

With the Long Bow

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

Story of the Victory Won Over Cesar by Pater in the Second Gallic War—Fierce Excitement in the High School—Two Last Rounds Reported in Detail for the Roman Daily Battle Ax and Tiber Intelligencer.

DUM temen jam hos nonnullis coactus pugnam fuisse sint, quequo dumquodque hujus hunk ob ham sandvichibus damfino gallicusitico habeb...

Cesar, it seems, was not satisfied with the fight he put up yesterday and issued a second challenge to any other Latin heavyweight, father preferred, to spar ten rounds in light gloves, the winner to take the gate money and the loser to have the Latin dictionary. Of course we took him on.

The ring was pitched on the dining room table, where the Latin was usually translated by the high school scholars, and the rest of the family stood around and umpired the unequal contest. Among the more prominent spectators from abroad were Frank L. Lisius and George Dummorix of France. Mr. M. Antony of Italy was also seen at the ringside and it was whispered that he had considerable Roman money on Cesar. One Brutus, a Roman bruiser, put 5,000 sesterces at odds of 2 to 1 on father. The last two rounds were reported in the Roman Daily Battle Ax as follows:

Round 9—Cesar led with two lefts for the face on a bunch of indirect discourse. Father reached the body with a right punch on discovery of translation in the notes. Cesar walloped his right to the jaw, but father put a sinful punch on Cesar's plexus by shrewd dictionary work. Blood flowed from Cesar's ears as the men went to seat at close of round.

Round 10—Cesar landed a left subjective on father's eye, making a vicious bruise. The crowd went wild. A vicious translation of the ablatively fouled father by an indirect discourse with a nominative subject. Father went to the floor. The blow was clearly observed by everyone and there was not a murmur of dissent, as the fight was awarded to father on a foul.

In other words, we translated the Latin to not with the ease and celerity of former years. Cesar afterward in his commentaries made that remarkably lucid statement about the fight which we quoted at the beginning of this article.

A trip in the street railway company's "Sightseer" car the other day showed that the twin cities have something besides climate to get swelled about. The car was greeted by the free and untrammelled youth of both cities with cries of "rubber" and other hoots of derision. It is something of a mystery why peaceful citizens engaged in looking over the triumphs of our civilization, such as it is, should be subjected to the ridicule of the vulgar. The custom doubtless arises from the fact that the average American, large or small, thinks that everybody not a millionaire should be at work from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. If he is not, he is merely "rubbering around and doing nothing." The trip is too panoramic and remarkable to be told off in a few lines. It requires a page of newspaper space and a photographer.



FATHER LAURETH A GOOD ONE UPON CAIUS JULIUS

No matter who is elected, taxes will run on about as usual.

Speaking of civic centers and civic improvements, the attempt to run a diagonal boulevard from the courthouse to the public library recalls a project we have advocated for some time, namely, moving or tearing down all the contractors and others indicates that this improvement can be accomplished by about \$53,500,000. The civic center with the courthouse as center should then be carried out in detail, the to the park fronting it might be added the land now occupied by the Milwaukee station. This is slightly property and well in the center of things.

The East Side civic center should run from the falls in a wide boulevard cut straight through everything to Mr. Armour's new scener. This should be bordered by trees and statuary. It may be bordered about by the expenditure of a few paltry millions which a few of us will be glad to provide. —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

What the market affords... Halibut, 18 cents a pound. Lobsters, alive or boiled, 40 cents a pound. Frogs' legs, 20 cents a dozen. Corn meal, 10-pound sack, 30 cents. Pumpkins, 5 cents each.

CHINESE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER

Every visitor to Washington who can scrape up a good excuse to visit the Chinese legation always does so. The home of the present representative of the Sun of Heaven is a particularly hospitable mansion, and the minister has the glad hand always extended. His legation is in the west end of Westington built from plans selected by the former minister, Wu Ting-fang, the worthy predecessor of Sir Liang Cheng. It is of colonial architecture with a few changes in the interior. Instead of the stately winding staircase seen in Mount Vernon and at the mansion at Arlington, there are two stairways, and the second floor shows a circular gallery from the front of which everything which occurs on the drawing room floor is visible.

DRYING OUT SHOES

To dry patent leather or other shoes huck a pan or bran in the open until quite warm, pour this into the shoes, filling to the top, wipe the outside with a dry cloth and rub into the leather vaseline or sweet oil and let stand until dry.



LIGHT AND SHADE OF THE PRIMARIES.

If you want to know how the citizen, vitally interested in the mayoralty contest, felt about it during the day yesterday, cover alternately the two sides of the face here pictured.

How Mama Saved the Day

Mrs. Bob never admired her husband more than when he was writing checks. It seemed such a manly thing to do and so easy to pay all indebtedness in this simple way. She did not know much about business herself, she felt quite important when Bob asked her to sign a coal receipt or some other mysterious document, which she felt that no one but a man as brilliant as her husband could possibly understand. She meant to learn, however, as she considered it a part of her wifely duties.

Bob said it was easier to keep track of accounts if everything were paid by checks than when Mrs. Bob tried to keep books. Mrs. Bob felt very happy not to have any more cash books which would not balance, for once when she had a balance on the wrong side of the ledger and so entered it as "cash not on hand." Bob had thought it funny.

It was much simpler now. Once a month she read the bills to Bob and he set there and just paid for everything with a little bit of paper. Nothing could be easier.

One night he looked worried. "Where are the bills, my dear?" he asked. "I don't know," she replied. "This was unusual, for it lacked several days till time for settling. However, she had them ready."

He did some figuring and then looked more worried. "Isn't this grocery bill a little large?" he asked. "We have entertained more than usual."

"Yes, I suppose so. But this coal bill, I should have gone in last month."

"I—I kept that back; there seemed so many other ones," confessed the thoughtful wife.

"Better not do that, little woman, for it has to be faced some time. I haven't enough money to meet all of these."

"Why, aren't you going to pay them with checks?" she asked, anxiously. "Well, hardly," he said, laughing in a forced way. "This will take all I have and I owe some money to one of the boys at the office."

"Why not give him a check?"

"I am afraid it wouldn't be worth much."

"Then why don't you write checks for the grocer and milkman?"

"Why don't you?" he laughed. "I hate to give up all my salary, even if there was enough. I suppose it won't help things to worry and I am tired, so I'll just turn in for the night."

Mrs. Bob sat up late trying to think how to remove the wrinkles from Bob's forehead. Then a plan suggested itself.

"I don't know what you mean—and you are so cross. I have had so much trouble today."

Bob relented. "Poor little woman!" he said. Then, more gently, "I got a phone from the bank asking me what a lot of checks meant that were signed by you."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bob, brightening. "That was the surprise I had for you. I just thought checks were plenty good enough for the grocer and the others—and you were so worried about taking all your salary, so I just wrote checks for everything. You said last night, 'Why don't you?' and so—"

Bob laughed. "Luckily I got some money today—and the banker is friendly and has a sense of humor. 'I'll go and open the account for you.'"

"There! I knew I could help him not to worry," murmured Mrs. Bob, as she watched him hurry away.—Chicago News.

MISS SCOPEM THE LADY JOURNALIST



HELLO!—CITY EDITOR? THIS IS SCOPEM—WHAT'S THAT? GET STORY FROM PROF SCRADIUM ON HIS NEW EXPLOSIVE? ALRIGHT!

HOWDY PROF FROM TH' SMUDGE

AH—YEE! YOU WANT AN ARTICLE ON MY NEW DISCOVERY—CERTAINLY—I WILL DEMONSTRATE!

I SEE

YOU SEE THE LIQUID HX MIXED THUSLY WITH RQ ACQUIRE THE PROPERTIES OF

NITRO-GLYCERINE NEEDS ONLY THE CONTACT OF ONE DROP OF T2 TO CAUSE A VIOLENT

DO YOU GRASP MY MEANING?

HUH?

MOUSE KILLS A CAT

It is not often that a mouse kills a cat. Such a death, however, was meted out last month to a fine black cat in a Cape May hotel. The cat caught the mouse and began, as cats will, to play with it, to tease it. For some ten minutes this went on. And then, all of a sudden, the cat found herself struggling for her life. In mousing the mouse, without desiring to hurt it, she had inadvertently half-swallowed it. It was stuck in her throat, choking her to death. For three or four minutes the cat choked and gasped. Then it fell over dead. And the mouse, oddly enough, was disgorged at the moment the cat died. The mouse was alive. It lay on the floor a moment, resting, then it stole away, after one triumphant look at the dead body of the cat which it had killed.

A DESPERATE GIRL

With a gesture of despair she laid down her ice cream soda spoon. "I have decided," she said, in a hollow voice, to renounce this vain and frivolous life forever. I am going out as a missionary to Equatorial Africa. "What has led you to this desperate resolve?" "Papa won't give me an automobile for my birthday."

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

For Winter Wear. Dear Miss Lee: I am planning on having a black dress of cloth material made for fall and winter wear, and wish you to suggest a stylish material and also a dressy way of making it? Am 33 years old, height 5 feet 4 1/2 inches, real slight, weighing 103 pounds, bust 32, waist 22, hips 34 inches; dark blue eyes, light Auburn hair and very white skin. Also what colors can I wear and what kind of a silk waist would you suggest for fancy wear with black skirts? Thanking you in advance, Wahpeton, S. D. —Mrs. M. E. L.

Ladies' cloth or light weight broadcloth are alike good for a good gown. A circular skirt, trimmed about the hem with braid would be good, and a three-quarter coat made just like a loose box except that it has two side pleats from each shoulder back and front, the pleats quite at the arm hole seams is entirely new this season, and is a becoming model for you. The pleats seem to be stitched down invisibly to below the waist line, then pressed to lower edge.

The neck has a flat velvet collar held in with braid, a simple design of the braid running down the front area and fairly full sleeves brought into braid-trimmed velvet cuffs. Altogether, this is a very stylish suit for a slight figure.

White corduroy makes a nice dressy waist for best afternoon wear during the winter, and so do the peau de soie silks, and heavier bengalines. A pretty shade of rose would suit you and so would dove gray. You may choose any fancy duffy model that pleases you, your slight figure allowing quite a wide choice. Your colors are pale and dark green, Alice and navy blue, pale lemon, mauve, purple, dark brown, gray, white, black pepper and salt and cream. —Elizabeth Lee.

Electric Lighted Sleepers Are now in service on the Minneapolis & St. Louis trains to Des Moines.

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

Happy is the girl whose given name may be spelled with the initial letters of the precious gems, for the ownership of jeweled acrostics is a fad. The young girl of Spain gave to his bride a circlet of gems to be worn in her hair and the jewels were arranged so that the equivalent of the word "love" was formed. Miss Margaret Hitcock, daughter of the secretary of the interior, has a half circle brooch, of which the stones are the moss agate, the amethyst, the diamond, the garnet and the emerald, all set in old gold and forming, with the first letter of every word, her home name, "M-A-D-G-E."

HOME IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

A family in Salem, Mass., has organized within the family circle what is called the "Home Improvement Society." The family consists of father, mother and three children, all of whom, excepting, of course, the mother, are working and earning. This society has a treasury, consisting of an old collar box with the cover glued on and a slit cut in the top. Into this box the different members of the family drop their loose change. Pennies, nickels and dimes, which would otherwise be frittered away, are thus collected and nobody is the loser. Whenever some improvement in the home is desired, such as repapering a room and purchasing draperies or rugs to beautify the home, the society holds a meeting and a committee of two is appointed with full power to act. The treasury is then drawn upon to pay the bill. In this way the house in question has been made very attractive and with money which has not been missed. Furthermore, it keeps alive the interest in the home and every member feels that he or she has an invested interest therein. The ideal home is the one which keeps the children interested, and it seems to me that right here is one solution of the problem. In this line comes another suggestion which, while not, perhaps, new, is worthy of consideration. A box into which can be dropped the surplus from each week's allowance will accumulate a fund in a remarkably short space of time. A friend of mine allowed himself \$2 a week pocket money. At the end of every week he took whatever change remained in his pocket and put it in the box, be it much or little. Each Monday morning he started with \$2 in a clear pocket. It was astonishing how rapidly the money in the box accumulated. When would otherwise have been wasted or misspent, rolled up into a sum sufficiently large to make several important purchases for the home, according to Good Housekeeping.

AMBER COMBS POPULAR

Probably the newest decoration for the hair is the use of amber combs of all descriptions. Very light amber for very dark hair, dark amber for very light blonde hair, always seeking as great a contrast as possible. Furthermore, as to the style of the combs, all of them have the olive-shaped tops. A large comb is used in the back with at least two side combs. Since the run on gold-mounted combs, and the consequent cheapening of the style has come about, the beautiful translucent amber combs as a welcome change, and it is universally becoming not only to blondes, but to brunettes.

JEWELS SPELL NAME

Happy is the girl whose given name may be spelled with the initial letters of the precious gems, for the ownership of jeweled acrostics is a fad.

WHEN THE EMPRESS SHOPS

That the Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany is an excellent housewife is generally known, but that she should undertake to buy all the little necessities of the palace is not so well known.

In the Dreams of the Single Woman

Ill-natured persons called her an "old maid." She called herself a bachelor woman. "The hell with it!" she thought, "I mean that she didn't mind it a bit." Dissatisfied married women envied her. She was so free to do as she pleased, they said. She never had to ask her husband for money, never had to dress, because she had no husband, and she did have the money; she earned it herself.

Little hands never held her back when her inclination led her out into the world. Little voices never cried in the night and kept her awake. Little minds and bodies made no demands that must needs chain her best thoughts and all her time.

She was not tied to a domestic routine. She had nobody to crave permission of before daring to put in practice her cherished ideas. "I mean that she didn't mind it a bit!" cried the dissatisfied married women who envied her.

Not so the happy married women. They admired her bright, brave, self-sufficient life, but down in their hearts they pitied her.

No strong man's arm to lean on. No cool, firm masculine judgment to temper and guide her soft impulsiveness. No tiny fingers to pat her cheeks and tangle thru her hair. No rosy little lips to kiss goodnight. No little sleeping form to bend over and whisper a prayer for her.

"Oh, poor thing!" said the happy married women, "what ecstasy she misses!"

But pity and envy were alike wasted upon her. To each she turned a sunny, confident face, and went smiling on her way. She made no appeals for sympathy, any more than she did for congratulation upon her single state.

Self-sufficient! That was what they said. But self-sufficient in a pleasant way, which made her an agreeable person to have around. She was strong, capable; she had what New England people call "faculty." Things went right when she was present; if they did not she soon set them right, and that, too, so easily and charmingly that you never heard the grating of the machinery.

Nothing daunted her; nothing discouraged her. She was equal to every demand. She never appealed for help or counsel or sympathy from any one, yet others found in her an inexhaustible store of all three qualities.

Such a woman has many friends. This one had. And health and money and the name which she had made for herself. Everything you will say, to make her supremely happy.

But sometimes this seemingly strong, confident, self-reliant woman dreamed.

PUZZLE PICTURE

Locate the gentleman who is solving the servant girl problem.—New York Press.

