

With the Long Bow.

"The nature's walk, about duty as it flows."

CHER up! Senator Dolliver says that "mud and civilization go together."

The king of England has had a telephone put in. How would you like to call up the king! Hello! Hello! there, is that you, Edward? Pretty nice weather we're having, isn't it!

A Connecticut wrapper—the nutmeg state clergyman who is knocking Senator Bulkeley.

It's a good time to get your building material together before the rush begins.

A French author, who is visiting in New York, and therefore thinks that he is seeing America, says that "comfort in the American acceptance of the word seems to consist in those little luxuries and conveniences the want of which makes an American miserable, while their possession does not make him happy." Just what is your idea of comfort anyhow?

We can see no better way for Standard Oil than to have the Kansas courts overthrow the constitutionality of the state's new oil refinery. Certainly no people would care to use unconstitutional oil.

The old idea that rats will not stay in a house where there is a piano has been exploded. It is remarkable how the intelligent little animals will accommodate themselves to conditions.

The American Museum of Natural History in New York recently secured the skeleton of a brontosaurus and when the beast's framework was set up the museum gave a pink or some other kind of tea, at which a select few, including J. Pierpont Morgan, were present. A good many scientists felt that a private social function like "a tea" did not go well with a brontosaurus skeleton in a public place like a museum and they made "some small song" about it in the papers. The chances are that J. P. contributed several thousand dollars of the public's money to secure the bony remainder of the extinct beast and deserved at least a cup of tea and a private view by way of recognition. We should not be too fierce on our billionaires.

Peter Sampson, a talkative Winnebago Indian who has been visiting Omaha, was interviewed by the Bee and showed himself to be a person of quiet tastes. He said:

"White men in Omaha are bad. Indians that came down here have no more money and no white man will give anything. They say big money, big eat, little money little eat, and no money no eat. Indians are different and better. When Indian has nothing he goes to another Indian and lives with him and they divide up. When Indian gets drunk he has enough, but white man has never enough. I do not want to be white man. I am glad that I am Indian and I would not give big Indian woman for many of the best white women."

It's a question of taste after all.

Old Man Moses from the Eighth ward came in today to confess that twenty-five years ago he used to be a "champeen" roller-skater. It was in the days of the old Washington rink and the rink in the building now occupied by the New England.

"Those were spring days," said Mr. Moses, shaking his head sadly at the contrast the present presented to the good old times. "The skating they did then was real fancy. Do you recall the Human Fly? No? Well, I recall him well. He did stunts at many of the large rinks all over the country. If there was a man who could skate up the side of a wall and across the ceiling, it was the Fly. Of course, he didn't really do this, but the efforts of the Loopholeists show that the idea is not so ridiculous as it might seem. The Fly was a very fancy skater, however, and he had all the girls gone on him, for next to a military uniform the most attractive thing to the fair is a good dancer or skater. In 1881 or '2 there were a whole lot of men anxious to lick the Fly.

"I tried the skates again the other day," said Mr. Moses, "at the rink up north and found that it was pretty good sport for an old fellow after all. There was the old familiar grinding roar of the rink and the holler of the band and papa put on the wheeled shoes and took a turn himself. It all comes back to you," said Mr. Moses, reflectively, "as easy as lying. I slipped around as natty and elegantly as a greased pig thru a pasture fence. There was the same old crowd, too. The slim man, all legs and grace, was there. There was the plump girl, not fat, but the one who always appears to be bursting out of her clothes. The young old man was, of course, on hand, trying to make a hit with the ladies by his exhibition of spryness. There was Charlie, freshly torn from his cigaret in the lobby, and there were the few hundred real girls who giggled and wore out gum and admired Charlie. Great," said Mr. Moses, "Great! whatever you do, don't neglect the rink. It's sport."

-A. J. R.

Some Strange Penalties.

THE strange sentence imposed recently on a professional beggar—a fine of 10 cents a day, to continue for two years—was being discussed by some lawyers.

"It was a good sentence," said one, "for it will keep this woman under the magistrate's eye for all that time. It was a good sentence, and an original one."

"It reminds me," said another, "of a sentence that I once saw meted out to a wife-beater. This man, coming home drunk, was refused admittance by his wife—was obliged, in fact, to sleep all night on the cold, hard doorstep—and in the morning, when she let him in, the man was so infuriated that he struck the woman on the arm. He was, of course, arrested, and the magistrate sentenced him to fight the bench. To fight the bench; to fight the magistrate, a Sullivan of a fellow; and the unlucky wife-beater weighed no more than a hundred pounds. The fight came off at once in an alley behind the courtroom, and the wife looked on while the husband took as cruel and bloody a beating as I have ever seen inflicted."

"I," said a third lawyer, "saw a beggar haled before a magistrate for plying his trade in a town where begging was prohibited. The beggar pleaded ignorance of the law. The magistrate pointed out that placards, forbidding begging, were posted all over the place. The beggar thereupon said he couldn't read. 'You can't, eh?' said the magistrate. 'Then we will confine you in the town jail until you have learned to read and write simple English.'"

"A woman of talent and social standing—a female poet in fact—was arrested for chronic drunkenness," said another lawyer. "The magistrate sentenced her to do missionary work for a year in a neighboring reformatory for drunken women. This proved to be a good sentence. It brought home to the erring poet the evils of alcoholism in a most moving way. She swore off, and since that time she has not touched a drop, while her output of poetry has increased in quality and quantity, and her price per line on the market has gone up several per cent."



"THE WICKED STAND IN SLIPPERY PLACES." But Some of the Good People Are Getting Some Hard Falls These Days.

Talked to the Wrong Man

ON a Seattle car one day recently, a young member of the United States navy stood on the rear platform. When the car reached Eighth avenue, a well-dressed citizen stepped aboard and took a position beside the sailor. The citizen looked at the uniform, which was new, and mused aloud: "Another tin soldier."

He looked about to see that the attention of the other platform passengers was given and then in a loud voice he asked:

"You are a member of the navy, I suppose. Have you ever seen any fighting?"

"I am stationed at Bremerton, but expect to be assigned to a ship some of these days," replied the sailor.

"Oh, then, you are brave enough to fight if called upon? Do you think you could stand up while a naval battle was going on?"

"I would try, sir," was the meek response.

"Well, there's many a young man like you, filled with enthusiasm while playing soldier or sailor, but when it comes to the smelting of real powder they lack the stuff. Do you think you are one of that kind?"

"I hope not," said the navy man, and he turned his head as if to avoid further conversation.

But the citizen was primed to make the "tin soldier" feel his position in life and continued: "Well, don't you think that plowing a field would be better service for you than sporting around in that uniform?"

This was more than the sailor could stand. "See here, stranger," he said. "I have something in my pocket which might be of interest to you," and he forthwith shoved his hand far down in his breast coat pocket and pulled out a package. Carefully unwrapping it he handed a case to the citizen. The man opened it and gazed on a medal given by the government of the United States to Osborne Dignan, now a warrant officer of Bremerton, for bravery in accompanying Lieutenant Hobson on his perilous undertaking of sinking the Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago during the Spanish-American war.

"That's mine," said the sailor, while the citizen grew red in the face as he heard the uncomplimentary remarks of his fellow passengers.

"I'm wrong, Mr. Dignan," said the man, sheepishly. "I want to apologize and shake your hand. If you will forgive me I will never make a fool of myself again," and with that he swung himself from the car.



THIRD HAND. Guest: "That steak was infernally tough, waiter. I could only eat about half of it." Waiter: "That's very queer, sir. You're the third guest that's complained about that steak today. The others couldn't eat it."

A String of Good Stories.

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

GOOD RULE WRONGLY APPLIED.

CONGRESSMAN ADAMS, at a dinner to Senator Knox in Philadelphia, spoke of the exhilarating and cheering effect of good food.

"Once there was a poor smith," he said, "who wished to marry a rich farmer's daughter. The smith was robust, with hard and sinewy hands, and the girl loved him—there was no doubt about that—but the question was, what would her father think of such a match?"

"Truly it was not likely that her father would consent. He was a rich man, and the girl was his heiress, while, as for the young smith, he had, despite his good heart and his industry, a slow, dull mind that would quite preclude him from ever making a name for himself in the world.

"Before visiting the farmer, the dull-witted smith sought a friend's advice, and the friend said:

"I'm afraid the old man will refuse you for a son-in-law, but you'll stand the best chance with him if you approach him after dinner."

"After dinner, eh?" said the smith. "Thank you. I'll remember that!"

"And he departed cheerily.

"A day or two later, looking woebegone, the smith visited his friend again.

"I met with a horrible reception," he said. "The old man turned his dog loose on me, and reached for the gun that hangs behind the stove."

"The friend looked surprised.

"Had he had his dinner?" he asked.

"It's little I know," said the smith, "of the old fellow's incomings and outgoings, but I had had mine."

THE UNFEELING BRUTE.

MRS. S. T. RORER, the well-known culinary expert, gave a dinner recently to a cooking class of young married women.

Mrs. Rorer enlivened this excellent dinner with a number of stories about cooking.

"I am making," she said, "a collection of cooking stories, and some day, perhaps, I will publish them all in a book. I am continually adding to my stock. Only yesterday a new cooking story was told me by a dispirited young wife.

"This young wife, who had never cooked so much as a beefsteak in her life, bought a cookbook, entered her kitchen, and plunged into the construction of an elaborate and difficult real pie.

"The pie, a strange-looking object, was served to the husband, a caustic person, that night at dinner. He helped himself, tried a mouthful, and then said:

"What's this?"

"A meat pie," said the wife. "I made it out of Harry Harker's cookbook."

"Ah," said the man, "this leathery part is the binding, I suppose."

GOOD CAUSE FOR DISCONTENT.

MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT, the richest young girl in America, has mastered the art of housekeeping thoroughly. She is competent to conduct the largest and most elaborate establishment.

Miss Vanderbilt, at a luncheon, illustrated vividly a frequent cause of discontent among the servants of the rich.

"The cook comes upstairs," she began, "and with a respectful inquisition she asks her mistress what she shall prepare for dinner.

"We shall be only two tonight, cook, your master and I," the mistress replies, "and so all we shall want will be soup, a sole, a gigot of mutton, with asparagus to follow, a bird and a salad, an orange soufflé, fruit and coffee."

"Yes, madam," says the cook. "And for the kitchen?"

"For the kitchen? Let me see. Oh, well, there's some of that potted ham still left from yesterday's luncheon. You may as well finish it downstairs. That will do very well for your dinner today, and tomorrow you may each have an egg."

FINE PLACE FOR A STROLL.

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER, the young explorer, was one of the guests at a dinner given in Washington by Count Cassini.

A young woman congratulated him on his energetic and successful life. She praised ardently his two books of travel. Finally she asked him to describe a real typical jungle for her.

Mr. Chanler smiled.

"A real jungle, a typical jungle?" said. "Well, I should describe a jungle of that sort as a forest of fish-hooks, relieved by an occasional patch of penknives."

What the Market Affords.

RUSSET pears, 30 to 50 cents a dozen. Black Arkansas apples, 60 cents a dozen. Sweet russet oranges, 25 cents a dozen.

There are very nice pears in the market again that make an attractive addition to ornamental dishes of fruit and they are good in flavor. The Black Arkansas apples are monsters and with their smooth, polished skins of even dark red are perhaps as handsome an apple as there is. Russet oranges are more juicy than the average and are particularly nice for breakfast.

A Jerusalem pudding is a delicious gelatine and fruit dessert that differs considerably from the ordinary mould of jelly filled with fruit. It calls for one-quarter pound each of figs and dates chopped very fine; cover with orange juice and let stand over night. When ready to make the pudding, cover half a box of gelatine with cold water and let stand half an hour. Boil a scant quarter cup of rice and spread on a towel to dry; whip one pint of cream stiff and sprinkle with two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar. Sprinkle the rice with a teaspoonful of vanilla and add it to the chopped fruit and orange juice. Stand the soaked gelatine in a bowl of hot water until thoroughly dissolved, adding to it two tablespoonfuls of milk; stir all the ingredients together and mold.

What Women Want to Know.

CHINESE LILY BULBS.—Will you please tell me how to take care of my Chinese lily bulb after it is thru blooming? Should the bulb be removed from the water in which it grew and allowed to dry and then planted again next winter?—Geraldine.

It is seldom advisable to save bulbs for a second season. While it is true that once in a while a bulb will bloom a second time it is equally true that most of them will not. It can never be depended on and if you really want Chinese lilies next winter the only safe way is to buy fresh, strong bulbs.

QUESTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

MARKS OF STAMPING.—Will you kindly tell me through your columns what will take the marking out of stamped goods?—A Reader.

Journal Proverb Contest

(Sixth Week Series.)



MY ANSWER To No. 4 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...\$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, 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.

VAUDEVILLE STUNT ON AN INTERURBAN

Passengers on a crowded interurban car leaving Minneapolis at about 9:30 this morning, were interested to learn the car had proceeded far by the plaintive wailing of a kitten, apparently in a basket in the rear of the car. The noise continued, and heads began to turn to see what the conductor was going to do about the infringement of the rule of the road, prohibiting the carrying of animals by passengers.

"Rubber," cried the voice. And instantly those who had "rubbered" faced the front again.

The kitten finally quieted down, only to be succeeded by the wailing of a puppy. Once more heads began to turn, only to be reminded to "front face" again by the shrill voice with its loud "Rubber!"

By this time, most of the passengers had "tumbled" that a ventriloquist was having fun at the expense of his fellow passengers.

"O, what a lovely baby," the same high-pitched voice exclaimed, apparently being located alongside of a lady with a babe-in-arms. The woman looked annoyed, while everyone else smiled.

The war then tried a new tack. Sounds of bag-pipe playing were heard. The imitation was perfect, and once more heads turned to see whence came the strains. A dozen men occupying seats in the rear were looking at each other to see who was guilty, but the joker was too clever to give himself away.

The vaudeville turn lasted all the way to St. Paul, but no one could tell who was performing.

HERRMANN EXPLAINS SOME SIMPLE TRICKS

"Everybody likes to be mystified, and that is why illusionists and card manipulators continue in popular favor," says Herrmann, the magician, in a headline in the Orpheum this week.

"Nearly any one can master a few good tricks. For instance, the disappearing card will always make the public sit up and take notice. It is simple enough—when you have practiced a few years. You hold the card between your first and fourth fingers, palm out, and as you wave your hand in the air and turn it over, it is comparatively easy to bend the middle fingers at the last joint and bring the card over the ends of the middle fingers—and there you are, with the card on the back of the hand, still held by the first and fourth fingers.

"Or, if you want to change the spots on a card held in full view, you hold the pack, face out toward the audience, and as you pass the other hand over the face of the pack you swiftly draw the card back down with the thumb of the free hand and run the card up on the face of the pack, and there is the new card with the different number of spots—just practice, that's all.

"Another card trick that generally mystifies parlor audiences is that in which the card selected by some one is made to rise from the pack at command. The common way of doing this is by forcing a certain card on the unsuspecting one who 'selects' the card. In the pack is a duplicate card with a hard paper hook on the back. As you step back you fasten this hook on a black thread extending across the room, and as you slowly draw the pack downward, the desired card 'rises.' It's all very simple.

"And then there is the hat and coin trick, in which a large number of coins are produced from the air, or in clothing, or any old place, and dropped into a hat held in one hand. The trick is done by holding some twenty coins in the hand which holds the hat and then palming the same coins several times in the other hand, producing it several times and apparently dropping it in the hat, but really dropping one of the many coins held in the left hand with the hat. It's a very popular trick but one requiring comparatively little skill.

"But while all these familiar tricks are rather passe, they are more difficult than those usually done by the much-advertised Indian fakirs. For instance, the mango tree trick—done on the streets of many cities of India, involves the use of a flower pot, a tripod and a little canvas tent which conceals the operator's hands. This tent is of double thickness, and concealed in its flaps are the materials which, when assembled, make the complete mango tree. The trick is one of the simplest, but is a source of unending interest to the tourist."

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