With the Long Bow

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

The Impressionist School of Poetry—"Twilight Pneumonics" in Which Man, Catapulted Hence, Like a Tureen, Is Given the Poetic Boot.

JOHN TALLMAN, the St. Paul poet, gives tongue because the magazines will not print real poetry but are looking for a brand of afflatus that emanates from what Mr. Tallman considers the nutcracker school. This calls to mind that when Riley finally did get his poems looked at and accepted by New York authorities, it is a solemn fact that Richard Watson Gilder "edited" some of the lines and changed them on Riley, whose fit over the situation one can easily imagine.

Yet we cannot join Mr. Tallman in his complaint of the decay of poesie. Have you read anying of "the new poetry" of the impressionist school? The thought of this school is very deep and subtle, but it is there. For example, permit us to quote from a modern author a little thing so modern that it is barely fifteen minutes old. Here it is:

Twilight Pneumonics.

Man is a wandering dream
Catapulted hence
Like a tureen;
"Excellent, excellent,"
Saith the Stone Fence.

Man is a fly-by-night
Shot out of dusk
Like a dog-bite;
All that's supreme sees
Naught but the husk.

Should we but ask the sphynx
"Whither is hence?"
That lady merely blinks,
Far as she really sees
All is High Fence.

Out-Ibsening Ibsen's worst,
Destiny's hoot,
Really you're quite accurst,
That is the horologue!
Man gets the boot.

Thither and thence and what?
Corruscates bleak
Into the rut;
Phantasms' phantasmagoria
Gibber and squeak.

Poison and dagger's scour!
Apple and plum!
Ah ha! What ho?
Two trillion miles an hour!
That's going some!

So man's a wandering dream
Catapulted hence
Like a tureen;
"Excellent, excellent,"
Saith the Stone Fence.

It requires no study to see the lights and shades of this remarkable production, but it does require some study to detect the logical continuity of the thought. Once seen, however, and it dwells with you by night and by day, a very definite and glorious conception.

What will ex-President Roosevelt do for excitement? The country could stand the noise if he jumped old Tom Platt and his express company and took away their senatorship.

A Kentucky woman who dearly loves to talk is a victim of insomnia. She found that she had acquired a habit of talking in her sleep and she so dearly loved to hear herself talk that she kept herself awake so much listening that it became a habit.

A panic interrupted the picnic in the courthouse yard at Miller, S. D. The mosquitoes started it. The first act was when one of the brutes chased a dog over a table, breaking dishes. The next move was when one began drawing blood from a red dog. The dog believed it was a white bulldog's teeth that had pierced him, and he lost no time in jumping the white canine. The white one resented this and the fight that followed was so gloriously hideous that it broke up the picnic and ripped down a section of the courthouse fence like a charivari. —A. J. R.

PIGEON-TOED PEDESTRIANISM.

THE late James E. Martin, brother of Bradley Martin, was a man of old-fashioned integrity, and the illegal practices of many noted financiers and corporations angered and shocked him.

In a discussion of a certain much investigated company, Mr. Martin said one day:

"The concern seems always to have found it easy to break the law. It has been as ready and resourceful as a tenant I once had.

"My tenant was an enthusiastic pigeon flyer. One day he took a pigeon in a bag to the Grant monument, intending to time its flight home. But when he took the bird out of the bag a policeman came up and said:

"'What are you doing there?'

"'Getting ready to fly this pigeon,' said my tenant.

"'You can fly no pigeon here,' said the policeman.

"'Why not?' the tenant asked.

"'It's against the law—that's why not,' said the policeman. 'If you try it on I shall be obliged to lock you up.'

"My tenant placed the pigeon on the ground, stroked it and said to it, gravely:

"'I can't toss you up here, for it's against the law, so you must walk home. Do you hear? You must walk home.'"—Pittsburg Press.

FOR A GARDEN PATCH, OF COURSE.

There is a report current in St. Paul that Mr. Armour will plant the plot of ground he has just purchased in New Brighton to sweet peas.

HIS ROUTE.

ON ONE of his early concert tours of the west, before the famous violinist Edouard Remenyi was thoroly familiar with the railway routes of the United States, he inquired in Chicago concerning the best way to reach a town in Illinois.

"C., B. & Q.," replied the hotel clerk, without looking up.

Remenyi was quite dazed, but his sense of fun carried him thru.

"Ah," he said, gravely. "Then I will go D. A. T."

It was the clerk's turn to be puzzled.

"What does that mean?" he said, looking up this time.

"Well, what did you mean?" demanded Remenyi.

"Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, of course."

"Ah! I meant day after tomorrow."—Youth's Companion.

VERY POLITE

AN inspector upon his regular rounds, rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

"Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her."

"Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?"

"What? Will I please do what?"

"Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I do not want to shut the door in your face."

WHEN HIS STRENGTH FAILED

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was invited to deliver a lecture in a town in the central part of Massachusetts. He was not feeling very well, and he wrote the following reply to the committee in declining to accept the invitation.

"I am far from being in good physical health, and I am satisfied that if I were offered a fifty-dollar bill after my lecture I should not have strength enough to refuse it."

Curios and Oddities

"'Tis Passing Strange!"

SECRET COMBINATIONS.

T. Burr Thrist, president of the National Amateur Press association, talked at the annual convention in Philadelphia about the trust evil.

"Trusts, combinations," said Mr. Thrist, "have many striking advantages, particularly if they keep their operations secret. This fact was impressed on me in my boyhood by an incident that I saw in the streets of Cleveland.

"As I was idling in the streets one afternoon, a hawker's cries assailed my ear. The man had a truck filled with paper and envelopes, and in a loud voice he yelled:

"'Here y'are! Box o' paper and twenty-five envelops on'y one dime!'

"But suddenly his yells were drowned by louder ones, and another hawker, crowding the first out of the way, jostling him rudely, shouted, as he pushed along a bigger truck:

"'Five cents—on'y a nickel—box o' paper an' twenty-five envelops! On'y one nickel.'

"The trucks came near colliding. The two men glared at each other. The spirit of competition and rivalry ran high, and the people, drawn by the shouts, hurried from their houses.

"And, finding that the two kinds of paper were identical, the people bought up the cheaper sort hungrily. I was amazed to see the business that the nickel man did. As for the dime man, poor fellow, he shouted on lustily, but it seemed that, the louder he shouted, the more of his rival's stock the people bought.

"Finally the sales ceased. Everybody had bought enough paper to last a year. The dime man departed first, and the nickel man left a few minutes later. I followed, to see a repetition of the rival sales in the next street.

"The dime man, to my amazement, was waiting around the corner, and, as he piled a lot of his stock on the other's nearly empty truck, I heard him say, with a chuckle:

"'It works fine, Bill, don't it?'"

WHAT AN "AD" WOULD HAVE DONE.

"When Mark Twain was city editor of the Virginia City Enterprise, back in the '70s," said a veteran of Nevada, "he used to brighten up the columns of the paper with comic paragraphs setting forth the advantages of advertising.

"These paragraphs were based on all kinds of odd facts—on murders, on crop reports, on kidnappings, on the weather. I remember one paragraph that ran like this:

"'Germany has just discovered a buried forest in her midst, supposed to be 10,000 years old. If the man who lost it had advertised in the Enterprise, the chances are that it would have been returned to him that night.'"

STUDYING IN PARIS.

Alexander Harrison, the famous painter of marine pieces, has a studio in Brittany, and a young woman who met him there in the early summer said:

"Mr. Harrison's studio is in Concarneau, a little seaside town devoted to sardine fishing. His windows overlook the sea, and up and down pass continually, on the glittering water, the little sardine boats with their brown sails. Everywhere sardine nets hang drying—huge nets in weave as fine and frail as lace, in color a deep blue.

"I asked Mr. Harrison if he thought American art students did well to come abroad to study.

"He looked from his window at the picturesque scene, and he said that undoubtedly the atmosphere was more artistic in Europe than in America.

"He thought, tho, that Paris, as a city to study and work in, was overrated. To illustrate his meaning, he said that a certain rich man's son, after three years in Paris, wrote home to his father in St. Joseph:

"'Dear Father: I have made up my mind to set to work. Please let me know at your earliest convenience whether it was painting, architecture or music I came to Paris to study.'"

MOTHER'S ADVICE

"How can I marry that man? I abhor, despise, abominate him!"

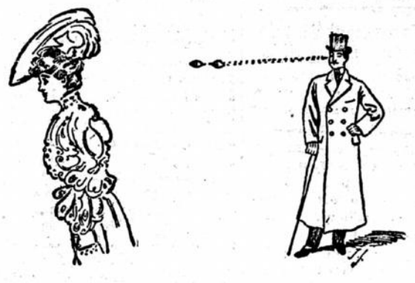
"There, there, dear! You can tell him all that after you've married him!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

AFTER THE SIXTH REJECTION BY THE R. A.

The Prodigal—Well, dad, here I am, ready to go into the office tomorrow. I've given up my studio and put all my sketches in the fire.

Fond Father—That's right, 'Arold. Good lad! Your 'art's in the right place, after all!—Punch.

AN ILLUSTRATION WHICH ILLUSTRATES



"His eyes followed her as she slowly walked away."—The Bohemian.

SHE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND BUSINESS.

Lyman J. Gage, ex-secretary of the treasury, is smash-up had been terrible.

Mr. Gage, conversing with a young woman writer, praised the simple life.

"It is, above all things," he said, "the life for women. Women are far better fitted for simple, natural living than for the artificial and unwholesome rush and crush of our big cities, which they can't understand, which they can't cope with.

"Whenever I think of women in big cities, or of women in business, I am reminded of the remark of a poor lady whose husband had just failed.

"'At any rate,' she said, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, 'the Brown failure was worse than ours.'

"'How so,' said I, for I knew that her husband's smash-up had been terrible.

"'Why, she said, 'we only failed for 5 cents on the dollar, whereas Mr. Brown failed for 45.'"

FROM CLYDE FITCH'S SCRAPBOOK.

Clyde Fitch, at a dinner that he gave in honor of a noted dramatic critic, read from his library of scrapbooks a western criticism on "Hamlet."

The criticism, which was dated 1873, ran:

"There is too much chinning in this piece. The author is behind the times, and seems to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives.

"In the hands of a skilful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle, and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have lifted the audience out of their cowhides.

"The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet sasses his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation.

"Our advice to the author is more action, more love-making and plenty of specialties. The crazy girl scene should be cut out altogether and a rattling good song and dance substituted."

A BISHOP AMONG ARCHITECTS

BISHOP VINCENT was praising at Chautauqua the Chautauquan architecture.

"Beautiful buildings," he said, "are a perennial delight, and the architects who give us them should be more highly honored and rewarded than they are.

"Whenever I look at our superb buildings here I think of what their architect once said to me. He said that a bishop employed one of his brothers in the designing and erection of a fine house. When the house was completed the bishop was well pleased.

"'My good brother architect,' he said, 'don't you think that your charges are too high? The yearly salaries of many of my curates don't equal the amount of this bill of yours.'

"'Very likely not,' the architect replied, 'but I am not a curate, but a bishop among architects.'"

A LEGAL MONUMENT.

A LAWSUIT which began in 1613 and which arose out of a dispute over woodcutting rights in the forests of Dabo, on the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, has just been decided. The French government took part in it and after the war of 1870 Germany appointed a jurist to study the matter. It took him thirty years to get up the case, which is described as filling several hundred volumes. A verdict given in 1904 by the court of Saverne, has, after appeal, at last been confirmed by the supreme court of Leipzig. The state will have to bear the enormous costs.

ENCOURAGING THE ENTERPRISING

I live in a mighty queer cottage
A struggling young architect planned;
Its walls are adorned with some pictures
A struggling young artist thought grand.

A struggling young doctor attends me,
Prescribing due quota of pills;
A struggling young minister preaches
Regarding my soul and its ills.

A struggling young lawyer protects me
From running afoul of the crooks;
A struggling young author engages
To furnish my shelves with his books.

A struggling young dentist exploring
Among my poor molars makes free—
Me? I'm just the struggling young public,
And no one commiserates me.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

SUGGESTION TO AUTOMAKERS

With this hoisting device it will be so easy to repair a breakdown out on a country road.—Chicago Journal.

HE HAD ALL THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC

Goat—Gee whiz!. I got 'em this time for sure!
Nan—What! Been eatin' beer corks again?
Goat—No; I just finished half a dozen new almanacs.—Judge, Copyright 1906.

The Value of Plenty of Exercise

By ELEANOR MORRIS.

Exercise is quite as necessary to health as food, air and cleanliness; without it there would be no physical or mental development. It is the constant moving of the little hands and legs that develops the body and brain of the infant. Walking is the natural exercise, and on it depends the health of the blood, muscles and joints.

There are many exercises given by writers of physical culture that are simply for those that have time and money at their command. To the average person, these instructions might as well be written in Sanscrit; they would be just as comprehensible. The woman busy with her social duties, the mother of a family with her endless cares, the woman that devotes many hours to business—what time would they have to perform such exercises as are laid out for them by these writers of physical exercise? When advised to do so and so, as an exercise, the reply is usually: "I have no time for such nonsense; when I am tired I want to rest." This is indeed too true; rest is what is needed. The thought that I wish to convey is that change of occupation is rest. If you have used your brain all day, exercise the body at night; if the body has been doing the work, relax by using the brain; go to an entertainment, read or spend the evening pleasantly discussing the topics of the day.

The exercises for those fatigued from social duties or acts of charity, their time should be so arranged that they could have free one hour before the evening meal and, clad in a loose gown, indulge in a few movements of the arms, simple ones, like those that were taught them in early school days. This will consume five minutes; then the plunge bath of tepid water, scrubbing briskly, rinsing thoroly, drying quickly, a friction with a hair glove and cologne; you may then rest five minutes before dressing. With this treatment every trace of fatigue will have left you, and your digestion ready to cope with your evening repast.

For the mother and housekeeper I would advise the same course, and be it always understood that a certain amount of exercise in walking out in the open air each day must be done, whether you are so inclined or not.

For those whose duties compel them to remain indoors the greater part of the day, walking in the open air is as much a life-giver as food. If they could be induced to sacrifice an hour's sleep in the morning to take this walk, life would be all the more bearable. One hour in the open air after the day's toil will add years of comfort, as the digestion will be better, the circulation improved, thereby preventing many diseases that come to those so situated.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

For a Schoolgirl.

Dear Miss Lee: I am 15 years old, but large for my age. Am 5 feet 5 inches tall, 23 waist, 34 bust, 35 hips, 115 weight; have blue eyes, complexion medium, with little color, very heavy brown hair. What colors are best suited for me? How long should I wear my dresses? I have a delicate pink waist of silk mull, trimmed with lace and insertion. How would you advise having the skirt made? What do you think would be a becoming style for my hair? I wear it in coronet or French braid now. —J. R. B.

I imagine you to be a fair brunette, and your successful colors are pale yellow, all shades of blue, all shades of gray, deep rich red, pale pink, dark green, golden brown, golden tan, old rose and cream. Wear your skirts to within an inch of your shoe tops, and in regard to your hair, I think you have found the present style of dressing quite becoming to you. A pretty skirt model for wear with your lovely waist will be to gather the mull very full several times into the waist lint and finish the bottom with a hem. Above this lay a band of lace edging, the border just resting on the hem. A group of tucks come next, the lower edge of the last tuck just overlapping the straight edge of the lace. A little higher up a similar arrangement is made with more lace and tucks.

Will Miss G. T. Franklin kindly send the sample she omitted from her letter? —Elizabeth Lee.

If a trust made Hunt's Perfect Baking Powder, its price would probably be about twice what you pay for it today.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY

"A woman," said a papermaker, "invented blue paper by accident. Before her time all paper was white.

"She was the wife of William Eastes, one of the leading papermakers of England in the eighteenth century. In passing thru the paper plant one day she dropped a big blue bag into a vat of pulp. Eastes was a stern man, and so, since no one had seen the accident, Mrs. Eastes decided to say nothing about it.

"The paper in the vat, which should have been white, came out blue. The workmen were mystified, Eastes enraged, while Mrs. Eastes kept quiet. The upshot was that the paper was sent to London marked 'damaged,' to be sold for whatever it would bring.

"The selling agent in London was shrewd. He saw that this blue-tinted paper was attractive. He declared it to be a wonderful new invention, and he sold it off like hot cakes at double the white paper's price.

"Eastes soon received an order for more of the blue paper—an order that he and his men wasted several days in trying to fill.

"Then Mrs. Eastes came forward and told the story of the blue cloth bag. There was no difficulty after that in making blue paper. This paper's price was very high, Eastes having a monopoly in making it."

ETHEL ROOSEVELT'S COURAGE

Miss Ethel Roosevelt is a girl with a gracious bearing, bright blue eyes, flowing golden hair, a frank countenance and cheery disposition.

At Sagamore Hill, where she is spending the summer, she enters into the sport of the other children with zest, but delights to ride her thorobred more than all else.

Her love for equestrian excitement came near resulting in an accident not long ago when she was cantering along the bridlepath close by her father's residence at Oyster Bay.

Coming along the path at rapid speed, the clatter of her horse's hoofs drowned the noise of an approaching automobile, and, as a clump of bushes hid the machine from view, her horse ran squarely into it before she was able to bring him to a stop. The onrushing automobile tore the reins from her hands and snapped them asunder. But the horse, one of the finest animals the president ever owned, showed the strain of his blood, and, disentangling himself from the automobile, stood patient but quivering with fright. Miss Roosevelt dismounted, patched the bridle, and rode serenely on her way as tho nothing had happened.

She is as fond of domestic animals and pets as her strenuous father is of the wild ones, and constantly visits the pantry of her home, pilfering sweets for her favorites.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES

If the box containing silver polish, a small bottle of alcohol, soft flannels, chamois skins, and brushes be kept in some convenient place in pantry or kitchen, it is a trifling matter after each meal to rub the few pieces of silver discolored by egg, salad, or what not. By this means the weekly silver-polishing may be lightened or done away with.

Extra silver should be kept in canton flannel bags with a small lump of camphor in each. It will in this way retain its brightness indefinitely, advises Harper's Bazaar.

At some of the smart English country houses a particularly appetizing sandwich is served with afternoon tea. It is called the Nebuchadnezzar. It is a plain bread-and-butter sandwich with a few leaves of fresh watercress, dressed only with a shake of salt and a squeeze of lemon juice. This dainty sandwich to be perfect should be small and thin, and the butter unsalted.

QUEEN HAS A SHOP

Aristocratic shopkeepers have long since become a drug in the market, but Paris can now boast of a truly royal shop. Queen Marie Sophie, widow of the last king of Naples, has just started a dainty little store in the Rue St. Roch. It is called "Aux Ouvrages Calabrais," and is devoted entirely to the sale of needlework done by the Calabrian peasant women.

The queen has opened in Calabria workshops where the peasant women, who had been reduced to misery by the terrible earthquake of last year, make the laces and embroideries, etc., which are sold in the Paris shop. The proceeds of the sale go to help poor people rebuild their homes.

Almost daily Marie Sophie, who was queen of the two Sicilies and of Jerusalem, Duchess of Parma, of Plaisance and Castro, and Grand Duchess of Bavaria and Tuscany, comes to the little store and superintends the window-dressing, etc. To the casual onlooker she is but a charming woman who takes an interest in the work, and none would know that she had been a queen if the attendants did not call her "majesty."

MRS. STOKES' SIMPLE LIFE

It was with the captivating joy and pride of a child that Mrs. Stokes led me from room to room of her tiny apartment, and pointed out her methods of simplifying the many trying problems of the average housekeeper. She explained that she uses no table linen, but substitutes white Japanese napkins that are destroyed after each meal, writes Lillian Bayne Griffin in Harper's Bazaar. This economy reduces laundry and mending. Nice napery amounts to quite an item in the household expenses if the frequent changes necessary to immaculate order are made. On the other hand, there are pretty Japanese napkins at 20 cents the hundred which entirely eliminate laundry work.

But her most radical economy of time and labor is in the culinary department. She fully understands how thousands of good women use up their lives in the kitchen, and she has so systematized her housekeeping that her meal-getting takes the minimum of time. She uses but little meat, substituting eggs cooked in innumerable ways. She uses many uncooked foods, plenty of milk, good bread and butter, fruit, but neither coffee nor tea. Her apartment is put in perfect order directly after breakfast every morning and then she has the remainder of the day to devote to her writing and to her work among the poor.

PASTEL FOOTWEAR

Pastel-tinted footwear is the latest word from the summer girl. Not content with having all the rest of her wardrobe washable, she has started out to supply herself with wash shoes. That is, they are made of wash materials, altho they cannot, of course, be washed. Pumps are now being shown at the exclusive shops made of heavy madras, plain white, figured with material, white having black pin stripes and white with pin stripes in the palest of pastel lavender, blue and pink.

To match these delicacies of the toilet, are to be had white figured and lace trimmed stockings. These are not of silk, as that would not be suitable with the wash shoes, but of lisle thread. They are very delicately embroidered in the faintest pastel shades, to match the color of the gown to be worn.

"A LITERARY COURTSHIP"

"A literary courtship" is written on sheets of paper with spaces between the questions for the answers, and the person who fills all in first wins the game.

Q—What were their names (one book)? A—"Paul and Virginia."

Q—When did they court? A—"When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Q—What was their faith? A—"The Christian."

Q—What was her father's name? A—"Father Stafford."

Q—What did he say when telling of his love? A—"She's All the World to Me."

Q—What prospects did he have? A—"Great Expectations."

Q—What time was set for the wedding? A—"Middlemarch."

Q—Who performed the ceremony? A—"The Little Minister."

Q—What did the bride wear? A—"Point Lace and Diamonds."

Q—Who sang during the ceremony? A—"The Choir Invisible."

Q—What did the wedding breakfast consist of? A—"Unleavened Bread."

Q—Where did they go and for how long a journey? A—"Around the World in Eighty Days."

WEDDING OF ROYAL SERVANTS

An interesting wedding recently took place at Sandringham church. The bridegroom was Charles Henry Jackson, the king's head gamekeeper, and the bride was Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, housekeeper at Sandringham house.

The Prince and Princess of Wales' children were present at the wedding, and so was Princess Victoria, who, with the Hon. Miss L. Knollys, took snapshots of the bride and bridegroom and pelted them with rice as they left the church. The king sent a message of congratulation to the newly married couple, and expressed the wish that much happiness might be in store for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson received several handsome presents from the king and queen and members of the royal families of Denmark and England. Their majesties' gifts were a dinner service, a pearl and diamond pendant, a platinum chain and a diamond scarf-pin. A gold and blue enamel inkstand came from the Princess Victoria, a silver sugar castor from Prince Nicholas of Greece, and a diamond brooch from his charming consort.

What the Market Affords

Beef kidneys, 5 cents each; lambs', 25 cents a dozen.

Beets, 9 cents a peck.

Cucumbers, 5 cents a dozen.

Flour, 52 cents for twenty-five-pound sack.

Plums, 75 cents a peck.

Crabapples, 75 cents a peck.

With plums and crabapples in the market the list of fall fruits is almost complete, as little is left for the preserving kettle but the green grapes and quinces.

Try baked beets some day for a change.

Wash tender young beets without breaking the skin, lay in a baking pan with a little hot water thrown over them and bake, turning and basting frequently. When tender, peel, slice in circles or lengthwise, dress with oil and lemon juice, or butter, salt, pepper and vinegar, and serve hot. A seasoning of nutmeg is also often added by English and German cooks, but this is a matter of individual preference.

A somewhat unusual dressing is commonly known as "sour sauce." Having boiled or baked the beets until tender, peel and slice. Put a half cup vinegar over the fire with a tablespoonful butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful salt and a good dash of pepper. When it boils thicken with a tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in two of water. Stir constantly until smooth, pour over the beets and serve at once.

Barbecued kidneys are good indeed. Cut the kidneys into thick slices. Melt a little butter and stir into a saltspoonful of mustard and a dash of lemon juice. Dip each slice of kidney in this, roll in cracker dust and set aside until this coating stiffens. A half hour will be long enough. Broil on a small gridiron over a clear fire, turning often, that the kidneys may not burn. Be sure they are thoroly done. Serve very hot.

Defective Page