

With the Long Bow

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

The Night-Blooming Baby and Some of His Struggles and Triumphs—Girl Arrested in Pennsylvania for Using the Baby as a Pin cushion—Device Used by Father Who Felt the Cold in Winter.

Mary Douglass, a 15-year-old negro girl employed as a nurse at the home of Captain E. Oliver Mahon, of Chester, Pa., was arrested this week charged with sticking pins in 3-months-old Jeannette Mahon, whose fretful illness puzzled the attending physician.

Making an examination, he took from the outside of the child fourteen small pins and a safety pin.

Mary confessed to the doctor and Mrs. Mahon that she used the baby as a pin cushion.

Of course it is very handy, when you wish to dispose of an unnecessary pin and do not wish to bother to get up and run over to the bureau, to stick it into the baby, but this will hardly excuse the act in the eyes of the mother who is usually absurdly prejudiced in favor of the infant.

This story, unappreciated by the baby's life is now in danger, is only equaled by that of the brutal father who on retiring in cold weather used to take the naked baby and run his little body up and down the cold sheets to take the chill off the bed before getting into it himself. Now, what do you think of that, mama?

In a climate like this there might be some excuse for the act, but the case is said actually to have occurred in Kentucky! There would seem to be absolutely no excuse at all for it in a climate like that of Kentucky—unless the house was one of those carelessly constructed affairs of foam found in the south.

I once mentioned this anecdote to one of those people who strive to find good in everything, to see always the best side. He remarked that it was at least cheerful to find a man thoughtful enough to attempt to utilize some of the superfluous heat generated by our youth instead of having it dissipated to the manifest advantage of no one. This broader view of the affair is certainly worth consideration.

Well, anyhow, no matter what his troubles and triumphs, the baby is all right and in testimony of our love for him, might work out all, we lay this little tribute, this wreath of night-blooming cereus, upon his crib.

It is always interesting and enjoyable to note the conversation of an old resident returning to the city after twenty years' absence. No interviews are read with more interest than those beginning:

"J. L. Sprague, a former Minneapolisian, now located at Atlantic City, is at the West. Mr. Sprague has not seen this city for twenty years and today he expressed his astonishment at the growth, etc., etc."

"The personal friends Mr. Sprague's remarks are more intimate: 'Well, if there ain't a ten-story building over in William Hankins's poultry yard!'"

"Or again: 'Where you see that warehouse, used to be the duck pond. They filled it in over there after I left and it is now the best wholesale district in the city.'"

"Or again: 'What's become of that little brook that used to flow across Hennepin avenue and empty into Johnson's pond?'"

"If you want some fun, go away this fall, come back after thirty years and see the new union depot, the civic center and Hennepin avenue, then the most beautiful street in the west."

Professor Garro of Breslau gave the medical congress at Stuttgart the result of his investigation of transplanted blood vessels and organs from one body to another. Professor Garro described the transplanting of kidneys from one animal to another, the replanted organ performing its functions perfectly.

These are interesting operations, but people as a rule are absurdly prejudiced in favor of kidneys raised on the premises. It will probably be conceded that every man should raise and care for his own organs. In that way he knows what he is getting and is to a degree responsible for their workings. Every supper a man should try to eat to a strange stomach. Would he not be in danger of all kinds of trouble? Assume that this useful, even if not necessary organ, had struck, that it was excised by the family physician and a dog's stomach substituted. Is there not danger that the man on recovery would pick up a bone somewhere and gnaw it on the lawn to the surprise, not to say consternation of the neighborhood?

S. E. J., who has been doing Paris—the gay Paris of our novelists—writes disapprovingly of the amount of wickedness and temptation that the French capital has on the bargain counter. Paris is a particularly sinful social center is more a fad of tourists than anything else.

"The self-sufficient 'tourist' winks and half whispers the dreadful things he has seen in 'Gay Paris,' when he might have seen the same things in his own town a thousand times had he not been lacking in 'nerve.' The citizen of the United States who is ambitious for morally interdicted entertainment can see as much that is gay and fascinating, piquantly wicked, downright 'orrry' or utterly contemptible in New York or Boston, or even in Philadelphia or pious Baltimore, as he can in this exaggerated French metropolis."

"Paris' reputation for that gay life is largely built on stories you hear at the club or along the bar. Here are the facts, says S. E. J.:

"The tourist can get just as drunk and have as much low companionship in almost any American city, and as much 'enjoyment,' as he can in Paris."

How sad is it to see the reputation of our Paris thus cast into the dust! It's nothing but the same old wickedness you see right here, or may see if you try real hard. Half the stories of this variety of vice, anyhow, are fictions told by men who, feeling that they must keep up their reputations as gay rounders, make up stories of their adventures and conquests to awe and fill with envy other would-be rounders."

Oh, we are not half as bad as we like to make out. And as for Paris, why, no one would be surprised—that is, no one who knows—to see Paris put on the lid and become not only the metropolis, but the Minneapolis of France.

A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

Finnan haddie, 15 cents a pound.
Sword fish, 25 cents a pound.
Lake Superior white fish, 15 cents a pound.
Crappies, 15 cents a pound.
Pike, 10 cents a pound.
Chickens, 40 cents a quart.
Fresh eggs, 20 cents a dozen; stamped, 24 cents.
Lemons, 30 and 35 cents a dozen.
Parsley, 5 cents a bunch.
Quinoids, 75 cents a peck.

The housewife will find that the sword fish steaks are very large, much larger than halibut. The first of the fresh smoked fish to appear in the market this fall is the finnan haddie. It is a favorite breakfast or luncheon dish in many families. Finnan haddie with Spanish sweet peppers is one of the popular dishes in a well known New York restaurant. Served in white-line brown casserole, it is an attractive and a very tasty dish, excellently suited to breakfast, luncheon or Sunday night supper. It lends itself well, too, to the chafing dish. Wash the fish and soak it for several hours in cold water. Then cover it with boiling water and let it stand on the back of the stove below the boiling point for 15 minutes. Have ready a white sauce made with two cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour with salt and paprika seasoning. Drain the fish and bake it—the skin and bones, of course, removed—an stein in one of the red peppers (pimientos) from a can, into the sauce. Season to taste and heat thoroughly. A minced green pepper is a tasty addition to the dish. The green pepper, in fact, may take the place of the pimiento of Spanish red pepper.

Finnan haddie prepared as described above in cream sauce without the green or red pepper is delicious if it is turned into a large or individual ramekins, the top sprinkled with grated cheese and bread crumbs and baked until the top is well browned. Since salt fish has no special nutritive value, the cheese is a worthwhile addition to it.

The clams will make most delicious fritters. Take twenty-five large clams; dry them in a napkin and cut them in two; to one pint of flour add two well-beaten eggs, one-half a pint of milk and nearly as much of the clam liquor; boil the mixture until free from lumps; then stir in the clams. Put butter or sweet dripping in a frying pan, heat to boiling and then drop in the batter

by spoonfuls. Fry them on both sides and serve immediately.
A substituted sort of hash which deserves a more euphonious name is prepared very quickly and easily. Cold meat of any kind is put thru the chopper, care being taken to eliminate all gristle, etc. To this is added mashed potatoes, in the proportion of one-third, half the quantity of tomatoes, a very small portion of grated onion, a fresh pepper and salt to taste. Cover the bottom and sides of a baking dish with cracker crumbs, put in the hash, strew more crumbs upon the top and let it bake twenty to thirty minutes. Can be used either hot or cold.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains if poured thru the stain.
The waxed paper used for lining cracker boxes is very useful for cleaning fat stains.
To clean matting, shake it to remove all dust, and then rub it well with a cloth wrung out of salt and water. Alcohol will remove stains.
To clean patent leather use a French harness paste sold by saddlers. Apply it sparingly to the leather and polish it lightly with a piece of black cloth. Patent leather thus treated rarely, if ever, cracks.

When frying croquettes the wire basket should always be plunged into the hot fat before the croquettes are put into it. Otherwise they are apt to be really fried, which will make them fall apart when being taken out.
To clean chamois leather wash it in a lather made of soap and water and then rinse it free of dirt in a fresh lather. Squeeze it in the hands and hang in the air to dry. Never rinse a leather in clear water, nor dry it by the fire, for thus it would be made hard and brittle.
To clean velvet and velveteen, an excellent "brush"—far better than one of bristles—is made by rolling up a piece of crepe, which need not be new, into a convenient little bundle.

Besides the ordinary clothes brush, it is well to always keep a piece of velvet or velveteen to be used for dusting ribbons, hat trimmings and other articles of silk. It will be found far better for the purpose than any brush. For dusting velvet and velveteen, an excellent "brush"—far better than one of bristles—is made by rolling up a piece of crepe, which need not be new, into a convenient little bundle.

WHAT WILL THE WINTER BE?



The Coal Man Indication. The coal man was seen this morning with a new silk hat and a broad smile. Those versed on the weather say this means a long, hard winter.

Theory and Practice with Babies

Benny lived in the land of 'Don't Touch.' Toward not one of the innumerable bewildering things he saw as he was daily discovering could he stretch out his fat, pudgy hands without the voice of fate—otherwise mother or nurse girl or father—singing out that pestiferous refrain, 'Don't touch!'

'I cannot understand it,' Benny's mother declared, 'tragically and often. He is a child of even more than average intelligence—I don't care if he is mine, he is awfully smart—and he can say little sentences and he understands every remark made to him.' 'Fiddlesticks!' snapped Benny's youngest aunt, who knew more about golf than she did about babies and, therefore, felt qualified to pose as an authority. 'It's all your own fault that the poor, absurd little angel is simply oppressed and browbeaten. Why do you leave things around? Real home for your son instead of a regular Tantalus chamber of forbidden sweets.'

and see how you like it! Kiss me, angel, for being good to you!' But Benjamin drew the line at that. For a long while he sat and eyed the admirable things far beyond his reach and then he started on his usual purl. Aglow with satisfaction, his aunt buried herself in a book.

The unusual scene aroused her finally. Search revealed Benjamin seated



"PLEASE WALK, BENNY DEAR!"

WHERE FEMININE FANCY LIGHTS

TO WALK WELL

Don't drag your feet or fling them, nor lag nor stride. Learn to glide into a room gracefully.

It is impossible for a woman to be awkward in her walk if she walks straight and keeps her knees stiff. The act of swinging the feet out gives one a graceful gait.

Walk slowly. Skirts wind around your calves when you walk rapidly, and all sense of grace is lost. Walk in a leisurely manner as if you were a princess, not a hurried, worried, overworked woman.

Don't swing your shoulders. Don't swing your arms. Don't twist yourself in sinuous motions. Don't contort. Don't wriggle. Hold your chin in. This is the most important thing of all.

Don't walk over nor act like an old person. There are no old persons in these days.

Touch the ground first with the balls of your feet, with the heels striking an instant later.

Learn also how to be seated. Don't sit with your clothes wound around you.

Don't sit on the ragged edge of things. Be seated squarely.

When you walk consider the style of your dress.

If you are dragging a train don't forget it. The longer and heavier the gown the slower you must walk.

And first, last and at all times, be dignified.

An ungraceful walk will spoil the most elegant gown that the dressmaker's art can design.

TO IDENTIFY YOUR TRUNK

Quaint and curious devices and insignia by which trunks and bags can be readily identified are being put on much of the luggage carried abroad. This fashion of marking baggage with glaring figures is most practical, for the traveler who wanders abroad, comparatively easy for Americans who are unused to the red tape of European transportation.

That unusual marks of identification on valises and chests are of value to persons going on long journeys is declared by some of those who have experienced with them in England and Germany and who say that, with a curious device boldly placed in various positions on a trunk or suitcase, the luggage is never lost or misplaced.

Lady Mary's Gossip

London.—Mrs. Potter Palmer is still wearing the deepest mourning which, because of her white hair is decidedly becoming to her. Like all the smart world, she, too, has discarded crepe, which of late has been regarded as very bourgeois. Poor Lady Curzon used to tell her relations and friends that if she mourned in crepe for her, she would haunt them. Even for her father, she did not don the hideous trapping of woe, contenting herself with hats and veils of soft silk tulle.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is expected to make her headquarters in London in the late autumn. So far, she has not been a big social success. She is really too clever and too proud a woman even to be, for she won't toady even to royalty. She likes a somewhat Bohemian set of interesting people, whom to air views which, I must say, are nearly always worth hearing. There is still talk of her London club. So far, nothing definite has been settled.

FROM ELIZABETH LEE

A MADE OVER SKIRT. Dear Miss Lee: Please tell me how to make over a skirt like sample? It is seven gored and does not flare. Tell me what kind of cloth and what color to get for a fall waist and how to make it? I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, waist 30, bust 40; hips 42; have very black hair; eyes are a dark brown; complexion very dark with color. I am 37 years old, weigh 150. Am I too stout for a princess? What colors can I wear and can I wear black? I like it and always feel best when I have it on. Do you have patterns to sell for those who wish to buy? I should be very thankful to you for this favor. Topsy, Kenville, Minn.

Unless you have material like the skirt on hand, it will be impossible to remodel a plain seven gored skirt. You could trim the bottom with a couple of folds of black silk, or with rows of black ribbon. Flat black braids, too, would answer the purpose, and possibly you may have something of the kind mentioned that would come in for this. The material is very good and if you wish the waist for wear with this skirt, the very dark red Henrietta or cashmere, or, in fact, any solid color in a light weight material may be chosen as long as the shade is correct. Make the waist and trim the skirt with the same material. If the waist is intended for wear with odd skirts so much will de-

Miss Scoopem, the Lady Journalist



happily in the middle of the bedroom rug swallowing the last drop from a bottle of hair tonic. His frantic aunt wildly swung him by his heels until she remembered that was the remedy for choking instead of poisoning. Then she flew to the telephone to consult the doctor. Rushing from that instrument to see if Benjamin was already curled up in convulsions, she found him in the kitchen with all the burners of the gas stove turned on and himself a fair example of incipient asphyxiation. In tears of fright she grabbed him and carried him out on the porch.

"Please walk, Benny, dear!" she begged. "It's for your own good." But Benny saw no object in walking, so he sat down flat. She carried him back and forth to provide him with as much fresh air as possible. In the midst of it he pulled a sharp pin from her hair and stabbed himself within a fraction of an inch of his eye. "Don't you dare move and don't you dare touch a thing till I come back!" she warned him, hysterically, as she left him and went to hunt the court-plaster for a moment.

When she returned Benny had pulled a whole row of books off their shelf, torn some of them and cut a hole in a leather-bound volume for every day.

With it all he still maintained an unruffled, cheerful demeanor and seemed in his usual state of health. He was still looking for some things to investigate and she had no doubt that he would find them. She gave it up as hopeless and sat down to guard her prisoner.

Benny's mother, coming in quietly, heard a pathetic "Don't touch!" It was followed by a peremptory "Don't touch!" This in turn was followed by

a sharp spat on Benny's naughty hands. "I am surprised at you," said Benny's mother to Benny's aunt. "I thought you considered that command foolish and unnecessary. I understand that you advocated moral suasion and a house denuded of bric-a-brac as I see you have denuded this."

"Well, so I do!" declared Benny's aunt, valiantly the wearily. "But you see—that is—Benny is an exceptionally stubborn child."—Chicago News.

CLEVER, BUT—

"I heard William Jennings Bryan make many a clever speech in London in July," said a New York man. "Mr. Bryan was invited everywhere, and the brilliance of his speeches was the talk of the town."

"One night at a dinner in Park lane an Englishman leaned across the table and asked Mr. Bryan what he thought of a certain trust magnate."

"A remarkable man," Mr. Bryan answered. "A man of wonderful ability. But whenever I see him I am reminded of the Scotch judge, Lord Braxfield, who, leaning down from the bench, said:

"I'm a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinkin' ye wud be name the war o' a hangin'!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A TIMELY SHAKEUP

Sir Edwin Arnold was once entertaining the duke of Connaught in Tokio. Just before leaving the nobleman remarked to his host: "You have proved a most interesting man, but there is one thing you have not shown me which this country is noted for, and that is an earthquake."

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OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Small Fred—Say, mama, is it true that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

Mama—So it is claimed, dear?

Small Fred—Huh! Our teacher's got lightning beat to a standstill. She can strike a dozen times in the same place.

Mama—What is that you are reading, Willie?

Little Willie—It's a book called "Child Training" that I borrowed from Mrs. Smith.

Mama—Do you find it amusing?

Little Willie—Oh, no; I merely wanted to see if I had been brought up properly.

Uncle Jimmy—Uncle George, you are a college professor, ain't you?

Uncle George—Yes, Jimmy.

Little Jimmy—You teach the dead languages, don't you?

Uncle George—Yes.

Little Jimmy—When your pupils going to be undertakers when they grow up?

—Chicago News.

The highest leap ever made by a horse was seven feet eight inches—a leap made in 1792 in London by Black Bess, a thoroughbred.

One of the Tendencies of Average Woman

BY POLLY PENN.

"Women are all alike," said the man. "This was not a new one, but the girl looked interested."

"What now?" she asked.

"They have nothing to do all day but run about."

The girl lifted her eyebrows, as one who has a thought, but she did not express it, and the man rambled blithely on.

"All day long," repeated he, oratorically. "They are free to do as they please. I don't know what they do with all this leisure, but—"

"Don't you?" interrupted the woman, satirically.

"No, I don't. Waste it, I suppose, as they do most things. But what I was going to say is that as soon as a poor, tired man sets foot in his house at night, his wife proceeds to make life miserable for him. He hasn't had a day of leisure. Not one hour in the twenty-four has he had to do as he pleases. He has writhed under the eagle eye of his employer, or he has been worn to a nervous wreck by the incompetence of his employees. He has been worried and buffeted in the business struggle until he has lost his own name at the day's end. Then he drags himself home, asking only to be allowed to sit quietly by his fireside, with his pipe and his paper. And is this happy privilege his? Not on your life! Not much!"

"What's the matter?" asked the woman. "Has the cook left?"

"No," said the man, "it's his wife. It's the idiotic tendency of the average woman to run about at night and drag her husband with her. No sooner does the poor chap settle into his house-coat and slippers—he's lucky if he's allowed to get over his own name at the evening of domestic comfort—than it is: 'Now, John, you're not going to sit in this house all evening. You need fresh air after being shut up in that office all day. What you want is a trolley ride.' Or, 'Come, John, let's go over to Smith's.' Or, 'We really must go to Jones' this evening. I promised them.' And that unhappy martyr is seized by the scalp and dragged to Smith's or Jones', or for a blanketed trolley trip thru the town. It makes no difference that his body and nerves cry out for rest. He's got to be an unwilling sacrifice to this crazy desire of women to run about at night, or his wife thinks he doesn't love her."

"What's the matter with his being willing sacrifice once in a while?" asked the woman.

"Oh, once in a while," the man snorted. "The trouble is that if you see one night they want to keep you going the next six. It's dangerous even to give 'em a taste. No, sirree!"

If you were married, you'd know—but being a woman you can't know, anyhow, for you're all alike—that the very last place a man can sit down and take comfort is in his own house."

"It's a moving picture, truly," said the woman, "but it would make me weep if I thought it was all true. And my tears wouldn't be all for the man, either. A husband who makes himself so unenterprising that his wife can't get out what becomes of some of that city a day is not a possession to congratulate her upon. She needs commiseration, I think. I've seen husbands as interesting to pass the evening with as a fencepost or a chimney stack, and about as responsive and communicative. I know of a woman who stands a newspaper up by her husband's plate when he is absent. She says it is just about the same thing as his being there! There are a lot of men who oughtn't to have married women at all. They ought to have married bisque dolls who would shut their eyes and go to sleep most of the time, only waking up when they were wanted."

Here the man essayed to speak, but the woman waved him down.

"The trouble with you men," she ran on, "is that as soon as you marry you forget to be entertaining. You think the woman who has been shut up in the house all day ought to be content merely to sit and gaze at the top of your hair over a newspaper all the evening. For, let me assure you, it's a mistake about women having so much leisure thru the day. Did you ever try to run a house? Did you ever cook meals and wash dishes and mind the baby and mend the clothes and sweep and dust and boss the cook and do the mangle and cut cetera? If you did you'd find out what becomes of some of that time women waste. The most devoted wife wants a little fun, and her husband ought to feel flattered that she prefers to wait and take it with him. Forever, it may be the time going to Jones' or Smith's is the only thing that will keep him from sitting and snoring like a steamboat whistle all the evening. Many a wife in these days was a business woman before she was married. She knows too well the vexations of an office life to expect a man to come home pert and chipper every evening. She wouldn't think of asking him to go out more than once in a week or so, and then because she knows he needs a little recreation as much as she does. Moreover—"

"But the man had said and was half way down the hall, under the volley of this assault. Whereat the woman smiled a queer little smile.

"It doesn't take logic to silence them," she said. "It only takes talk. Nevertheless, there was considerable truth in what I said."