

With the Long Bow.

"The nature's walk, about fully as it is."

THE meat trust autocrats are in a position where the American pig is likely to squeal on them.

The people of the United States will not be stunned with amazement to learn that Brother Aldrich of Rhode Island has sidetracked railroad legislation for the session. What is he there for, anyhow?

General Castro's collection of assorted anarchy that is sometimes by courtesy called a government is getting in a position to make another fine collection of international dents.

Dispatches from J. P. Morgan to his "good brother" Nicholas are not made public.

In four months or so careless gardeners will be kicked by the horseradish.

A diamond weighing over a pound has been found in South Africa and not on the hotel clerk either.

If the Wall street boys really have 20,000,000 bushels of wheat bought, the day they let it go, you will hear a lot of Americans singing "The Song of the Pounded Thumb."

Last week during the cold snap some of us young folks gave a little sleighride to Merriam Park and return and had all the pleasure usually extracted from sitting out in the shed with one's feet in a bucket of cold water. Sleighbearing is great sport, but its song is not "There'll Be a Hot Time," etc. Still, it is a fine thing for the liverman.

General Edward F. Jones of Binghamton, N. Y., soldier, statesman and manufacturer of scales, who was made famous by the phrase he used in advertising his wares, "Jones, he pays the freight," has had his latter years (he is now 77) rendered more difficult by blindness. But even a calamity such as this has not checked his restless spirit and indomitable energy. In order to have something to take up his mind General Jones has learned to knit. He uses wooden needles about a foot long and is now able to do pretty good work. He also has a typewriter for the blind and makes good use of it. Last year he finished a novel which he has called "Richard Baxter." General Jones visits his factory each morning and afternoon and personally attends to the affairs of the concern. He is up at 6:30 o'clock each morning and retires at midnight.

A little thing like blindness is not going to prevent the freight from being paid.

A North Dakota exchange tells of a man who died. The very first day in heaven, as he wanted to go sight-seeing, an angel guide was given him. Before long he noticed a number of persons each dragging a ball and chain. "How is this?" he asked. "Isn't this heaven?" The angel smiled and replied: "Why, these are not bad men, but they came from North Dakota and we have to chain them or they would try to go back."

A New York philosopher finds that there is something very unsatisfactory about being perfectly satisfied: There is a grain of truth in this. A cow is perfectly satisfied, but one would not care for the cow's state of mind. Not until the cow becomes dissatisfied with the quality of milk she is giving does she rise to higher things.

A String of Good Stories.

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

THE DIPLOMATIC RESTAURATEUR.

GENERAL NUNEZ, the governor of Havana, was talking in Philadelphia about diplomacy.

"No one," he said, "possesses the excellent quality of diplomacy to a higher degree and no one is more frequently called on to exercise this quality than the successful restaurateur."

"I know a restaurateur in Havana whose diplomacy is consummate. One day, in his palatial cafe, a guest said to a waiter:

"Waiter, open the window."

"The waiter obeyed. Another guest, frowning angrily, summoned the waiter.

"Do you want me to catch my death?" he said. "Close that window at once."

"The waiter closed the window, and immediately the first guest bellowed at him:

"Why did you close that window? Didn't I just tell you to open it?"

"In this difficulty the waiter sought out his diplomatic employer. He stated the case, and asked how, in such a contingency, he should conduct himself."

"How long have the two men been in here?" the employer asked.

"One, sir," replied the waiter, "has just entered. The other has finished his dinner."

"Your course is easy, then," said the diplomatic chief. "Accommodate the gentleman who has not yet dined."

JOHN WAS FLOORED.

WILLIAM LEARY of New York, "the original Roosevelt man," was apologizing for the slowness that some booms require to mature.

"A boom," he said, "is not like a pan of dough. You can't set it tonight and have it full-blown in the morning. A boom is a long and tedious piece of work."

"The man who complains about a boom's slow growth is as unjust and unreasonable as the man who complained about the length of time it took his wife to put up her hair."

"Hang it all," he said, "why do women require such a tremendous long while to do their hair in? It only takes ten seconds to do mine."

"That, John," his wife retorted, "is one second per hair. If I worked at that rate you'd soon know what waiting means, dear."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

SENATOR DEPEW, at a lawyers' dinner, talked about circumstantial evidence.

"Circumstantial evidence may be conclusive enough," he said. "There is, for instance, the old case of the frog that hopped out of the pail of milk, thus affording conclusive circumstantial evidence of the milk's watering, and the other day I heard of a new case of positive proof that circumstantial evidence had afforded."

A young and pretty girl had been out walking.

"On her return her mother said:

"Where have you been, my dear?"

"Only walking in the park," she replied.

"Who with?" pursued the mother.

"No one, mamma," said the young girl.

"No one?" her mother repeated.

"No one," was the reply.

"Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking-stick instead of an umbrella."



"TRY NOT THE PASS."

One "Lamb" Who Escaped the Shearers in Wall Street



"YOU can't tell where these outsiders get the information on which they trade," said a veteran Wall street broker. "And, more than that, you can't tell what foolish system will make money and what good information will go wrong. Several years ago one of the 'cats and dogs' of the stock market was 'Canton.' It represented the issues of the Canton Land company of Baltimore. It wasn't very active, but once in a while it had a move that would set the traders dancing."

"One day a mild-mannered, scholarly old gentleman walked into my office and said he wanted to buy some Canton—500 shares of it. We made the trade for him and he left. We did not see him for weeks. Canton lay dead for a while, and finally it got active. It went up slowly at first and then it began to jump. It had gone up about ten points, and then we began to wonder what had become of our missing customer. One day he came in and sold out his holdings and went 'short.' The strange part of it was that he caught the top of the market. I don't think the stock went up an eighth after he made his deal."

"He disappeared again and Canton sagged and sagged. We all kicked ourselves for not having followed the old man's example. On the day when Canton was weakest the old gentleman came back, covered his 'shorts' and bought for another rise. Then he dropped out of sight once more. He repeated this operation two or three times, and it had me guessing. The next time he showed up I called him into my private office with a view to finding out who he was and what he knew."

"You must have some pretty good information on this Canton," I said.

"Yes, it looks that way," he said, apologetically.

"Are you a member of the board of directors? Do you own all the stock? Where do you get your tips?" I asked.

"No, I am not a member of the board of directors," he replied, in his mild, modest way. "I never had any stock except what I bought thru you. I don't know anybody connected with the company. I don't get any tips. I merely read the newspapers and look over the quotations for stocks and commodities. When I see that tea is up I think it a good time to buy Canton and when tea is down I sell it."

"I wish I had your system of playing hunches," I gasped.

"What is that, sir?" he asked.

"I repeated my statement and asked: 'What do you think this Canton Land Improvement company is?'"

"I had supposed, sir, it was a company promoted for the purpose of growing tea near Canton, China," he replied.

"Then I made a fool of myself. I told him about the concern, and he never played it again. In fact, he quit speculating. He was about \$23,000 to the good, but he might have been a millionaire if I hadn't stopped his playing the system."—New York Press.



"WHEN I SEE THAT TEA IS UP I THINK IT IS A GOOD TIME TO BUY CANTON."

What the Market Affords.

PINEAPPLES are very reasonable in price now and of good quality. They range in price from 25 to 50 cents. In preparing a pineapple a silver knife or fork must be used as steel discolors and taste the fruit. Exposure to the air also darkens the fruit, so if a pineapple is cut and not all of it is needed shred it and add sugar at the rate of a pound to a pint of pulp, stir until the sugar is dissolved and put in glass fruit cans, covering tightly.

The fresh fruit either nicely sliced, cut in dice or shredded is deliciously refreshing, but for the sake of variety other ways of preparing it are desirable. To cut in very thin even slices use a slaw cutter. Alternate layers of pineapple and coconut sprinkled with sugar and served with a sauce or orange juice is nice. The slices may be allowed to stand in sugar until a syrup forms and then served with orange juice poured over them.

Pineapple is one of the few fruits available for short-cake filling in winter. For this pare and slice a mellow pineapple; cover with sugar and set aside for three or four hours, then heat thoroly and spread on the shortcake. Eat with whipped cream. The canned shredded pineapple may be used for this.

Grated and sweetened pineapple is used between slices of sponge cake or the halves of ladyfingers for a sweet sandwich which is covered on the outside with icing. Diced pineapple may be used in place of apple with tapioca in pudding.

Professor (looking for fun)—Johnny, what time is it by your nose?
Johnny (boots back with many chums around)—Mine ain't running. Is yours?

Little Sermons.

By ELLIOTT HUBBARD, Editor of "The Philistine," Author of "Little Journeys," Etc., Etc. Copyright, 1904.

THE man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.

There are two qualities that are the property of only strong men; confidence and resignation.

In case you have thoughts and honestly speak your mind, Golgotha for you is not far away.

We believe a thing first and skirmish for our proofs afterward.

It is only in our prosperity that we throw our friends overboard.

Prayer is an emotional exercise; an endeavor to bring the will into a state of harmony with the divine will; a rest and composure that gives strength by putting us in position to partake of the strength of the universal.

If your life is to be a genuine consecration, you must be free. Only the free man is truthful; only the heart that is free is pure.

I wish that all parents knew that love is better than a cat-o'-nine-tails; and that sympathy saves more souls than threats do.

The charm of reading is in the recognition of what we know.

You better learn to accept all the small misfits and trivial annoyances of life as a matter of course. To allow them to receive attention beyond their deserts is to wear the web of your life to the warp. Be on the lookout for the great joys and never let mosquitoes worry you into a passion.

I expect to see the day when the conversational method will be supreme, and teaching will be done practically without books—by object lessons, thinking things out, talking about them and doing things.

Love, that curious life-stuff, which holds within itself the spore of all mystic possibilities; that makes alive dull wits; gives the coward heart, and warms into being the hidden senses; that gives joy and gratitude, and rest and hope and peace; shall we not call thee divine?

If love is life and hate is death, how can spite benefit?

When we realize that we are a part of all that we see, or hear, or feel, we are not lonely. But to feel a sense of separation is to feel the chill of death.

The true work of all governments is to do away with the necessity of any government.

It is a great man who, when he finds that he has come out at the little end of the horn, simply appropriates the horn and blows it forevermore.

He who will not accept orders has no right to give them; he who will not serve has no right to command; he who cannot keep silence has no right to speak.

Take my word for it, Charlie, the man pushing a wheelbarrow is just as happy as the man riding in an automobile.—He has just as good a digestion, sleeps as well, and will live as long. God equalizes all things, and if you get off a way so as to get the perspective, you will see everything is of one size.

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing stranger"

A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

PARSIMONY was being discussed by a group of women. "Mrs. Bloe," said one, "is so mean, she is such a manager that, actually, it pays her to keep a maid. She makes money out of her maid. The poor girl, instead of being an expense to her, is a profit."

"She has taught the maid, you see to do 'drawn work.' She makes her devote all her spare time to making drawn-work curtains, handkerchiefs, trimming, bed coverlets, pillow shams and bureau scarfs."

"Drawn-work goods fetch a high price, and Mrs. Bloe sells all the articles that her maid makes. She told me last week that besides getting out of the maid I don't know how many messages and manicurings and other extras, she had sold her week's output of drawn work for a sum that would pay the girl's wages and leave a surplus of two dollars besides."

FOOTISTRY.

"PALMISTRY is a good thing," said a palmist, "and footistry is a good thing, too. There are lines on the feet that are as rich in meaning as the lines on the hands. The life-line on the foot starts at the base of the big toe. It travels under the instep, ending, where a long life is indicated, far over toward the base of the little toe."

"If this life-line is broken in the hollow of the foot, it denotes a severe illness in middle life. If it ends in the hollow of the foot, it denotes death in middle life."

"There are a half dozen other lines on the sole of the foot that correspond with similar lines on the palm of the hand. Whenever I want to give a person a particularly good reading, I study his hand first, then supplement, or prove, my work with a study of the lines of his foot."

TUNING CHURCH BELLS.

THE bell-makers were finishing a huge bell for a magnificent church. Beside them stood a piano. One struck a note of music from the instrument. The other struck the bell a blow with a hammer.

"Cl-a-a-ng," sounded the mellow metal, and the man beside the bell took up his tools and chipped a small piece from its edge.

"Still too high," he said. "Now, once more, George." Again the piano was struck and again the bell was struck.

"Still high," said the workman, and he carefully chipped off another piece of metal.

"Won't you ruin that bell, chipping it so?" a clergyman stopped to ask.

"Why, bless you, no, sir," said the bell-maker. "You always have to chip a bell to bring it to the required tone. Every bell, after it's done, has to be tuned, and the only way to tune it is to chip it, this way."

What Women Want to Know.

IMPERFECTIONS OF THE SKIN.—My face is very rough and has many imperfections in the skin. Do you know of any harmless remedy which will help me make it soft and smooth?—Agnes.

For imperfections of the skin try face steaming. Do it at home yourself by applying hot cloths to the face until the skin is very warm, but do not scorch or burn the skin. Now spread the face with sweet, thick cream, if you can get it, and let it dry on. Sour milk is good and buttermilk, with its acid quantities, is still better. After half an hour wash off with soap and water. Use many waters so as to remove all the soap. The trouble is that soap is almost always left in the skin and nothing could be more injurious to the cuticle.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS.—If I owe 50 or 100 calls, and entertain the persons, will it cancel all obligation to return the calls? Could you suggest some new way for finding their places at a luncheon?—Jo.

Journal Proverb Contest

(Third Week Series)



What Proverb Does This Picture Represent?

To the four persons sending in the nearest correct and neatest prepared solutions of illustrations representing proverbs, appearing in The Journal this week will be given cash prizes as follows:

- First Prize \$3.00
- Second Prize \$2.00
- Third Prize \$1.00
- Fourth Prize \$1.00

The illustrations will appear in all issues of The Journal this week except Saturday, and all answers must be in The Journal office by 8 a. m., Wednesday, Feb. 8.

Contestants must send in all answers together at the end of the week. Do not send them in each day if you want them to be considered for prizes. All answers must be upon Journal blanks, printed with each Proverb Picture. Only one answer allowed on each blank.

Do not send the pictures. Send only the answer blank. The blanks may be filled out in any legible way. Correctness and neatness will win.

The proverbs selected for this contest are not hard to solve, but be careful to get the correct wording and punctuation, and see that each word is spelled correctly.

(Third Week Series)

1 My answer to No. 1 Journal Proverb Puzzle is:

Name

Address

Fill out this blank form and send it to Proverb Editor, The Journal, Minneapolis, so it will reach him before 8 a. m., Wednesday, Feb. 8.

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THE BIG LOCKS AT THE SOO

THEY ARE ALREADY TOO SMALL FOR SOME VESSELS PLANNED.

The Government is Being Urged by the Shipping Interests to Reconstruct Some of the Great Works—Monster Ore and Grain Carrying Freighters Now Being Planned for the Great Lakes.

Special to The Journal.

Duluth, Minn., Jan. 30.—The shipping interests of the great lakes are straining every nerve to secure from the war department favorable action at once, on what they consider a necessary improvement. In this they are following out their custom of enlarging shipping ahead of the government's facilities for handling it, and thus pushing it along to more and more river and harbor expenditures. In this way they have won the enormous improvements of the great lakes, which are now recognized as among the most beneficial undertakings ever carried forward by the government.

There are two great locks at the foot of Lake Superior built by the American government, the larger of them is 800 feet long and 100 feet wide, with 21 feet of water at low lockage. When completed it was supposed that this lock would serve the needs of commerce for generations, especially with the aid of the smaller American lock and that of Canada on the other side of the river and of about the same capacity as the big American canal. But that was before the day of the 500-foot ship and the 10,000-ton cargo.

This year there will be twenty-four ships in the Lake Superior trade of more than 6,000 tons capacity, and there will be six or seven capable of holding 10,000 gross tons each. A year ago there were none of these latter. They are the new type and as new vessels are built for the ore, grain or coal trade, it is likely they will be of this, or even larger, capacity. Indeed it is hard to say where the limit is. A 15,000-ton ship is no more unlikely now than a 6,000-tonner was ten years ago, or a 10,000 vessel in 1903. Vesselmen are freely predicting the 15,000 or 18,000 tons ship as a matter of the early future.

For these they must have greater locking capacity. They are urging the government to reconstruct its smaller lock and rebuild it on lines that will serve for a long time, that is, make it capable of handling two or three of the biggest vessels yet planned, at one time. To do this the lock will have to be about 1,500 feet long and not far from 100 feet wide. The government has recommended a new lock that is smaller, approach these figures, that is 1,300 feet long and 72 feet wide, but the vesselmen protest against this and point to the fact that they are now building ships of sixty-six feet beam and that six feet clearance is not enough for today, and that their later models will undoubtedly be wider than sixty-six feet. The government estimates the cost of a lock of the capacity it recommends to be \$4,410,000. This includes the necessary widening of the canal above the lock. The vessel owners think their demands should be met for about \$5,000,000, and they argue that the difference, even if greater, should not stand in the way of getting what is to be of use for a long time, and ample for the present.

A survey has just been completed for a twenty-one-foot channel between

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lakes Superior and Huron, including the deepening of all channels and locks. Its figure is \$10,160,000. Part of the work is now under way on large contracts for straightening and deepening a part of the channel at the Neebish and between Hay and Mud lakes. The new survey puts the cost at \$5,000,000 more than previous estimates, but the work is sure to be done. Indeed there is very little question but the government will in due time take up the question of a \$5,000,000 lock and decide to put it thru. The time has never been when the government, once convinced of the necessity of an improvement on the great lakes, has failed, ultimately, to carry it out.

BOYCOTT ON POSTOFFICE

BOX RENTERS IN A MICHIGAN TOWN WILL FIGHT RAISE IN RENT.

New York Sun Special Service.

Lake Odessa, Mich., Jan. 30.—"You will have to pay more for your box rent," said Uncle Sam to the people of this place a few days ago, and a boycott on the postoffice has followed. The business men and other former users of boxes assert they are being discriminated against, and the boycotters say they will hold out until the alleged discrimination is raised. Formerly the rent was 10 cents and 15 cents a quarter, but it has been raised to 25 cents and 35 cents, and in some cases even to \$1.

DULUTH SOCIALIST THROUGH OUT.

Special to The Journal. Duluth, Minn., Jan. 30.—Controller McCormick will have no opposition in the coming city election. Theodore Soller had filed a petition of candidacy, as required by law, as the representative of the socialists. An examination of his petition disclosed the fact that fifteen of the signers had voted at the primary election in November, and under the primary election law their names are not to be regarded as on the petition. It is now too late for him to correct the petition and his name will not appear on the ballot.

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