

With the Long Bow

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

Open Letter to John D. Rockefeller on His Return to His Country—John's Opinion of Fairbanks as a Presidential Possibility Sought.

Minneapolis, Aug. 1, 1906. DEAR JOHN: We were glad to see you back again, for the reason that Mr. O'Toole asked Mrs. O'Rafferty after her health.

But, jolly aside, we are really glad to greet you on your own property, viz., the United States, for we feel that in you and Mr. Rogers we have two sturdy proponents against the advancing tide of anarchy and socialism that is now temporarily sweeping over the country.

What do you think of the presidential election of 1908? Do you consider Taft at all a safe man, or has the Roosevelt influence been too strong with him.

Have you \$40,000 about you that you can let me have until next payday, without pinching you? Give my regards to Nelson Aldrich and slap the Jolly Rogers on the shoulder for me.

At the old settlers' picnic at Sheldon, N. D., Mike Devitt's green silk vest is written up in the Progress as making such a noise that the voices of several old settlers telling what they saw in 1878 were drowned out.

The Methodist pastor at Sheldon, N. D., the Rev. Mr. Leach, mended his fence with a new post. As a student of economy Mr. Leach sawed a limb from a tree that needed pruning, trimmed it, cut it the proper length and set it in place of the rotted post.

A Le Sueur man attended a fishing party that took an outing at Beaver Dam, Lake Jefferson. At dinner, being very hungry from much gallant rowing, he soon devoured all the allotment of spring chicken that fell to his share in the draw and, as the supply was limited, there was no more to be obtained.

Joachim Miller has written a book called "The Building of the City Beautiful," a town which ought to be located on the site of Excelsior, Minn. Did you ever read the story published in Harper's some time since called "Dillard Willman's Dream"?

When I saw the generous way in which the early settlers of Old Excelsior had provided for the future in setting aside as public property the lake front and the park on the bluff, I dreamed this dream: Frederic Law Olmstead, the landscape artist, visiting Excelsior in 1910 was so enchanted with the site that he drew a sketch of the perfect Excelsior.

Now Excelsior, of course, did not have the money, for the town's funds were spent on the usual useless things. But it did have the right people and they set about doing things at once. Every man in the place agreed to work at least an hour a day for the public good.

In 1911 or '12 Excelsior shone like a gem. People flocked there to make their homes. It was a great success. The town grew rich and the richer it grew



The popular attitude in which to appear on Minneapolis streets nowadays.

the more patriotic it was. Everybody was proud of it and nobody wanted to die or leave it. The way to make a man patriotic is to give him a stake in the community. Vive le revolution social.

A BEE-KEEPER of New Hampshire was showing a city man his apiary. The hives were ranged in line on the side of a mountain, and the air was sweet with the smell of clover, pine trees, carnations.

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She Must Be an Angel

New York Press.

THE JUDGE looked thoughtful and stroked his gray mustache in perplexity. The case was just that of an ordinary suit for separation—but there were "features." The chief "feature," in fact, was the defendant, a mild-looking little woman with a pretty face and a most ingratiating manner.

The judge looked quizzically at the lawyer and nodded to him to proceed.

"Dear sir," began the counsel, "Dis note am to testify dat I wukked fo' yeas fo' Mis' Dean an' found her a puffed lady."

"Proceed," said the judge, with a faint smile. The lawyer opened another sheet of white paper.

"It gives me great pleasure," he read, "to state that I never at any time had a disagreement with or unkind word from Mrs. Dean." That note," explained the lawyer, "is from the defendant's former



butler. If you will observe, our 'references' are not at present in the employ of the defendant, but are dismissed servants.

"Dear Sir—This is to state, in reply to your letter, that the Mrs. Dean you speak of did occupy a room in my house for six months, and that I always found her pleasant spoken, well-mannered, easy to please and prompt to pay. She would find a place here were she willing to return at any time."

"This letter," continued the counsel for the defense, holding up a blue envelope, is one which was received by the defendant from a woman in Mexico just three days ago. The postmark is City of Mexico. It reads:

"Dear Evelyn—I was shocked to hear that Teddy is trying to get a separation from you. I only wish, my poor girl, that I were there to help you to say, 'I do say it myself and wish that I didn't have to say it, Teddy is a consummate fool. Ever your loving—'

The judge stopped for a moment and looked keenly at the judge.

"The letter, your honor," he finished triumphantly, "is from the plaintiff's mother!"

The judge made a moment. "The case is dismissed," he said shortly.

Bearskin hats worn by grenadiers, weigh four pounds.

POSITIONS THAT ARE POSSES—No. V.



Imagined by H. M. Bateman.

If, when you were about to leave for home after the holidays, with only fourpence-halfpenny and your return railway-ticket in your pocket, you were met by ten of the servants of your hotel with joyful faces and expectant palms, what would you do? Would you divide the contents of your bag between them, would you give them any superfluous jewelry you had, would you give them I.O.U.'s, or would you run the gauntlet and endeavor to look as the you could not see them?—London Sketch.

FRIED OCTOPUS.

"THE fish had a peculiar but agreeable taste," said a globe trotter. "Its flesh was a little tough and elastic. That, tho, I didn't mind. I rather liked it, as one like the elastic toughness of a clam."

"Gorgio," I said to the waiter, "what kind of fish is this?"

"Fried octopus, signor," Gorgio answered calmly. "I ate no more. Fried octopus! The ideal I'd as soon have eaten fried rattlesnake."

"I found that in Italy and in southern France the octopus makes a popular dish. And after that, taking a deep interest in the Roman fish-stalls, I found on sale a number of sea-things that we consider harmful and disgusting."

"The sea-robot, for instance. His body is like a catfish's in shape. In color it is speckled, an ugly, froglike brown and black. And it has a pair of brown wings. Well, this fish, which we always throw overboard, the Roman dealers get three cents apiece for."

"The sea spider. It looks like a great spider and it is covered with black slime. You catch it when you go crabbing, and with a cry of disgust you toss it overboard again—a round black body, from which a dozen jointed, restless tentacles ray. But the sea spider is a cherished dish in Italy."

"Do you know the skate? A flat, round body, with a long, slim tail—one side of the body white, and here a grotesque parody of the human face is seen—two eyes, nose and mouth. The skate is a horror to look at, and an American would as soon eat rat; but in Italy big, pale skates are for sale on every fish-stall."

"You will not believe it, but it is a fact that there are even certain types of jelly-fish that the Italians eat."

WATCH RECORDS.

"THAT man's watch holds the record for this town," the jeweler said. "It has run for twenty-two years without stopping. Aside from a little regulating, oiling and cleaning, it has never needed a repair."

"I know lots of men who try to establish records for their watches. I know five men in this little town whose watches have run day and night for ten years. Give a good watch to a man and he takes a pride in it. He never forgets to wind it. Soon he is trying to make a record for it."

"The record for continuous running is held, I believe, by a Swiss watch in Geneva that has run for twenty-eight years."

A GOOD CARVER.

THE girl in the white bathing suit sneered as the automobile dinged.

"You said he was the carver of his own career," she exclaimed, nodding towards the occupant of the superb car. "Why, I learned today that all he did was to marry an heiress."

"Well," her companion explained, "he cut out seven other chaps in order to get her, didn't he?"

A String of Good Stories

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

BURLESQUE PERSONALS.

HENRY JAMES, as all the world knows, believes that an author's personality should be left in the background. To a magazine editor who lunched with him one day at the Athenaeum during the London season, Mr. James said on this head:

"Persons about authors always irritate me. If they are true, they are tedious. If they are interesting, they are, ten to one, false. They always sound to me like this."

And here Mr. James, with a good-humored smile, raised off the following burlesque personals:

"Shelley always ate a baked potato before sitting down to write. He was often heard to assert that some of his finest ideas came to him while putting on the butter."

"Fielding wrote 'Tom Jones' in a single night, after a debauch with Johnson, and sold it the next morning to procure himself a meal."

"Kirke White was much admired for his red hair, which he allowed to hang down his back in two plaits. He would never suffer any allusion to be made to it; but when writing used it as blotting paper."

"Cuvier always wrote with a pail of ice water on his desk, in which he alternately dipped his head and feet to freshen his ideas."

A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

GOVERNOR PARDEE, of California, was talking about a fire insurance agent who had disappointed him.

"This man," said Dr. Pardee, "had spoken so generally at first about the payment of all claims in full that my disappointment at his later expression was incredibly great."

"I was as disappointed as a man who had just returned from a month's vacation. This man got out of the train with his bags and valises, and with expanded chest trudged homeward thru the hot city, pleasantly conscious that he looked as brown as a berry, as hard as nails—in the pink of condition after his long month in the sun and wind."

"Suddenly he met a friend. This friend shook him by the hand, peered hard in his face, and said anxiously: 'Hello! Going out of town for a few days, I suppose from your luggage? Well, I'm glad to see it, for by George, you need a change. You certainly do look tuckered out.'"

SIMPLE ENGLISH VINDICATED.

PROFESSOR THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, the noted grammarian of Yale, believes in simple English. He opposes those who would substitute for simple terms pedantic ones—those who would say, for instance, that "Tomorrow is Sunday" is incorrect, and would write instead "Tomorrow will be Sunday."

Professor Lounsbury, discussing this question of simple English, said at Yale one afternoon: "There was a little boy who began to keep a diary. His first entry was, 'Got up this morning at 7 o'clock. He showed the entry to his mother, and she, horrified, struck it out.'"

"Have you never been to school? 'Got up,' indeed! Such an expression! Does the sun get up? No, it rises."

"And she scratched out 'Got up at 7,' and wrote 'Rose at 7,' in its place."

"That night the boy, before retiring, ended the entry for the day with the sentence: 'Set at 9.'"

NO CLOTHES—ONLY FIG LEAVES—IF THEM.

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, whose new operahouse in New York is one of the finest in the world, said at a dinner, apropos of a certain joke:

"That joke is far-fetched, very far-fetched indeed. It is as far-fetched as the sign that a tailor once put up in his boyhood home."

"The tailor's sign was an apple, simply an apple. The people were amazed at it. They came in crowds to the tailor, asking him what on earth the meaning of the sign was."

"The tailor with a complacent smile replied: 'If it hadn't been for the apple, where would the clothing business be today?'"

IN PRAISE OF TRAMPS.

JACK LONDON, the brilliant novelist, was praising the tramp.

"Many a tramp," he said, "is more intelligent and honorable, and has a happier life, than the average ragged man of the streets. Tramps are renowned the world over, too, for their humor."

"I once knew a tramp named Boston Jack. It is said that Boston Jack knocked on the back door of a farmhouse one July afternoon and asked for assistance."

"The farmer's wife said sharply to him: 'Why don't you go to work? Don't you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?'"

"Madam," said Boston Jack, "without evading your question, may I ask of what practical utility, moss would be to a man in my condition?'"

What the Market Affords

Kidney, 5 cents each. Wax and string beans, 4 cents a pound. Homegrown corn, 10 cents a dozen.

Peppers, two for 5 cents. Crawford peaches, 25 cents a basket. Texas peaches, 15 cents a basket.

Sour cherries, 12 1/2 cents a box. Kidney and mushrooms is a popular dish in France and one growing daily more popular in this country. Soak, parboil and cut up a kidney, fry it in two ounces of butter or soup fat, add salt, pepper, an onion, chopped, and

twelve-button mushrooms, some parsley and one-half pint of consommé, also a tablespoonful of white wine or sherry. Cook and stir ten minutes and serve on toast.

The national summer dish of Spain, "caspacho," is made as follows: Mince a large white onion, add a fine cucumber, sliced, and three tomatoes cut up. Put in layers in a bowl, dust with salt, pepper, parsley and breadcrumbs, adding oil and vinegar as for a salad. There must be plenty of the latter. The whole is served ice cold.

which it is cooked. French people take a piece of onion and rub it inside the salad dish before dressing the salad. This gives an impalpable flavor of onions that gives no offense.

SUPERSTITION VS. STYLE "They say women will do anything for the sake of style," said a lower Broadway milliner, as she poised a huge bunch of grapes and foliage at the back of a director's creation, "but all the rage as peacock feathers are at present, you couldn't persuade some women to wear them. They'd rather go dowdy as a meal-sack. Superstition, of course. Almost everybody knows that the brilliant plumage is deadly in the matter of luck, and then there is the southern superstition which says that no engagements ever occur in a house where there are peacock feathers. That naturally clinches matters for the unengaged girls."

"See this hat I'm retrimming with grapes?" she went out three days ago with a lovely tuft of peacock plumage dyed black—too chic for anything. Yesterday the purchaser brought it back and insisted on having it trimmed with something else. She said she hadn't had such a spell of bad luck for ten years, and that she wouldn't wear those wretched feathers another hour for the price of the hat. I tried to reason with her, pointing out that the feathers were really necessary to the contour of the hat and that the grapes would not in any way take their place. But she was obstinate.

"Some of my clients seem nervous about even trying on a peacock-trimmed hat."

In putting away knives and other steel instruments oil them slightly and wrap them in tissue paper. This will prevent their rusting.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

A WOMAN'S FISHING TRICK A Boston woman, Mrs. Beardsley, has shown two wise Maine guides how to take trout out of Molunkus river after they had vainly used every means known to them.

For some reason or other the fish wouldn't rise. They lay thick in the deep pools, but neither brown hackle, professor, silver doctor, Fatmachedeen, belle nor any other standard fly in their books would lure them to the surface. They were all getting tired of such sport and were planning to go back to their automobile, when Mrs. Beardsley said she thought she knew a way to tempt the big fellows to take hold.

"You send one of the guides for one of the auto lamps and I'll do the rest," she told her husband.

The lamp was brought, and that night Mrs. Beardsley fastened it to a short, stout pole. This she stuck in the soil near the bank of the river, and at night escorted the party to watch her experiment. She rigged her leader with a brown hackle and black gnat, lighted the lamp, and, turning it on a pool, began to cast.

For a few moments no ripple broke the surface. Then a handsome trout out of the water with a splash and the barb was deftly driven home. It took ten minutes to land him. Not only would the fish accept brown hackles and black gnats, but they were greedy for any other fly of sombre color, and the entire party had great luck, all unconscious of the fact that what they did was unlawful.

BEADS THE THING Wearing of beads seems to be growing more and more prevalent. From the morning hours, when the shirtwaist suit is worn, until the time when fashionable women don decollete gowns, the throat decoration is the thing. Coral is the prime favorite in the morning and a narrow band with a carved clasp gives a touch of daintiness to a plainingham or lawn. Some women who should know better twine pearls around their throat when on shopping expeditions. The young daughter of the Russian ambassador in Washington, Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, may be seen exercising her dog and wearing pearls about her neck.

Miss Louise Foraker wears an antique garnet necklace set in Roman twisted gold. Another freak of adornment was seen in the avenue a few days ago. A woman wore the incongruous combination of a necklace of beautiful amethysts and a tweed walking suit.

THE FIRST BEDS The first mention of the bed is in the book of Esther. There a bed consisted of coarse stuffed pillows which were placed around two or three sides of a room, used for seats by day and beds by night. Later these were kept only at one end of the room where an elevation was built for them, and, in the course of time, made movable.

It was probably the Egyptians who first made these works of art. With their wonderful skill they ornamented these elevations and constructed them of ivory, wood, copper, bronze, gold or silver. Cleopatra's bed was exquisite. It was built of ivory and gold and was covered with the finest of gold embroidered silk draperies and tapestries.

The first beds of the Romans were simple affairs, corresponding with the austerity of the life among the early Roman heroes. But after the invasions in the east, some of the luxuries of the Orient became known to them, and by degrees the pleasure-loving Romans adopted luxurious customs which extended even the luxury of Persia, the country which bore the palm for its household appointments.

The Roman bed was on the order of the couch, and it was not until the middle ages, when property and homes became more secure, that the bedstead was built. The first resembled a berth, a compartment built in one side of the room and curtained off. Ornamentation came later, and in the 17th century the double bed appeared; crude at first, but afterward becoming a costly and elaborately wrought article of furniture.

SWEET PEA WREATHS AT A DINNER At a debutante dinner in Lenox last week favors were introduced that not only pleased the "birds" but enhanced their good looks as well. They were trimmed with July's flower—the sweet pea—and about every cover was a garland of these delicate blooms, which are tinted with carmine, mauve, blue, white and maroon. Indeed, as one guest said, the flowers were a variation of a summer sunset. Every girl as she sat down placed her wreath of sweet peas upon her hair.

Making and Freezing Ice Cream

By Cornelia C. Bedford.

When ice cream is to be of rather light texture an uncooked mixture should be used. Should a rich cream be desired which will melt slowly it is best to have the bulk of the cream cooked. Liquids always increase somewhat in bulk when frozen; uncooked materials swell more than those which have been cooked. A raw mixture in the process of freezing will increase its bulk almost one-third; a cooked one swells less. On the other hand the cooked mixture has more body and melts much more slowly.

Ice for freezing should be broken into lumps not larger than a walnut, while the salt crystals should not exceed a pea in size; very coarse salt and imperfectly crushed ice are responsible for many failures in home freezing. With some makes of freezer the ice must be pounded even finer than this.

Every excessiveness or depression in machinery means something. Examine your freezer and see that the parts fit well together before using it. When the handle turns hard oil the gearing. Having the can clean, put the freezer together and see that it turns easily. Measure the ice and salt. To every three measures of ice add one of rock salt and mix thoroly. Put about three inches at a time in the pail round the can, work down, then give the handle a few twists. Continue to pack until the ice is within two inches of the top of the freezing can. Carefully lift off the top, pour in the mixture to be frozen; replace the lid and top and begin to turn, slowly at first. When resistance shows that the mixture is thickening and freezing turn more rapidly until it is too stiff to turn longer. Open the can, draw out the dasher. With a long spoon or paddle work the cream solidly down in the can. Lay a sheet of paraffine paper over the top and replace the lid, filling the dasher hole with a cork. Draw off half the liquid brine, add more ice and salt—the ice in somewhat larger lumps than before. Dip a piece of burlap or old carpet in the brine, cover the freezer and stand in a cold place that the cream may ripen.

Philadelphia Ice Cream.—Scald one pint of cream in a double boiler. Add a half pint of sugar, stir until dissolved. Take from the fire, add a pint of chilled cream and set away until cold. Add one tablespoonful of vanilla or any desired flavor and freeze according to directions.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE For a White Dimity. Dear Miss Lee—I have been very much interested in your department and now am going to ask your help and advice for myself. I have nine yards of white dimity like enclosed sample and also four yards of white insertion 1 1/2 inches wide, which I wish to use with it. How shall I have it made for best wear this summer. I am 5 feet 3 inches tall, bust 42, waist 30, hips 45, weight 175 pounds, and 28 years old. Cathryn, N. D.

Have a seven gored, flaring skirt with a group of quarter-inch tucks down each seam, the narrow front width outlined with the insertion, and finish the bottom with a hem and a couple of tucks. (No tucks on the front width.) Fit smoothly over the hips, but not too tight, and allow the flare to begin as deep flounce depth.

Make the waist with the whole upper part in small tucks to yoke depth, then run insertion from the shoulders in bands to meet those on the skirt. Connect these bands on the waist at lower edge of yoke, in the front, and so simulate a tucked chemiseette outlined with the insertion. Have full bishop sleeves ending three-quarter length in cuffs of the insertion and have collar to match. The belt should be of the dimity. Following these suggestions the result will be a smart, becoming gown.

If you are ironing with the patent handle irons and using a gas range, it is a good idea to put a tin cover on top of the iron as it sits on the fire. The cover keeps the heat from escaping and your iron with its help will get hot much quicker. On a good-sized blaze two irons of this kind covered with a tin or copper cover will heat as soon as one.