

With the Long Bow.

"Eye nature's walks, about fully as it flows."

THE fraternal and benevolent insurance companies are smiling at the old liners' troubles.

The man who makes his money by ruining other people's businesses will never be a popular ideal.

It is good on these joyous spring evenings to hear the tender, far-reaching note of the cow, as she smells the tender, green yarbage just sprouting along the southern exposures.

How would you like to see a presidential ticket of Rockefeller and Aldrich on one side and of La Follette and Folk on the other? Whoop!

A New York paper has a picture of Oscar Hammerstein, whom it calls "the inventor and discoverer of the Bajazzo."

If you can't talk politics, religion, insurance, labor and capital, socialism, railroad rebates or municipal ownership without "getting mad," it is the sign that you are a lightweight.

That grand old palladium of our liberties in North Dakota, the Lisbon Free Press, states that The Minneapolis Journal is "a most important factor in the exploitation of the northwest and especially of North Dakota."

Old Man Foley of Bismarck, the poet lariat of the north, will have to watch out, or he will find himself skinned to a lyrical finish some of these mornings.

That kindly disposed paper, the Faribault (Minn.) Journal, overlooking errors of omission and commission, says that "between them A. J. Russell of The Minneapolis Journal and E. H. Pierce of the Grafton Record have cornered most of the humor of the northwest."

Moeville Correspondent, Pierce County (Wis.) Herald—A dance was given Thursday evening at Ole Hankinson's. A good time was reported.

Klamath (Ore.) Reservation—A pleasant dance was given here last night, and all those present report a good time was had.

St. Louis Mirror—Don't it make you uncomfortable to see the Joseph Barada Widens in society up to their clubs? It does me. Just think, he's in that bad debt collecting mercantile agency of Barr & Widen, and, of course, he knows all the time just what you owe the horrid tradesman, and can tell to a ducent what your gown cost and if you've paid for it.

What the Market Affords.

- SIRLOIN steak, 16 cents. Pot roast of beef, 10 cents. Pork chops, 12 1/2 cents. Beef hearts, 5 cents. Rib boiling beef, 4 cents. Rolled cornbeef, 11 cents. Rump corned beef, 12 1/2 cents. Creamery butter, 30 to 32 cents. Eggs, 16 to 18 cents. Michigan cream cheese, 18 cents. New York fancy cream cheese, 20 cents.

The market is not encouraging for the marketing house-keeper of limited income. There has just been a marked rise in beef prices that has caused a corresponding rise of a number of cuts in the retail markets, and pork has reached the highest point of the year.

Nearly all prices appear to be "firm" or "rising," except old potatoes, and potatoes are not an exhilarating diet. The prices of eggs keep up to 16 cents or above, on account of the buying for storage, and there is no indication of any reduction of the price of butter below 30 cents.



IN HOT WATER.

No, this is not a drop of our city water. It is just a suggestion of the future punishment for our legislative delegation for missing an opportunity on the water bonds.

A String of Good Stories.

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

ATTILA'S WISE DECISION.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE," was visited one day by a rich old man, who feared that, after his death, his will would be contested by his two sons.

"He had his will with him, and he read it to General Wallace. The latter thought that, here and there, it was not fair and impartial enough. He suggested amendments, and these amendments the old man agreed to make.

"You see," said General Wallace, as his friend was taking leave, "it is always necessary, if we wish our wills to be uncontested, to make them perfectly equitable. We should draw up our wills with Attila in mind.

"A certain chief of Attila's once died, leaving his property to his two sons to divide among themselves. That was a foolish course. The two sons quarreled over the division for three months, and finally, in a deadlock, asked Attila to arbitrate.

"The king listened to their story carefully. He thought a little while. Then he said, turning first to one young man and then the other:

"I decide that you, being the elder brother, shall have the dividing of the property, but you, the younger brother, shall have the choice of the two shares."

WHAT COULD SHE ANSWER?

ROBERT STRANGE, bishop coadjutor of east Carolina, puts great faith in the efficacy of clerical visits. He thinks a call may often do more good than a sermon.

"Sometimes," said Bishop Strange recently, "a clergyman's visit is unwelcome. That, tho, should not discourage him. Where he is most unwelcome, there, oftentimes, he is most needed. So he should take in good part every slight, every rebuff."

Bishop Strange smiled and went on: "A friend of mine, a young vicar of Hickory, called one day at a poor little house whose occupants never came to church.

"A small boy opened the door. "Is your mother-in, my lad?" said the vicar. "'No,' said the boy. 'No, sir. She ain't in.' "What time will she be back?" the vicar asked. "The boy went to the foot of the stairs. "'Ma,' he bawled up, 'what time will you be back?'"

SPICY.

DURING the Christmas holidays, some ten or twelve years ago," said an instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, "our present provost, C. C. Harrison, gave a dinner in honor of the then provost, Dr. William Pepper.

"Provost Harrison is not prone to punning, but on this occasion he made a joke. As Dr. Pepper, a little late, entered the crowded drawing-room, he said to his guest, comprehending the assembled gentlemen with a wave of his hand: "My dear Dr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see your friends all mustered."

Tams Bixby's Freak Signature.

A SOURCE of continual wonder and perplexity to those who have dealings with the Dawes commission is the signature of Tams Bixby, chairman of the commission.

After signing about fifty official papers one day, Chairman Bixby explained to a curious inquirer why he came to adopt the freak signature which is the terror of hotel clerks and railway conductors.

"You see this letter," he said handing out a communication from an aspirant for a position on the commission who addressed the chairman as Hon. James Bixby. "I used to get scores of these every week, and they addressed me by every conceivable name but the right one. I therefore decided to adopt a signature that none of them could figure out, and after practicing a week I worked out this one."

It is not generally known that Tams Bixby narrowly escaped becoming treasurer of the United States on the strength of his signature. A letter with Bixby's strange signature came to the notice of Senator Hanna. At that time President McKinley was looking for a man to appoint United States treasurer. Hanna called the president's attention to the signature and Mr. Bixby was asked to go to Washington and interview the president. At that time he had large business interests and failed to visit Washington, so the appointment went to another man.

TAMS BIXBY'S SIGNATURE.



The Well-Timed Truth.

By C. O. Kelly.

IT IS well to be generous, and I admit that in your report of the sermon you have been so. But really, my dear sir, you should have been just, as well, and the truth should always be spoken."

And here the somewhat indignant utterance of the gentleman in the coat of clerical cut and reversed collar ceased and determined, as the lawyers say, for the Old Settler took immediate charge of further verbal proceedings. The clergyman had wandered into the reporters' room with a copy of the Monday morning paper in his hand and invited general attention to a report of a sermon of unusual excellence ascribed to the Reverend Dr. Thirdly, of the First church, which report he had no fault to find with,—excepting the unimportant one that Dr. Thirdly had been laid up by an attack of bronchitis on the preceding Sunday evening, and that the sermon in question had been delivered by himself, Rev. Mr. Poundtext, kindly filling the pulpit of his disabled brother. And the Old Settler, who had listened with much interest to the good man's plaint, set to work to console and instruct him, as thus:

"You're dead wrong there, pardner. Truth shouldn't allers be spoke, er it'll git you into a bad box 'fore you know where you're at, at first thing you know. You want to handle it careful, 'n' use it in the right places, 'n' on the right kinder folks. Like Al Stone done onct, f'rinstance. Al he was O. G. fer the Good Templars, 'way back 'bout '63, 'n' one night me 'n Pat Callaghan, 'n' other feller, we took up a gallon o' beer 'where he was watchin' outside the lodgeroom. Up in Treager's hall, down on Henn'pin, 't'was, 'n' Al he helped us drink it, 'n' jes' 's we finished the last, up comes two old ladies 's b'longed to the lodge, 'n' wants



"AL HE SAYS, 'FINE, THANKEE, MARM. JES' DRINKED A QUART O' BEER.' HE SEZ, 'N' FEEL BULLY.'"

in. Ole o' fem' she says, 'How're ye this ev-nin', Brother Stone?' 'n' Al he says, 'Fine, thankee marm. Jes' dranked a quart o' beer,' he sez, 'n' feel bully.' 'W-h-a-t!' sez the lady, horrifed plum thru. But t'other one she sez, 'Oh, come on in, you can't b'levee him when you know he's tellin' the truth.' 'N' there you see was one place where the truth was all right 'cause it wouldn't be b'leveed, 'n' yit me 'r you in Al's place, 'd been obliged to lie out it.

"'N' then onct down in Georgy durin' the war I seen a feller who'd been neck-twisted quicker'n a cat could wink her yere 'f he wasn't quick enough to stop himself from tellin' the truth. That was this way: One of the wagons got stuck in the mud foot of a tremenjous big hill, 'n' stopped up the artillery, pontoons, 'n' transport of a whole army corps, 'n' I tell you h-l was a-poppin' right off. The wagonmaster he had a lot o' men, 'n' fence rails, 'n' one thing 'r' other a-liftin' her out by main stren'th 'n' oak 'ardness, when here comes a hoss helittylarrup right behind him, 'n' somebody roars out; 'What'n blanknition does this mean?' 'n' goes on to rip 'n' cuss like only one man in the hull army could do. This wagonmaster knowed it couldn't be nobody but Uncle Billy, but he was so mad he yells back 'fore he could stop himself, 'You go plum to the devil, you blanked dash'—'n' then never turned his head, fer he thought his name was Dennis right there. But Uncle Billy give him a chance to save himself; 'D' you know who I am, sir,' he hollers back. Now, a mudhead 'd a told the truth, 'n' fixed himself plenty, but this wise wagonmaster answers, 'You bet I do. You're the wagonmaster o' that Michigan brigade behind us. But I want you to understand that nobody but Uncle Billy himself can cuss me, 'n' you'd better git outa that 'fore I come back there 'n' tend to you."

"'N' Uncle Billy sez wheeled his hoss, 'n' rode off with his shoulders a-shakin'. 'N' there's 'n' other time I knowed of, 'n' I'll tell you 'bout."

But Mr. Poundtext was gone, and the Old Settler, remarking that ministers were rather poor listeners as a rule, loaded up his corncob, lit up, and followed his example.

What Women Want to Know.

BRIDEGROOM'S DUTIES.—Will you please tell me what a bridegroom pays for at a church wedding?—Financee.

A bridegroom purchases the wedding ring, pays for the license and the flowers that the bride and her attendants carry at the wedding. He provides the fee for the clergyman and pays for the carriage in which the bridal couple drive away from the church, for his duty of providing for the bride begins as soon as the service is over.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

WASHING CLOTHES.—Could you tell me what I could put in the wash water to soften it? There is a thick, gummy substance rises when the clothes are boiling, and it is very hard to get off. What causes this?—Mrs. W.

BUT ETIQUETTE HARDLY APPLIED.

A. H. HUMMEL was talking, between the acts of a drama, about the leading woman.

"Tho her salary is large," said Mr. Hummel, "she is always hard up, always in debt, they say.

"The other day I heard a story about her. A female bill-collector called on her to try to induce her to settle a bill for a sable coat.

"I am sorry," she said to the collector, "but I can't settle this bill at present."

"Very well, madam. When shall I call again?" the collector asked.

"Well," said the actress, "it would hardly be etiquette for you to call again until I have returned the present call."



If This is Your Portrait You Are Entitled to a Prize of \$1.

Explanation of Plan.

These photographs are selected at random from a number taken each day by The Journal's photographer on the principal business streets.

Those whose pictures are published will receive a prize of \$1.00 by calling at The Journal office and being identified before 6 o'clock p. m. of the second day following the day of publication of the picture.

No claim will be considered that is not presented before 6 o'clock p. m. on the second day after the publication of the picture.

Advertisement for Samossi umbrellas, located at 610 Nicollet Av. The ad features an illustration of an umbrella and the text 'THE HOSPITAL for UMBRELLAS'.

Advertisement for a guitar sale by B. A. Rose, located at 41-43 So. Sixth St. The ad includes an illustration of a guitar and text about expert repairs.

Advertisement for Oriental Rug repair and cleaning services by New England Furniture & Carpet Co., located at 5th St., 6th St. and 1st Av. So.

Advertisement for awnings, shades, and tents by A. D. Campbell, located at 211 Hennepin Av.

Advertisement for a cafe named Trafalgar, located at 411 Hennepin Avenue.

Advertisement for carpet renovating and laying services by National Carpet Cleaning Co., located at Nicollet Island.

Advertisement for gloves cleaned for 5c per pair by Henry Bros. Dye Works, located at 630 1st Ave. So., Cor. 7th Street.

Advertisement for Crescent Creamery Butter, emphasizing it is absolutely pure and suitable for the table.

Advertisement for E. B. Meyrowitz, an optician located at 604 Nicollet Ave. (near Sixth St. So.), with branches in New York, Paris, St. Paul, and Minneapolis.

Large advertisement for Northern Pacific Railway tickets, featuring the company logo and text about low rates to Minnesota, North Dakota, and Canadian points.