bolled ham, 30 cents a pound. Fresh frankfurters, 15 cents a pound. Beets, 5 cents a bunch. Young onions, 3 bunches for 5 cents. Lettuce, 4 cents a head. Cantalopes, 20 cents each. Eggs, 17 cents a dozen. Honey, 15 cents a comb; extracted, 10 cents a glass.

Young onions, now reasonable in price, are delicious when fried. To prepare them peel and trim and cut them in one-inch lengths; cook in seasoned veal or chicken stock or in salted water until tender. Cut three-inch cubes of stale bread, remove the centers, leaving thin-walled cases, brush them with melted butter and place in the oven to crisp. Make white sauce in the proportion of one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and half a tablespoonful of flour, two chopped gherkins, one teaspoonful of mixed mustard and two beaten egg yolks—added after the sauce is well cooked. Place a layer of the sauce in each bread case, add a layer of drained onions, another layer of sauce, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Stuffed lettuce is not often served.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

Suit of Shadow Plaid.

Dear Miss Lee—I am 50 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall, bust 36, waist 24, hips 42, weight 120, light brown hair, blue eyes, complexion rather sallow; straight and good carriage. Have a skirt of medium gray shadow plaid. Would like to make an oton or bolero of the goods. What would you suggest for trimming? My skirt has two box pleats in front, is seven-gored, with an inverted box-pleat at each seam. The bottom is trimmed with bias band of the goods. How would a frill of Alice blue with an additional frill of Valenciennes' finished with a narrow bias band of the goods do? Could I wear a dark blue hat trimmed with Alice blue? I am afraid I cannot wear a gray hat and I am so tired of black. How shall I trim it? I wish it for all occasions and not expensive. Shall I get silk gloves? —B. H.

If the gray suggests a blue gray, or has the faintest of this color in

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

A solution of strong sage tea and alcohol applied to the eyebrows will darken them. To one pint of the tea strained thru a cloth, add a tablespoonful of alcohol.

Those who have tender feet or who desire to avoid having them should have two pairs of shoes and wear them alternately. This plan is more healthful and economical as well.

For relief from heartburn add a teaspoonful of lemon juice to half a glass of cold water in which has been dissolved half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and drink immediately.

Fruit is a great beautifier. Fruit, such as grapefruit, oranges, grapes and apples, aids in clearing the skin and preserving that freshness of youth which consists of bright eyes, living hair and a vital complexion.

The following is a splendid remedy for toothache: Saturate a piece of cotton wool in boiling vinegar and rub the gum around the aching tooth with it. Fill the cavity in the tooth with wool. If the pain does not ease within five minutes, make another application.

Make it a rule to spend a portion of each day out in the fresh spring air and sunshine; dress properly, keep moving and inhale the fresh air thru the nostrils.

MRS. GOELET'S BONBONS

Mrs. Robert Goelet has a genius for making bonbons and some of her own invention are most delectable and she serves them with afternoon tea. They are of an exceedingly simple nature and may be easily made.

One of her most successful recipes is as follows: Maple sugar cream which is sold at all first-class groceries is the chief ingredient, fresh cream and a little butter, and any kind of nuts one may fancy are the remaining things needed.

The maple cream, which is like fragrant maple sugar, and the same bulk of butter, with half a cup of cream, are melted till hot. The nuts, almonds, walnuts, pecans or what one wills, are then dipped into the hot concoction several times and then laid out on a paper to dry and cool. They are very delicious.

Oyster shells used in the same way will remove clinkers from fire bricks.

ONE OF THE NEW LINEN GOWNS

Two Patterns: 6700—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6701—Sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERNS NO. 6700, 6701. UPON RECEIPT OF ONE THE PATRONS DEPT. OF THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL WILL SEND THE ABOVE-MENTIONED PATTERNS, 44 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 you need not send money, but if you wish to have it mailed, send \$2.50 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be, necessary to write "bust" or "years." A 50 days may be necessary to get the particular pattern you want, so don't be disappointed if it does not come by return mail.

TO MOLD YOUNG HUSBANDS,

A great many bridegrooms are like the excellent jelly that some good housewives know so well how to make; it is only when they begin to grow cold that they become set in their ways, writes Tom Maasson in Good Housekeeping. It is always nice, therefore, for the bride to remember this: while there is yet time, to mold him into the proper form for future keeping.

As a rule, young husbands are easily domesticated. A certain amount of firmness, vigilance and care to see that they are properly fed is all that is necessary.

The very ease with which they are controlled is, however, an obstacle in the way of the bride. She becomes over-confident; her caution leaves her, and then, before she realizes the danger, her hitherto willing subject is beginning to get too uneasy.

And yet we are not sure that if she knew more, the bride would be as effective as she really is; for, after all, it is in the incompetence of our brides that our hope for the future lies.

Try a small brush, not too stiff, for cleaning potatoes and other roots, and save your hands.

Defective Page