

With the Long Bow.

"Eye nature's walk, about fully on it this."

IT IS good to see the water running in the streets, causing one to forget that March 9 of last year was colder than the north side of a Boston heiress.

The wise wheat lamb hesitates when it comes to taking tips on the market from his old friend Gates. It is thought in some quarters that Mr. Gates wants the money himself. Secoundrel!

Mr. Castro of Venezuela is an eager candidate for a dent so large and voluminous that nothing short of a brass knuckle nailed to the president's big stick will do the business.

The streets of Medicine Hat, N. W. T., where the cold waves come from, are said to be 600 feet wide. When that town gets to the pavement stage, the asphalt trust will chortle with glee.

The Holy Rollers are proselyting in Denver, but just now the country is more interested in the unholy roll over which that New York insurance company is having a fuss.

The Standard Oil folks have a real fight on. Governor Hoch of Kansas is or was a country editor and knows how to live, if necessary, on cordwood taken on subscription. Hoch der governor!

Some of the street cars that used to do business in Minneapolis in front of a horse have been discovered on the Grafton & University line in North Dakota, equipped with a trolley and much spryer than they were in this city when some of us used to race them on foot to Twenty-sixth street and beat them by a block and a half. In Grafton the conductor and motorman are merged into one and when he is collecting the fares, the farmer who attempts to drive across the line is sometimes given a lift. The students fill the cars pretty full and there is a Greek letter society of straplangers (the S. O. S.) that manages to have a pretty good time notwithstanding. A few years ago the students used to walk, but it is considered easier to ride, as the distance is about four miles as the snow flies. When you have to walk four miles, a trolley line is an interesting and valuable adjunct to the scenery.

After traveling all over this broad land of ours and snatching cigars from the faces of the boys and fighting vice in her own motherly way, Mrs. Nation has returned to her old home at Medicine Lodge, Kan. Her return was signalized by a most painful incident. Upon alighting from the train she stepped into a public carriage driven by Bill Horn, a well-known local character.

The statements of the two principals do not agree as to how the trouble started. Bill says that Carrie denounced him as a drunken sot and snatched a cigar from his mouth. Carrie alleges that, without provocation, Bill cursed and blackguarded her. They both admit, however, that the hack-driver grabbed the lady by the hair and yanked her into a snowdrift and then administered several kicks.

Horn was arrested on a charge of felonious assault. After deliberating more than three hours the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

In a lecture, Mrs. Nation denounced the city and county authorities as devils, anarchists and hellhound hypocrites. We contend that this was wrong of Carrie.

An esteemed and well-thumbed contemporary, the Furniture Journal, comes to hand with an advertisement of a "couch" so hideous in construction and appearance that it shocks the imagination and makes a lover of furniture of simple lines long to smite that "sofy" with a large, strong ax with a hickory handle. The couch is of selected quarter-sawn oak, highly polished, alas how highly, and the top of it is full of hair filling under tufted leather. In appearance the couch resembles a monster caterpillar.

But if this couch is hideous, what shall we say of the one under it? This latter, under the head, instead of being solid, has several vertical slats. If the first couch resembles a caterpillar, the second has every appearance of a caterpillar with false teeth. The imaginative child, with a couch like that in his parents' home, is pretty sure to dream that he has been bitten by a large dark worm, with its face upholstered in store dentistry.

-A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

FRESH codfish, 15 cents a pound. Fresh mackerel, 40 cents apiece. Creamery butter, 33 cents.

The list of delicious-salt water fish coming into the market fresh and in fine condition is lengthened this week by cod and mackerel. The cod are large, and cut in steaks and thicker sections. Cod is particularly well suited for boiling and the middle cuts are best for this purpose, altho the head and shoulders are used for a dish of boiled fish. It improves the fish to rub it with salt one or two hours before cooking. Put to cook in cold water, poured around it, not over it, as cod breaks up very easily in cooking. The fish should be kept well covered with water and simmered very gently. Put in salt in the proportion of three teaspoonfuls to a gallon of water. Bring to a boil gradually and when it reaches that point, the addition of a little horseradish and either vinegar or lemon juice will improve the flavor. Skim very carefully and simmer about half an hour on the back of the range. Dish on a hot napkin and garnish with lemon and horseradish, served either with drawn butter or egg sauce. Whitefish may be prepared in the same way.

A delicious way to use the remains of the cod or any cold fish is in a fish pie. Free the fish from bones and skin and place in a piepan, moistening with butter; add a dozen or so oysters or the remains of an oyster sauce and cover with mashed potatoes. Bake half an hour and serve nicely browned. The cold codfish is excellent for any of the numerous scallops and creamed dishes made of cold fish.

What Women Want to Know.

INKSTAINED LINEN.—Will you please tell me what will take inkstains out of linen?—Subscriber. If the stain is fresh cover it with table salt and expose to the sun. Remove the salt as fast as it becomes discolored and replace with fresh. If the stain is an old one moisten the spot and place over blotting paper. Cover with a mixture of one part common table salt to one part tartaric acid and expose to the sun's rays for several hours. Inkstains may also be removed with salts of lemon, which you can get at any drug store. Cover the ink with the salts and after several minutes wash the linen carefully with soap and rinse in clear water.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

PARTY CALLS.—If several women entertain at a public hall or clubroom, and I am invited, do some of them have never called at my home, do I owe them all a call?—Ignorant.



PURE WATER FOR MINNEAPOLIS.

The pump has to be primed, but it may not be necessary to pour it all in.

A String of Good Stories.

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

THE WOOLLY WAITER.

GERALD LOWTHER, the brother of the Earl of Lonsdale who is to marry Miss Alice Blight, an American girl, was some years ago connected with the British embassy in Washington.

Mr. Lowther has traveled over America very thoroly, and in London he is noted for his knowledge of American manners and customs.

At a London dinner party the restaurant waiter was being disused, and Mr. Lowther said:

"You should see the woolly waiter of the west, the waiter of Dead Gulch, of Busted Boom, of Snake, and of a hundred other American mining towns.

"The woolly waiter serves you in his shirtsleeves, with a cigar in his mouth. One day an Englishman ordered quail of such a person.

"Quail?" said the waiter. "All right, friend, quail it is. Quail goes."

"And he disappeared in the kitchen, and in a moment returned with a dish of pigs' feet.

"What's this?" said the Englishman. "I ordered quail."

"Well," said the waiter, "ye've got quail."

"But quail's a bird," the Englishman exclaimed.

"The barrel of the waiter's revolver gleamed, as he said in a low, tense voice:

"Not here."

ONE GOOD GUESS DESERVES ANOTHER.

JAMES R. KEENE is noted for his civility. He is as polite to a poor man as to a millionaire. On this account servants always hold him in singularly high regard.

A broker, the other day, complimented Mr. Keene upon this trait.

With a smile Mr. Keene said:

"I learned in my youth that it is best to be polite to everyone.

"I was walking in the country one day in my youth, and on towards sundown I lost my way. As I plodded on, tired and hungry, I met a farm hand.

"Jack," I said, "what is the way to Berenda?"

"The farm hand looked at me with a frown.

"How did you know," he said, "that my name was Jack?"

"Oh," I said, "I guessed it."

"Then," said the farm hand, "guess your way to Berenda."

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

QUEER COLLECTIONS.

THERE is in Philadelphia a park guard who collects beetles. For some ten years he has been collecting beetles of all colors and shapes, till he must now have over a million. Out of these he makes clocks, houses, pictures and all manner of strange and brilliant ornaments; for the beetles' shells are beautifully colored, and lend themselves to bizarre and shimmering effects.

The hobby is strange. It is one of a million strange hobbies that exist. For instance:

A Bryn Mawr coachman collects horseshoes. Over every door in his house there is a decorative scroll made of horseshoes, and a huge crayon portrait of himself in the parlor with a horseshoe frame.

Some young men of wealth collect cigaret cases. Very beautiful cases are made in Paris, where the best sculptors do not disdain to design them. Thus it is possible to obtain cigaret cases of gold or silver or bronze, ornamented with beautiful bas-reliefs, and signed by renowned names. A good collection of cigaret cases may have as great a value as a collection of laces or of antique watches.

A Philadelphia millionaire collects antique keys. The sums he pays for some of his keys are amazing. Yet they are beautiful specimens of the art of the smith, and, displayed in cabinets, they make beautiful ornaments. It is not unusual, in this man's cabinet, to see a key over a foot long, elaborately designed, and weighing six or seven pounds.

TOO BIG FOR SUCH A JOB.

THE sun went behind a cloud. The astronomer, looking thoughtfully up towards the softened light, said: "It is a mistake to think that the sun's sole duty is the lighting and warming of the earth. The sun is too big for such a little job. It is capable of lighting and warming two thousand million earths, each as large as ours.

"The sun is ten thousand times bigger than the earth. For every acre of earth substance there are 10,000 acres of sun substance. And as for the sun's heat—well, the heat that flows at every instant thru a single square foot of the sun's surface would be sufficient, converted into steam, to send our greatest ocean liner across the Atlantic and back in record time.

"There must be other worlds on which the sun's rays have produced wonderful life, wonderful minds. It is folly to suppose that our little world alone has benefited from the light of this incomparable luminary."

The Great Head of Johnson.

By C. O. KELLY.

IT WAS but a fledgling lawyer when I was appointed by the court to defend young Johnson," said Mr. Clerouge, the eminent criminal attorney, as he flipped the ashes from his cigar and smiled as one reviewing a pleasant episode of the past, "and every time I think of him my mental countenance assumes the expression of Dan Boggs' chance acquaintance, 'Spanish Bill,' when that worthy found Mr. Boggs overcome by liquor and reposing in the snow outside of the 'Tub of Blood,' and neglected to 'rustle Mr. Boggs' warbags for stuff,' Mr. Boggs having several pounds of silver money in his boots at the time. Mr. Boggs reports that Bill looked like 'a gent who'd overlooked a bet' when Mr. Boggs' true financial condition dawned upon him, which is exactly how I feel every time I remember Johnson. Tho, to be sure, there was but little out of the ordinary about Johnson.

"He was a junior sort of bookkeeper in a wholesale house, blessed with champagne tastes and a beer income, rather more familiar with the tiger and the lady than a youth of his years ought to be, 'on the slate' of half a dozen saloons, and as deeply in the books of several tailors as those artists would allow. But he was smart at his work and well liked in the house, and it came like a bolt out of the blue to his family and friends when he was arrested on charge of robbing the great national bank of the city. The grand jury chanced to be in session at the time of his arrest, an indictment was quickly found, and within a week of his arrest he was placed on trial. His people were very poor, he himself had no money, and as I said before, the court appointed me to defend him. And here are the facts of the case as testified to in court:

"Johnson's employer had sent him to the bank with a note to Mr. Goldmore, the vice president, and instructions to deliver it to no other person. The clerks at the bank had taken him thru the front room and into a large rear apartment, where Mr. Goldmore and a government bank examiner were at work, and where they had apparently the whole cash resources of the bank—gold, silver and currency—spread out on a long table. Johnson delivered his note and was told to sit down and wait. Apparently financier and bank examiner forgot all about him; at any rate after some half an hour's further work they walked out of a rear door into an alley, thence about half a block into 'Jerry's,' where they 'took something' and remained for perhaps ten minutes, leaving Johnson all the while in sole custody of a good many hundred thousand of dollars.

"And there they found him on their return, patiently waiting the pleasure of Mr. Goldmore. He got the answer to the message he had brought and left, reporting to his employer the cause of his delay, and was to all appearances extremely surprised when he was arrested the next day on the specific charge of the theft of a bundle of bank notes of the value of \$500.

"I should have said that Johnson was a youth of very cadaverous appearance, in fact he might be called consumptive so far as looks went, so when on the witness stand, where he told a very good story, he was taken with a severe fit of coughing which wound up with a slight hemorrhage, the latter thrice repeated and growing greater with each repetition, the fact excited little surprise—the sympathy it excited was invaluable to my side of the case. In fact the judge offered to postpone the trial to allow the prisoner medical attendance, but Johnson wouldn't have it. He declared that he was fighting for more than life, and insisted on the fight going to the finish while he had life enough left to act his part, which declaration of his was cut short by another spurt of blood from his mouth.

"And the trial did go on, the jury acquitting Johnson without leaving the box. And that was the last I saw of him for more than ten years. But being on the coast on professional business about that length of time after the trial, I met Johnson, fat, prosperous and jovial, and he made as much of me as a brother could. He took me to his house, introduced me to his wife and children and finally stunned me by the information that he was president and principal owner of a state bank, the only other large stockholder being an old chum of his who had been a drug clerk in the city of Johnson's origin.

"Billy's out of town," said Johnson, "but he'd be mighty glad to see you. He made the capsules I fetched that jury with. Just pig's blood, cayenne pepper and gelatine they were, but didn't they work to the queen's taste? They did, indeed. And didn't I overlook a bet? I heard by a side wind that Mr. Goldmore had to sweeten the bank's funds \$50,000, after Johnson's acquittal, which might well indicate the size of the bet."

QUIXOTIC COURTESY.

THE late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was talking one day about the time when Hamilton Fish was secretary of state.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fish," she said, "had a grand air, an old-fashioned courtesy, that introduced a new note into Washington society. They taught Washington a lesson. "Mrs. Fish sometimes carried her high ideas of courtesy too far. One of her rules, was to return every call she received. Her husband was continually holding public receptions, and to these, out of curiosity, many women would come who had no desire that Mrs. Fish should call upon them—who were in no position to receive her properly if she did call.

"One such woman attended a Fish reception, left her card, and a little later, was duly honored with a call from Mrs. Fish.

"It was a beautiful, mild afternoon. The Fish equipage, all a-glitter in the wintry sunshine, dashed down the narrow street and halted before the woman's shabby little house with a musical jingle of silver chains. The footman leaped from the box and opened the carriage door. Mrs. Fish descended.

"The poor woman of the house, alas, was kneeling on the sidewalk beside a bucket of hot water scrubbing her front steps.

"Imagine how she felt! What would you have done in a predicament so awkward? Would you have been as wise and ready, I wonder, as the woman was?

"Mrs. Fish, bending over her, said graciously:

"Is Mrs. Henry Smith at home?"

"And Mrs. Henry Smith replied, 'No mum, she ain't,' and went on scrubbing."

Journal Proverb Contest

(Sixth 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, March 1, 1905.

WHAT PROVERB DOES THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATE?

To the four persons sending in the most nearly correct and most original 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...\$.50

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, March 1.

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.

171 SPITTERS IN TOOLS IN CHICAGO

Police Gather in Scores, Even a Woman Being Placed Under Arrest.

New York Sun Special Service. Chicago, Feb. 21.—At 2 o'clock this morning, the 171st of the day's violators of the anti-spitting ordinance was marched into Harrison street station, booked and released on bond. The work was done with the celerity acquired from eighteen hours of practice. It was a great day for the anti-spitting crusade, and busy for the police. At the Harrison street station business was rushing from early morning. Sergeant Grady looked like a bank cashier. Each man arrested was allowed to go, on putting up a deposit of \$5 for his appearance in court. Out of the deposit \$1 was taken for the bond. The remainder was placed in an envelope bearing the name of the "depositor." Grady soon ran out of change. But the incidents of the crusade were not confined to the station. A well-dressed woman spit on the sidewalk in front of the Chamber of Commerce building in the afternoon. She was seized by Detective Selzer and dragged across the street to the city hall. She was not aware that she was under arrest but thought she was being kidnapped, and was too frightened to scream. Realizing that she was under arrest, the woman pleaded with the detective, and was allowed to go with a warning. Assistant Chief Schuyler, on learning of the case, ordered that women be arrested as promptly as the men.

The records of the day—deaths, births, marriages, hotel arrivals, railroad time tables, real-estate transfers, building permits and other information of interest—will be found, together with want advertisements, on page 12 of this issue.

To California for \$32.90 via Chicago Great Western Railway. Tickets on sale from March 1 to May 15. For further information apply to R. H. Heard, General Agent, corner Nicollet avenue and Fifth street, Minneapolis.

The well-known strengthening properties of iron, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nerve, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body and improve the blood and complexion.

To Southern Texas, \$27.75 Round Trip. Galveston, Fort Worth, Houston and Beaumont. To New Orleans and return, \$25.60. Tickets on sale February 21 and March 7 and 21. Limited twenty-one days. Stopovers permitted. Call on J. G. Rickett, city ticket agent, 424 Nicollet av.

It isn't necessary to go out in the cold to order your groceries and supplies. The Journal's new feature, "Shopping by Telephone," on the Want Page, is at your service.

Automobile Gauntlets!

The Gamossi is prepared to take care of the chaffeurs as never before. The finest line of Automobile Gauntlets the city has ever seen at prices ranging from

50c to \$4.50

We have a splendid Workingman's Glove for...25c

Fleece-Lined Working Gloves, formerly \$1.50—now.....\$1.19

\$1.00 qualities.....74c

75c qualities.....59c

610 Nicollet Ave.

Gamossi GLOVE CO. INC.

Half a store of Gloves. Half a store of Umbrellas.

REE

KONDON'S CATARRH JELLY

will positively cure any case of Catarrh, Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, any complication resulting from Chronic Nasal Catarrh. You will notice the effect from the first application.

Guaranteed to be free from all dangerous drugs. Sold by 30,000 Druggists.

Send for the Sample before you forget it. Regular size, 25 cents per Tube.

KONDON MFG. CO

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Water Filters

E. M. ANDERSON,

504 Sykes Block. T. O. Phone 237.

MEXICO CITY AND BACK \$62.25 CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY Tickets on sale March 7 and 21, 1905. Good three weeks for return. Liberal stopover privileges. Applies via the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY and connections. Splendid opportunity to visit this historic city. See train schedule in another column. Apply at address below for full particulars. TICKETS, 328 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis. W. B. DIXON, N. W. P. A., St. Paul.