

With the Long Bow.

"Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies."

THE second Russian fleet has passed the Suez. Admiral Rojestvensky may yet give the world an exhibit of a man trying to ride the flywheel of a Missouri charger.

Looking out into the world and seeing how people continue to be governed by unreason makes one despair of the redemption of the race. But cheer up! Things may be better in a few thousand years.

The ice is not quite out yet, as several small boys going home Sunday wet to the very center of their being were able to testify.

Nobody has been "mowed down" or "wiped out" in Manchuria for a week. Something wrong.

A Chicago politician rejoices in the name of Hot Air Lampers.

The Catholic Standard tells of a girl named Ursula May Hope. In writing to her steady she quite naturally signed it U. May Hope. If she did not feel that way, Miss Hope might have left off the final letter of her last name.

The Grand Forks Herald tells of a smart Aliek traveling man who mounted a way freight at Grafton to go to Bathgate. Some switching was done, and at last the entire train got under way. A section laborer stood by the track, and the traveling man, who was on the steps of the caboose, undertook to stir the laborer up a little. "Get to work!" he shouted, "you slab-sided, ornery critter!" and a volume of choice epithets poured from his mouth. It was a serious error. The laborer started with surprise and then began to dance with anger. Then an awful thing happened. The train slowed down and stopped, and during the few minutes that elapsed before it started there was as pretty an obstacle race as ever you saw between a wild-looking and badly-scared traveling man and about 200 pounds of active and angry section man, who expressed loudly his intention of denting the right of way with the salesman's person.

The expert of the botanic gardens at Washington has been telling about irritable plants that suffer from nervousness. The genus mimosa are the unhappy vegetables in question. The pudica is so highly organized that it is kept in a state of neurasthenia most of the time. A puff of wind, the tramping of heavy feet near it or the rude touch of the hand will cause this plant to go into nervous hysterics. It appears that the exciting noise or commotion strikes the nerves of the plant and causes it to close up or droop its leaves. However, like all nervous, irritable people, there is a point beyond which fright reacts and a control of the system begins to manifest itself. If the sensitive plant is shaken for some time it recovers from its attack of neurasthenia and some of the leaves will begin to open again. There would not be much pleasure in cultivating a garden if a man threw a scare into the plants every time he dropped the rake or shattered the nervous systems of the onions every time he pounded his thumb.

St. Petersburg, March 28.—The czar has had six young Jews arrested for playing barn-tic against the Winter Palace with a dynamite bomb.

General Hasbenecki has been relieved of his command in Manchuria. P. S.—He has just crossed into Siberia on the quick trot.

From Chinese sources comes the report that the Japanese are completely tired out.

The young Pole who put paris green on the emperor's eggs on toast has been exiled.

The chief of police of St. Petersburg announces that the parties who tried to tip over the Kremlin are known and will be arrested soon.

A. J. R.

What the Market Affords.

PINEAPPLES, 25 to 50 cents. Tangerines, 20 to 25 cents a dozen.

Fruit is much used now in beverages and dishes for both luncheons and dinners. A salpicon of fruits is similar to a fruit salad and is used as a first course for luncheon or dinner. Peel tangerines or small oranges and separate the pulp into sections; slice two or three bananas; peel, seed and cut, in halves a few malaga grapes and set away to chill. Make a syrup of two cupsful of sugar to one of water boiled together for five minutes. Cool and flavor with lemon juice. Arrange the fruit in champagne glasses and pour the syrup over. When in season, cherries, pineapple cut in small pieces, sliced peach or strawberries may be substituted. Fruit to be served in this way should never be green, but ripe, yet not soft.

This is a delicious and simple dessert: Crush slightly a quart of fresh strawberries; pour on a cupful of sweetened orange juice and a half cupful of sweetened water. Freeze to the consistency of a frappe and serve in punch glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream and a strawberry on top. Fruit punch is delicious and is nice to serve at teas. Sweeten the juice of six large lemons and three oranges. Put into a punch bowl with a small block of ice, add a few slices of orange, a few malaga grapes, or preserved cherries, also enough raspberry or blueberry juice (from canned berries) to give a pretty color, as well as flavor. When time to serve, pour over two quarts of some aerated table water. A large cluster of grapes is a pretty garniture. Do not open the aerated water until ready to use, as it loses its sparkle very soon.

NOTED WOMEN EXPLORERS.

WOMEN, as explorers, are quite as dauntless and successful as men, a geographer declared the other day. He instanced in proof Lady Florence Dixie, Miss H. M. Kingsley, Miss Gordon-Cumming and Mrs. Jane Moir. Lady Florence Dixie discovered in Patagonia a people hitherto unknown to the ethnologist, the Araucanians. These savages, among other peculiarities, have not a hair upon their faces or heads. Every particle of beard, of eyebrows and of lashes, as well as every hair upon their scalps, is plucked out by the roots from childhood up. Lady Florence Dixie is the world's authority upon Patagonia.

Miss Gordon-Cumming of the well-known English Gordon-Cumming family, has explored over a hundred of the small islands of the southern Pacific, and in Tibet she was the first European to visit many perilous and remote places. Miss H. M. Kingsley, Charles Kingsley's niece, explored the Cameroon regions and gorilla country of the Gaboon. She fought gorillas as a Japanese fights a Russian, and found them worthy foes. None ran away from her and her party. Some even attacked her. In this expedition the dauntless lady slew seven gorillas with her own hand.

Miss Kingsley, after her gorilla hunt, ascended the Rembe and visited the Fangwees, a nation of confirmed cannibals.

"Among the Fangwees," she said, "there are no burial places. The dead are cut up and kept in larders, precisely as civilized people keep their fresh meat. The bones, after the flesh is eaten, are scattered about the country."

To Mrs. Jan Moir, another African explorer, England owes the acquisition of Nyassaland.



THE GOVERNOR'S VETO.

The Governor—No, we don't need any help to run the new capitol building.

When Mammy Met The Painless Dentist

"GEEVER since we came to New York," says a Virginia woman, "our old mammy has been enduring tortures with toothache. Time and time again I've tried to get her to go down and have the tooth out, but till last week I never could persuade her that New York dentists aren't 'night doctors.' You know down home the colored people all believe that doctors roam about after dark trying to catch people to cut up. You can scare a picanniny by saying, 'Night doctor,' when nothing else will bother him a bit. Well, at last mammy consented to go with a daughter of hers to one of these painless dentists.

"Did it hurt?" I asked, when she came home.

"Lan," no, chile," she said. "I suttinly am glad I went to him. He taken an' hooked them tongs onto my tooth, an' he says:

"'Good thing you didn't go to Dr. Jones, downstairs. This is the way he pulls teeth.'"

"Then he gives a powerful yank at my jaw, an' I lets out a screech.

"'Unhuh," he says. "I reckon you better be glad you ain't a-got Doc Jones a-working on your jaw. An' Doc Smith ain't no better. This is the way he pulls teeth."

"With that he shows me how Doc Smith would a-done me, and I lets out another screech.

"'An' now," he says, "I'm a-going to 'monstrate my own method of substra-tect to him."

"An he gives that tooth just a little twis', easy as can be, an' out it comes. Never hurt a bit. My land, chile, I suttinly am glad I didn't go to none of them other doctors."



FRANK WILCOX

What Women Want to Know.

WATER AS A TONIC.—Do you really believe that women would be better and look better if they drank more water? I have seen a lot in the papers about the benefits of water as a tonic and it is a new thought to me.—Mrs. O.

One-half of the world feminine drink too little water. They do not know what a real good healthy thirst is, and should cultivate one by using plenty of salt both in their food and in its natural state. It will take the place of a tonic. If the woman who has flabby flesh, flat bust and hollow chest will form a habit of eating plenty of salt meats and fish, thereby creating a thirst for water, she will take on good, healthy flesh and round out her figure in an astonishingly short time.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

TO WASH A FLANNEL BLOUSE.—How can I wash a flannel blouse so it will not shrink?—Kate.

MIRRORS AND GRACE.

A NEW YORK man has the walls of his house covered with mirrors instead of pictures. In every room he can see himself in profile, from the rear, from the left, from right—in twenty different ways. He claims that these mirrors promote grace. He says he has these mirrors on his children's account.

Mirrors, according to this man's view, do not promote vanity. They promote self-study and, by consequence, self-improvement.

If a young girl is round-shouldered, she is hardly aware of her defect in the ordinary course of life, but if she lived in a house lined with mirrors she would see at all the time the ugly, slovenly curve of her back, and, mortified and grieved, she would at once set to work with suitable exercises to become straight.

All sorts of ugly habits—ugly ways of sitting, of standing, of smiling, of gesturing—are pictured in a true and unflattering way by mirrors. The average man or woman, perceiving these uglinesses in himself, would set to work to remove them. The trouble is, that the average person does not perceive his several uglinesses, and no one is frank enough to point them out to him.

This innovator, opposing hotly the contention that mirrors foster vanity, looks at himself, at home, nearly all the time, and continually he urges his children to look at themselves, to study themselves, and to strive daily to improve in grace.

A String of Good Stories.

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

THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

JOHN MITCHELL, the labor leader, was discussing an English financier.

"His ideas of political economy," Mr. Mitchell said, "remind me of those of Marshall Saunders of Braidwood. Braidwood is an Illinois town, and I passed my boyhood there. Marshall Saunders had a fine apiary. He raised good bees and good honey. It was a pleasure to visit his neat, well-painted city of hives.

"Marshall had an inquiring mind, and he would sometimes ask himself strange questions. One of the questions he continually asked himself was this:

"Have I any right to rob these bees of their honey?" "And for a long time he could not answer that question to his own satisfaction. Finally, tho, he found an answer. I heard him tell it to his friends with pride.

"I used to feel mean," he said, 'about robbing the beehives, but after thinking the matter over I see now I'm in the right. If it wasn't for me taking the honey, all them bees would be out of work the whole of next summer.'"

A DANGEROUS SPORT.

A. E. MACDONALD, who recently made at Ormond, with a ninety horsepower car, five miles in a little over three minutes, is a prudent, no less than a skilful chauffeur.

Mr. MacDonald has no patience with reckless motoring. He believes that, with ordinary care and caution, accidents might be altogether eliminated. He said the other day:

"It is a shame that horrible fatalities so often occur in automobiling. It is a shame that, at motor races, it is possible to hear what I heard not long since.

"An important race was to be run, but at the hour of starting there was some delay. The people became impatient. A man in a brown ponyskin coat ascended one of the officials, and I heard him say:

"The race was scheduled for 2, and here it is almost 3. What is the trouble? Why all this waiting?"

"The official answered politely: "The ambulances and surgeons, sir, have not yet arrived.'"

THE POLLY OF SELFISHNESS.

TO NICOLA TESLA, a friend said one day:

"There is this invention of Smith, and there is this invention of Jones, and there is the other invention of Robinson. In all these inventions yours was the leading hand. Without you, they would never have been patented. And yet you get no credit for them. Why are you content?"

Mr. Tesla smiled.

"That the inventions have materialized, that they benefit mankind, is enough," he said. "I am not selfish. My name is honored. I live well. Why, then, should I be so hungry for a little more money, a little more renown? Why should I be like the millionaire butcher of my native town of Smiljan.

"This butcher was a bachelor, and when he became a millionaire, he bought a magnificent equipage—two prancing black horses, a set of silver-mounted harness, a coachman in livery, and so forth—and every day he drove proudly thru the town.

"But he always drove alone. He never had anyone with him. So, one day, the priest of the parish said:

"Why, thy good man, do you always ride alone in your grand coach? Why do you never take any of your friends out with you?"

"The millionaire frowned.

"If there were two of us," he replied, 'no one would know who the team belonged to.'"

A MOMENT OF EMBARRASSMENT.

DR. BENJAMIN LEE, secretary of the state board of health of Pennsylvania, was talking about the eyes of foreigners compared with those of Americans.

"Abroad," he said, "and especially in Italy and in southern France, the number of persons with bad eyes is shocking. Indeed, among the poor, nearly every other man you see appears to have a cross eye, or a blind eye, or some other optical deformity.

"In the excellence of our eyes, even more than in the excellence of our teeth, we Americans are far ahead of other nations. Cross eyes are almost unknown among us. Hence, in America, there would hardly have happened the disaster that happened once in Nice.

"A cross-eyed Frenchman attended a dance given in the Nice Palais de la Jete—in the beautiful Casino, off the Promenade des Anglais, that is built out over the blue Mediterranean.

"At this dance the Frenchman saw, seated side by side, two ladies whom he knew. He approached and conversed for a while with them. Then, the music striking up, he looked at the prettier of the two and said:

"May I have the honor of this waltz?"

"Both ladies rose simultaneously, and in the same instant said: "With pleasure.'"

TO CURE A BALKY HORSE.

A CROWD blocked the street, and the horse doctor joined it to see what was up.

"Ah, a balky horse," he murmured. Then he worked his way thru the crowd, saying in an authoritative voice, "Let me pass, friends. I am a veterinary surgeon. Make way, please. I am a veterinary surgeon."

Thus he soon reached the balky horse. He said to the master of the animal:

"Put up your whip. It will do no good. I am a veterinary. I'll cure your horse of the balks for you. Watch me."

He took hold of the horse's front leg at the fetlock, bent it at the knee joint, and held it in this position for three minutes. Then he put the leg down again, and chirruped to the animal. It started off as tho it had never balked in its life.

"An odd remedy for the balks, but an infallible one," said the doctor. "It has never failed me. Any balky horse, if you hold one of its forelegs up for three minutes, will be over its balkiness by the time the leg is lowered to the ground again."

HOW MANY RAZOR STROKES IN A SHAVE?

I SHOULD say it took about 500 strokes of the razor to shave a man," a barber said in answer to a man sprawled out in a red plush chair.

"You are wrong," said the man. "To shave me, going over my face twice, won't take over 250 strokes."

"How do you know?" said the barber.

"For years," said the other, "I have had the habit of counting the strokes of the razor while being shaved. It is a silly habit, yet I can't get rid of it. You and I will count the strokes together now."

The shaving proceeded in silence.

"Done," said the barber at the end. "I make it 214."

"That is right, 210," the patron agreed. "It always runs whereabouts. Once I got a good shave in 105 strokes. Once I got a bad one in 240. The average is about 210."

Journal Proverb Contest

(Eleventh Week Series.)

What Proverb Does This Picture Represent?



MY ANSWER

To No. 2 Journal Proverb, Is

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Name.....
Address.....

Fill out this blank and send it to Proverb Editor, The Journal, before 8 a.m., Wed., April 5, 1905.

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, April 5.

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.

Advertisement for The Gamossi Hospital for Umbrellas, Dr. GAMOSSO, E. U. S., and a trained staff of assistants in constant attendance. Disabled umbrellas discharged "better than new." CHARGES FOR REPAIRS ARE VERY SMALL. 616 Nicollet. GAMOSSO, NO. 20.

Advertisement for T. V. MOREAU OPTICIAN, 616 NICOLLET, KODAKS & CAMERAS.

Advertisement for GRIEVISH, OPTICIAN, Eyes Examined. Glasses Fitted. With White & MacNaught, Jewelers. 407 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

Advertisement for STANDARD'S FARM RICHEST IN WORLD.

400 Acres of Fine Land in Kansas Contain Only Oil Tanks.

Needlesha, Kan., March 28.—The onslaught of Kansas upon the Standard Oil company has called attention to the fact that near this city John D. Rockefeller has within an undoubtedly the richest farm in the world, and not a dollar's worth of produce is raised upon it. The farm consists of 400 acres of fine land. Its value is nearly \$5,000,000, and its annual crop amounts to about \$8,000,000.

The Rockefeller farm is purely a tank farm, and is so called in this neighborhood. At approximately the same distance apart on the 400 acres are fifty big oil tanks, each having a storage capacity of from 35,000 to 60,000 barrels of oil.

A space of eight acres is set apart for each tank, and around each is a dyke of earth about five feet in height, thrown up to catch the oil should a leak be sprung or to fight away the flames should they come in the wake of a stream of oil that had burst its confines.

Production Greatly Increased. In these tanks is stored the surplus oil of the Kansas field. The production has been increased greatly. A year ago it was about 13,000 barrels a day; now it is twice that figure.

If the state is going to put the company out of business in Kansas the Standard will lose several millions in investments such as the tank farm, which cannot well be moved without great impairment. There are smaller tank farms at Humboldt and Canby.

These tank farms are connected with the oil fields everywhere. Big mains run into each of the six large-producing counties, and from these laterals extend to wherever there is any oil. The moment an operator can show a production of fifty barrels a day the Standard will build him a pipe line.

More than \$6,000,000 is invested by the Standard in pipe lines in this state. Each main line is supplied with a pumping station which forces the oil thru the pipes. Where the oil does not run by gravity, the Standard has been paying a cent a barrel for the steam used in pumping, which in itself has been a good source of income for the operators.

Oil Stealings Frequent. Forty men are employed to ride the pipe lines and gauge the oil. Their business is to look for thefts and leaks. Oil stealings have not been infrequent in the past. A line will be tapped at

Careful

Investigation has convinced us that roll ironing does not make perfect work. Flat pressure will prevent shirt bosoms from bulging and will make them lay perfectly flat.

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Next Monday, call N. W. Main 621-J or T. C. 120.

The Hennepin Laundry Co.

120-122 First Avenue N.

Advertisement for THE HYGEIA WATER FILTER. It attaches to any faucet & filters the water. The company reports that it must make the division soon as turned on. Absolute purity is obtained from the filtration process. See Demonstration at Office. E. M. ANDERSON, Agent. 504 Sykes Bldg.

some secluded point and a wagonload of oil taken to be sold later to the refinery people. The Kansas field is divided by the Standard into two districts. The dividing line runs just on the north side of Needlesha. The company does not believe that the oil in the north end of the field is as good as that in the south end, and a difference of 20 cents a barrel is made. The man with a well just north of the line gets that much less than a man with a well a hundred feet away, but on the south side of it, and this has aroused much feeling. The company reports that it must make the division somewhere, and somebody must get hurt. Very heavy oil is produced in the north end.

CROTON FLOOD MENACES TOWN. New York, March 28.—No break has yet occurred in the \$5,000,000 dam forming the new Croton reservoir which was menaced yesterday by a flood from the great Croton watershed. Workmen are reinforcing the structure and a patrol will give immediate warning should a break threaten. The village of Croton Landing, population 1,100, is one mile below.

Advertisement for HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When you remember the fact that the Bitters has been curing sickly people for over 50 years, you ought not hesitate any longer in giving it a fair trial. For curing Spring Fever, General Debility, Impure Blood, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constiveness, Colds or La Grippe it is unequalled.