With the Long Bow

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

South Dakota Genius Invents Burglar Alarm That Hollers "Murder" and "Police," Holds the Door, Shakes the Rug and Starts the Kitchen Fire.

BURGLARS better take to a litttle piracy for a change. Bert Bell of Miller, S. D., has invented a burglar alarm which is said to turn the trick. It not only gives the alarm, but prevents the door against which it is placed from being opened. The machine weighs about four pounds and may be carried in the pocket or small valise. Editor Stratton of the Miller Sun is talking of connecting a phonograph with the alarm so that when it goes off it yells "murder!" "police!" "fire!" bangs a gong, holds the door, releases the dog in the front yard and starts the kitchen fire.

If a burglar with any tendency to heart failure or nervous breakdown starts one of these machines, he is more than likely to be in need of quick medical attention.

Probably none makes a more cheerful chirp over the newly married than our pastor at the Unique. Yet in five minutes he has laid aside the character and assists with profound sadness at the last services for the dead. "Life struck sharp on death," says Mrs. Browning, "makes awful lightning," and the suddenness of these strokes may be the reason that many, both married and dead, forget that the pastor must pay his grocery bill or fall into disrepute in the community.

In other words, people marry and die and immediately forget the pastor. Of course, he does not feel like setting the collector on their trails, so he puts it down to profit and loss—profit from the peace of conscience that comes from having served the community; loss from drawing nothing therefor.

It is a sad commentary on the shallowness of our civilization.

We feel very kindly toward the pastor because he does not get mad every time anybody says things about him in print. When he "did" Europe with one hand tied behind him, slapped the sultan of Turkey on the back, joked with the sphynx and tried to get an interview with the pope to show him how to run his church, it was all written up in this corner. Was the pastor annoyed? Not in the least. He bought two extra copies of the paper.

When he lit into the First Baptist organ like forty stomach aches and batted the keyboard to a mass of splinters on Bach's "Tiddlydefoodlum in B clef," we wrote it up accordin'. Did the pastor come in and offer to thrash us? No. He was pleased.

If you ever have to turn out twelve inches of joyous foolishness per day, double measure, you will understand this affection.

The bard of Rich Hill, Mo., objects to the song "Lift Your Eyes to Mine," and asks:

Would you care if I should kick you?
Would you care if I should knock?
Would you care if I should paste you
One upon your blooming block?
Would you care if I should murder
You for singing stuff like that?
Would it pain you just a little?
Tell me, brother, would you care?

Of course he wouldn't care. Hit him anyhow, and find out his sentiments later.

Our tariff platform:

"The tariff ought to be revised, but
durn the man that dares touch it."

Mary's little lamb fell into an excavation for a cellar and was rescued by Mary with the utmost difficulty. Mary was at that time taking lessons in modeling in clay, and she made a ba-a-a relief of the incident. —A. J. R.

SUFFERED FOR HIS COUNTRY IN '61

When Sherman Hoar was running for congress, his opponent was Mr. Fox of Cambridge, and Mr. Hoar called his own campaign "the Fox chase," says the Boston Herald. The older leaders and local men, of course, gave Mr. Hoar points on what to speak about and what local characters or subjects he might have to run up against or to argue about. In Watertown, he was told, there was an old gentleman, a veteran of the civil war, who dated everything that ever happened from the war. Nothing important, he thought, had ever happened since.

This old soldier attended every public meeting, whether republican or democratic, seating himself conspicuously in the front row, where he could both see and hear better. Mr. Hoar was told that this old gentleman was sure to be present to hear him speak and that he probably would, as was his custom, ask him some questions about the war and whether or not he had done anything toward saving his country, regardless of whether Mr. Hoar was old enough to know personally anything of the great contest.

Mr. Hoar, sure enough, was interrupted in the middle of his speech by the veteran, who said:

"What I want to know is, What were you doing during the war? Did you fight for your country, or didn't you? That's what I want you to tell me and the rest of the folks here. What were you doin' along in '61 and '62, an' up to Appomattox?"

"Well," said Mr. Hoar, with a kindly smile and a boyish twinkle in his eyes, "I guess I was suffering about as much as you were, for along in '61 and '62 I was teething."

And the veteran, as the shouts of laughter went up, was unable to say a single word that could be heard, tho he kept on talking for some time.

A WEATHER PREDICTION.

The Candidate—Now I wish I could be sure of that.

WHEN THE BOY KING SLEPT.

A noted tailor was praising the tact of G. B. Winter, the London tailor, who, tho he came over to America to remodel the army's uniforms, still managed to keep the native tailors pleased.

"Winter is a fine designer," said the tailor, "and who but he, in the face of the outcry that went up against him, could have done his work here as if there had been no outcry, and at the same time have flattered the nation till it purred?

"Winter is tactful and cool. He offends no one, and it is impossible to offend him. He reminds me of the tutor of King Alfonso of Spain.

"When Alfonso was 8 or 9 years old, he would often fall asleep in the midst of his tutor's lectures and readings. The tutor would then say in a low voice:

"'Your highness is indulging in a little private meditation. I will suspend my remarks for the nonce.'"

FROM BELOW, NOT FROM ABOVE.

F. H. Rawson, a Chicago millionaire, has sent his faithful women servants off on a six months' tour of the world.

Of domestic service Mr. Rawson said recently:

"I think that young women make a mistake to regard domestic service as degrading. It is never degrading, and it is often exceedingly well paid and pleasant work. They who repudiate this work solely on account of its name are foolish. They let imagination rule them overmuch. They are like a certain poor man who lay sick of a dangerous fever.

"One afternoon, when the fever was at its height and the patient in a very bad way indeed, he turned his sad eyes on his wife and said in a low tone:

"'My love, I think my time has come at last. I can hear strains of the sweetest music that ever mortal ear——'

"'That's a German band in the street, George,' the woman interrupted.

"'So it is,' said the patient fretfully. 'Tell them to move on.'"

Her Conversational Flow

"I CAN'T flatter myself that this is an original question, Margery," said Tom, as he stretched himself out luxuriously in the bamboo chair, "but I'm going to risk my reputation for being unusual and ask it anyway. Did you ever stop talking for five minutes except in church or at a funeral and, if so, why?"

Margery smiled, which wasn't at all what Tom had expected. The prime reason for asking the question was to see if her eyes, which looked so very blue, would turn so very black, as they did now and then when she was angry.

Margery was still smiling as she answered, "Yes, Tom, once I said only about ten words for a whole evening. There was a handsome and rich young man there, just for me to talk to, too."

The eyes were still blue, but there was a mischievous twinkle in them.

"What was the matter with him?" asked Tom. "Was he deaf and dumb? And had your early education been so neglected that you couldn't talk to him on your fingers?"

Margery considered awhile before answering.

"I don't know whether or not I'll tell you," she said. "You don't deserve to hear a good story, and this one is good."

"You're right there," said Tom. "Any story of how and why you didn't talk would be too good to be true."

"What was that you said?" asked Margery. Her eyes looked now as if they were wavering towards black.

"I was saying," replied Tom, as he watched her eyes to see if they would veer back to blue, "that any story about you would be the most interesting story in the world."

Margery smiled, but her eyes were a little stormy. "Well, I'm not deaf and you never let me forget that I'm not dumb, so I know what you said," she remarked. "But I'm going to tell you the story.

"It was about—well, it was before I knew you, Tom. It was just after I was engaged to Frank"—with a strong emphasis on the adverb. "My family sent me down east to visit Aunt Sadie—sort of a reward of merit, you know, for they never had liked Frank. There was a railway wreck on the way which delayed me. It was nothing serious, but it made me so nervous I couldn't sleep, and I never was so tired before as I was that first night I was at Aunt Sadie's.

"Aunt Sadie is an inveterate matchmaker. She married young, always has been devoted to Uncle Jim, and all that sort of thing. You know the type. Well, she had told the star young man of the town—the only millionaire in the place—about me. I think she hadn't stinted herself any on adjectives during the recital. He is a quiet young man and so she had dwelt on what she is kind enough to call my vivacity. His father had been in love with my mother, or something like that, and she thought it would be very romantic to marry us to each other, and very practical, too, as he has so much money.

"When she heard about Frank, she thought it was all over but sending out the invitations. Aunt Sadie is an optimistic soul. And I'm not denying myself that there is a good deal to that 'heart on the rebound' idea.

"Well, as I have said, I was tired. More than that, I was sleepy. I was just starting up to bed when the young man was announced. He certainly was doing his part nobly. We sat on the porch. I have always been so thankful for that, and that Aunt Sadie and Uncle Jim were with us. For I couldn't think of a thing to say. Really, Tom, I—I—couldn't. And when I did say anything my voice sounded so funny that I didn't dare to try to talk.

"I wanted to go to sleep—I, who have insomnia and never willingly went to bed before 1 o'clock in the morning in my life. I felt as tho I were slipping away from everything and everybody. It was a good enough feeling, until it changed to a horrible feeling that someone had asked me a question. Some one had. It was he. Should I say yes or no?

"I didn't know the answer, so at last I said, 'Pardon me, but you weren't talking to me, were you?'

"Then he arose and said 'It was immaterial, if I was. I beg of you not to answer. I will say good night.'

"It seems that he had asked me to go out in his new automobile the next day, and, well, I never saw him again. He told Aune Sadie that he thought she had peculiar ideas of what charming and vivacious means.

"I got good and rested during that visit, but I didn't get anything else. Perhaps I do talk too much, but at least the most conspicuous failure I ever made in regard to a man was when I didn't talk enough."

Tom laughed. "Talk all you want to Margery—to me," he said. "I like it, but I believe I'm a little glad that on one night in your life you didn't talk. A man with a million and an automobile—that's a bad combination to try to beat."

Margery seemed to be smiling, but he could not tell the color of her eyes, for they looked straight down into her lap.—Chicago News.

A BAD RECOVERY.

Scene: Registry Office.

Bridegroom (to registrar)—The first time I was married was in a church, the second time in a chapel, but I like this way best. It's so plain and simple—

and I should come here if ever I got married again—(catches sight of his bride, and sees he has said the wrong thing)—that is, my dear, if ever I have the—er—misfortune to get married again, of course!—Punch.

ABSENT MINDED.

"Is your wife entertaining this winter?"
"No, not very."—Illustrated Bits.

SO INCONSIDERATE.

"Jove! Might have killed us! I must have a wire screen fixed up."—Punch.

WASTED ENERGY.

"John," she said, "what type of canal would be the best to build at Panama?"

Delighted, John laid down his paper. This was where he lived. For thirty minutes the room resounded with such terms as "lock levels," "tide speeds," "abutments," "angle irons" and "geodetic surveys."

At the end he smiled at her.

"Do you agree with me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, absently. "But I was thinking——"

"Thinking what?"

"I was just thinking, John, that I'd have my old black mohair made over for the fall, and get baby one of those white rabbitskin coats."

Curios and Oddities

"'Tis Passing Strange!"

REMARKABLE RENTALS.

Strange rents were being discussed—how this church paid one lily annually, and that convent paid two doves. A real estate man said:

"We have some remarkable rentals, but England beats us here, for she is the older country, and she delights in maintaining the quaint customs of the past.

"The splendid manor of Farnham Royal is held by the service of putting the glove on the king's right hand and by supporting the arm that holds the scepter on coronation day. There is no other payment.

"The rental of the manor of Aylesbury is three eels in winter and three green geese in summer, besides a litter of straw for the king's bedchamber thrice a year if he come that way so often.

"The manor of Addington's rental is a pair of gilt spurs, a pair of tongs, a snowball on midsummer day and a rose at Christmas.

"The rental of the manor of Coperland is the holding of the king's head, if needful, as often as he crosses the sea between Dover and Whitsand."

TO ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

The veteran always got up at 6 o'clock in the morning.

"I used to get up at 8," he said. "By getting up at 6 I have added ten years to my life.

"Consider," he went on persuasively. "The difference between rising every morning at 6 and 8 in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years and nearly a half. This is equal to eight hours a day for ten years. Thus, you see, by rising at 6 instead of at 8 you add ten solid years to your life."

"Wonderful," said the veteran's listener, smiling. "I shall assuredly adopt your plan. Only, instead of getting up two hours earlier in the morning, I propose to go to bed two hours later every night."

BETTER THE PLACE, BETTER THE NEST

A family of Sunapee, N. H., on entering their pew one Sunday in May, found a partially built robin's nest on the bookrack, between a hymnbook and a Bible. The family immediately decided to take another seat and to leave the little robin unmolested in its strange abode. On the following Sunday the nest was completed and contained five eggs, and on the succeeding Sunday the robin sat on the eggs all thru the service. A week later it was found that the bird had hatched four young ones, and she flew in and out of the church during the service with food for them half a dozen times.

DONE.

"I engaged the rooms for my vacation," he said, "because the landlady wrote me that they overlooked a superb garden of 200 acres, richly adorned with statuary, where I was at liberty to promenade."

"Well?" we inquired.

"It was a cemetery," he said, bitterly.

THOSE TRUST FUNDS.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up, my little man?"

"I'm goin' to be a trustee, 'cause ever since pa's been a trustee we've had an automobile."

SHE KNEW HIM.

The Rich Girl—We were to keep it secret, and now you have told your tailor. I know you have.—Exchange.

What the Market Affords

Pork loin roast, 11 cents a pound.
Purple cabbage, 5 cents each.
Butter, 24 cents a pound; brick, 25 cents.

Cider vinegar, 30 cents a gallon.
Mixed spices, 10 cents a package.
Watermelons, 15 and 20 cents each.
Damson plums, 12½ cents a box.

Damson plums made a preserve that was very toothsome to our grandmothers, but the fruit is never in the market in any great profusion. Grandmother peeled each of the blue plums before she cooked them in a syrup that made a preserve that was almost unrivaled for richness and was served with thin slices of a pound cake that was equally rich.

The watermelon rind should be saved for a sweet pickle. Remove the thick paring from the rind, cut out all of the pink portion; then cut in pieces of uniform size, cook in boiling water to cover until soft, and drain. There should be seven pounds of the rind. Put in a preserving kettle, add three cupfuls of vinegar, three and one-half pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon broken in pieces, and half an ounce of whole cloves. Bring slowly to the boiling point, let simmer two and one-half hours, pack in jars, add the syrup to fill the jars to overflowing, and adjust the covers.

For cantaloup pickle, cut the fruit into slices, remove the seeds and soft part, and peel very thin. Boil in lightly salted water ten minutes, remove and cool. To seven pounds of fruit allow one quart of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, three pieces stick connamon four inches long and one ounce each allspice and cloves. Boil sugar, vinegar and spices together ten minutes, add the sliced melon and cook five minutes. Take out the fruit with a skimmer and pack in jars. Cook the syrup ten minutes longer and pour over fruit in jars. Preserved ginger is considered an improvement by many.

To pickle the purple cabbage, select firm, hard vegetables, and after removing the coarse outer leaves, cut into quarters and shred. Sprinkle well with salt and set away for a couple of days. Drain off the said liquid that will have formed; heat some vinegar, well seasoned with mace, cloves, pepper corns and just enough sugar to take the edge off the vinegar, and pour over the cabbage in stone jars. Cover lightly until cold, then fasten close.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

A Made-Over Broadcloth.

Dear Miss Lee: I am 16 years old, weigh 100 pounds, five feet in height; my complexion is not dark or light. I have a dark blue broadcloth suit to make over for winter; the skirt was a seven-gore one, so I can't make a four or a two-pieced skirt, which is real stylish. How would you make it? Also I hear they are wearing ribbons from one and one-half to two inches around the cuffs of short sleeves, with big bows at the elbow. Do girls of 16 years wear them? And does any one wear them? How do they fasten them on the cuffs? Do they pull the ribbon perfectly tight?

Would a bright red dress of dimity be all right to wear to a dancing party? I have one with two deep tucks in full skirt and fine tucks, yoke depth, in front and back, rather low neck, square, with black insertion in neck and short sleeves with black lace and insertion in them. How would it look to put red ribbon to fasten them up, with bows at elbow? —E. P.

There seems to be no way of changing your skirt except by trimming it. This you might do with black braid, if you wish. Run braid down each seam from the belt to just above the hem, then take it half way across the width, ending there in a motif. If you think I can help you with the coat or waist, as the case may be, I hope you will write again. In regard to the ribbons, it is a pretty fashion to bring the short sleeves into the elbow in band cuffs of the material, and then cover the band with twisted ribbon ending in a bow at the outer edge of the arm. The ribbon is caught down invisibly and is never less than three inches wide, the bows short and resembling butterflies. Girls of your age have the sleeves thus finished.

Your red dimity frock will be quite correct and very pretty for the dance, but instead of the red ribbons, I should use black velvet ribbon in the same way. In this case, however, the velvet may be narrower, say one and one-quarter inch, with quite long loops. Wider ribbon velvet will be too heavy-looking. —Elizabeth Lee.

More than one-fifth of the land surface of the globe is under English rule.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

THE TELEPHONE CLUB

The tall girl quoted a line from Mrs. Browning.

"Do you see any improvement in my voice?" she asked.

Four of the girls shook their heads, but the top-floor girl said:

"Yes, I believe I do. It doesn't sound quite so squeaky as it used to."

The tall girl nodded amiably. "Thank you," she said. "Don't be afraid to speak right out. You can't hurt my feelings by referring to my past shortcomings. I know it used to squeak unmercifully. That is why I joined the telephone club. There is nothing like the telephone treatment for rubbing the sharp edges off one's voice and making it sweet and liquid."

"What on earth do you mean by the telephone club and telephone treatment?" asked the top-floor girl.

"Just what I say. I belong to a club whose members cultivate their voices by talking over the phone for half an hour every day. I think that treatment much more effective than regular lessons in elocution and singing. I know several girls who have already taken a regular course in telephonic conversation with most gratifying results. When they began their voices were high-pitched, nasal and uneven, and now their tones are so soft and sweet that it fairly melts your heart to hear them talk.

"My chief troubles in the first stages of my voice-culture experiment was to get somebody to talk to. In the beginning I called up father and some of the men friends of the family, but they soon got tired of this, because I never had anything worth while to say, and father advised me to hire somebody to listen to me. He said he would rather stand the extra expense than to listen himself. But I didn't like that idea, and anyway, I didn't know whom to hire, so I suggested to several other girls who had squeaky voices like mine and who were pining for improvement that we form a telephone club and talk to each other. The proposition struck them favorably, and for the last month we have been telephoning at least thirty minutes a day."

When the tall girl started home, the four girls who had hesitated to express an opinion on the condition of her voice and the top-floor girl went with her, according to the New York Press. They separated at the corner, and fifteen minutes later every one of them could have been found in a nearby telephone booth shouting "Hello!" to an astonished friend at the other end of the wire.

BARE ARMS AND RHEUMATISM

The front seat of the trolley was filled with bare-armed maidens, who were reveling in the cool breeze. A physician who sat behind them shook his head disapprovingly.

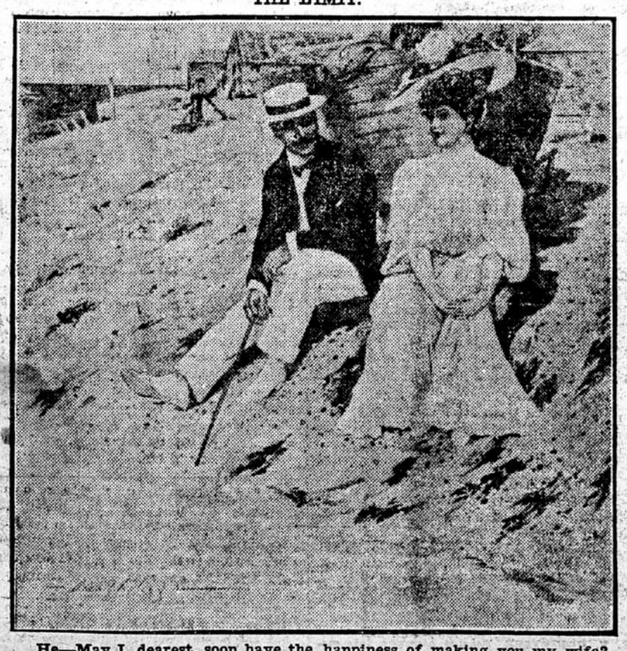
"I know it seems lovely now," he said, "but it means rheumatism in the fall. I'm very much mistaken if there isn't an epidemic of rheumatism in the arms by the last of September. Already, I've had young women consult me about 'such a soreness in my arms,' and that soreness is going to increase rapidly if the short-sleeve craze continues.

"It would be all right if the women bared their arms merely on very warm days, but they go out in spanking breezes, go sailing, go out in rainstorms, go on long trolley rides and on automobiles trips, with their sleeves up above their elbows. And it's going to mean a fine harvest of Old Rheumatism."

$34.90—California—$34.90.

From August 29th to October 31st the Rock Island Lines will sell colonist tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco for $34.90. For California literature and full information, call or address A. L. Steece, 322 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE LIMIT.



He—May I, dearest, soon have the happiness of making you my wife?
She—I hope so, I'm sure. I'm getting tired of suing fellows for breach of promise. —Pick-Me-Up.

The Romance of Unmarried Women

BY POLLY PENN.

Why does nobody write long panegyrics to the unmarried woman? Often she is a spinister for the noblest reason in the world—because she had to give up her own happiness for the sake of others.

Don't you know among your acquaintances numbers of single women filling invaluable places in the home of their relatives, who simply couldn't get on without them?

There is the patient, self-sacrificing daughter who gives up her own life to care for an invalid mother. Richard le Gallienne had a charming story about her in one of the magazines. It told the little joys of renunciation, the compensations that come into a lonely woman's life.

There are many such women, and each of their lives is a little romance. On the fingers of my hand I count five without a second's hesitation.

One is a dear, old-fashioned daughter, grown gray in the service of a feeble, white-haired old mother. Years ago her lover died. True to his memory, she has never left the side of the invalid mother, to whom she is now hands and feet and eyes.

Another is old and white herself. Once she, too, had a lover. But she could not marry. There was an invalid sister and mother to be cared for. The lover was impatient. She bade him go, sadly, but surely, for, with her, duty was first. Now she is finishing out her days, lonely, old and alone.

The other day there was a wedding. A noble, fine-looking woman, well along in years, with gray sprinkled thickly in her hair, was married to the middle-aged man who had waited for her from girlhood. All her youth has been given to the service of her aged parents, the last one of whom passed away recently. Not until they had no need of her care would she take up her own happiness. And in this case the man who is one out of a hundred waited.

The fourth romance ended in death, not a wedding. This time it was the orphan children of her brother for whom a woman put marriage definitely aside. She brought them up, working day and night to do so—then lay down and died a little whole ago.

The fifth spinister I have in mind I see daily. She drives with her mother, reads to her and is the one interest the old lady has in life. Somewhere in the background there is a romance there, too. But it is so far past that the gray-haired girl—she is still a girl at heart—has almost forgotten it herself.

Then there are those legions of lonely women without home ties, for whom fate has shattered romance. Often they are the best and most unselfish workers. They find a large scope for their sympathies. The poor and suffering are their brothers and sisters. They learn to live nobly, forgetting pain and loneliness and even poverty in their devotion to others.

For such women as these, life, altho it forbids wifehood and motherhood, is far, far from narrow and self-centered.

THE TRUE HOSTESS

She must make you feel individually that you are the favored guest.

She must make you feel perfectly at home.

She must see everything, and yet possess the art to see nothing.

She must never look bored.

She must know how to get congenial people together.

She must know how to keep conversation always going.

She must never let anyone be slighted or overlooked.

She must know when to ask the amateur musician to display his or her talents.

She must be prefectly unselfish about her own talents.

She must remember that nothing is so tiresome, so surely death to all enjoyment, as the feeling that one is being entertained.

IN A. D. 2000

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mama!
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gram of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of casein, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat.
And if the electric oven is cold,
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have the supper ready
As soon as John comes home.
—Cleveland Leader.

Defective Page