

With the Long Bow.

"Eye nature's walk, about daily as it flies."

ABOUT every once in so often—say once in twelve months—we have a cold winter. Forget it!

The cold is so frightful in Chicago that the stockyards bouquet cannot be detected.

The automobile is going to be the king of the pavement this spring. People with foresight will have their clothes padded with a featherbed or two before crossing the street.

Many Americans will sympathize with Senator Platt in his affliction of having a fierce, vindictive female off her reservation with the senator's former loveletters in her possession, and threatening to publish them. When you are young and thinking of acting as doormat for a flirt remember that you have a future growing up for you.

Only last week, when mother was ailing, Willie taught sister to ride the stair railing. Sister's right arm is now carried in splints; Mama has hardly kissed Willie once since.

Sunday when pa fell asleep in his chair, Willie's small cart the dear boy left there. Father stepped on it; the way he went down Was fearsome; and Willie boy wept at his frown.

Did you ever figure out how your wife suddenly became suspicious? The New York Press man lets the secret out. Another woman calls and enlightens her.

"My husband," says the unsuspecting one, "never tried to deceive me."

"No?" inquired the suspicious woman, in the tone of voice which a cat uses when it has its claws all stretched for a dig.

"No!" reiterated the other. "He never even goes out to luncheon without telling me. He always carries his luncheon in a paper parcel, and he never takes a drink!"

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaims the suspicious woman.

"Have you a toothpick anywhere about you? I want to pick out this stitch. Thank you. Why, where did you find it?"

"Oh, in John's pockets. He always keeps them—"

"He does? Dear me; did it ever occur to you to ask him where he collects them?"

That is enough. The awful suspicion is planted in the breast of the unhappy woman and from now on everything begins to take on a dubious hue. If men are going to be whipped for wifebeating again, then the duckingstool ought to be revived in certain cases like this.

Doc Bixby, in his "Little Book of Comfortable Breakfasts," on page 71, says succinctly:

A plate of milk toast, a couple of poached eggs, not overly ripe, and a cup of steaming coffee makes an elegant breakfast for one leading a sedentary occupation. If there happens to be a doughnut on the table, it may be absorbed in the general mixup without disadvantage.

This is a fairish breakfast, but there is hardly enough nourishment in it for a man who uses his brain constantly. We would suggest in its place, a glass of water, a dish of Desiccated Corned Beef Breakfast Food, two Little Dog Sausages, so well done that they explode and served on a platter that sizzles, a dish of sliced Sweet Potatoes, dipped in lemon juice and sugar and fried in butter, from four to six Blanket Buckwheats (with little holes all over 'em) with real Vermont syrup, a slice of Golden Toasted Bread, not burned, with a Cookie and a cup of Chocolate with punished cream on top for a chaser. From this simple fare a man may derive nutriment enough to keep the wheels going around until 1 p.m. —A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

SHAD, 15 cents a pound, average weight, five pounds. Haddock, 15 cents a pound. Smelts, 15 cents a pound. Salt herring fillets, flat or rolled, 25 cents a pound. Salt whitefish, 25 cents a pound.

The great delicacy of the fish market, shad, has arrived and is selling for the very moderate price of 15 cents a pound, altho as the fish are only sold whole it is necessary to pay about 75 cents for this delicacy. But as a well-cooked shad may very properly form the main course of a family dinner, this is not so bad. Broiling, baking and planking are the principal methods for cooking shad. For broiling, the fish is split down the back so that it may lay flat on the broiler. The flesh side is turned to the fire first and then the skin side. Great care must be taken not to scorch the skin. It takes about half an hour to broil a shad of moderate size. On removing from the broiler, sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread with butter.

For planking one must have a well-seasoned piece of hickory or oak board. The plank must be heated very hot before putting the fish on it and fastening with large-headed tacks. The board must be turned frequently. When flaky the fish is done. It should be nicely browned by that time.

For baked shad, make a dressing of one cup of stale bread crumbs, one tablespoonful each of butter and chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Score one side of the stuffed fish with a sharp knife and put a strip of salt pork in each gash. Bake fifteen minutes for each pound of the fish, basting with the boiling water, poured round the fish. Garnish with slices of lemon, fried potato balls and parsley; serve with sauce Hollandaise or shad roe sauce.

Sauce Hollandaise, which is good with any boiled or baked fish, is made by adding gradually to a recipe of drawn butter the beaten yolks of two eggs; then the juice of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of onion juice, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. For shad roe sauce, mash fine two boiled roes and add gradually to a white sauce, boiling up once before using.

What Women Want to Know.

THE COMPLEXION BRUSH.—How often should the complexion brush be used?—Kate.

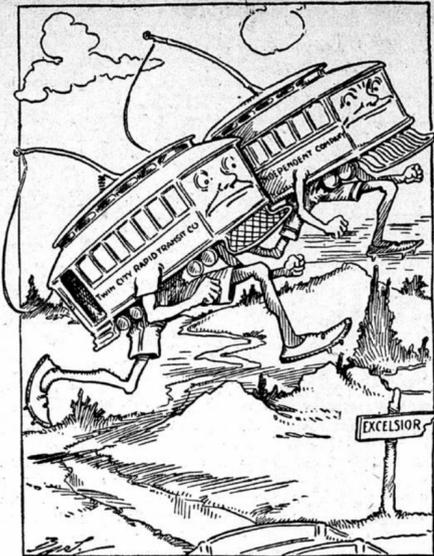
The complexion brush should be used every day, and you may find it useful twice a day. At night the face is to be washed with warm water and soap and rubbed with the brush. If you have blackheads, you will find small red pimples appearing as a result of this treatment. Do not be alarmed. The brush has stimulated the action of the skin, causing the clogged pores to free themselves, and they are throwing off the foreign matter they contain in this way. The pimples will soon disappear and the constant use of the brush will keep the pores open so that no more will appear.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO CLEAN-LIGHT FURS.—I have a set of gray squirrel furs which are badly soiled. Can you tell me how to clean them at home?—R. T.

"And why," asked the Sunday school teacher, "should we respect old age?"

"Cause it's mostly the old people what has money," answered the small boy who was unable to think of a better reason.



RAPID TRANSIT.

There seems to be a race on with Lake Minnetonka as the goal.

A String of Good Stories.

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

A PRETTY CONCEIT.

MME. LILLIAN NORDICA was born in Maine, in the interesting town of Farmington, and a Farmington woman said of her recently:

"In her childhood I knew Lillian Nordica—or Lillian Norton, as her real name was—quite well. She had in her childhood a beautiful voice; she was pretty, and her mind was bright and unique.

"I heard one day how, when she was 4 or 5 years old, she adopted the habit of laying her little shoes at night on their sides, instead of upright, on the floor.

"A relative spoke to her about this.

"Why is it, Lillian," she said, "that when you take your shoes off at night, you lay them on their sides, rather than upright?"

"The little girl answered:

"Why, it's because they must be tired, walking so much all day, and I lay them sideways so that they can rest."

A CRUEL CRITICISM.

HENRY JONES, at a dinner in Boston, talked about criticism.

"It is never wise," he said, "to take up a work in order to put it down. If there is nothing good in a work, why waste one's time discussing it? Criticisms that are pure and simple attacks are amusing, perhaps, but they are cruel. Silence, it seems to me, is criticism cruel enough.

"What, for instance, could have been crueler than Rossini's silent criticism of a score sent to him by a young musician. Rossini was fond of macaroni. The musician, knowing this, sent him, along with his score, a packet of macaroni of unusual excellence. In a humble little note he asked the composer to point out the merits of his work, if he found any there.

"Rossini's reply ran like this:

"Thanks for your score and for the macaroni. The latter was excellent."

QUITE MISTAKEN.

TOD SLOAN was cheerfully discussing the award of \$40,000 that has been given him against the Jockey club of France.

"The Jockey club merited this punishment, for it was in the wrong," he said. "It was entirely mistaken. It was as entirely mistaken as a girl I once saw on a street car.

"This girl, in the midst of an intense silence, suddenly let out a dreadful shriek.

"Oh, I've been robbed. I've been robbed," she screamed.

"There is nothing in my pocket but a piece of lemon peel and the end of an old cigar."

"A fat man next to the girl scowled at her.

"Would you mind taking your hand out of my overcoat pocket, miss?" he said."

Curios and Oddities.

"The passing strange!"

SWAN MEAT AS FOOD.

"TRY this," said the bird fancier. "It's good."

He helped his guest to a piece of white meat, similar to turkey, and the guest ate with approbation.

"Rather a gamy taste," he said. "Very rich and tender, too. A little coarse. What it is?"

"Swan."

"Swan?"

"Sure. Young swan—cygnet. The same as the king of England eats for his dinner every Christmas day."

"I didn't know anybody ever ate swan."

"The king does. The Thames, is covered with swans, like our park lakes, and all the swans have belonged to the king from time immemorial. They are herded carefully. There is a swanherd, with ten or twelve helpers. Each September the best young swan, or cygnet, is set apart for the king's Christmas dinner. It is fed on celery and cress, and it is served finally on Christmas day, in the full pomp of its white plumage—the meat cut up on one side of the great gold dish, the stuffed bird (bread is the stuffing used) arching its grand neck on the other side."

THE CONTEMPTIBLE CUCKOO.

THE sailor was turning the leaves of an illustrated book about birds.

"There's a good picture here," he said. "What surprises me, tho, is that there ain't no picture of a hen cuckoo with an egg in her mouth."

"Like a conjuror?" said the druggist. "Producing eggs from her mouth like a conjuror?"

"Not at all, Cad; not at all," the sailor said. "Like a hen cuckoo only. The hen cuckoo is the only bird what's ever seen with an egg in her mouth, and I'm one of the few persons what's ever seen her so.

"A strange sight, a sickenin' sight, that is, Cad. The hen cuckoo is a disgrace to her sex. She lays an egg, you see, anywhere at all—on the road, say, or in a flowerbed—and then she takes this here egg up in her mouth, flies along, and when nobody's lookin', she drops it in among the eggs of some respectable mother bird that's just gettin' ready to set.

"Result? Why, the result is that the hen cuckoo gets her egg hatched without buildin' no nest, and without havin' to put up with the many long and tejus hours o' settin'."

"Williamson's Insomnia."

WILLIAMSON always complained that he was a bad sleeper. In his babyhood the tendency exhibited itself in the shape of a fondness for exercise between the hours of 1 and 4 o'clock in morning. As he grew older the somnolent characteristics of the normal boy were noticeable by their absence. The sound of rain on the roof, a creaking door, the thought of tomorrow's examinations, could banish from him all possibility of sleep. Mrs. Williamson's first important lesson in her married life concerned the sacredness of Williamson's slumbers. A mother-in-law, three sisters-in-law and a maiden aunt of her husband's all united to impress on her mind that if Charlie once fell asleep, nothing short of a domestic tragedy was an excuse for awakening him. His oversleeping in the morning was to be hailed with thankfulness, as a partial atonement for the sufferings of a wakeful night. All of which Mrs. Williamson took to heart, as in duty bound.

Williamson, junior, however, did not prove as tractable a pupil as his mother. Considering his inches, he had an extraordinary amount of self-assurance, and his bump of reverence seemed totally undeveloped. If he felt in the mood for roaring he roared, regardless of the hour or whose slumbers he disturbed. The room chosen for the nursery was as remote as possible from Williamson's sleeping-room, and here Mrs. Williamson spent many an hour of the night in an effort to render the outcries of his son and heir inaudible to her husband.

But one time when Williamson, junior, was cutting his first teeth, his mother had been up with him for three successive nights. Then Williamson made a proposition that would have astonished his mother and sisters and the maiden aunt.

Looking across the table at his wife's pretty, tired face, the dark lines of weariness giving a new luster to her eyes, he said, firmly: "Kitty, you look worn out. Tonight you must get a good sleep. I will look after the baby."

Mrs. Williamson gasped. "Why, Charlie, you won't sleep at all. The time you usually go to sleep is just his hour for starting in."

"I can stand it for one night," said Williamson. Then he added with a martyr-like air, "I sleep so little anyway that I might as well turn my wakefulness to some account."

The prospect of one night of undisturbed sleep was too tempting to be resisted. Mrs. Williamson yielded with ecstatic gratitude. She retired early that evening, having first inducted her husband into the chief mysteries connected with the care of an infant.

It seemed to her that she had hardly fallen asleep when she was aroused by the vigorous lamentation of her offspring. Her first impulse was to go to her husband's assistance, but she heroically suppressed it. She would not spoil his sacrifice. She fell asleep again, her mind full of images of Williamson heating milk and walking the floor and crooning lullabies under his breath to the red, wriggling piece of humanity, who seemed on such occasions a prey to the most bitter cynicism. Occasionally thru the night she was awakened by the baby's cries, but each time she sunk to sleep with the delicious consciousness that Charlie was doing everything necessary.

The sun was high next morning when Williamson bolted into his wife's room, watch in hand. "What time have you, Kitty? My watch seems to be off."

"Why, it's 9 o'clock," gasped Mrs. Williamson. "You've overslept." Then, with commiserating tenderness, "I suppose you were so worn out, poor boy, that when he gave you a chance you just slept, regardless of everything."

Williamson looked sheepish. "To tell the truth, I never remember having had a better sleep," he said. "I was in tranquil mood and the little fellow seemed to feel it. He never made a sound all night."

"Charlie Williamson!" shrieked his wife. "Do you mean to say that you never heard that poor child? Didn't you even feed him?"

She was answered by Williamson's guilty silence. Then, as she realized the astonishing truth, she gave herself up to helpless laughter.

The cure was two-fold. Williamson, junior, was a baby of discrimination, and that long night in which his appeals had been ignored was enough to teach him a lesson. Williamson, senior, after this episode, found it embarrassing to say much about his insomnia. Singular to say, his insomnia retaliated by leaving him to his own resources. At last accounts, Williamson was sleeping very much like other people. But since the night he took care of the baby, Mrs. Williamson has never trusted him with the care of that precious infant.—Chicago News.

FOR EMBRYO PLAYWRIGHTS.

"IF YOU are a playwright in embryo," said an actor, "don't, for your first attempt, write a four-act drama, but write a little curtain-raiser of one act instead. There is a demand for good, strong, one-act curtain-raisers that the supply doesn't begin to meet.

"This demand has been caused by the late dinner hour adopted by the fashionable world. In the country the dinner hour is still noon, but in New York it is half past 7 or 8 o'clock. It is no longer possible, in fact, for fashionable people to eat without haste a good dinner and reach the theater before 9.

"Fashionable people, in the majority of cases, don't reach the theater before 9, and when the play is a musical comedy or something of that sort, their late-coming doesn't matter. But when the play is a serious drama, to miss the first act is a serious loss. Hence serious dramas are now written—by Pinero and the other big guns of the stage—to begin at 9 o'clock, and before them comes a one-act curtain-raiser.

"There is a dearth of good curtain-raisers, and a strong demand for them. A strong demand, no supply—that means large profits for him who can produce the goods.

"The embryo playwright could not do better than devote himself to curtain-raisers."

Huldah, the Blanks' colored maid, had been invited to a ball, and she said to her mistress—

"Some ob de othah gals is gwinter put on full evenin' dress, but I isn't."

"What do you intend to wear?" asked her mistress.

"Me? Oh, I's jess gwinter w'ar my clo'es," was the reply.

Journal Proverb Contest

(Fifth Week Series.)



MY ANSWER To No. 4, Journal Proverb is Name Address

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, \$3. Second Prize, \$2. Third Prize, \$1. Fourth Prize, \$1.

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.

SHORT SESSION AS BAR TO PROGRESS

Many Congressmen Favor Changing Date for Meeting, to Cure Evils in Lack of Time.

By W. W. Jermaine. Washington, Feb. 16.—There is a strong revival of sentiment just now among the legislators of the nation to the effect that congress must sooner or later change the annual date of its meeting. Ever since the adoption of the constitution congress has been obeying that injunction that its members "shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day."

The result of this provision is that, on every alternate year there must be a short session, and so congress is prohibited from a full and free consideration of public questions except at the long sessions—once in two years.

It has come to be a habit with the legislators to come together for the short session with the understanding that no general legislation will be enacted. The session is limited to three months, and out of that limit must be deducted the time spent in the Christmas holidays. Even the appropriation bills do not receive the careful consideration they should have, and any general legislation enacted in the hurriedly of the short session is bound to be only half digested.

Remedies Are Numerous. Numerous remedies have been suggested. Many publicists have pressed with the argument that the meeting of a new house of representatives ought not to be delayed so long after an election. It happens now and then that a single great issue controls the election of a house of representatives, and yet the men who are chosen to come to Washington to voice the sentiment of the people are compelled to wait thirteen months before coming here, unless, perchance, an extra session should be called.

To remedy that defect, it has been suggested that a congress elected in November should meet regularly on the following spring, say in March or April, and thus be prepared to carry out the expression of public sentiment at the November election.

Yet another suggestion is that the regular meeting time (the first Monday in December of each year) should be advanced to the third Monday in November, or to some other date immediately after the November election.

The suggestions that are going around are all tentative, but they show clearly that sentiment in favor of changing the present system is crystallizing. The point is that congress should have at its command each year ample time in which to transact the public business. It is always possible for the president to convene congress in extra session, but the public is prejudiced against special sessions, and the president is disposed to let important legislation wait.

The Present Situation. The legislative situation today is used as an argument in favor of having a new congress meet soon after March 4. Nearly one-fourth of the house of representatives would appear fresh from the people, with a thorough understanding of public sentiment on the subject of railroad-rate legislation and the modification of the tariff, and about one-sixth of the senate would be new and would, for the most part, be made up of men who are in sympathy with the policies for which the president stands.

Allied with this question of changing the meeting time is the question of the much-discussed proposition to change the date of the inauguration of the president and vice president. Two years ago it seemed probable that the movement in favor of moving the inauguration forward to some date in April would bear fruit, but after the governors of nearly all the states had approved it, and public sentiment had indorsed it, it was allowed to languish and die.

If Saturday, March 4, turns out to be a wintry day, and the usual number of deaths from pneumonia result from exposure on that day, the argument for a change of date will no doubt be renewed.

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

World's Most Powerful Horses. Argentina boasts the strongest, wildest and most powerful horses in the world. They are of a dun color, with a dark band on the back and stripe on the legs and shoulders. While it is hard to manage these animals, their powers of endurance are wonderful. Like the man who takes care of himself and uses golden grain belt beer regularly as a tonic, their capacity for work is nearly double that of the ordinary individual. This beer, by its purity and healthfulness, is revolutionizing the customs of thousands of families where too much water was used to the detriment of health.

The Gamossi. Cleaning up of Golf Gloves. Men's women's, children's and infants' high grade woolen gloves being closed out at less than cost to manufacture.

Water Filters! E. M. ANDERSON, 504 Sykes Block. T. G. Phone 2374.

SOO CANAL WILL HAVE NEW LOCK Congress to Meet Necessity Arising from Growth of Commerce Thru the Waterway.

FREE KONDON'S CATARRH JELLY will positively cure any case of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head or any complication resulting from Chronic Nasal Catarrh.

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