

With the Long Bow.

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

THE Boston Globe has the picture of a Sevres vase that sold for \$20,000. Now that is properly a vase. The vase is still on the 10-cent counter.

A recent market headline states: "Better Hogs Seen at St. Paul." The hogs have perhaps been taking treatments for gluttony.

Dr. Dowie had a field day the other Sunday at Zion, in which he announced apostolically that the Women's Christian Temperance Union was a religious failure and that the Young Men's Christian Association was a curse.

"I am for the temperance cause," said the apostle in his kindly way, "but I don't think it should be managed by old maids."

With Dr. Cleveland after the women's clubs and Dr. Dowie after the W. C. T. U., the girls are having a pretty lively time of it.

The Sheldon (N. D.), Journal force was excited recently by the coarse work in front of the Journal office of a mule with a high mansard forehead and a mind of its own.

During the discussion of the bucketshop bill in the Illinois legislature, Mr. Rapp handed out a rap to the Board of Trade in an amendment, which read as follows:

Section 5.—Hereafter in the state of Illinois all players of the great national game known as poker, who shall play for stakes where the limit is less than \$2, shall be known as gamblers, and shall be subject to the penalties prescribed by law for gambling; but where the limit of stakes is \$2, or over, the game shall be considered a brokerage office for the purpose of fixing the value of celluloid checks and the players thereof shall be known as brokers or high-class financiers and shall be exempt from penalties prescribed for violations of gambling laws.

The intent of this act being hereby declared to shut up all small games and legalize all large ones.

The boys from the Chicago Board of Trade who were on the floor lobbying against the bucketshops, breathed so hard when this amendment was read that they could be heard across the legislative hall.

Another goo-goo letter case is on trial at Pittsburg to the great joy of the sensational press. It is the breach of promise suit of Edith Isabella Gibney of St. Louis, who asks \$50,000 of Klaus J. Steiner of Pittsburg for damages to her affections.

In accordance with our usual custom, we give a few selections from Klausy's letters so as to discourage the goo-goo letter habit in others:

My Dearest: It is 2 a.m. I cannot sleep. Have gentle compassion on me. Do not judge me ill; hear my story. Your letters that came to me each day bringing with them undisguised proof of your unutterable belief in me, and exhaling the very incarnation of love, together with my thoughts of you, have brought me to a perfect chaos of emotion, and to a fierce conflict in my mind. I am like one possessed, and I know neither rest of body nor of spirit.

If this be love, dearest, it is akin to pain. Isn't that sweet! But listen to this:

Why doth the time that knows not your presence with me drag out its existence with its leaden feet and palsied joints of dottering old age? Why, but I might demand of the air, why? and expect reply out of its thinness. Sweetheart, it availeth nothing. My love for you must undergo this trial of separation and this inexpressible longing!

Referring to the frightful calamity that one of her letters to him had probably been lost in the cruel mail, he wrote to the girl as follows:

My Darling: Really, with the awful thought that one of your precious messages was perhaps lost to me forever, I felt that the bottom had dropped out of things.

I could do without three meals a day, I could do without sleep and I could do without the love of my family, great as it is, but I cannot miss your daily assurance that you love me with all your heart.

I read your words over until each is burned into my brain, and I am so filled with the spirit of love and devotion, which they convey, that I am almost swear that you spoke the message direct to my ear. Dearest, I will never be compelled to read between the lines as long as you transcribe as your heart dictates. I know I can realize but feebly the wonderful depth and strength of your love, and yet, as you write of it to me, I feel that it is a living reality that surrounds me and wraps me up in its warm folds until I well nigh gasp under the almost oppressive grandeur of it all.

My darling, love me but a little always, and I shall labor to please you and to bring you such happiness as the gods of Mount Olympus ne'er dreamed of. I think I hear you sweetly whispered envoy say yes for all eternity. You say you have pinned your faith to my nobility and integrity. Dearest, I take these two virtues and nail them to the foot of the pedestal on which you stand in my estimation, and they are so high, and so far above all else that they are first, after your sweet self to blazon forth with the light of the morning sun, and the next last to be kissed by the lingering rays in the evening.

After enjoying the lover's work with the hammer at the foot of this pedestal, court adjourned for the day almost giddy with the joy of listening to this great literary feat.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ST. PAUL?" Oh! he's just after an auditorium, that's all!

What the Market Affords.

- SHAD roe (large), 50 cents a pair. Asparagus, 7 to 10 cents. Summer squash, 5 to 10 cents. Peas, 60 cents a peck. New potatoes, 35 to 55 cents a peck. Tomatoes, 35 to 55 cents a basket; homegrown, 30 cents a pound. Butter, creamery, 28 to 30 cents. Eggs, 15 to 18 cents. Grape fruit, 5 to 10 cents. Strawberries, 1 1/2 to 15 cents. Pineapples, large, 25 cents.

Creamed vegetable soups are particularly acceptable and wholesome at this season and of the fresh vegetables moderate in price the best for this purpose are asparagus, onions, spinach and lettuce. It is not worth while to use new peas for soup, as the canned variety answer every purpose, and are much cheaper and easier to use.

Asparagus Soup.—Cook one dozen stalks of asparagus, a stalk of celery, if convenient, three potatoes, a slice of onion, and a sprig of parsley in two quarts of water until tender. Mash and press thru a sieve. Thicken with three tablespoonfuls of flour cooked in three tablespoonfuls of butter. Add salt and pepper as needed. Milk or white stock may be substituted for the whole or a part of the water in both these soups, tho they are good without either.

Creamed Shad Roe au Gratin.—(To serve with baked or broiled shad or by itself as a luncheon dish). Put the roe over the fire to cook in salted water, just below the boiling-point (to avoid breaking the outer skin). Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and let simmer fifteen minutes. Drain or let cool in the liquid. For a pound of roe, make a cup and a half of white sauce. Cut the roe in cubes or slices and dispose these and the sauce in a buttered au gratin dish, in alternate layers, having the first and last layers of sauce. Spread over the top half a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-fourth cup of melted butter. Set into the oven to brown the crumbs.

Anecdotes of Well-Known Folk.



SENATOR GALLINGER.

INGENUOUS. SENATOR GALLINGER, in an attack on an opponent's argument, said: "My friend is ingenious. His ingenuousness, tho, reflects no credit on him. It is like the ingenuousness of a child I know. 'The father of this child was ill. He had an ailment wherein fruit was prescribed. Every morning, on a table beside his bed, there was placed a fresh basket of delicious fruit—cherries, plums, white grapes, oranges—and every morning the child came and talked to him, looking covetously at the while at the array of luscious fruit. 'One morning, noticing the child's longing looks toward the fruit basket, the father said: 'You wouldn't take that fruit away from your poor, sick father, would you?' 'No,' the child answered, 'I wouldn't; but—very slowly—I tell a story when I say so.'"

THE SON WAS FRANK, ANYWAY. THOMAS W. LAWSON said the other day of a stock manipulator whose methods he purposed to expose: "He is like the Paint Rock farmer, and I shall be like the farmer's son. Only I shall act deliberately, whereas the son was only blundering. 'This lad, in the wheat season, drove up to the miller's and submitted a handful of wheat. 'The miller studied the wheat attentively, and then said to the boy: 'How much has your father got of this?' 'He ain't got no more like it,' the boy answered. 'He's been all mornin' pickin' that out.'"

THOMAS WILLIAM LAWSON.

What Women Want to Know.

A RESTLESS CHILD.—What shall I do about my 1 1/2-year-old boy? He kicks off the covers at night as fast as we can put them on. Would punishment be the right remedy, or is it better to try something else, and what?—A Mother. Does your boy kick off the covers from mischief or because he is restless? That would determine the question of punishment. Have you ever tried to pin the covers on so that he could not kick them off? Use large, stout safety pins, enough of them to hold the covers tight.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW. THROWING RICE.—How did the idea of throwing rice on newly married people, originate, and what does it mean? Old Subscriber.

Vale to the Sad Seadog.

By ARTHUR W. WARNOCK.

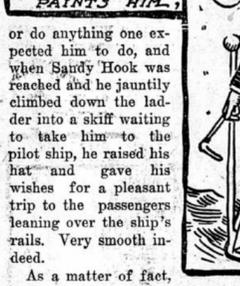


THE landsman who has confined his navigating experience to Lake Harriet, a thirteen-day ocean trip from New York to Naples not only teaches a thing or two, but incidentally it shatters some of the ideals he may have cherished about those who go down into the sea in great ships. Some of these ideals may remain, but at best they will never seem the same, and the pie, like those mother used to make, will not come up to par at all.

For instance, the time-honored tradition of sending flowers, books and presents of all sorts to going-away friends remains and the sailing of a big 600-foot ship, like the new Republic, from New York on April 13, means the outlay of a small fortune on costly buds, and other beautiful luxuries. New York florists say that Gotham's importance as a shipping center means a large part of their business and so do the candy men. For the list of 365 first-class passengers bound for the Mediterranean on the Republic the estimate was made that no less than \$1,500 worth of flowers was shown on the cabin tables and, of course, this did not include the wealth of flowers kept in staterooms or the presents in sweets or books that do not make their appearance as far as the public is concerned. And as the express ships to Liverpool with larger passenger lists, of course the extravagances are proportionate. It certainly costs the American people a king's ransom every year to say goodby to its friends.

When two snub-nosed little tugs have pushed the ship's prow toward the sea, the traveler with traditions in his mind, looks to the bridge to gaze upon the grim old seadog, who picks out the course as far as Sandy Hook.

The Pilot.



he has pictured this pilot as ruddy-faced, grim and gray, with a pipe in his teeth, clad in blue and hitching a pair of pants flared out at the ankles. Nothing of the kind. The man who took us down looked exactly like a successful businessman. He was dressed like a Nicollel avenue swell with tan gloves, patent leather shoes, tan coat, and as the English say, "a hard hat." He didn't turn the wheel

or do anything one expected him to do, and when Sandy Hook was reached and he jauntily climbed down the ladder into a skiff waiting to take him to the pilot ship, he raised his hat and gave his wishes for a pleasant trip to the passengers leaning over the ship's rails. Very smooth indeed. As a matter of fact, the "dude-pilot," as an old sailor called him, is rather a recent event, that is, great change has entered into the pilotage of ships into and out of New York within a decade. Time was when New York pilots flocked in "schools," a half-dozen or so of the pilots maintaining a small sailing vessel together. There were many of these schools and the competition was keen for ships. It was a common occurrence for a school to go out 300 or 400 miles to meet incoming ships and to race for them as soon as sighted. First come, first served, was the rule. After each pilot in a school secured a ship, the vessel would put back to port and wait until they came out again with the ships they took in, for it was an unwritten law that the pilot who took a ship in should take it out. Those were the days of old salts for sure, but piloting like other modern pursuits has been trusticized. The New York Navigation Board controls the pilots now and the men are mostly young, vigorous fellows of the college graduate type. They must study the New York harbor for seven years and after passing an examination, are entitled to direct the piloting of a ship. In regular order they take out a ship and bring in a ship, and so systematically the whole corps brings the shipping commerce to and from the big town opposite Jersey City. Two fine steel ships ply to and from New York and "The Hook" taking off and putting on pilots and not a mile is covered uselessly or expensively. The old seadog has gone and nobody has noticed his passing.

When it is considered that \$9 a foot is the charge for piloting a ship one way and that a ship drawing thirty feet means \$270 for two hours' work, it can be seen the work is attracting high-grade men. Of course, the pilots now pool their earnings and pay for their steam vessels before dividing the receipts, but even at that the remuneration is large.

Somehow when the pilot ship gives three long blows of farewell and the big ship takes the sea in earnest for the old world, the Lake Harriet navigator feels he is some distance from home and that it's too late to change his mind and keep his vacation down to a streetcar ride to Minnehaha falls and back.

A RECEIVER'S NEW DODGE. "THAT man is a receiver," said the detective. "Not a receiver for bankrupt concerns, but a receiver of stolen goods. His specialty is jewelry. 'He has introduced a new dodge.' In the past, when you received stolen watches, you melted up their cases in a melting pot, and you threw their works down the sewer. That was expensive. You lost about 70 per cent of the watches' value. It was necessary, tho, to avoid risk of identification. 'This receiver has learned the rudiments of the jeweler's trade, and when he gets hold of a stolen watch, he changes its number—changes it from, say, 1,763 to 117,634. If there are other marks on it, he alters them a little, too. Thus the watch's full value is preserved, and its identification is quite impossible. 'In the same way he alters rings, necklaces, brooches, earrings and tiaras. Even plate, if it is fine enough, he will alter instead of melting, and a silver tea service will emerge from his hands so changed that its owner wouldn't know it in a thousand years.'"

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. 96 Fifth Avenue, New York, Cynthia Westover Alden, founder and president general. MINNESOTA HEADQUARTERS. Room 84, Loan and Trust building, 313 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis. Telephone, M. W. Main 1225. All Sunshine news for publication in the Sunshine department of the Minneapolis Journal should be addressed to Mrs. Theodore Haynes.

Your Duty. To love someone more dearly every day. To help a wandering child to find his way. To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray. And smile when evening falls. Look on the Sunny Side. Mrs. H. J. Hergeshimer, president of the Pennsylvania division of the International Sunshine society, says: "Don't let the sunshine go out of your life. Every day is a sunshine opportunity. Look on the sunny side of things. Remember, it is a comfort to others to see a cheerful face and have a good laugh, and then, too, the kind look, a kiss, and the dear old words, 'God bless you,' will bring sunshine to many a good heart. 'Live sunny days, fruitful of golden deeds. Never leave sunny days till tomorrow, when you can no longer do them. The time for sunshine is now. The reward of work well done is having done it, and the closer and nearer we keep to Christ the better we should do all our work.'"

Your Work. Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world, but just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honest there.

One Every Day. Have you not found it true that every time every day is a sunshine opportunity for the comforting or cheering up of somebody, somehow the world seems so much lovelier to live in than it did before? Life is so full of opportunities for the scattering of sunshine and one person can do so much for brightening the lives of those who are living in the shadows. If you and I would seek to cheer and help every day just one man, woman or child who is lonely, discouraged or in want, what a tremendous amount of good we would accomplish in a year. Let us be more helpful in the future than we have been in the past and give good cheer to someone every day.

Sunshine Service. "In seeking fellow mortals, We best serve the Father, too, And in lightening their burdens, Ours grow lighter and fall from view."

Ever Active Doing Good. The young ladies of the Good Luck Sunshine club of St. Paul are ever active doing good.

At their last meeting Mrs. Hanson of the Associated Charities gave a talk and asked for assistance in caring for a little crippled child, Mary Kolshahn. These good luck sunshiners, who are quick to embrace every opportunity to do a kind act, promptly responded to this call for help and took the unfortunate girl to the doctors for treatment once every week, until it was found necessary to place her in a hospital, where she is visited frequently by the members of the Good Luck Sunshine circle, who carry flowers to the little shut-in and try to brighten her life by reading to her from time to time.

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