

With the Long Bow.

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

Did you notice that the grade crossings were still lying in wait today?

A big church scandal is on in the east, the headlines in one of the papers reading comprehensively, "Woman, Bishop, Rector, Inquiry." Will we read it? Not unless we are east away on a desert island without any other literature.

There are some advantages in being very, very rich. When the mercury dips in the tube and the wind blows merry-whoo, you can stay in your bood-wah all day and let the country drift along as best it may.

How would you like to get out with a neat little sled named Shooting Star, and slide down hill three or four hours with a little dark girl with curls. It used to be pretty jolly.

Larry Ho, the St. Paul poet Larry-ard, has been getting out a calendar for 1905, packed full of dates, smiles and good nature, no matter if the cow does tip over the milkpail.

If you can believe the comic supplements there is a touch of the comic in the affair when a prominent citizen with the abdominal curve of beauty properly developed steps on an icy spot and is thrown like a bag of flour falling from the kitchen table. It may be humorous to the improperly developed sense of the comic, but there is never anything in it that awakens laughter in the victim.

One of those delightful functions, an Esquimaux lawn party, sometimes known as an Icele Fete, was held at the residence of Mrs. P. G. Moses of 2932 Greenland avenue, last Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Two men were busy shoveling out paths in the garden during the reception, and the windbreak beside the stone fence, where Japanese incense sticks were burning to keep off the mosquitoes and to warm the chilly ones, was a popular retreat.

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

THE JAPANESE EMPEROR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A JAPANESE diplomat spoke with a smile about the odd portrait of the Japanese emperor that has appeared at intervals in the newspapers and weeklies since the war began.

"You think it strange," he said, "that the emperor's portrait is always the same—the face of a grave and stolid man, rather young, with thick black hair and a thick black beard. You know that this is an old portrait, and you wonder why your editors do not give you a later one—a lot of later ones—the emperor in various uniforms and poses, and so on.

"When photography first came into fashion in Japan, the emperor was one of the first to sit for his portrait. He was as pleased as a child with the novel picture-taking machine, its details had all to be explained to him, and he could hardly wait till the next day to see the proofs.

"But when the proofs came to the palace and the emperor opened them, he frowned. He looked at them a long time. Then, with a sigh, he put them down, and he said in a sad voice:

"If I am as ugly as this, I will never be photographed again."

"The emperor has never been photographed again. It is forbidden in Japan to circulate pictures of him, and it is forbidden to all the Japanese legations to give out for publication any picture of the renowned and modest Mutsuhito."

"Somewhere or other an English journalist resurrected these old photographs of the emperor, taken when he was a young man, and circulated them among the world's newspapers when the demand for them arose, thus making a good deal of money. No other photographs of Mutsuhito will ever be circulated. The emperor says gravely that he does not wish the world to know that an island so beautiful as Japan is ruled over by one so ugly as Mutsuhito."

A PIECE OF IRREVERENCE.

"JAMES," said the English goldleaf manufacturer, "we are hound of Bibles. Go down town and buy six dozen."

James in due course returned with the Bibles in a handcart. They were taken by three men, their covers were torn off, and the pages were trimmed with sharp knives down to a small size. Then these little, reduced papers were sewed together into a great multitude of small books.

The small books were distributed among the hands, and in them the firm's output of goldleaf was packed—between every two Biblical leaves a leaf of gold.

"It seems irreverent, not to say sacrilegious, I know," said the head of the firm, "but we halways do so. We have done so for generations. Goldleaf is halways put on the market in little books made of Bibles.

"Why? I'll tell you why. Goldleaf must be packed between printed instead of plain pages for the reason that it would slip out of plain pages, which are too smooth for it, whereas the indentations made by the types on the printed pages are just sufficient to hold the leaf in place firmly. That's why printed pages are used.

"We choose, amongst all printed pages, Bible ones, for the reason that the Bible is the best-printed book a-going. The type is more evenly set and the printing is finer than in any other work, and we need the best type-setting and printing in our business, you know, for any roughness or unevenness is apt to tear the goldleaf.

"That's why all English goldleaf is packed in Bibles. It's a necessary thing to do, but, all the same, I've often wondered that the churches 'ave never gotten after us goldleaf manufacturers for our irreverence."

The Man, the Corporation and the Cat.



HEAR the tale of the man, the corporation and the cat. The man was a Minnetonkan by summer and a Minneapoltan the rest of the time. He was also a lawyer. But he couldn't help that, and it should not be held against him. For while he beat and defrauded a soulless corporation out of its just due, to-wit, one nickel in good coin of the realm, he did not accomplish the feat thru his legal acumen or his knowledge of the by-paths of the law. He did it quite by accident and any man, in the law or out of it, might have done the same, had a similar opportunity offered.

The man's name might have been Reed—for lack of a better, call him that. And, as he was strong enough to take and retake the nickel in question several times, let him be called Samson.

The corporation was none other than the Twin City Rapid Transit company, which until it reads this o'er true tale—supposing that corporations, despite their benighted and soulless condition, can and do read—will not know that the nickel in question has escaped its clutches. When the truth is learned, the corporation will doubtless gnash its teeth and make earnest endeavor to frame up a new set of rules that will prevent the escape in future of any over-worked nickel, such as that of S. Reed.

The cat was just an ordinary cat. A live one, of course, and not a dead one like that which Willie brought in and laid before his astonished mother with the remark: "Mama, some one has thrown away a perfectly good cat!" This fortunate cat went with the family to spend the summer at Minnetonka. By her insinuating feline ways, such as rubbing up against your leg at the dinner table and purring in a most demonstrative manner when rubbed the right way of her fur, she had insidiously won her way into the affections of the family until she was esteemed an important member in the family circle. She chased squirrels industriously all summer and had probably as good a time as any one at the lake.

But at last the time came for moving in and the problem of the cat was taken up for family discussion. How to get her to town—for no one seriously considered such an inhuman and unspeakable course as to abandon her to country life—was the question. It was finally decided to box her up carefully, puncturing the walls of her narrow conveyance freely in order that she might not be distressed for breath, and send her by express. Mr. Reed explained to the doubting family that this was the only right and proper way to transport cats. They could be sent long distances that way, he said, without hurt. And so on the eventful morning Madame Felis was duly boxed and expressed, greatly to her apparent disgust. Indeed, she expressed herself loudly in complaint against what she evidently considered an affront to her dignity. But fate was inexorable.

And then came the catastrophe—and that's no joke either. For when the family arrived in the city and called on the unfeeling express company for one box containing one cat, they found to their utter dismay that thru some error both box and cat had gone on to St. Paul.

"Telephone over to have the box sent back on the next train," was Mr. Reed's sage advice.

But the family vetoed this at once and decidedly. Kitty would undoubtedly die of asphyxiation or something worse, if she were forced to await the slow unwinding of red tape that doth hedge an express company about. There was nothing for it but for Mr. Reed to go down to St. Paul and in person rescue Kitty and bring her back to the house on Fifteenth street N., where the lares and penates had already been bestowed. Compliant Mr. Reed trudged off to a car and hid him to St. Paul, rather than have any argument about it. And besides he was just a little moved by pity and contrition, for he had not advised the express solution of the problem? Arrived at the express office in St. Paul, he had no difficulty in identifying the yowl that issued from a certain box as belonging to him. The man in the express office gladly, not to say rapturously, gave up the box and Mr. Reed, bestowing it beneath his arm, climbed on an Interurban car and settled down for the long ride home.

At this point the nickel makes its appearance. The conductor came and got it. He rang it up regularly, along with the others he collected, and retired to his place on the rear platform. The car bowed merrily along and had made some progress in its course along University avenue, when the cat, overcome by her woes, refused longer to be comforted and began to give tongue to some most sepulchral and unearthly cat language.

Mr. Reed stirred uneasily in his seat and thrust the box as far out of sight as he could. He also spoke certain whispered reassurances to the inhabitant thereof. These seemed quite ineffective, for the cat grew positively eloquent in describing her wrongs and demanding redress. She wanted to be let out of that black hole and she said so in unmistakable caterwaulings. The passengers began to titter and the commotion reached the ears of the conductor. He came forward and tapped Mr. Reed on the shoulder.

"What yuh got in that box?" he demanded. The question seemed superfluous, in view of the sounds issuing therefrom, but Mr. Reed truthfully, tho reluctantly, admitted that it was a cat.

"It's against the rules to take animals on the cars!" said the stern functionary, ringing the bell. "We're not allowed to carry 'em." Mr. Reed protested in vain. The dialogue was rather embarrassing anyway, for what did the unfeeling conductor or the laughing passengers know about the lovable character of that cat, and how could they appreciate the circumstances?

"You'll have to get off," added the conductor. "Here's your nickel." And as the car came to a stop, Mr. Reed made his way out, lugging that box and its boisterous inhabitant. He looked about. He had nearly reached Merriam Park, toward which he now trudged, trying to figure out how he was to reach home with that cat without buying a hack. It occurred to him that the cat, having now quieted down, might possibly remain quiet if he took another car—or the conductor might be more complaisant. Anyhow it was better than



THE MAN IN THE EXPRESS OFFICE GLADLY GOT TO SAY HAPPYTRAVEL, GAVE UP THE BOX.

walking and so he boarded another car at the transfer station and sought an unobtrusive seat.

For a few blocks all went well, when of a sudden Kitty again became indignantly conversational. She told her troubles freely and loudly. Again the conductor objected, again he explained the rules of the company, again he stopped the car and presenting Mr. Reed with his nickel, invited him to alight. Mr. Reed complied with what grace he could muster. He had now reached the Midway station—a long way from Fifteenth street N. But a great idea had been born in the lawyer's fertile brain and he proceeded to test its value.

He boarded another Interurban and fared sundry blocks further before Kitty made use of more unprintable language.



"WHAT YUH GOT IN THAT BOX?"

Again the conductor objected, explained, reimbursed and ejected. This time he had crossed the boundary line and was in Southeast Minneapolis. Still clutching the fateful nickel he stopped the next car, having first admonished the cat. This time he got across the bridge and neared Seven Corners. Another car gave him a lift nearly to town and the next one deposited him within easy distance of his transfer point.

And still the nickel was his. The last stage of his journey was made on a Hennepin avenue car and, tho the cat made the air vocal with complaints, he contrived to argue the matter with the conductor long enough to reach Fourteenth street, when he gave up the battle, well satisfied, received his historic nickel back and struck out for home.

In a few minutes he entered the house, tired but triumphant, bearing her majesty the cat and having made the long trip from St. Paul home on six cars and entirely without expense.

But the rules of the company had been vindicated!

What the Market Affords.

LENTILS are a German importation belonging to the pea family and are used in the same manner as split peas. They sell for 10 cents a pound and have a high place in the vegetarian dietary for their nourishing qualities. Split peas sell for 5 cents a pound. Either of these materials makes a nutritious and tasty soup most acceptable during cold weather. An easy and convenient way to make these soups when it is necessary to have fire in the range steadily is to cut three-quarters of a pound of any kind of meat into dice, adding a little ham; put in a gallon beanpot with an onion, a carrot, a tablespoonful of rice and three gills of split peas or lentils; fill pot with cold water, cover and bake for three and a half hours. Another recipe that requires a shorter time in cooking calls for the soaking of a cup of peas or lentils for four or five hours, drain and add to them three quarts of stock; when boiling add chopped carrot, onion and celery with a bunch of herbs if liked, and cook an hour. Season, take out herbs, add a small lump of butter and serve. If the soup is not sufficiently thickened by the cooking up of the peas add a spoonful of flour thickening. It is an English custom to crumble dry mint over the top of pea soup.

Most people are careless about drying mint in the season, but they can buy the powdered article, nicely put up in glass bottles, for a quarter.

Beans are a frequent article on the table now in a great variety of forms. The best navy beans sell for 10 cents a quart.

Soups made of farinaceous foods are desirable at this season and are all good and cheap, barley, sage, etc., costing about five cents a pound and the meat used in making the stock being the cheaper, bonier pieces. Barley soup calls for two pounds of shin of beef, quarter of a pound of pearl barley, a large bunch of parsley, fresh or dried, four onions, six potatoes, seasonings and four quarts of water. Simmer gently for four hours, remove the bones and meat, rub thru a puree sieve, boil up once and serve. If desired, the shreds of meat may be returned to the soup after straining, making it a heartier dish or the meat can be used for made dishes.

What Women Want to Know.

HIGH COLLARS—Do you really think that high collars are injurious to the neck, and in what way?—Sallie.

There is no question that the high collars worn for so many years have done much injury to the neck of the wearers. It is a commonly accepted fact that they have caused darkening of the skin and ugly lines about the throat. Furthermore, they have impeded the natural motions of the neck. Women have been holding their necks stiffly, and the natural exercise that belongs to every-day living and is perfectly unconscious, has not been allowed to the neck. For want of it, the double chin has gained strength and the scrawny neck has grown scrawnier.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

DEEP BREATHING—Just what is the method of deep breathing which one hears so much about? I have no time for gymnasium work and the only exercise I get must be on the way to work and home again. Can I practice it then?—Nora J.

A DANGEROUS AFFECTION.

PROFESSOR VAN DYLE of Princeton, said, in a recent address to a New York Sunday school: "Errors of logic, inconsequent reasoning, are common to the young."

"A little Princeton boy the other day was walking with his mama. As he passed the house of a friend, he saw a dog playing on the lawn.

"That dog is called Troy. Troy likes me, mama," he said.

"How do you know Troy likes you, Charles?" the mother asked.

"Because, one day, he tasted of me," said the boy."

Journal's Daily Puzzle



How Old Was Mary?

"You see," remarked Grandpop, "the combined ages of Mary and Ann are 44 years, and Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann." How old is Mary? A copy of Loyd's Tangrams, a collection of very interesting puzzles, will be mailed to each of the ten persons sending in the correct answer submitted in the neatest way, before 6 p. m., Dec. 31, to Puzzle Editor, The Journal.

WHAT THE PUZZLEISTS SAY.

George V. Kinney, Heron Lake, Minn., says the answer to his Quaker farm puzzle, propounded in The Journal last week, is 36.37 rods. Correct answers were sent in by N. Nelson and W. W. Clark, Minneapolis, and J. Hardgrove, Hopkins.

N. Nelson submits this as a particularly hard nut to crack: A man asked his age said: "I am twice as old as you were, when I was as old as you are now, and when you are as old as I am now, our total years will make 63." How old were the two men?

ABOUT MARY'S AGE.

John Swanson—Mary is eleven years old. H. W. Eck—Mary is 29 years old. Marion Lewis—Mary is 33 years old. R. H. Lobbitt—Ann is 2 1/2 times as old as she was when Mary was twice her age, as she was when Mary was 3 times her age and Mary was only 1 2/3 times her own age. Therefore Mary is two-thirds of 44, or 29 1/3 years. James A. Coles—Mary is 18.

Boys' Fur Back Gloves and Mittens 48c a pair. Just the thing for skating, etc. 610 Nicollet Ave. Gamossi Glove Co. No. 20

Big Reduction in LADIES' STORM COLLARS and the balance of our Children's Sets to close out this week. A. Reiner, Furrier 701 Hennepin Ave. Cor. Seventh St.

EUREKA LOTION (1 POUND) Cures Eczema, Pimples and removes all blemishes of the skin. For sale by Wm. Donaldson & Co., Druggists, 105 W. Wabasha, St. Paul.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION I shall give all of my cleaning, pressing, repairing of clothing; also special work of renovating Draperies, Lace Curtains, etc., next year to The Pantorium W. L. WALDRON, 1028-1030 Mary Place.

When in Doubt Think of Northwestern Trunk Co. The Popular Priced Trunk, Bag and Leather Goods Store. 248 Nicollet Ave.

30% TO 50% DISCOUNT ON BOOKS Stationery, Bibles, Pictures, Etc. DURING OUR CASH CLEARANCE SALE Bargains! Our Bargain Tables contain about 1000 volumes published at 50c to \$1.50 per volume. Your choice, only 15c and... 25c St. Paul Book and Stationery Co. Cor. 5th and St. Peter Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

To California First Class New service beginning January 2d. Palace sleeping cars leave Minneapolis 9:35 A. M., connecting in Kansas City Union Depot with the "California Limited" and the "Golden State Limited," reaching Los Angeles 2:15 P. M. of the third day. The only road offering such service. Call at Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad Ticket Office, 424 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY. City Express Fifth and Nicollet Depot, Washington and Tenth Aves. South. - Phone: Main 124. \*Rz. Sunday, Others Daily. Lv. Mpls. Ar. Mpls. Chicago and East, Dubuque, etc. 7:40 am 10:30 pm Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, etc. 8:00 am 1:00 am Chicago, Des Moines, Kansas City, etc. 10:45 am 1:30 pm Kansas City, St. Joseph, Des Moines, etc. 10:45 am 1:30 pm Omaha, Ft. Dodge, Austin, etc. 7:40 am 10:30 pm Rochester, Red Wing, etc. 7:45 am 10:30 pm Mankato, Faribault, Northfield, etc. 8:45 pm 10:30 am Dodge Center, Hayfield, etc. 4:30 pm 11:30 am

WISCONSIN CENTRAL RY. TRAINS FOR MILWAUKEE AND CHICAGO Leave 8 a.m. and 7:05 p.m. daily. Arrive 5:00 a.m. and 5:10 p.m. daily.

D. LLOYD JONES IS DEAD Civil War Veteran and Prominent in Wisconsin. Milwaukee, Dec. 30.—D. Lloyd Jones, referee in bankruptcy, is dead at his home here of heart disease, aged 64. He served thru the civil war in the Eighteenth Wisconsin. He was a member in G. A. R. circles, a member of the Loyal Legion and of the Wisconsin Shiloh Monument commission, and was a Mason of high degree.

STORAGE Household goods a specialty. Unequaled facilities and lowest rates. Packing by experienced men. Boyd Transfer & Storage Co., 48 So. 3rd St. Telephone Main 656—both exchanges.