

With the Long Bow

Open Letter to James J. Hill—Complaint Made by the Neighbors that His Noise Fence is Not Mule High, Bull Strong nor Pig Tight—Plea for a Noise Laid.

Lowry Hill, Minneapolis, July 31, 1906. EAR JAMES: An old-time description of a good fence was that it was "mule high, bull strong and pig tight." The neighbors have complained to me that your fence has a rift in it.

Sabbath morning last at 4:55 a.m.—almost 5 o'clock—when all good people were in their beds and were planning for at least three hours' good, healthy sleep, your hired man down on the right of way that comes in under Lowry Hill blew a prolonged, vicious and sleep-shattering blast on his locomotive whistle. It was a noise that pulled nearly every person on the hill—and probably as far out as Franklin avenue—out of deep sleep.

It is impossible to make your fence noise high, screen tight and contain no noise. You would just as soon speak to your hired man and see that he does not manufacture noise—at least, such vicious noise—as early on the Sabbath. As I look back on it, I think that I never heard quite so fierce a whistle. Possibly his hideous shrillness was accentuated by the deep quiet of the early morning that brooded over Kenwood and the hill.

I would like to call your attention to the excellence of Kenwood and Lowry Hill as a residence section; to the beautiful homes that are being built; to the nice people that already live there; to the general purity of the air and equability of the climate. If your young man who drives the freight team makes that noise a few times more all these conditions will change.

We all feel certain that you have considerable influence with the Great Northern, and we would take it as a favor and endeavor to reciprocate if you will speak to your man.

Very truly yours, etc., etc. P. S.—I have been informed by writing the above that possibly it was not your hired hand at all that made that noise, but that the help hired by the St. Louis road did it. If that is the case will you kindly hand this letter over the fence to your neighbor and use your influence with him if you feel so to do.

We have also asked Uncle Warren Wakefield, who edits the Long Lake department in the Minnetonka Record, to speak to Mr. Hill about this. Uncle Warren knows him well. He says in the last Record:

"Mr. James J. Hill came out one day last week to inspect the work on the big grade west of Long Lake. Mr. Hill seemed to be in good health and spirits and shook hands with his employees with the cordiality of a candidate for congress. We first saw Mr. Hill in the winter of 1866. At that time the end of the St. Paul & Pacific track was at Holdridge, and Mr. Hill was in the fuel business in St. Paul. We sold him maple wood, delivered on cars at the end of the track, for \$2 per cord that winter, and he used to come out and jack us up occasionally for putting in unsplit limbs and rough wood. We recall that Archie Guthrie, the present millionaire St. Paul railroad contractor, was contractor of the wood that which we helped load. At that time we knew more than either Mr. Hill or Mr. Guthrie. We were conscious that we had a bright future before us. We even had visions of a legislative career. We expected some time to own a home free from mortgage and have two pairs of suspenders. Wood hauling was to be a temporary occupation with us. We were vain of our future eminence and didn't care to mix familiarly with Jim Hill, the wood dealer, or Archie Guthrie, the contractor. But the tariff or some other obstacle obstructed our progress and we are still hauling wood with a cheap team, while Mr. Hill rides in his private car and Archie Guthrie has passed over the entire railroad system of the republic. We confess we are disappointed."

This weather is as gorgeous as holding hands with your best girl. New Zealand possesses an armless postmaster who does his clerical work with his feet. His name is



THE VOTING MACHINE—That the politicians are really interested in.

Mr. Ernest C. Moon, and he is in charge of the post-office at Te Uku, Auckland. He writes clearly and legibly. He is 37 years of age, and has been in charge of the postoffice at Te Uku for the last eleven years. The official reports of the inspectors of the New Zealand postal department show that Mr. Moon has given every satisfaction. He makes out money orders, postal notes and the periodical official statements by using his feet. In the same way he applies the date stamps to letters with wonderful rapidity. Mr. Moon can also use a hammer, saw and other carpenter's tools, and in addition to all that he is able to foot the bills.

PUNCTURING A FALLACY.

The barber applied the rich brown dye with a fine tooth comb, combing it evenly into the grizzled locks of the old man.

"Hair dye, sir," he said, "plain, unvarnished hair-dye, is the base of that absurd fallacy about people turning gray in a single night.

"If you investigate those yarns, you find that invariably they concern persons in prison. Orsini, pining in jail, had his hair go back on him. Marie Antoinette, languishing in a cell, found the deep hue of her hair changing to an ugly gray. Raleigh, imprisoned in the tower, developed grayish streaks with incredible speed.

"The secret of all that, my dear sir, is this: 'These prisoners, in order to conceal their gray hair, dyed it, using a poor sort of dye, one of those sorts that have to be applied every day or two. In prison, naturally, they could not get hold of this dye, and hence their locks whitened at a miraculous rate. When people said of them, pityingly, that their terror or sorrow had turned their hair gray in a single night, they acquiesced themselves in the deception, for is it not embarrassing—I leave it to you, sir—is it not embarrassing to explain to the world at large that one uses hair-dye?'"

IN SONG AND STORY.

Five thousand dollars' worth of Arizona mining stock given to Senator Beveridge a few years ago, and returned by him, is now reported to be worth \$1,000,000. That's the kind of mining stock the public is always hearing about, but is never able to buy.

Woman Is Found Out

NOW, this is not written in any carping spirit, but in the interests of science pure and simple. It is not even a pleasure, but a duty. It is an attempt to solve the mystery; at least, a trial to put the foot of man a little further along on the road of knowledge than ever it trod before.

Calvett got leave of absence from the office the other day. We are indifferent to the pretext. He started for a seashore express and he missed his train. Echo: He missed his train.

How happened this? Battle, murder or sudden death? War, pestilence or famine? An accident? A catastrophe? A cataclysm? No. He stopped to talk to a girl he knew.

Woman. Woman. (Uttered in a tone of sadness and reproach ineffable.) The next thing Calvett was walking along the sands when he tripped and gave a tableau of the ostrich burying its head in the sand.

How now? Was he watching the evolution of an airship that had suddenly appeared over the horizon? Was he looking at the wreck of a battleship, that he couldn't see where he was going? Was he gazing, frozen with fright, at a tidal wave fifty feet high, carrying death and destruction before it?

No. He turned his head to look at a girl in a certain bathing suit. Woman. Woman. (Uttered as before, but with emphasis additional and sorrow more profound.)

He got up and he started for the bathing pavilion. Later he chattered his teeth in the water, stubbed his toe in the sand, turned a somersault, had his face stepped all over and swallowed enough salt water to discourage the tide.

Was it necessary for his health—was he otherwise doomed? Had a doctor, sitting in solemn gloom and silence, prescribed it? Was it—poor man—his only possible chance of recovery?



WALVETT WAS WALKING ALONG THE SANDS.

Not for a moment. It was to be near the object of his respectful admiration, to smile at her when she screamed and to hold her little hand when the breakers tumbled in.

Woman. Woman. Woman. (Said with a wagging of the head and a silence between the words. Said with a sigh and a sighing.) Strolling along Surf avenue, he felt for his pocket-book and found it not.

But how had they taken it? Had a hypnotist come along, waving his arms and dilating his pupils horribly, and put our hero in a trance? Had he suffered a sudden stroke of that awful malady which robs a man's memory and steals his mind away for the time being? Had he been hit by a blackjack or a stocking filled with shot or choked into submission?

Also, no. It had happened while he was abstracted, looking at a certain design of peek-a-boo. Woman. Woman. (More in sorrow than in anger. More in sadness than in woe.) He felt in his trousers pocket for a half-dollar that



POSITIONS THAT ARE POSERS—No. IV.

Imagined by Starr Wood. If you had half a minute to make your connection with the express, and your bag burst open and scattered its contents, what would you do? Would you gather up your luggage, miss your train, and have to wait nine hours for the next, or would you leave your goods and chattels to the mercy of whoever might find them?—London Sketcher.

was there the night before. His hand closed on vacancy. Why this? Had a young student of Fagin walked alongside and slipped into the pocket? Had a wicked man had taken a piece of wire and fished the half dollar out of the pocket in the bathroom? Had a pickpocket, with frightful ingenuity, cut a hole in the pocket?

No, no. The night before Mrs. J. C. had gone thru J. C.'s pockets and had taken the 50 cents as a payment on account and a token of esteem. Ten miles back, and John walked home.

And as he walked, hobbling along, shuffling his feet, worn out, dispirited, helpless, who was it sitting so luxuriously in the automobiles and pretending not to see this poor, tired man's hooting? 'Twas woman.—New York Evening Sun.

THE PRICE OF VANITY.

WHAT became of that life-guard who had forty-one medals for saving people's lives? "The poor fellow fell out of a launch last month with them all on, and the combined weight sunk him."

NATIONAL DEPARTMENT STORE

The national department store extends from sea to sea—Of everything to eat and wear It's full as it can be. A list of all it has in stock Would reach from Portland, Maine, To Tampa, Florida, and back To Portland once again.

There's cotton from the southern states, And watermelons fine And luscious peaches, velvet pink, And yellow Georgia pine; New Jersey milk, and Texas beef, And Minnesota flour, And cider from Vermont to drink, With apples sweet, and sour.

There's California apricots, The best you ever ate; And cranberries from old Cape Cod, Like rubies in a crate; And Louisiana sugar cane, And salmon from the lakes, And buckwheat from ten thousand fields To furnish us with cakes.

There's silver, gold and copper ore, The treasure of the soil, And sapphires from Montana rocks, And diamonds from the mines, Fresh-water pearls of luster fit To decorate a queen.

And from Alaska sealskin furs And from the Orient shawls, From every land across the deep In crowds they come to buy, For with the goods of Uncle Sam No other shop can vie.

Beneath the same old starry sign Our patriot fathers bore, The nation carries on today A big department store. —Minnie Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

A String of Good Stories

"I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas told to me."

A TEST THAT FAILED.

"A STUPID class of employers," said W. S. Gifford, secretary of the Federated Charities of Baltimore, "have a way of testing the honesty of new servants and clerks by leaving money about. They don't realize, so profound in their stupidity, that they are putting great temptation in the way of their employees by these tests. They can't possibly understand that, when the employees trip up, it is their fault, because they were the ones who set out the stumbling-block.

"Hence I am glad when one of these narrow and stupid employe-testers gets the worst of the test. My heart still rejoices over a happening that I heard of yesterday.

"A lawyer had engaged a new office boy. To test the boy's honesty, he put a \$20 note under the electric fan on his desk, letting the end protrude, and then he went out to lunch.

"On his return, a couple of hours later, the note was gone. A silver quarter occupied its place. "Pale with rage and horror, the lawyer called the new boy to him.

"Look here," he shouted, "when I went out, I left \$20 under this fan. Now there's only a quarter there. How do you explain it?" "The boy smiled brightly.

"Why, sir," he said, "just after you left a gentleman called with a wine and cigar bill that he knew you were dying to pay, because it had been standing for four years. So I settled it with the \$20 note under the fan. It was \$19.75. Here's the receipt, sir."

MAGIC WORDS.

HOWARD GOULD was praising the London cab service. "What is more convenient and delightful," he said, "than the English system, whereby you get a hansom anywhere by holding up your finger, and are whisked smoothly, at the fastest trot, north, south, east or west for a shilling or two?

"But the London hansom goes more slowly if you take it by the hour. Sometimes the driver will tell you frankly, if you engage him by the hour, that this cheaper rate entitles you to 'walkin' pie.' If he doesn't tell you, you soon find it out for yourself.

"And hence arose a story that Owen Seaman told at a Punch dinner. It was a story about runaways. A policeman who had stopped a runaway gray horse was highly praised, when a gentleman said with a sneer:

"Oh, the fellow did nothing to boast of. I have stopped a dozen runaway cab and hansom horses myself." "Really?" said the others. "What method do you employ?"

"I simply stand on the edge of the sidewalk, and, as the horse tears by, I shout, 'By the hour!' Immediately the animal's mad gallop changes to crawl."

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

MARK TWAIN, at a dinner, replying to a toast "The Babies," said: "We have not all had the good fortune ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets; but when the toast works down to Babies, we stand on common ground, for we all have babies.

"If you go back fifty or a hundred years, to early married life, and contemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal and even something over. He took entire command. When he called for soothing syrup did you ve to throw out any side remarks about certain ser being unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman? You got up and got it. When he ordered his bottle, and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your mental office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff just to if it was right—three parts warm water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the color, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hicoughs I can taste that stuff!"

A JOKE, NOT A BOAST.

"A T PONT-AVEN, in Brittany," said a New York painter, "I met Mortimer Menpes, who is chiefly famous for his friendship with Whistler.

"The hotel at Pont-Aven is a museum of superbly carved antique Breton chests, armories and closets, and a gallery of Harrison, Penfold, Pauline Palmer, and other noted artists.

"In the salon of the hotel, I heard Menpes talk one day of Whistler.

"Whistler," Menpes said, "was not a conceited man. He was a joker. As jokes, not as serious speeches, most of his remarks were to be taken." "Thus a lady said one day to Whistler: "Do you think, Mr. Whistler, that genius is hereditary?" "I can't tell you, madam," Whistler replied. "Heaven has granted me no offspring."

What the Market Affords

PORTERHOUSE steak, 20 cents a pound. Beets, 3 bunches for 5 cents. Tomatoes, 12 1/2 cents a basket, home-grown, 10 cents a pound. Clives, 4 cents a bunch. Muskmelons, 60 cents a basket. (14).

The season has progressed until Minneapolis can now revel in homegrown vegetables and fruits. Tomatoes, beets, peas and beans, all come from the home gardens. Raspberries are being brought into Minneapolis from the surrounding country, red raspberries plentifully, but the black are comparatively scarce. Blackberries, too, are the home variety. A new salad which is delicious, is made of tomatoes and cheese balls. Large tomatoes are chilled and peeled, the inside is scooped out and when it is time for dinner they are filled with little piles of cheeseballs, made by smashing the cheese with enough sweet cream

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

A LINEN ETON. Dear Madam: Your advice would be much appreciated on the following points: I enclose a sample of linen at 65 cents a yard, would it be suitable to make into an eton suit, and how could the skirt be made so as to be easy to launder. Height 5 feet, 9 inches, bust 37, waist 29, hips 43, black hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, age 23. Would like a model to make a white crepe de chine waist. What colors could I wear. Would be gratified for an early reply. —Isabelle J.

The sample of white linen is entirely suited to the making of an eton suit, tho, I think, you will like it better, and certainly it will be more becoming, if the sleeves are made very full bell-like cape style. You need breadth, you see, and this would give it. A good model laundrying well would be the circular, either with a plain bias seam down the back and front, or with pleats let into the seam. If you cut it this way, it will not be apt to sag at the sides, because the material is on the straight of the thread over the hips. Trim horizontally with folds of the goods, as many as you wish, all around, or from the pleats. The apron will make quite small and plain, save for the fussy cape sleeves, finishing neck, front, lower edge of coat and the

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

LACE GLOVES NEXT

Lace gloves will be one of the novelties of the fall and winter season. Every fashionable woman will affect them. The largest supply comes from Germany. The gloves are wonderfully fine and of pure silk. They will not be comfortable wear, but who cares for comfort as against a decree of fashion? Lace is not strictly a glove material, but its defect in this respect has been overcome by the insertion of small strips of elastic at all the points where pliability is needed most. These strips are wrought in beautifully and can hardly be distinguished from the lace itself. In the back of the hand the elastic is made to look like threading. But in no degree of quality does the elastic make the glove as easy to the hand as kid. Making allowance for duty and the great returns on fine imports, the gloves will retail at \$7.50 to \$10 a pair.

COMPLEXION DIET

A beauty specialist the other day well versed in the laws of hygiene said: "No wine or spirits, no beer, no tea, plenty of fruit, eating an apple first thing in the morning and a tumbler of water the last thing at night." Plenty of vegetables of the more common sort were recommended as wholesome, such as carrots, cabbage, beet root, water-cress and similar simple fare. White meats, and not too much of them, plenty of fish, are enjoined, and no highly spiced or cooked up dishes. Above all, we are to pay attention to the bath; a tepid one must be taken daily. A little common vinegar is not bad in it, with sage leaves soaked therein. Some salt is another good thing and a few drops of tincture of myrrh.

A SILVER CURRYCOOMB

The Countess of Suffolk, erstwhile Miss Marguerite Hyde Leiter, is loyal to American jewelers, and all her work is still done by a Chicago firm which has served the Letters for two score years. She has recently ordered of silver a complete stable set—curry-comb, brushes and small pieces—of which the groundwork is solid with trimmings of enamel. Her ladyship was always devoted to horses, and she has adopted the fad of paying a daily

FADS OF SPANISH QUEEN

The pretty young Spanish queen has inaugurated a new fashion in manicuring. She lets the nails grow longer than the finger tips. They are very long and quite rounding. Very often they are actually way beyond the ends of the fingers, so that they show white and glistening. This is one of the new fads. Let the nails grow very long, but do not cut them pointed. Let them curve in a lovely delicate rounding shape. It is said that the young queen takes milk baths. She has the soft white, Irish skin, and like the pretty girls of the Emerald Isle, she takes milk baths. She washes her face daily in milk, skimmed and allowed to become slightly acid. This is applied to the skin, after it has been washed in hot water, and it is allowed to dry on. It soaks into the skin and, when it has penetrated the pores, it is lightly washed off with cold water. There is nothing in all the world that whitens and softens the skin like this course of treatment.

A SENATOR'S BRIDE

No trace of frivolity lingers about the new wife of United States Senator Crane of Massachusetts. She has been identified with the more serious element of Washington society ever since her debut ten or twelve years ago. She is a bookish young woman and once aroused the amusement of her friends by studying Hebrew as a relaxation from mental strain. Mrs. Crane cares little for dress, and tho she is almost twenty-five years the junior of her husband, she is fitted eminently to occupy a place among the matrons of the "senate set." Mrs. Lodge, wife of the other Massachusetts senator, is erudite, her specialty being Greek. In Mrs. Crane the bay state will find its reputation for learned women sustained. She is already half a native of the old commonwealth, as her father, William E. Boardman, has owned a home in Manchester for more than twenty years, and her summers have been spent there.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

When interrupted while frying in deep fat, drop a crust of dry bread into the fat to prevent its burning. When making a steamed or boiled pudding put a plait in the cloth at the top to allow the pudding to swell. A teaspoonful of lemon juice to a quart of water will make rice very white and keep the grains separate when boiled. If you always cut up your vegetables over a spread newspaper you save clutter and can remove the waste very easily. Sheets that are worn in the middle should be cut in two, the selvages sewn together and the cut sides hemmed. In this way they will last twice as long.

ATHLETIC LADY STEWART-RICHARDSON

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, better known in the United States under her maiden name of Mackenzie, has not abandoned on her marriage the athleticism in which she excelled. She has just given a display of fancy diving at the Bath club in London for a charitable object. Americans will remember how Lady Constance Mackenzie startled them by shooting alligators in Alabama, playing polo with men in a man's saddle, and her summers have been spent there.

HER ROOM A REVELATION OF HERSELF

Girls, what sort of a room have you? Would you like the man you want to marry to look into your room just as it is today? Would you be willing to subject your character to that keen test in the eyes of a discerning masculine? For a woman's room is a revelation of herself. One night the poet Longfellow was a guest at the house of Judge Potter in Portland, Me. In the absence of a daughter of the house, and the presence of many guests to be provided for, he was given this absent daughter's room as a sleeping chamber. The young man, not then 24, was charmed by the room. He had never seen the girl, but he immediately formed a conception of her character and her tastes, from the choice and the arrangement of the things in that room. The very disposition of the rugs, the arrangement of the articles on the bureau, the pictures on the wall—indeed, the entire atmosphere of the apartment seemed to breathe of a personality of gentle, womanly refinement and attractive qualities. To satisfy himself that his conclusion was correct, Longfellow made a trip to Portland again the following Sunday and attended church where he knew he would see the girl. He afterwards told a friend of mine that he knew her as soon as she entered the church. She exactly fitted that room. And, to make a pleasant ending to a true story, she was Mary Potter, who afterwards became the poet's first wife. One would like to know just what Mary Potter had in that room. But one thing is certain: It was not the elegance and cost of its furnishings which so accurately told its owner's character. There is many an apartment with rich rugs on the floor, and handsome silver on the toilet table, and every luxury that wealth can buy, which yet tells not one thing about its occupant except that she has money to spend. Here is another room, cluttered with "keepsakes"—mementoes of dances and eucches and plays and flirtations. Posters and pictures of popular actresses cover the wall. A row of young gentlemen in all stages of collar attitude and hair longitude line the mirror and smirk up at you from the back of the bureau. Books there are none, except a night novel tossed on the table when this gay giraffe finished it at 1 a.m. Turn a thoughtful man loose in that

BY POLLY PENN.

room and he would know in an instant that its unseen owner is pretty, popular, gay, devoted to pleasure, not fond of thinking, and without those resources in her nature which would enable her to be happy in herself. He would know her to be the average, thoughtless, fun-loving girl so exactly like fifty other girls of his acquaintance that it wouldn't be worth while to make another trip to meet her. Here is still another room, whose furnishings are in quite good taste; its curtains and covers immaculate; its toilet articles exquisitely kept; its showy, but every article dainty, refined and womanly. All this the thoughtful man sees and draws his own conclusions. But there is more. Two or three small pictures on the wall—not expensive, but copies of the very best—tell him she is a girl of cultivated tastes. That little shelf of well-worn books tell him, by every title, that she enjoys the companionship of the noblest and highest minds. The fern ball hanging in a sunny window speaks of a love and a care for the beautiful. The sewing basket with its bit of feminine mending says that she is not lacking in domestic traits. The very few photographs visible are the faces of true and tried friends, or clearly friends worth having; every face stands for something in the life of this room's occupant.

In short, there is not one thing in this room that does not show the individual characteristic touch of an attractive woman, such a woman as one does not know too many of, and who it would be well worth making another trip to meet. Girls, what sort of a woman would a thoughtful man see reflected in your room? It makes no difference how plainly it must of necessity be furnished. There will be at least one thing there to show your inclinations and tastes, or, alas! many things to show your lack of taste. Would you like to stand the test?

The best chaperon bag is a bed-ticking apron with a large pocket across the bottom. The worker can then fasten the apron about her waist and fill the pocket with the clothespins just before going out of doors to hang the clothes up. This apron will have her much trouble, the usual basket of clothes will in itself be enough to carry.