

With the Long Bow.

"Eye nature's walk, shoot fully as it flies."

B RING on your weather. No matter what it is, it cannot last more than eight weeks.

There is a fearful row on between the Woman's league and the Woman's club of Battle Creek, Mich., so much so that the women of the two organizations will not speak as they pass by.

The troubles in the Equitable Life promise to be so long drawn out that some of the policy-holders are likely to get a policy in Equitable Death before they are settled.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, the marvelous soprano, has changed her name to Mile. Elvanna and has just made her debut in Rome.

The West End Mothers' council of Chicago has been trying to change the old childhood prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and to put in its place something "more euphonious and poetic."

Father, we thank Thee for the night And for the pleasant morning light, For rest and food and loving care And all that makes the world so fair.

Mrs. Robert W. Smith had a poem in which the line, "Bless thy little lamb tonight" occurs. Some of us will still prefer the "Now I lay me."

Speaking of childish prayers and things, were you ever sung to sleep to the old hymn tune of Greenville? Some of the words, as memory carries them, were something like this:

Hush, my child, He still and slumber Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly blessings without number Softly fall upon thy head.

When I read the dreadful story, How the Jews abused their king; How they slew the Lord of Glory, Makes me angry while I sing.

There is something about the tune "Greenville" that awakens tender recollections. It was composed by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Something haunting, sweet and tender, Borne upon the evening air, Subtle thoughts no word could render, Half a sigh and half a prayer.

Lulling, soothing, magic singing, How the shadows fly away At thy sound, thy low notes bringing Back again life's opening day!

Couldst thou dream of all thy numbers This world would love the best! Sung to lull the children's slumbers, Message to the tired of rest.

Surely on thy weary spirit Fell an hour of rare content, Long ago and still we hear it Sung, thy mood in music pent.

So God rules it, makes undying, Peace, and faster every hour Fades all hatred, wrong, and crying, Good alone has lasting power.

Several times we have expressed severe disapproval of the people who go without breakfast—yet they persist. Such wrongheadedness is most annoying, especially after they have been told.

Suddenly—the breakfast bell! Glorious sound! Did you ever square off before a glass of spring water, a sliced orange, a chop, a baked potato, a cup of fragrant coffee, a large hole entirely surrounded by doughnut, a cookie and the broad, expansive family smile, without a great welling up of the soul of thankfulness and good nature?

A GENTLE THRUST.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, the new consul to Genoa, was talking about a magazine editor. "This man," he said, "rejected some of the best of my early verse. He rejected some of the best verse of my friends. Why he is an editor I can't imagine. He certainly has no critical sense."

"I indicated this to him one day. He had announced to me that he was going to be married. He had praised the lady of his choice ardently, declaring her to be a poem. 'A poem?' said I. 'A poem,' he repeated. 'And still you do not reject her?' I exclaimed."



One Place Where March Came in Like a Lamb, All Right.

A Study in Patience.

THE close of the morning service those members of the congregation who lingered to exchange friendly greetings were treated to a nice exhibition of masculine patience.

"I can't do anything with the thing," she finally said, in disgust. "I always get it drawn too tight across the face. It flattens my nose. See what you can do with it."

The loitering worshippers stopped gossiping and watched the proceedings. It was a sight worth waiting for. The woman was tall and the man was short, and while she bent and ducked he balanced himself on his tiptoes and tilted backward and forward and sideways in his effort to adjust the veil becomingly.

"What's the matter?" asked the man. "What shall I do?" she wailed. "They are in my mouth. I can't get at them. You'll have to take the veil off."

Being in church, the man did not say much. He took the veil off, but it was noted by the interested observers that he did not put it on again.—New York Press.

What the Market Affords.

MACARONI, 10 to 15 cents a package. Fresh peppers, 10 cents apiece, or three for a quarter. Fresh eggs, 27 cents.

While eggs are still rather an expensive item, they are of first-class quality and cost no more than the best meats. This is the season of chafing-dishes, suppers at small functions, and eggs play an important part in chafing-dish cooking.

Eggs a la Caracas is a New England school of cookery recipe that is unique and piquant.

Pick over two ounces of smoked dried beef, chop fine, add one cup of tomatoes, one-fourth cup of grated cheese, a few drops of onion juice and a few grains of cinnamon and cayenne. Pour this into the hot blazer containing two table-spoons of butter, and when heated thru, add three eggs well beaten. Cook until the eggs are of creamy consistency, stirring constantly to prevent sticking.

Macaroni and frankforts are also a tasty chafing-dish combination. Melt two table-spoons of butter, stir in two table-spoons of flour, then one cup of milk. When thoroughly blended, put in one cup of macaroni and three frankfort sausages which have been cooked in hot water, peeled and sliced, then one-half cup of grated cheese. Season to taste; the amount will vary with the seasoning, which the sausages supply. Let me warn especially against cheap grades of sausage, as they are liable to be extremely disagreeable and troublesome to digest, not to say dangerous. Be sure also to remove every particle of the skin, as that, too, makes their digestion more difficult for many people.

What Women Want to Know.

TANNING SKINS.—Do you know of a good way to tan small furs such as mink or muskrats?—A. M.C.

Stretch the skin, fur down, on a board and tack it so that it lies smooth. With a blunt knife remove any pieces of flesh or fat which may cling to it and rub prepared chalk into the skin. Rub hard and thoroly until the chalk remains dry and no more will adhere to the skin. Then take the skin from the board and rub powdered alum into it leaving the alum thick on the skin. Fold it thru the middle so that the two raw surfaces are together, roll tightly and put away where it will keep dry for a week. This treatment is said to make the skin perfectly pliable.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

WOMEN'S EXCHANGE.—Some ladies in a growing town wish to establish a Woman's Exchange in connection with church work and would be very grateful for any advice you would kindly give, as none of them has had any experience?—E. C.

A String of Good Stories.

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

A TENDERFOOT IN NEBRASKA.

EARL FITZWILLIAM, the unsuccessful treasure-hunter of Cocos island, has frequently toured the western states in quest of big game. The young nobleman likes the remote west, but he dislikes the remote western hotels. To a reporter recently he said:

"The high prices and the poor fare of some of your Kansas, Dakota and Nebraska hotels are a blot on the west's scutecheon."

Then he smiled. "Credit me or not," he said, "but I once found, on the menu of a Nebraska restaurant, the item—'Beef and potato, \$1.50.'"

"I was hungry. Therefore I ordered beef and potato. The waiter, after a long delay, brought me a small plate with a small potato on it."

"Waiter," I said, "this won't do. I called for beef and potato. Here's the potato, but where's the beef?"

"Under the potato, sir," said the waiter."

THE DISAPPOINTED SERVANT.

ROBERT GRAHAM, secretary of the Church Temperance society of New York, was describing to an audience of boys the hard-drinking habits of the eighteenth century. "Everybody drank then," he said. "To be overcome with liquor was not thought much of a disgrace. Servants were given beer and spirits with their meals, as they are now given tea and coffee."

"All honor to the good man who, perceiving the evils of intemperance, first turned their faces firmly against the drink habit. An ancestor of mine was one of these men, and there are many stories in my family of his quaint and humorous sayings anent drink."

"He engaged one winter a new manservant. This servant came on a snowy day, and my ancestor told him to take the sleigh and drive five miles to fetch home one of the maids. 'On the way, James,' said my ancestor, 'you will pass the Magpie and Crane tavern.'"

"The man smiled. 'Yes, sir?' he said eagerly, licking his lips. 'Well,' said my ancestor, 'see that you do pass it.'"

CITY AND COUNTRY JOURNALISM.

D. W. H. LYNCH, an educator of Salem, Mo., declared recently that the newspaper was one of the most powerful educative influences of modern times. He told a number of stories about newspaper life. One of these contrasted city and country methods.

"A country editor," he said, "was appointed, thru some misapprehension, to the city editorship of a leading daily. The first day of his appointment, a fierce fire swept the town—a fire, let us say, like that which devastated Baltimore last winter."

"The managing editor sent for the new city editor and asked him what arrangements he had made for reporting the fire fully and accurately."

"Why," said the new man, "I've made none." "None?" said the managing editor. "Good gracious, man, why none?"

"What's the use printing anything about a fire like this?" said the city editor. "It's such a big fire that everybody in town will go to see it for themselves."

The Foot Racing Game.

THERE is crookedness everywhere and then some. But for the real, simple pure, unadulterated article, just study the foot-racing game," said Harry Luxton, as he lifted his pipe and leaned back against his desk in the clerk of the district court's office.

"I know from experience, and that's no idle gossip either. The light came to me in a small town up in North Dakota some years ago. A friend of mine was responsible—that is, he has become a friend since, I just knew him at that time. No, I won't tell his name, because he's in public life now and the story might not do him any good. He is well known in Minneapolis, and maybe some of you will recognize his 'fine Italian hand.'"

"You see this friend came down to our town as manager for the 'latest prodigy' in the foot-racing business. The fleetest runner in our neighborhood was matched against him. While the human steeds were being 'put on edge' for the event, Sam—I'll call him Sam for convenience—went to the opposition manager and 'fixed it' for his man to win. It was a case of 'throwing a shoe' and then a 'divvy up' on the 'suckers' money."

"Shortly afterwards the principals got together and decided to give the managers the 'double cross,' to let our local man win and to carry off the 'pep' themselves."

"Being born lucky, I was given a 'straight tip' on the double cross thing, and with a few close friends, I at once posted all my spare change—and some I couldn't spare—on the man Sam had booked as an 'also ran.'"

"Everything was lovely. All the town's loose gold went up on the home talent and it was covered as fast as it went up. The day of the race dawned bright and clear and we—the 'wise guys'—were simply jingling our winnings in our pockets and figuring what kind of diamond rings we'd buy."

"Shortly before the race Sam happened to change his clothes in a room with an impolitely thin partition. While thus engaged one of the 'insiders,' who occupied an adjoining room, tipped off our game to a chum. Sam overheard."

"Of course, we didn't know and we all went smilingly to the track. The sun shone brightly that day. The birds sang with unusual sweetness and nothing but sudden death seemed likely to deprive us of riches."

"The runners appeared. The starters and the timers took their stations. The bathrobes were thrown aside and with a knowing nod the performers were 'trying out' their starting holes."

"Just as the big thing was about to come off, Sam jumped lightly over the fence and stepped rapidly toward the racers already poised for the start. He stopped behind and a little to one side of his protegee."

"All of the wise ones looked suspiciously at the big fellow and he looked unusually big as he stood silently gazing at his performer. He didn't speak, but stood with feet wide apart and his hands in his coat pockets. The proceedings were only momentarily interrupted."

"Are the starters ready? Are the timers ready? Right there Sam suddenly pulled from his pocket the longest six-shooter you ever looked into. He pointed it at his runner and remarked quietly as the click of the hammer sounded ominously in the stillness:

"Run now, blank you, run and win—or you'll never live to run another race!"

"They were off and—well, Sam's man was nothing but a streak of humanity stretched over the course. Did he win? Well, rather. Talk about jackrabbits and automobiles and things—they were outclassed! That fellow hit the winning tape like a catapult and he never slacked up. The last we saw of him was his dust, and, for all I know, he's running yet."

"Well I guess rather! Sam had to hire a wagon to carry away his winnings. Oh, I only lost fifty, but that was enough to teach me some things about the foot-racing game and 'double crosses' and 'straight tips.'"

Journal Proverb Contest

(Seventh Week Series.)



What Proverb Does This Picture Represent?

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 8.

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, but any person may send in as many sets of answers as desired.

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.

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 8, 1905.

SPORTS ENLARGING THE BASEBALL PARKS

Minnehaha and Nicollet Grounds to Accommodate More People.

Extensive improvements are planned by W. H. Watkins for the Minneapolis baseball parks, and particularly for the Sunday grounds at Minnehaha. The straggling bleachers beyond first base are to be removed entirely and replaced by a larger and more convenient stand. The new bleacher will extend down to the seat end of the grandstand and will not be nearly so steep as the strange looking pyramid which has served the fans so long.

There will be some improvements made at Nicollet park, but the details are not given out. For one thing, the grandstand will be enlarged by taking advantage of space which is now wasted. Captain Fox put his name to a Minneapolis contract yesterday, just as a matter of fact. Ed Gremlinger has been signed for several months, and George Graham's contract arrived this week. Graham was general utility man with Detroit last season, and ought to be a good man with the millers. His promptness in signing shows that he intends to do his best with the hope of getting back to the big leagues.

The same feeling is shown by Dave Jones, the Chicago outfielder, and Steve's pitcher. They understand that the only way in which they can expect to get back into fast company is to be some toppers in a few weeks. McCormick and they say that their purpose is to make good with the Minneapolis team. Bill Carson, former Maloney's place in right field. Since giving up pitching, Carson has played in the big leagues, and in the Pacific Northwest league made the highest record as a batter and baserunner and excelled all as a slugger.

Denny Sullivan, who will try to make the Detroit team this year, will leave for Augusta next Saturday. Should he fall to later, Minneapolis has a first class ion him as well as on Thomas and Ford, the pitchers.

John L. Sullivan, ex-champion heavyweight pugilist of the world, and McCormick of Galveston, Tex., to sleep with a straight right to the jaw in the second round of what was the detestable Pacific Northwest league, of which Grand Rapids, Mich., last night. Sullivan rushed McCormick about the neck, and McCormick was unable to meet his rushes, and in the second round received the punch that put him out.

"Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien has accepted the challenge issued by Robert Fitzsimmons to fight him for a side bet of \$5,000. He is waiting to hear from Fitzsimmons relative to the time when he will be on hand to clinch the match. O'Brien says he is ready to go to any place that is agreeable to Fitzsimmons to make the match and sign articles of agreement.

Young Corbett announces his permanent retirement from the prize ring. He says that he never was in better condition than he is now, and was beaten fairly. Corbett lost all the money he could spare up, getting a big advance for the club in order to cover the Nelson bets.

"Buddy" Ryan of Chicago and Jack Clancy of San Francisco fought a pretty six-round game at Philadelphia last night. The honors were even until the last half of the sixth, when Ryan attacked Clancy mercilessly and put him out.

It is not certain that Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britz will meet in California this month, as an anti-fight bill may be passed before that time.

BASEBALL

W. H. Lucas is sustained a second time by the national board of the National Association of Baseball Leagues in his controversy with the detestable Pacific Northwest league, of which he was president. The league, which consisted of Seattle, Boise, Salt Lake City and Spokane, failed to pay its protection fee of \$1,000, and was dropped. Mr. Lucas then asked for the return of the fee and organized a league composed of Butte, Spokane, Helena, Vancouver, Victoria and Bellingham. The old franchise holders objected, but Mr. Lucas won out, and yesterday at Chicago the national board sustained the announcement that Lucas will not be required to take up the case again.

The sale of the Grand Rapids Central league franchise to John Gansel, first baseman of the New York Giants, and manager of the Louisville, Louisville, removes the last vestige of syndicate ball from the league. Gansel will not be required to take up the case again. He is a legitimate ball player, and he has an understanding with the league that he will allow him to wear a Grand Rapids uniform this year.

ROWING

Connell's second varsity crew will row the Harvard second crew on the Charles river at Cambridge on May 27. This means that neither Connell nor Harvard will enter the American Regatta at Philadelphia.

BOWLING

Table with columns for Commercial League and Wymen, Fairbridge & Co. listing bowlers and scores.

Table with columns for T.M. Roberts Supply Co. and Donaldson's Glass Block listing bowlers and scores.

Table with columns for Minneapolis League and Imperial listing bowlers and scores.

Table with columns for Fuxedo listing bowlers and scores.

Table with columns for Eighth Ward League and Central listing bowlers and scores.

Table with columns for Victoria listing bowlers and scores.

BASKETBALL

Minnesota's last basketball game will be played with Chicago university at the Minnesota armory next Saturday evening. The Chicago team won from the gophers when they were on their long tour, but the score was a close one and the gophers were at the end of a severe campaign. They are confident of winning. At least the game will be an exciting one. Chicago never had a basketball team until this season, but has jumped to the foremost class and its team has attracted general attention.

The Minnesota girls' basketball team left last evening for Valley City, N. D., to meet the high school team this evening to settle the championship of the northwest. Those in the party were Captain Dutton, Van Bergen, Bossa Cox, Rowena Harding, Julia Berntsen, Sylvia Frank and Isabel Dunn, Coach Leach, Manager Kelle, Miss Butler of the physical culture department and Mrs. Van Bergen.

The Lyndales won from the Y. M. C. A. tigers last evening by a score of 28 to 25. The tigers played a fast game in the first half and had a lead, but could not hold their advantage.

It isn't necessary to go out in the cold to order your groceries and supplies. The Journal's new feature, "Shopping by Telephone," is on the Want Page, is at your service. Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.