

With the Long Bow

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

Writer in London Sketch Has an Article on the Sad Side of the Humourist Business—People Anxious to Tell the Humourist what Little Willie Said.

A HUMORIST, whatever that may be, has a readable article in London Sketch on the sorrows of the craft. He says: "In my day I have known a good score of humorists—some blithe of temperament, some dejected—and uniformly I've found that their humor caused them much grief. They worked like Percherons to produce it. They couldn't tell whether it was good or bad till the public had sampled it, they cursed their gods if a pet joke fell flat, they banged their heads if some lesser scintillation of theirs got praised unduly, they were prepared to admit they never in all their lives had been clever if only some detractor said 'Boo' to them, and they dwelt in mortal terror lest tomorrow should witness the exhaustion of their vein of fun. Worse yet, mankind has a trick of buttonholing humorists and dosing them with merry tales of a quite primitive lucidity. 'Ah! There goes Boggs, author of 'The Monkey and the Mucilage!' I'll tell him what little Willie said!'"

Ed Pierce of the Grafton Record is popularly said to be out of pocket because of a humorous vein. If it had been left out of his makeup, Mr. Pierce would doubtless be in congress today. As it is, he isn't even in debt.

Another patient sufferer is Doc Bixby, who once kept a spotted cow to furnish material for his "Daily Drift." The youth of Lincoln seemed to look up the bossy in the light of a joke, and one 5th of July morning, at milking time, she was found on top of the Methodist church.

At the time Mr. Bixby debated with Carrie Nation at the town hall, he had barely entered upon his argument when he was interrupted by a commotion at the rear of the auditorium. Of course, everybody craned his or her neck to see what was doing. To the mortification of the speaker, his own cow, evidently anxious to hear the argument, was seen entering the door. No wonder humorists are sad.

A man named Anthony Washnek stole a forty-eight-pound cheese in Pennsylvania. He stated to the court that he was hungry and that the larceny did not bother his conscience a mite.

Chicago, as usual, rushed that Gekwar of Marauder out to the stockyards to see the sausage made by moonlight. If Gabriel should alight somewhere near the lower end of Lake Michigan and start to sound his trumpet, somebody from Chicago would try to rush him out towards the stockyards.

If "The Jungle" is dramatized, we have a few eggs and a ham laid away on the shed rafters to season.

The packers may be able to dodge the inspection law by putting their plants in their wives' names. Ha! An idea!

Michigan papers are telling how the president nearly killed Assistant Secretary of the New Newberry of that state by nearly walking him to death. The secret of the assistant secretary's illness is now out.

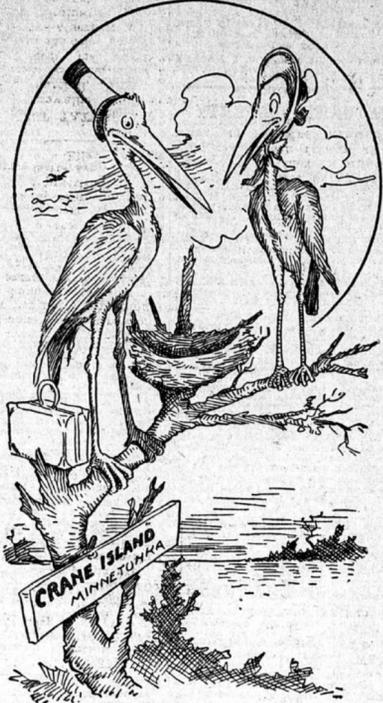
The president took a shine to Newberry and one day he asked him to go walking. The assistant secretary is not athletic, and never has been. His lines are not those of the winged Mercury. But the invitation left no alternative. When the president asks any one in official life to "go walking" or "play tennis" or "ride" or "dine," it means that that one accepts promptly and delightedly. So Mr. Newberry went walking with the president.

As usual, the first mile was reeled off in close to record time, and the pace was hit up when the second mile began. Mr. Newberry was lagging some, but determined. Still the president never looked around, continuing the heart-breaking race across country. Then the secretary felt the first rumblings of a constitution and a physique unaccustomed to such usage. He stumbled, regained his balance, stumbled again and went down wearily and completely.

The president was surprised and made solicitous inquiries. Mr. Newberry was not talkative. He could not regain his feet. A carriage was called into the far country and Mr. Newberry was driven home, where he remained in retirement, attended by a physician, for the best part of a week.

The president was penitent and made many anxious inquiries.

If you want to "stand in" with the assistant secretary you want to preserve a decorous silence over his pedestrian accomplishments. —A. J. R.



LEAVING THEIR HAPPY HOME

Pa Crane—They do say the Presbyterians are going to move in, and we've got to move out. Ma Crane—What sort of a bird is a Presbyterian? Pa Crane—I dunno. May be somethin' like a Baptist. Now, I wouldn't 'a bin surprised if Baptists had a wanted an island.

ANSWERED THE CALL JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, originator of Uncle Remus, Br'er Fox, Br'er Wolf and Br'er Rabbit whose latest stories of those popular characters will appear in the comic section of The Sunday Journal, beginning June 24, is a very, very shy man. A good story of his shyness comes from Eatonton, Ga., his birthplace. In order to be present at a local celebration, Mr. Harris returned to the scenes of his boyhood, and somehow was inveigled into taking a seat on the platform with the orator of the day, the late Henry W. Grady. After this famous silver-tongued had finished, some of the celebrants began to call, "Harris, Harris, Harris!"

Now, Uncle Remus had never made a speech in his life and the thought of being called upon to do so made his soul quail within him.

"Harris, Harris!" cried the crowd, with increasing vigor. "Harris, Harris!"

Up rose Uncle Remus, his old gray hat pulled down over his eyes. "I'm coming, I'm coming," he shouted, and the next moment stepped off the platform and lost himself in the crowd.

TACT LACKED. MISS CLARA CLEMENS, Mark Twain's brilliant daughter, was talking at Atlantic City about entertaining. "Tact," she said, "is essential to good entertaining. With the most hospitable spirit in the world, one may, without tact, only render one's guests uncomfortable. Tact averts blunders."

"I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet gentleman. This gentleman suddenly turned as red as a lobster, and fell into a horrible fit of confusion on hearing his hostess say to her husband:

"How inattentive you are, Joe. You must look after Mr. Blank better. He's helping himself to everything."

EXAMINATION PAPERS. A PUBLIC school teacher the other day was marking examination papers in etymology. Among the definitions that she marked, the following caused her to smile.

Omen—A hymn sung in church. Laity—Soberness, the opposite of gaiety. Pedantic—Running about on foot. Universe—Relating to number one. Acid—A powerful liquor; example, hydraulic acid. Dolphin—A prince; example, the Dolphin of France.

A Social Interview

"WHAT are you looking at me like that for?" asked the young woman, with some appearance of indignation. "Excuse me," said the ticket seller, blushing. "I wanted to punch your description." "To what?" "You see," explained the ticket seller, "we have to mark a description of the party we sell the ticket to for the conductors to identify them by." "What does the conductor want to identify them for?" asked the young woman. "It seems like a piece of impertinence." "It's a rule," said the ticket seller. "It isn't meant to be impertinent. It's meant to prevent people selling their tickets. If you read the condition on the back you will see." The young woman took the ticket and glanced at it. "Mercy!" she exclaimed. "It would take me a month to read all that. Where's my description?" "It's not punched yet," said the ticket seller. "I was just going to when you stopped me. If you don't mind, I'll have to look at you again." "I suppose—if it's a rule," protested the ticket seller. "You can see the blanks for yourself. Right here, 'Young, middle-aged, old?'" "Well, what are you going to say I am?" "Young, of course," replied the ticket seller, glacially. "I'm not so very young." "But you're not middle-aged." "Well, I should hope not." "Then I'll punch that. 'Eyes light or dark?'" Would you mind raising your eyes, please?" This time the young woman blushed a little. "Does it say 'light or dark?'" she asked. "Yes, ma'am—miss. I beg your pardon." "Well, mine are not exactly light or dark, are they—do you think?" "Not exactly," said the ticket seller. "But they're more dark than light, I think. I'll punch them dark." "That wouldn't be very nice of you." "Thin, stout or medium?" said the ticket seller.



"IT'S A RULE" in some confusion. "I'd better make it medium, hadn't I?" "I don't care. I'm not as stout as I used to be. Yes, medium, please. What did you punch them?" "Just 'male or female.' Now, the hair. I don't know exactly about the hair, to tell the truth." "What does it say?" "Just 'light, dark or gray?'" "Well, you'd better make it light. Is that all?" "Just height. I've marked that medium. Thank you very much. I'm sorry—I mean—thank you very much." "It sounds as if there was a reward offered for me," said the young woman. "Well, if it isn't right you'll be to blame. You looked at me long enough." "I—er—how you'll have a pleasant journey, miss," said the ticket seller. —Chicago News.

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A String of Good Stories

WHEN IN DOUBT. C. M. S. McLELLAN, author of the strong and successful drama, "Leah Kleschna," has pronounced views against war. "If the men who caused war were the men who fought," he said one day, "I should admit war's logic. But this is not the case. On the contrary, the men who cause a war never fight in it—never risk their lives, or endure hardship, or suffer loss. "It is the nation's young men who must fight. These young men, without any reason or profit or glory, die, or return home with an empty eye-socket, an empty sleeve, or an empty trouser-leg, and the profit and the glory all go to a lot of high officials—a lot of non-combatants who never struck a blow. "The common soldier, on the whole, is treated like the culprit in a Mogador prison. "This culprit, convicted of slander, was sentenced to the bastinado. Twenty lashes were ordered. Two men were appointed to do the work. "The culprit, weeping, was bound down. The two men, rolling up their sleeves, took sticks in their hands and, with knifed brows, began to rain the twenty lashes on the culprit's flesh. "But half way thru they lost count. "This is ten," said the first. "No. It's thirteen," said the second. "I'm sure the last stroke made ten," the first insisted. "Nonsense. It made thirteen," declared the second. "They argued for some moments, the prisoner listening anxiously, and then, finding it impossible to settle the question, they agreed it would be best to start all over again."

FOR REPAIR BILLS. SPEAKER CANNON, surrounded with flowers, was receiving congratulations on his seventieth birthday. A millionaire banker approached, and the speaker, after shaking him by the hand, said: "Look here, I am going to advise my friends to withdraw their accounts from your bank." "Why so?" asked the other. "Because you've just bought an automobile," said Speaker Cannon. "You'll be in great need of ready money soon." SUBURBAN RECORD BREAKING. DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, in a series of remarkable experiments, has been sending wireless messages from tetrahedral kites. In a discussion of these experiments Dr. Bell said: "It takes a long time to make a new idea practical and commercial. Most people think that the first successful flight of a flying machine should have been immediately followed by the appearance of great fleets of passenger flying machines, or that the first successful wireless message should have been immediately followed by a cheap wireless service to all parts of the world." Dr. Bell smiled. "They would have inventions made practicable with a speed that is only possible in suburban toilet-making," he resumed. "A suburban wife, the other morning, rushed into the man's room, shook him roughly, and said: "John, John, you've only got three minutes to catch your train." "All right," said the man coolly, as he leaped out of bed and seized his clothes. "Tell the cook to hurry breakfast."

AWKWARD. SENATOR HALE, apropos of an awkward remark, said: "It reminds me of the conversation of two ladies at a reception. "These ladies were strangers to each other. After a moment's desultory talk, the first said, rather querulously: "I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blond gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now." "Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband, you know."

THE PERFECT LOVER. MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the famous woman's rights leader, said of an untautful motion at a woman's club: "This motion, in its delicacy, reminds me of a Ripon man. "The man got married, and after he had been married several years his wife said to him one night: "You do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to. Hal, I fear you have ceased to love me." "Ceased to love you?" growled the man. "There you go again! Ceased to love you! Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the paper."



Dickey—When I'm a man I'll make all the rooms in my house round—then you can't put me in the corner.—Punch.

What the Market Affords

Flounders, 15 cents a pound. Fresh cod, 20 cents a pound. Haddock, 15 cents a pound. Fresh salmon, 20 cents a pound. Trout, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Pike, 13 cents a pound. Crappies, 12 1/2 and 15 cents a pound. Chives, 5 cents a bunch. Tapioca, 7 cents a pound. Black raspberries, 20 cents a quart. Fillets of flounders, Normandy style, will add variety to the table. To prepare this dish, remove the head, tail, skin and bones of the flounder. Cover these trimmings with water, add a teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful of pepper, a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a pinch of thyme and the juice of half a lemon, and simmer half an hour. Fold the fillets in a cloth, removing the backbone will fill the fish and lay them in a buttered pan, strain over them the fish stock, cover closely and cook for fifteen minutes in a brisk oven, then lift to a heated platter and set in a warm place. Reduce the stock one-third by rapid boiling. In a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter, stir in one heaping tablespoonful of flour and a seasoning of salt and pepper, add one cupful of water and stir until smoothly thickened, then add the reduced fish stock, a dozen button mushrooms cut in small pieces. When cooked, pour over two hard-boiled egg yolks grated and rubbed to a smooth consistency with a quarter of a cupful of cream. Stir over the fire until well mixed and pour over the fillets. In preparing tapioca pudding, scald one quart of milk in a double boiler. Stir in two-thirds of a cup of quick-cooking tapioca and let cook, stirring occasionally, for six or eight minutes. Beat three eggs, add one teaspoonful of salt and one cup of sugar, and heat again. Then stir into the tapioca. Add also a tablespoonful of butter and turn into a pudding dish, buttered and dredged with granulated sugar. Bake about thirty minutes or until firm in the center, in a slow oven. Serve hot with a sauce flavored with vanilla, wine or nutmeg. This pudding is right when there is a firm, smooth custard above the tapioca and custard mixture. To secure this condition the tapioca should not be cooked in the milk too long before the addition of the eggs. For the sauce, sift together one-fourth cup of flour and one cup of sugar. Stir in a cup and a half of boiling water and let cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally after the sauce boils. Before serving, heat in one-fourth a cup of butter, a grating of nutmeg and a teaspoonful of vanilla or wine to the taste.

Where Feminine Fancy Lights

SANDPILE DELIGHTS. It is not wise to teach children just before bedtime, when their little brains should be preparing for the night's rest. Choose the early morning or else the time directly after the morning nap for any instruction given, and never keep it up long enough to tire the child. All children should know the delights of a sandpile. If possible have one in the back yard or garden, and let the little one play there to his heart's content. If there is no back yard, sand tables may be purchased for use in the nursery, and little tin sets of sand molds to go with them. When one cannot afford a regular sand table a homemade wooden trough, or even an old tub, partly filled with sand, may be used instead. Expensive mechanical toys are entirely out of place in the nursery. A child's soon tires of them, and either wants to pull them to pieces to see how they are made, or else will leave them neglected for some simpler toy. At Christmas it is always a good plan to put a few of the toys received then away, and bring them out, one by one, at different times during the year. Even at this early age the baby can be taught to pick up his toys, or at least assist in doing so, when he is thruplaying with them. This habit of being tidy might just as well be formed now as later. Neither should the baby be allowed to willfully break his playthings nor tear his books.

Weekly Cooking Lesson—Braising

By CORNELIA C. BEDFORD. Braising is a method of cooking which is something like both boiling and baking, but differs from either. It is a favorite French way of cooking, and is regarded as both economical and good, for it converts inferior pieces of meat into tender, tasty dishes. First of all, a pan having a tightly fitting cover is essential. In France a special cover is made in such shape that live coals can be spread over the top; this is necessary, because much of their cooking is done with charcoal. With our stoves we can use either metal or earthenware; the latter is preferable, because the heat is kept more uniform, but any kind of deep covered pan or kettle will do the work. The meat which is to be cooked is arranged in the pan or kettle with or without vegetables, according to the flavor desired, water, sauce stock or a savory sauce added; the dish is then tightly covered and placed in a slow oven to cook. From half an hour to one hour is allowed for each pound of meat, according to its toughness. The meat will brown some, even while a part of the liquid is evaporating. When it is desired well-browned, the cover is removed half an hour before dishing. Braised Veal—Have the butcher remove the bones from a shoulder of veal. Make a stuffing with a quart of stale Jerome, whom he created king of Westphalia. In his romantic youth this Jerome made a trip to America and married a Baltimore girl named Elizabeth Patterson, but when he tried to take her home to France, his imperial and imperious brother refused to let her land. She first tried Portugal and then Holland without success. Eventually she came to London, where she had a tremendous reception, and it was in London that her son, the father of Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet officer, was born. CLEANING MARBLE For removing grease stains from marble dissolve a quarter-pound of concentrated lye in a pint of cold water, add enough of fuller's earth and whitening to make a thick paste. Put a generous layer of this over the stains and allow to remain several days, then brush off. Should traces still be noticeable, soften the dry mixture with a little boiling water and put on another application.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

A Girl of Fifteen. Dear Miss Lee—I am 15 years old. I have a plain blue accordion-pleated skirt which I would like to have lengthened. Could you tell me some new way? I do not want a yoke in it because they rarely fit well. My skirt length is about 34 inches, which brings it down to my shoe-tops. How long should a girl of 15 wear her dresses? Blue Earth, Minn. —K. K.

MISS VAN WART'S ROSES

No young, unmarried woman in London entertains as much or as handsomely as does Miss Evelyn Van Wart of New York. And if rumor is to be believed, she means to do some wonderful things in hospitality this season. She is the first woman in London to take up the idea of breakfast parties in the French fashion at 12:30 p.m. No one but Mrs. Frank Mackey ever before attempted this form of entertaining. At her little house in Mayfair it is generally noticed that American beauty roses are always to be seen in the decorations of the rooms. These are sent weekly to Miss Van Wart from her friends in New York. They arrive packed in ice and by dint of care and dispatch from Cherbourg the flowers arrive absolutely fresh and last fully a week. The roses are consigned in such quantities that Miss Van Wart has often boxes left over from her decorations. These she sends to personal friends in London.

ONE OF THE NEW CAPE EFFECTS

Capes and cape effects are decidedly a la mode and many a woman and girl will be glad to avail herself of this opportunity. These little wraps are very trim and natty, and require so little material and so little skilled labor in the making that they are proving very economical. The wrap shown is really a bolero with short loose sleeves and a graceful, double cape effect over the shoulder. It is made in old pink tulle as shown, with a heavy insertion in the same color, the garment is one easily made and very pleasing. Linen, silk or broadcloth might serve as material. For the medium size three yards of 36-inch goods are needed.

A ROYAL GUEST

It is Paris gossip that the Princess Marie Bonaparte contemplates paying a visit to her American relative, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, President Roosevelt's secretary of the navy. If the Princess Marie decides in the affirmative, Washington society will not only have the pleasure of entertaining one of the most charming Parisiennes of the day, but will also have as a guest one of the greatest heiresses in France. Princess Marie Bonaparte is the only child of Prince Roland, the celebrated savant, and the late Princess Eleanor, who died at her child's birth just twenty-three years ago. She is the granddaughter of the late M. Blanc, founder and proprietor of Monte Carlo, whose immense wealth she inherits. She is an ardent amateur photographer and automobilist. The youthful princess presides with much grace and charm over her father's beautiful hotel in the Avenue d'Iena, the rendezvous of all artistic, traveled and scientific Paris. The American Bonaparte, as he is called in Paris, has never visited the land of his fathers. But his elder brother, Jerome, who died in 1893, served in the French army and fought in the Crimea, Italy and Algeria. Secretary Bonaparte's father, Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, was an Englishman by birth, the his father was French and his mother American. He was a son of the great Napoleon's youngest brother,



MRS. WEST TATTOED Mrs. George Cornwallis West, herself Lady Randolph Churchill, allowed herself during a visit to India to be tattooed upon the arm. Just above the wrist. The design she selected was the symbol of eternity—a serpent with its tail in its mouth. Ordinarily this mark is concealed from observation by a gold bracelet.