With the Long Bow

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

Mrs. Ougman, Polar Explorer and Authropologist, Making Ready at Nome for a Dash for the Pole in a Very Dashing Dress—Defects of Her Discovery Evening Gown—"Frap" Will Soon Be Served Inside the Arctic Circle.

Mrs. Ella Ougman, explorer and anthropologist, is making ready at Nome, Alaska, or Nebraska, I forget which, to make a polar expedition and capture the earth's bald spot that Peary has failed to land.

Mrs. Ougman is well known at Smithsonian Institution, Washington, for her determined exploits in Alaska and other parts of the northwest. She expects to start within a month and believes she will return to Nome well inside of two years. This newest of the explorers will have Eskimos as her only companions. She says:

"Those who will go with me have sworn that they will stay to the end of the trip, and I know they will do it. Besides this, no white man has the endurance that the Innuits have, and of all things endurance counts in a trip to the Arctic."

There is a report that Mrs. Ougman intended at first to take four Saratoga trunks, a pier glass, full length, a bureau, a bedroom set and a tin of talcum powder to keep her face from shining, but these necessities have gradually been abandoned until the outfit is much simpler.

Mrs. Ougman's going away polar gown is quite effective. The outside is fur en traine touched off with spangled lace, and some heavy embroidery of silk or ribbon work upon it. Some decided color was needed, and this was given by a vivid pink or yellow rose being placed in the corsage. The under bodice was made in the surplice effect, the material being crossed in front and back over a chemisette of white lace. The sleeves under the wide scarf formed by the cloth of silver consisted of hanging drapery of white chiffon trimmed with bands of the silver and lace, with an almost invisible undersleeve or puff of white chiffon and lace caught into a narrow, straight band of the silver. The long train skirt was trimmed with narrow ruffles of lace caught up here and there with little rosettes of the silver.

Mrs. Ougman chose evening wear entirely as the polar night is six months long.

G. L. Morrill has written an autobiography called "A Musical Minister." It records the fact that he was born once, that he learned to play the organ and that in his early years, after the offertory, he sometimes sat with the soprano on the choir loft stairs during the sermon and held her hand. Once she slipped out and got some cake and they had a little feast lasting from "thirdly" to "finally brethren." Mr. Morrill's father was at this time the exhorter and pulpit wracker, and when he heard of this little affair de choir,

the contralto in a fit of jealousy having told, he took action. Mr. Morrill, Jr., draws a veil over what actually happened, but we suspect the worst. It was the day that father worked.

The musical minister tells of his adventures with the "melodeum," the piano, the fiddle, the calliope and the church organ, the latter an affair of the heart that has lasted for forty years and promises to continue. Anyone who has not heard the pastor swing on the front gate of the church organ has missed a whole lot of assorted noise with wiggles in it.

Anyone who feels the least curiosity about the remarkable details of Mr. Morrill's career will not offend him particularly by purchasing the book.

Aunt Rebecca Smith, a widow of a veteran of the war of 1812, and a woman who has passed ninety-six milestones on the road of life, is the oldest inhabitant of the Methodist Episcopal church home in New York city.

Aunt Rebecca, quaint and sweet and bright, with a white frilled cap over the hair of mixed brown and gray, and a sparkle in the blue eyes behind the spectacles, finds life still a good deal of a glad, sweet song. She has all the beauties of age, without the disfigurements.

The home is devoted to those whose advancing age makes too much exercise impractical. It has its own special dining room, and of this little coterie Aunt Rebecca is queen. Promptly as the bell rings the little old lady, trim and neat of figure as when she captivated Caleb Smith, rises from her rocking chair, ties a spotless white apron over her black dress, smoothes her cap strings and settles her shawl before walking across the hall to her meal.

The episode of Caleb's wooing is a specially delightful one. Caleb was a veteran of the war of 1812, who had lost wife and children. He had looked at the comely widow many times, but he was a man of few words, and his manner of coming to the point was characteristic. Aunt Rebecca's version is as follows:

"'Ain't you tired of living alone?' says Caleb.

"'I get along,' says I.

"'When will you tell me?' says Caleb.

"'On Saturday,' says I."

In the few days that intervened Rebecca went to visit her mother. When she returned Caleb was there and she said simply:

"I've made up my mind."

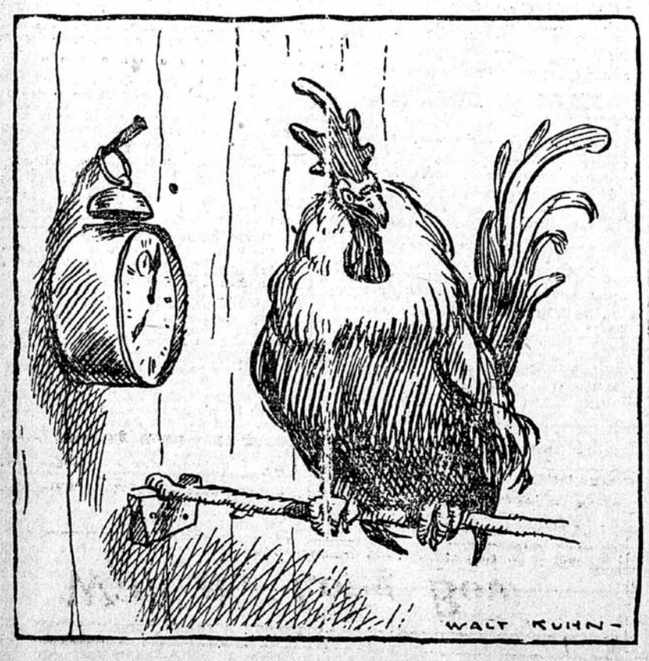
Caleb had several bad years from chills and fever. The method of his cure was a remarkable one and in the interests of medical science is put on record here. Caleb shook and burned and burned and shook until one day he met a man who listened to his symptoms and told him to go home and turn his shirt and wear it another week.

He did so and never had the chills and fever again.

In some way he had twisted the disease vibrations so that they were canceled. It is well to know these simple home remedies. They may save your life.

—A. J. R.

THE PROGRESSIVE ROOSTER AND THE PROVERB.



Unless this alarm clock fails me, here's where I get the best of the early bird and the worm proposition!—New York Sun.

"PICKING A WINNER."

EVERYBODY FIGURING ON THE SKIDOO PROBLEM

THE SKIDOO PROBLEM

A coin collector had an accumulation of pennies. He told his son he would make him a present of the entire lot if he would put them in boxes, the same number in each box.

There was an odd number of pennies, so that if he put an equal number in each of two boxes there would be one penny left over; in a like manner he figured on 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22 boxes, but in every case if he put an equal number in each box there would be one (only one) penny left over. The son gave it up and told his father he thought it impossible to perform the feat.

His father replied: "SKIDOO—23 for you."

The son then put the entire lot of pennies in 23 boxes, the same number in each box. How many pennies were there?

Some very erudite and profound calculations have been going on thruout the northwest in the attempt to solve the baffling Skidoo problem. The prize of a thousand bright new pennies to the one sending in the correct answer in the cleverest form is, of course, a great attraction, but many curious persons who have a fondness for mathematical problems have been figuring a bit for their own satisfaction and have sent the results of their brain labor to the Skidoo Problem Editor.

Will N. Delts, 418 East Lake street, who sent in the wall paper solution yesterday, today remembered to send in his name—and some more wall paper.

J. C. Cooper, Hatton, N. D., sends in an eight-page treatise on the subject, in which he evolves a general rule for solving all spidoo problems. Applying his rule to the present one, he drags fortht the following answer: 1,124,000,727,777,607,680,001. It would not do to print his general rule, however, because then everyone could solve the problem—just as easy.

Florence Spielberg of St. Paul, who tells an anxious public that "the line is busy," figures out the number of pennies thus: 28,158,588,057,601. She adds:

But, my, I should like to see what size of boxes the boy used, for even when he took twepty-three boxes each held 1,224,286,437,287 pennies. I can't see how he could count them. I think he just weighed them, and above all I really think the old man must have had a mint of his own, unless, of course, this little incident happened in the land where the amfalula tree grows.

Lester W. Hansen of Hendricks, Minn., gets this answer: 23,279,256,000,000,000,000,000,000,001. This presents some difficulties to his mind, however, as he says the twenty-three boxes must be of an unusually large size to hold the pennies. He tihnks it doubtful whether our engineering skill of today could carry out the feat of constructing then successfully. Maud Van Kleek 409 Sixth street S, says the collector had 5,354,228,881 pennies and she is willing to accept 1,000 of them. Clarke Benham, 2204 Humboldt avenue, and 11-year-old, sees a dark scheme to mislead the reader. He refuses to be misled and says there were five pennies in five boxes. F. A. Kanouff, Mitchell, S. D., is another shrewd one, not to be caught by chaff. He says there was only one penny, which was put in a box, that box in a large large one, these two in a still larger one and so on up to 23. Looks easy, doesn't it? Carl Nelson, Cyrus, Minn., writes that he is positive 69 is the number. It is well not to be too positive about things, Carl.

More than thirty anxious solvers answer "23" unanimously. An equally large bunch says "529," while a third class speaks up "69." Following are some of the interesting answers of the day:

Solved by a Poetess.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

"Come into my parlor," says the spider to the fly.
"This problem is easy," says Mr. Editor. "Give it a try!"
I was caught and have figured with such care
That skidoo has become a nightmare.

Your number of boxes is twenty-three,
Number of pennies in each must equal be.
A common multiple of two to twenty-two, adding one, applies,
Which must be divisible by twenty-three to get the prize.
If I am correct, my delight
Will hardly pay for a sleepless night.
I am too tired to be funny,
And I haven't honestly earned the money.
Below I give the number
And I want the pennies, by thunder!
5,354,228,881. —Inez Hoy,
803 University Avenue NE.

Had a "Nest" of Boxes.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

The coin collector had forty-one pennies. If he put an equal number in each of twenty-three boxes he would have one left over, then he took twenty-three boxes of different sizes and set them into each other. Then he put the entire lot into twenty-three boxes and kept them, of course. This is my second answer.

—H. Green,
3508 Aldrich Avenue S, City.

Just Like Magic.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

After studying for hours at the problem I decided that I had the right answer. The number of pennies was 19,399,381, and if you divide them by 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., to 22, you will always have one over, but when you come to 23 you put the whole bunch in one box and put that box in a second box and the second box in the third box until you have it in twenty-three boxes, then you will have an equal amount of pennies in twenty-three boxes, the same number in each box. —Frank J. Dreis, Jr.,
1422 Seventh Street S, City.

The Idea of Agnes.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

I am a little schoolgirl 9 years old. I saw a problem in my father's Journal today, and I thought I would work it out. This is the problem: 23 boxes times 50 equals 1,150 pennies. —Agnes Hoffmann,
Hayward, Minn.

He Is Very Confident.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

I have carefully studied your "Skidoo problem" and find that the collector had 23 pennies which his son put in 23 boxes, one in each box, or 2,323 pennies and 101 in each of 23 boxes. This may not be the most skilfully worded, but I am quite confident in the answer as to the number of pennies the collector had.

—M. A. Bauman, Little Falls, Minn.

Spent a Whole Evening at It.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

Acting on your remark that the "23" problem was simply one of arithmetic, I thought to put some time in on it and have come to the conclusion that 1,124,000,727,777,607,680,001 is the first and only number that such a stunt is possible with. I first took 23 pennies, figuring that with 23 boxes I must have at least 23, and began to divide it by 3, then 4, then 5, etc., hoping to go on to 23, but stopped at the 3 division and found I must increase it to suit the case. Of course it had to be increased at least 23 more in order to keep an even number in each box, but, as adding a 23 each time would even the number up, I added 46, which was the same as 2 pennies to each box, and then began again to divide till I found a number that would not go and leave only one over, when I would again add 46 and try again. Having had an evening on hand and nothing else to do, I kept that game up till I reached the number I mentioned and which same number allows of dividing by every number from 3 to 22 and leaves the necessary balance of 1, and on the twenty-third division takes up the one and divides evenly. As I understand the game, that's the result asked for, and I think it only possible with the number mentioned, and accordingly figure it the only correct answer. —S. J. S., 1020 Harmon place.

It's 23 for Him.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

I think your Skidoo problem might have several answers. The old gent might have had 23 pennies and the boy put them in 23 boxes, one in a box, or it might have been 529 pennies with 23 in a box, or 12,167 pennies with 529 in a box, making 23 boxes; or any other number you might get by starting with 23 and multiplying by 23 each time. If this is not correct, then I pass and it is 23 for me.

—Clyde E. Webber, Rochester, Minn.

"Impossible," Says Percy.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

I have worked on your problem and find that the least common multiple of the numbers from 2 to 23 inclusive, which would evenly divide any of those numbers, is an even number. To make it odd, according to the hypothesis, adding 1 will make it contain each number from 2 to 22 evenly, with just one penny left over. But there will also be one penny left over if they were put into 23 boxes. Therefore, your problem is impossible. Skidoo, 23 for you.

—Percy A. Brown, 1200 20th av N.

Making Us Trouble.

To the Skidoo Problem Editor:

Starting on the theory that "like produces like," we prepare to make life miserable for the skidoo editor, and the same native talent and executive ability directed in any other direction would, I know, produce less heartburning and "cuss words" and divers other attempts to capture the fabulous amount of shekels kindly donated by you to advance the cause of trouble in the house caused by the desire to solve the simple question of how many pennies had the juvenile Rockefeller. Starting from the first position we find that an odd number multiplied by an odd number produces an odd number. No odd number can be obtained by multiplying an odd with an even number, so, as the boy had an odd number of boxes (23), he must have an odd number of pennies to put in them with the same number of pennies in each box, so I figure it thusly or thereabouts: 23 boxes, 3 pennies in each box, 69, my guess; 23 boxes, 5 pennies in each box, 115; 23 boxes, 7 pennies in each box, 161; 23 boxes, 9 pennies in each box, 207, and so on indefinitely. It all depends on how rich the aforesaid juvenile R. happened to be. —W. E. Miner,
216 26th av N.

THE OYSTER'S FOE

Starfish, like men, love oysters, and it is probable that the sea's starfish eat more oysters than the world's men.

These little creatures, lighting on an oyster bed, each choose a fat bivalve, and sit down on him, wrapping about him their five flexible arms, waiting for the moment when he will open his shell to feed.

When, finally, the oyster does open his shell, the starfish squirts in upon him a certain poisonous fluid that kills him instantly. Dead, his shell opens wide, and the starfish begins a delicious meal.

There is many an oyster bed that yields far more of its product to starfish than to man.

A String of Good Stories

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

TO SATISFY A GRUDGE

Sir Thomas Lipton, apropos of bachelorhood and marriage, said in an after-dinner speech in Chicago:

"Bachelors, I admit, are villains, but it is a shame to play such tricks on them as it is customary everywhere to do.

"A nasty trick was played on a bachelor friend of mine at a dance. A lady was reproaching him for never having married, when her husband, a little bored, perhaps, said gruffly:

"'He says he could have cut me out and married you if he had wanted to.'

"The lady started.

"'Indeed!' she cried. 'Why didn't he do it, then?'

"'He says he owed me a grudge,' the husband explained with a chuckle.'"

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Apropos of a misunderstanding on the canteen question, General Frederick D. Grant said at a dinner in Washington:

"It is like the case of my friend, Major Green.

"Major Green said to his servant one morning:

"'James, I have left my mess boots out. I want them sold.'

"'Yes, sir,' the servant answered.

"The major, dressing for dinner that night, said again:

"'I suppose, James, that you did as I told you about those boots?'

"James laid 35 cents on the bureau.

"'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and this is all I could get for them; tho the corporal who bought 'em said he'd have given half a dollar if pay day hadn't been so far off.'"

SAVING FIFTY A DAY

Samuel Untermeyer, the insurance expert, said the other day of a certain proposed retrenchment:

"It would be a good thing, an excellent thing, all around. But on some it would bear harder than on others. Hence discontent and growling, the usual accompaniment of economies.

"It is like the case of the husband who, looking at his wife, reproachfully said:

"'My love, in view of the approaching holidays, I thought we were going to practice economy for a time?'

"'Oh, so we are, dear,' the lady answered. 'I went downtown and countermanded the order you had given your tailor for a $250 fur-lined overcoat, and got instead an ermine stole that only cost $200. A clean saving, you see, of $50. Not bad for one day, was it?'"

THE SUBSTITUTE

Guy Laking, the superintendent of King Edward's armorial collections, is visiting America to examine the armor gathered here. At a dinner in New York Mr. Laking told a story about a pretty American duchess.

"The pretty duchess," he said, "sat in her drawingroom, and her little son, the marquis, stood beside her in lace and velvet.

"A peer, entering, bowed over the duchess' white hand, and then said to the little marquis:

"'Will you give me a kiss, my dear?'

"The boy, shrinking behind his mother, said bashfully:

"'Mamma will give you one.'"

OVERFOOLED

Evan Roberts, the advertising expert of Milwaukee, was talking the other day about the disappearance of the reading advertisement.

"The reading advertisement," he said, "the advertisement gotten up to look like news, is no longer popular because advertisers have found that, instead of pleasing and impressing the people, it angers them. It angers everybody, you know, to be fooled.

"And some of these reading advertisements were enough to fool a wizard. In fact, I know of one case—"

Mr. Roberts paused and chuckled. Then went on:

"Old Aunty Cornsilk of Croyden Four Corners said to her husband one night:

"'Ephraim, did that there story you was readin' end happy?'

"Uncle Ephraim answered heartily from his rockingchair beside the stove:

"'Gosh, yes, Huldy! The beautiful heroine got cured of an incurable disease, and the story guv the name and price of the pills what done the trick.'"

WELL!

Miss Anna Held speaks excellent English, with but the merest trace of a French accent.

A dramatic editor complimented her on this head the other day, and she replied:

"Oh, yes; I would rather not speak at all than not speak correctly. They are so ludicrous, don't you think, the incorrect speakers?

"I remember once, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais.

"The Englishman, as he started towards the Cercle Mediterranee, called back:

"'Au reservoir!'

"And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

"'Tanks!'"

LEFT IT BEHIND

Mrs. Maud Miller Hipple, whose advocacy of a course in "motherhood" for young matrons has already begun to bear fruit, was talking of the duties of young mothers.

"And no young mother," she said, "no matter how many her millions nor how high her station, should trust her little one entirely to a nurse's care. A nurse may be most intelligent, most conscientious; but to rear a baby properly is a difficult task, and only one person is sufficiently interested in this task to perform it well. That person is the baby's mother."

Mrs. Hipple smiled.

"A young mother," she said, "was walking with her husband on the Atlantic City board walk. Suddenly she gave a little cry of pleasure.

"'Oh!' she said; 'there is nurse—nurse wheeling baby.'

"And she ran lightly to the luxurious coach of leather, with its swan-shaped carriage and its rubber-tired wheels, and she pushed back the parasol that shaded the occupant from the sun.

"Then she gave a great start.

"'Why, nurse,' she cried, 'where's baby?'

"The nurse gasped. 'Goodness gracious, ma'am! I forgot to put him in.'"

A GOOD IDEA

"I didn't know you had an automobile?"

"I haven't."

"Why are you wearing that bearskin coat and those big goggles for?"

"To keep the chauffeurs from running me down. They think I'm a member of the Automobile club."

— THE —
PIANOLA PIANO

THE PIANO ANYONE CAN PLAY.

The tremendous popularity of the Pianola Piano is due to its obvious advantages over the ordinary piano. The latter is playable only by the keys after years of practice. The Pianola Piano is playable in two ways—either by the keys or by a perforated paper roll.

THE METROSTYLE, which is to be had only in the Pianola and Pianola Piano, makes the playing musician-like.

These instruments are sold only by the Metropolitan Music Co.

Metrostyle Pianola, $250.
Pianola Pianos, $550 to $1000
Purchasable on moderate monthly payments.
Old Pianos taken in exchange.

Metropolitan Music Co.
Edward R. Dyer, Pres. & Mgr.
SIXTH ST NEAR NICOLLET.
Leading Piano Store.

HOLIDAY PHOTOS

No gift gives greater pleasure to both donor and recipient than a photo—especially if it be a "Miller Photo," which embody all the virtues of art in photography.

Miller Studio,
608 NICOLLET AVE.

Merchants use The Journal most because it gives them best results.

THE LARGEST LINE OF Trunks and Leather Goods in the city, at Manufacturer's Prices.
NORTHWESTERN TRUNK CO.
RETAIL STORE: 248 Nicollet Ave.

GOOD CHINA
We carry the finest assortment of Dinner Sets, Cut Glass and Bric-a-Brac in the Northwest.
BOUTELL'S

THE North American
"The good of the old, the best of the new methods."
IN CONNECTION WITH
The Postal Telegraph-Cable Co

Grievish Optician
Protect Your Eyes with Toric Lenses
407 NICOLLET AVE.
With White & MacNaught, Jewelers.

The Palais Royale
623-625 Nicollet
The Ideal Shopping Place.

FURS Our prices are the lowest in the city. See us before buying.
A. ZEKMAN, Furrier
23 5th St. So. Between Nic. and Henn.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Do not put off your holiday shopping until the last few days. You will find assortments broken, attendants ill-humored and general dissatisfaction will result. Our store is now showing a full line to select from. A sufficient force of capable and attentive clerks are in attendance, and you may make your selection now by paying a small deposit. The goods will be set aside for you and delivered when wanted. We will take pleasure in showing you some useful and artistic selections in Brass Goods, Medallions, Statuary, Pictures, Candlesticks and Candlesticks, Italian Marble Vases, Pedestals, Prayer Books, Bibles, Manuals of Prayer, Rosaries, Plain and fancy gold and silver crosses.
M. G. NOONAN COMPANY, 612 1st Av S, Minneapolis.

NEWCASTLE
The Best Soft Coal ever sold for Cook Stoves and Ranges

EVERY housewife in Minneapolis who has used this famous washed and sootless coal in her cook stove or range pronounces it the best she ever tried. Price per ton,

$5.50

Get particulars about Newcastle Soft Coal from
North-Western Fuel Co.
34 THIRD STREET SOUTH.

Don't expect to get the brightest boy in Minneapolis by advertising "Boy Wanted." The boy has his future before him, and it matters a great deal in what direction he starts. If you want a boy who cares about his work, attract him by telling the opportunities you offer. Tell him what he will have to do and what it will lead to.