

With the Long Bow.

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

No, dearie, the Russians are not burning their stores so as to get the insurance money.

An authority on wheat has figured out a "shyness" at the end of the crop year of 19,000,000 bushels.

Youth's Companion has the following excellent lesson in geography:

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what's a cape?" "A cape is land extending into the water."

To complete the lesson, it might be added that a cavern is a place where the land doesn't extend into the interior.

One of those fellows who is always holding a sense of superiority due to his acknowledged ignorance met his match in a St. Louis girl.

He: "I used to think that I knew a great deal, that I was wise, in fact; but the older I become, the more I realize that I know nothing."

She: "Agnostic or plain ignoramus?" Somebody has described cauliflower as cabbage with a college education.

The Litchfield (N. D.) Bulletin man recalls the days of the "old swimming hole" and asks:

Did the boys knot your pants, have a spring-board, a wet clay bank to slide down and a "deep hole," that only the bravest could touch bottom and "show gravel," in the good old days?

Did they? They did. And the mean, big boy, that was always "picking on" us small boys, had a half a clap-board handy to slap the small boys just as they shot off the bank. It was a crime.

The opera, "Parsifal," is a discussion in musical drama of one of the profoundest problems of the world—the reality or fevil. It has been called a "drama of enlightenment."

But as the play proceeds, this simple innocence apparently has ill effects. Parsifal slays the swan, not in wantonness, but in simple ignorance. His consciousness has to advance from simple innocence to pure knowledge.

The method of enlightenment is also precisely the same in "Parsifal" as in the legend of Eden.

The teaching of the opera is that of the story of Eden, that no moral enlightenment comes except thru knowledge of evil.

If this were true, is it not a logical conclusion that children should be taught evil?

But in reality Parsifal does not win his own salvation and his healing power, by which he is enabled, thru divine pity, to heal the wound of the king, thru his knowledge of evil, but thru his perfection of the unreality of evil as a power.

Parsifal first faces the temptation of living the sense life. Kundry appeals to Parsifal's passions, and when this fails she appeals to the higher side of his nature.

"If my great love should embrace thee, Surely to God-head I will raise thee."

But he refuses to know evil in either case, and so wins his enlightenment and the divine pity which enables him to be instrumental in healing the wound of the king.

If the redemption lay in the knowledge of evil, surely the king would have been redeemed, for he fell before the first temptation and knew evil; but instead of redemption it brought him the apparently incurable wound.

Not in the seeing of evil, but in seeing thru it and detecting its nothingness lies man's redemption—this seems to be the teaching of the mighty work of the great modern master.

To see and hear it, however poorly rendered, and to get the clue leading thru the labyrinth is to wonder and adore.

What the Market Affords.

DRIED peaches, peeled, 25 cents a pound; unpeeled, 15 cents. Fancy apricots, 15 to 20 cents. Prunelles, 22 cents. Pitted cherries, 28 cents. Raspberries, red, 35 cents; black, 33 cents. Pears, 15 to 18 cents. Pitted plums, 15 cents.

Many of the fancy dried fruits when carefully cooked are quite as good as the preserved and canned articles and are much cheaper.

Apples are not so good now as earlier, but there is still an abundance of good cooking apples and the price has not advanced greatly.

A SELF-COOKING HAT.

ENOUGH good stories about the experience of the Rough Riders in Washington are cropping out to make a book. One of the cowboys from Montana was the guest of a dapper Boston lawyer, also a former Rough Rider.

"A self-cooker; don't that beat hell?"



NO, THIS ISN'T ANOTHER GRAND DUKE.

It's simply housecleaning time in the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Some Queer Ways of Popping the Question.

THE young man of today is becoming such a slave to slang that he cannot forget it even when he proposes to the maid of his choice.

"Awfully nice looking, isn't he?" she asked her companion, who surlily replied: "Fair-looking duck, but who is I double-tee-'IT' now? Don't I cut in at all?"

"Well," went on the slangy youngster, "you are always telling me what a good looker that geezer is. Now, is he the whole thing and I an 'also ran,' or do I win? I just pass it up to you, you know."

"You're side-stepping and don't want to understand," went on her escort, pitilessly. "All right! Can you fix it up for say, three months from date? That is plain, isn't it?"

"Fix what up?" she asked him. "Why, the day and hour to get doubled up, you know."

Imagine a refined young lady being proposed to in that barbarous and slangy style. Just think of calling marriage being "doubled up."

It is recorded that Charles Wadsworth of Philadelphia took the girl he wanted to a vaudeville theater on her eighteenth birthday, and when a player sang "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You," Charlie leaned over and whispered, "That's what I'd like to have you do for me."

Did she do it? Why, yes—and never regretted her choice. Another young man of Washington, D. C., showed his amazing impudence by the method in which he popped the all important question. It was in the spring and the sweethearts were walking along Lafayette square.

"Trees and flowers look nice, don't they?" he said to her, in an off-hand sort of way. "Swell season in Washington, spring, isn't it? We won't be a thing but married when the lilacs show up next spring, will we?"

She accepted him and he made a good husband. A young bicycle manufacturer in a small town of Pennsylvania was in love with a golden-haired beauty. Shortly after her graduation from high school she got the "bicycle fever" and was wild to learn to ride the wheel.

"Well," said the young man, "I'll teach ye if ye'll treat me good."

She promised. Next day he came around with a "bicycle built for two." The girl was delighted.

"I'll give you this machine if you will promise me one thing," he said. "And what is that?"

"To go tandem thru life with me." This story is told of an actor now doing "heroic" work in the blood-and-thunder drama: As a youth he had a sweetheart in a small New Hampshire town.

"I don't care much for actors as a rule," she had said, in bidding him good-bye, "but if you have anything serious in you, you may sometime have a part that is worth talking about."

These words stuck in his memory, and he corresponded regularly with his little New Hampshire girl, who encouraged him to work for artistic success in the best way that was in him.

"You believe in Emerson." Then hit her wagon to a star and become a star actor's wife. I am now the star actor in the ——— company and I need you in my business."

Some Scottish Jokes.

"WEE, John, how are you today?" asked a Scottish minister, on meeting one of his parishioners. "Gey weel, sir; gey weel," replied John cautiously; "gin it wasna for the rheumatism in the right leg."

A boy was holding a candle for his master, a plumber, in a Scottish town, who was doing some repairs to a pipe inside a dwelling house. The boy carelessly held the candle too near his master's head, and up went his hair in a blaze.

A cheery little fellow was accustomed to hear a servant in the house always saying when she broke a dish that it was cracked before. As soon as a dish was broken the servant's excuse might have been heard all over the house.

A well-known Scotch horsecupper, who was considered a respectable member of a congregation, was frequently pressed by the minister to allow himself to be nominated for the eldership.

"A say, gran'ma, whi's a telephone?" "It's something you speak into an' folk can hear at th'ither en' o' th' town."

A young Glasgow minister, who thought himself quite capable of making great improvements, performing his first marriage ceremony, asked the bride "Do you take this man in preference to every other man?"

The teacher was trying her best to show her class of little boys that God has given us power to resist temptation if we determined to do so.

Curios and Oddities.

THE WORLD'S WHISKERS.

THE most remarkable whisker novelty," the barber said, "is to be found in France. Frenchmen, for the last six months, have been wearing box beards.

"The box beard is neat and queer. It was introduced by the king of the Belgians.

"The English have a new mustache, the butterfly. The butterfly is not more than two inches long. It is just a feathery little thing under the nose, with ends turning upwards and inwards.

"Here in America smooth faces, or beards or mustaches in the more simple, classic styles, continue. The men of America would be ashamed to wear the box, the butterfly, or the patch."

STRANGE FLOURS.

THE Chinese cook stuck the end of an ivory chopstick into a small brown biscuit.

"This biscuit was warm, crisp, rich; it was light, well-salted, nutritious—a biscuit, in a word, of peculiar excellence.

"This biscuit, sir, is made of the flour of lentils," said the Chinaman. "You know lentils? Little green pellets slightly flattened, like split peas? Lentils, sir, are considered the most nutritious of all the foods of the earth.

"The little cake was very rich and good. "It is made, sir, of the flour of almonds," said the cook.

"All these are Chinese flours," he said. "In China, sir, we make over fifty kinds of flours. We make flour out of rice, out of peanuts, out of beans, out of potatoes, out of sweet potatoes, out of peas, out of coconuts, out of millet, out of pulse, out of oats, out of bananas—the fact is, sir, we make flours in China out of everything but wheat.

What Women Want to Know.

RALSTON CLUB.—Kindly inform me whether there is a Ralston club or a Ralston boarding-house or restaurant in the city or in St. Paul?—J. C. R.

A diligent inquiry among former Ralstonites fails to find any club or boarding-house at present. Some years ago there was a large and flourishing Ralston club in the city, but since the departure of the leader, Mr. Watkins, the members seem to have lost interest and no meetings have been held.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

VIOLET STAINS.—Will you kindly tell me how to remove violet stains from a white waist?—E. J. N.

Journal Proverb Contest

(Tenth Week Series.)



What Proverb Does This Picture Represent?

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, March 29.

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.

MY ANSWER To No. 1 Journal Proverb, Is Name Address Fill out this blank and send it to Proverb Editor, The Journal, before 8 a.m., Wed., March 29, 1905.

Bargains in Long Opera Gloves. Fine French Suede. \$1.50 quality 12-button. \$2.00 quality 15-button \$1.25 \$2.50 quality 20-button \$1.55. Long Embroidered Silk and Lace Gloves—\$4 each. \$1.69. \$2.50 qual. \$1.29. \$2 quality. \$1.50. 610 Nicollet Avenue. Mail a Store of Gloves, the Other Hat Umbrellas. Samossi.

AID FOR THE DEAF

MR. HIRSCHY is the best known Optician and Dealer in hearing instruments in Minneapolis. He is western representative for the celebrated Mears Ear Phones and Electrical Vibrators, which will restore the ear to its normal condition in many cases. He also has a new device which will enable some deaf mutes to hear. These instruments will gladly be shown at MR. HIRSCHY'S Offices, 518 Nicollet, 2d Floor. Paul C. Hirschy.

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NEW GEYSER BORN IN NATIONAL PARK

Skyrocket Plays Three Times a Week and Throws Water to Immense Height.

Special to The Journal. Butte, Mont., March 21.—Reports received here state that a new geyser has burst forth in Norris basin in the Yellowstone National park. It has been named the Skyrocket, because of the peculiar appearance it presents when it spouts. Its coming, it is believed, has proved the death of constant geysers located in the same basin. The Skyrocket plays at regular intervals three times a week and spouts boiling water to an immense height. An odd fact is that it was born on Washington's birthday, and when playing the first time spouted to a height of 200 feet. The noise accompanying the discharge was terrific and attracted the attention of the troopers in the park. An entire cavalry troop witnessed its birth. The geyser is one of the most beautiful in Yellowstone park. It is about thirty miles from Old Faithful geyser and is the second born recently in the park. A splendid geyser played intermittently last fall, but is now practically quiescent. Its period of activity apparently comes once in ten years.

EVER

Have your full dress shirt soiled when you wanted to use it? You won't if we launder it, because we put them all in separate envelopes. Each one is inspected before being sealed, so you are assured a spotless shirt when you want to wear it.

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The Lanpher Hat. Why it's a real Lanpher YES, and the price puts it within reach of all. The newest shades and shapes, in both soft and stiff hats. Quality unexcelled. \$3.00. Don't fail to see them. ASK YOUR DEALER. INSIST.