

With the Long Bow.

—“Eye makes a walk, about half an hour.”

WHAT has become of those nice old-fashioned girls who used to scream when an eligible man was mentioned?

The beef trust is still standing around rattling \$20 gold pieces in its pockets and looking at the scenery. Whose move is it?

The effete sewer contractors of Europe are watching the digging of the Panama canal with much interest. Before long a Yankee with a patent steam Continent Separator will be on the ground.

Somewhere back in December a plush-upholstered horse-fie predicted an open winter.

A Pittsburg pastor is taking up the question whether or no buying and selling stock in Wall street is gambling.

It depends on who does it. If the small fellow goes in with his eyes blindfolded and bets twelve or fifteen fat railroad presidents that he knows better than they do what they are going to do with stocks, that is, perhaps, a slight form of gambling, tho there is not much element of chance involved.

But for the twelve fat railroad boys it isn't gambling at all. They know.

A bulbous-nosed fin-ancier of Philadelphia tried to work the Adrian (Minn.) Democrat. He sent the Democrat a half-column article under the head of "How They Got Rich," with the statement that "if you publish the enclosed notice the results will probably justify our giving you an order for advertising."

"Will it?" asks the disgusted Adrian editor, and then he tells the fin-ancier that if he were in need of money, he would just read his article on "How They Got Rich" and learn how, so he would not need to accept their cheap advertising! There is too much fin-ancering going on now.

Look out for the "rare and limited" editions some of the higher-class book agents are prepared to let you in on, knowing your public spirit and general interest in books. Some years ago Peyp's Diary was issued in nine volumes by the Macmillan company. A subscription firm bought a certain number of copies in sheets, inserted a few illustrations, made the nine volumes into eighteen, and sold them at an enormous price as the "only unexpurgated" edition of the Diary.

Saturday night our Mr. Moses, walking home via Nicollet avenue, noted some of the wonderful bargains in the "gents' furnishings" as he passed the windows of the stores that supply our great and growing necktie trade. That night he slept and as he slept he dreamed a dream and the dream was on this wise:

Mr. Moses, the head of the great Pant and Necktie trust, had bought out and consolidated all the gents' furnishing stores in the country and was supplying the Minneapolis trade thru "Moses' Great Pant-orama," a building as big as three Glass Blocks and located in the very heart of the city. As he dreamed, he was just announcing a "Tremendous Trouser Triumph," "A Nifty Necktie Knockdown," "A Stupendous Shirt and Sock Sacrifice," "Suspenders While You Wait," and "Handkerchiefs Handcuffed to Bankrupt Stock Prices."

Mr. Moses felt sure he was going to make a million, when he was awakened by the domestic blowing the foam from the furnace and dropping into it a ton and a quarter of coal.

When the mercury was reaching for -22 yesterday morning, a Linden Hillite was seen sitting on his porch in his shirtsleeves smoking a pipe.

"What is it?" inquired another suburbanite on his way to the car. "Is it a bluff or have you forgotten?"

The householder made no reply but arose slowly and ambled into the house.

It was probably a case of furunculitis.

The canned peach crop came thru the cold snap-in fine shape.

In connection with a story that the New York Milk Trust was driving out the 5c dealers and preparing to raise the price of milk to all New York from 6c a quart to 8c, comes the tale that A Lactal Pipe Line company is preparing to lay a line underground to pump milk directly into New York city. Convenient milking stations will be established along the main pipe line, to which the farmers will drive their cows, which will then and there contribute to the company's assets. The pipes will be porcelain lined. Great porcelain tanks to store the milk will be erected in the seaboard cities. Sublines will run direct to foundling asylums and maternity hospitals.

The company is preparing to put out some highly watered stock to cover the expense of laying the line, but they guarantee that none of this water will get into the milk. It is feared in some quarters, however, that a little water will leak into the pipe at some of the joints.

If the pipe line goes thru, there seems to be no reason why the houses could not be piped for milk as for gas, a meter being used to register the flow. In this case all it will be necessary to do when the baby opens up is to connect him with the pipe line by his little rubber nozzle and let him do his worst.

-A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know.

ONIONS, 25 cents a peck. Spanish onions, 8 cents a pound. Young onions, 5 cents a bunch. Garlic, 20 cents a pound.

Garlic is in very bad repute with those who only know it from the stories told of its strong properties by European travelers, but the trained cook knows it as the most valuable member of the onion tribe for giving delicacy of flavor. Instead of having each bulb arranged in layers like the onion it has long, irregular-shaped, cloves, as they are called, each of which is wrapped in a dry outer skin and the whole bulb has a dry papery covering. The cloves are very convenient to handle and a small portion can be removed without disturbing the rest.

For use in cooking the cloves may be put in whole and, if any trace of them remain when the dish is done, they can be removed, or the cloves may be sliced very thin and no trace of their presence will remain except a subtle and delicious aroma that few people identify with the onion family. Many a person has praised highly the delicious flavor of a dish seasoned with garlic who would not have touched this savory vegetable knowingly.

For use in salad it is often sufficient to rub the dish, salad fork and spoon with the cut edges of a clove of garlic or to put thin shreds in the dish and rub it to bits. A chopin may be used, which is a thin slice or cubes of bread rubbed with garlic. This may either be divided finely by crumbling and served in the salad or simply stirred with the salad and left in the dish when the salad is served.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Cupid—Gee, I wish I had the price!

A String of Good Stories.

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

PHILANTHROPY NEEDS COURAGE.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON was dining at the Savoy with an American visitor to London.

"Mr. Carnegie—" the American began, and forthwith the topic became philanthropy.

"Philanthropy needs courage," said Sir Thomas Lipton. "I'll wager that we have thousands of rich men who would be philanthropists were it not that courage is wanting in them. For the philanthropist, when he commences philanthropy, meets with rebuffs, with ingratitude, with opprobrium. If he hasn't courage, he soon abandons his charitable deeds.

"I shall never forget my first philanthropic effort. It discouraged me. I loathed philanthropy for a month thereafter.

"I was poor at the time, very poor. In my little shop I had one employee, a boy of 14. In every way I denied myself in order to put by money wherewith to enlarge my business.

"Well, one day I heard my boy complaining that his clothes were so shabby he was ashamed to go to chapel. 'And there's no chance of a new suit for me this year,' he went on, 'for dad's out of work, and it takes all my wages to pay the rent.'

"I thought this matter over carefully. The boy undoubtedly had a shabby look. I took a sovereign out of my bag of savings, and I bought him a warm, stout rig of blue cloth.

"He was pleased. He was grateful. But the next day he didn't come to work.

"I met his mother on the street, and I said to her.

"Where's Jimmy?"

"Why, Mr. Lipton," said the mother, curtseying, 'Jimmy looks so respectable—thanks to you, sir—that I thought I'd send him around the town today to see if he couldn't get a better job.'

LESSONS FROM THE LOWLY.

HALL CAINE, the last time he was in Philadelphia, spent the evening with me at the University club," said a Philadelphia journalist. "His conversation was very brilliant.

"Hall Caine said that we could learn a lesson from the lowliest. He said a bishop could learn a lesson from a convict. On that point he told me a true story.

"A bishop, riding in his carriage on the Isle of Man, came to a convict in striped clothes, breaking stones on the road.

"The bishop talked to the convict a little while, giving him advice and encouragement. Then, as he got ready to drive on, he said with a smile and a sigh:

"Ah, my man, I wish I could break up the stony hearts of my people as you break these rocks on the highway."

"The convict looked up at the proud bishop in his magnificent equipage.

"Perhaps, sir," he said, 'you don't work on your knees.'

HE LISTENED TO THE BAND.

THE late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was a dancer until middle life. It was quite as a novice that, at the age of 40, she began to appear in speaking parts.

Once, at a reception in Chicago, she said:

"One of my earliest speaking parts was played here in your city, and I was very nervous. I was so very nervous, in fact, that on the first night I made an error that nearly ruined the performance.

"I had a small part, the part of an old nurse. There was a dying king, a villain, and a band of music in the piece, and the band of music was supposed to be very fine. The queen's life, indeed, was to come near being ruined thru the strange, sweet seductiveness of this band.

Nothing but compliments of the band were to be heard on every side.

"Well, in the third act, while the band was playing its best, I had to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. The king is dead."

"What I did, in my nervousness, was to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. It has killed the king!"

ART AND THE AVERAGE MAN.

SARAH BERNHARDT was being entertained at dinner by an American in Florence.

"I paint a little," she said. "Once, discouraged with the reception of two new roles, I thought seriously of abandoning the stage for the brush. But I learned that the general public appreciates more accurately the work of an actress than the work of a painter.

"The average man has no great appreciation for painters. All who handle the brush, whether they paint signs or portraits, stand on pretty nearly the same low level in the public mind. How forcibly this fact was one day brought home to me!

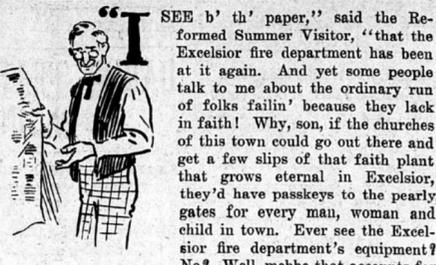
"I had finished a small study, and, calling my concierge, I asked him to take the picture to the framemaker's and have it framed.

"Cheerfully, madam; cheerfully," said the concierge, and he took up the canvas in a rather careless way.

"Oh, be careful," I said sharply. 'The paint is not quite dry yet.'

"Never mind about that, madam," said the concierge. 'My clothes are old.'

Fighting Fire in Excelsior.



"I SEE b' th' paper," said the Reformed Summer Visitor, "that the Excelsior fire department has been at it again. And yet some people talk to me about the ordinary run of folks failin' because they lack in faith! Why, son, if the churches of this town could go out there and get a few slips of that faith plant that grows eternal in Excelsior, they'd have passkeys to the pearly gates for every man, woman and child in town. Ever see the Excelsior fire department's equipment? No? Well, mebbe that accounts for it. And you a fead for antique things like old brass kettles and scarred mahogany dressers and sech! Why, there's a prize for you, child of the past. Sir, the faith of Excelsior is pinned to a fire-fighting masheen that combines in its frame of uselessness a chemical engine that was formerly a soda fountain, before it was built over; eleven leather buckets which were once a gaudy red, but which have lost their flush of pride as years have gone; three ladders, two axes and about thirty feet of rope. Also there is a bell—and I'll say this for it, it's a pretty bell, when it isn't doing the loud clarion act in the middle of the night, rousing with its alarm such as I was once—calling us to hasten and grab a hold on the rope which gives out from the bow of the craft as more brave volunteer fire ladders join the determined, faith-imbued crowd.

"Horses? No, son, no—but not neigh. It's easy to see you are one of these untraveled persons unknown of village ways and incomes. The Excelsior fire department, son, is a horseless one, even if this is no auto-suggestion. You—if you were one of the faithful fire ladders of sweet Excelsior—you would hitch in on the run, as I did the night I became a volunteer. One of the early risers stayed to continue the alarm's wild notes that whanged the affrighted air, while the rest of us yanked that masheen adown the village street, it appearing that the whole lake front was aflame, assailed by the dread fire fiend, as you newspaper fellers would say. What? You wouldn't?"

"Well, anyhow, the last block of the street is on the down grade, and at the foot of the slope, mark you, the



opportunity for doing the tangent act right into the lake. With clenched teeth we rushed down the hill; with beating hearts and panting pants we fled around the point of possible tangency, pursued by the entire fire-fighting apparatus of the commonwealth of Excelsior. And not till then did the conflagration burst full upon our affrighted gaze.

"It was the steamer Acte, aflame from stem to gudgeon, or stern, or whatever the seafaring persons call it. At the dock we dauntless fire ladders halted the on-rushing monster that had been almost our death. Adown the air elanged the clarion notes of the alarm bell; athwart the dock crackled the devouring element, as you newspaper fellers would say. I could almost feel the fire fiend's hot breath on my cheek, when out rang the command to loose the chemical and prepare to board the dock.

"It was a crucial moment, for there on the eaves or the cornice of the doomed vessel crept a tongue of flame. The chemical was loosed and its looseners dashed toward the dock, when, fury of furie! The release cock refused to turn! With a baffled cry of rage, the faithful fire ladders dropped the chemical, and as one man we rushed to the truck and manned the ladders.

"But here the need of organized effort manifested itself, for some person or persons unknown got a long pole and pushed the burning boat from the dock. The mischief was done! The ladders fell short, and the brave fire ladders fell back. But they were merely baffled—not beaten. Another moment and we had manned the buckets and were scooping from the raging waters of the affrighted lake, when on our left another boat caught fire, and then another.

"Must we desert the Acte? Alas! we must. And with saddened hearts we set to saving the dozen other steamers by dipping water and then, the devouring element's insidious attack quelled, by pushing them out to rock a-tremble in the bay.

"The Acte burned to the water's edge. But we had the faith, and I see they've got it yet."

What the Market Affords.

OLD FASHIONED COSTUME.—Will you please inform me how to make cheaply a costume suggestive of olden times for a young man about six feet tall, to wear at an old-fashioned party, and oblige?—A Reader.

You do not say what period you want the costume to represent, but whether it is colonial or of a later time, I fear that you will find it difficult to make a suit for a man. You would have to make coat, waistcoat, shirt and trousers and should have proper patterns. It would really be cheaper to rent an old-fashioned costume from one of the costume companies and you would be saved the work and worry. An old-fashioned costume can be rented for \$1.50, but a colonial costume costs a little more, about \$3. However, I doubt if you could make one at home for less.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.—Will you kindly tell me thru your column where I can get some information or articles on co-operative housekeeping?—Mrs. S.

Journal Proverb Contest

(Fifth Week Series.)



MY ANSWER

To No. 2 Journal Proverb is

Name _____ Address _____

Fill out this blank and send it to Proverb Editor, The Journal, before 8 a.m., Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1905.

What Proverb Does This Picture Illustrate?

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

First Prize, \$.35. Second Prize, \$.25. Third Prize, \$.15. Fourth Prize, \$.10.

One illustration will appear in The Journal each day this week except Saturday, and all answers must be in The Journal office by 8 a.m., Wednesday, Feb. 22.

Contestants must send in all five solutions 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.

Correctness, neatness and originality determine prize winners. You may send the pictures with the blanks if you wish, or submit your answers in any way you desire.

Prize winners announced in this column tomorrow (Wednesday) for last week's proverb contest.

UNDER A CLOUD, HE SHUNS HOUSE

Congressman Williamson of Oregon Will Not Occupy Seat Under Fraud Charge.

New York Sun Special Service.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Representative Williamson of Oregon, against whom land fraud indictments have been found, said today that he will refrain from entering the house until the case against him has been determined.

"Hereafter I shall keep away from the house of representatives," he said. "I have high ideals as to what the house should be, and I believe it would be an affront to my fellow members for me to appear on the floor while this cloud is hanging over me."

Representative Hermann, who was indicted at the same time the present United States District Attorney found against Senator Mitchell was found, continues to attend the daily sessions of the house. He does not entertain the same views as Mr. Williamson.

SHOWER OF INDIOTMENTS

One Senator and Two Congressmen Are Accused of Frauds.

Portland, Ore., Feb. 14.—The United States grand jury late yesterday returned an indictment charging United States Senator Mitchell, Congressman John N. Williamson and Binger Herrmann and others with having conspired to have created the Blue Mountain forest reserve in eastern Oregon, with the intent to defraud the government of public lands and also of conspiring to obtain possession of more than 200,000 acres of public and school lands located in several states, of the value of over \$3,000,000.

The indictment charges that the defendants attempted to defraud the government of the United States of the possession and use of and title to 600,000 acres of land situated in various states and territories of the nation and of the total value of more than \$3,000,000.

Indictments against former United States Attorney John R. Hall, Private Detective H. P. Ford, former Major H. L. Reese, Deputy John C. O'Brien, A. P. Ciano, a local grain broker, and Fred Simpson, a saloonkeeper, charge them with having entered into a conspiracy to blacken the character of United States District Attorney F. J. Heney by circulating reports which connected Mr. Heney's name with that of Marie L. Ware.

The purpose of this alleged conspiracy, according to the indictment, was to bring Mr. Heney into disfavor with the department of justice at Washington, and, ultimately, cause his removal from office.

See Stockwell Soon—That life insurance—The Penn Mutual. Andrus bldg.

Through Tourist Car to California. The "Rock Island" operates a wide vestibuled tourist car to Los Angeles every Tuesday. Low altitude, short line, quick service. Send for one of our folders. "Across the Continent in a Tourist Car." It gives full information. Write A. L. Steece, City Pass. Agt., 322 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Inauguration of President Roosevelt—Very Low Rates to Washington via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

For the above occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell tickets from Chicago to Washington and return at \$17.75; good going March 1, 2 and 3, valid for return until March 8, subject to extension to March 18 on payment of \$1. For through rates apply to your nearest Ticket Agent. For full particulars send for circular to R. C. Haase, N. W. T. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

To Denver, Col., \$18.95. Houston and Galveston, Tex., \$20.05. Correspondingly low rates to other points South and Southwest for settlers during February and March. For particulars call on J. G. Riekel, City Ticket Agent, 424 Nicollet avenue.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

Advertisement for Gamossi cleaning and laundry services, listing prices for various items like boys' and men's suits, golf gloves, and mittens.

Advertisement for Wyandotte Brand Chick Feed, highlighting its quality and availability at Pike & Co.

Advertisement for Water Filters, promoting E. M. Anderson's filters and their benefits for water purification.

Advertisement for Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills, describing the medicine's effectiveness for various ailments.

Large advertisement for Kondon's Catarrhal Jelly, emphasizing its effectiveness for treating catarrh and other ailments.