

With the Long Bow

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

Alderman Coughlin of Chicago Bursts into Song—"Holding Hands in the Moonlight" Is the Latest Invention of the Muse of the Bathhouse.

Hon. John J. Coughlin, alderman of the first ward, Chicago, has penned a beautiful little poem entitled "Holding Hands in the Moonlight."

Mr. Coughlin has been known by his detractors in Chicago as "Bat'house John" from the fact that he was at one time proprietor of a high class bathing establishment.

No one can deny that the idea of holding hands in the Pale Moonlight is highly poetic. Even under the gaslight, people who have held a hand made up of four queens and a nine spot, which latter may be disregarded under these circumstances, have been filled with the divine afflatus.

We look forward to a nearer view of Alderman Coughlin's muse in her new spring hat.

It may be all right to go to Europe, but we are wearing one of those "See Anoka First" buttons.

Luckily the prophet did not go out to his city or Zion might have drawn a re-Voliva on him.

The veterans of the civil war are fast passing away. Some of the severest sufferers of '61 to '63, who make loud war talk now, were teething at that crisis of our beloved nation's history or were rebels in arms against, not only the U. S. government, but against all government.

At Lexington, Ky., the East Telephone company has been obliged to do away with the foolish "party line."

The system has been satisfactory generally, but in some instances persons curious to know what the neighbors were saying would break in on the line and listen to their conversation. These persons came to be called "Prying Toms," and upon investigation recently we found that some of them actually had their phones located so that they could take the receiver down, and, lying in bed, amuse themselves and at the same time learn what their neighbors were saying and doing.

It is clear that it is never safe to do a long-distance "goo-goo" over a party line.

The great interest taken by everybody over 40 years of age in the clippings published Sundays in the Minneapolis Journal, taken from The Journal of twenty-five years ago, and the interest aroused in the "Hoot Mon" reminiscences, also published in the same valuable sheet, show that people who have lived thru a past are always interested in it. It is to be regretted that the city has no biographer of a breezy, Boswellian style, who has recorded events other than the date of the first postoffice or the first suspension bridge.

Mr. Hudson may yet prove to be the city's Boswell, tho the lack of the romantic vein and the absence of the poetic touches in the "Dictionary of Minneapolis" fill us with forebodings. Yet we should not forget that Mr. Hudson wagged a poetic goose quill in his "Dreamlight and Moonlight, with Other Collected Poems," published by Raymer in 1883. This much-sought-for little volume is treasured in many an old Minneapolis library and the last auction price quoted in "Book Prices Current" shows that an admirer paid \$7.75 for the little paper-covered first edition with the four pages of advertisements in the back. Most of the early copies lack these pages. There is always a demand for good mouldy reminiscences with the moth ball flavor fresh upon them. Be sure to write them before you die.

What the Market Affords

FRESH COD, 20 cents a pound; market cod, 15 cents a pound. Spanish mackerel, 20 cents a pound. Flounders, 15 cents a pound. Lake Superior trout, 15 cents a pound. Oysters, standards, 45 cents a quart. Frog legs, 12 1/2 cents a dozen. Strictly fresh eggs, 18 cents a dozen. Sweet potatoes, 5 cents a pound. Parsley, 5 cents a bunch. Cucumbers, 15 cents each. Corn meal, 10-pound sack, 25 cents.

Always scrape and wash fish carefully before cooking, altho your fishman may have done his best for you. Scrape towards the head. This extra cleansing process makes a great difference in the flavor. To fry fish, wipe dry and roll in flour or corn meal. Coarse, yellow corn meal will be found most excellent for scallops as well as for fish. Salt pork and bacon are equally good in frying fish. Use the slices of fried pork or bacon as a garnish, alternating with slices of lemon, sprigs of parsley, or olives and tiny pickles.

Rolled cod will prove a palatable dish. Bone three pounds of the tail part of a fresh cod; cover with water to level, add the juice of a lemon, a slight seasoning of pepper and salt and parboil for fifteen minutes. Boil three medium-sized potatoes in salted water, drain, mash and run thru a vegetable press, or beat with a wire whip to a feathery lightness. Add three tablespoonfuls of softened butter, a dusting of white pepper and of mace and the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Drain the fish and pat the flesh side dry in a napkin and spread the potato over it in a half-inch layer, dot the surface with small oysters, sprinkle them in turn with crisp buttered crumbs, roll the fish jelly-roll fashion, tie securely and put it in a baking dish with two tablespoonfuls of butter; bake in a brisk oven for twenty-five minutes. When serving, pour over it half a cupful of browned butter.

DOUBLE TROUBLE.

"WHAT'S the matter with the father of the two-headed girl?" asked the india-rubber man.

The living skeleton chuckled.

"Why, Easter is coming, and she insists on two new hats," he said.

THE JOURNAL'S HOME EXERCISE SYSTEM.



EXERCISE NO. XVII.

The Garden Back Bender.

(For Quickening the Imagination.)

On grasping the spade you can smell the flowers, after a few vigorous motions you can see bright patches of color. By the time the seeds are in the ground you will be convinced that sweet peas are cheap at a quarter a bunch.

Seeing the Town



HE rubbernecks were seeing New York.

"All aboard for the great bohemian gathering at the Dope club!" cried the Megaphone Man. "They're giving a big dinner there tonight in honor of that fun-loving, bohemian oil-king, Major Cinch, and we'll find a lot of jolly souls gathered about the festive board."

The toastmaster was just bringing his little speech to its close as the rubbernecks entered the huge banqueting room of the Dope club. "There was a time," he said, "when English army officers, after drinking the health of the queen, broke the stems of their glasses in order that no less honored toast should be drunk from them thereafter. I propose that we now drink the health of our honored guest and then break our glasses, for there is no one in this broad land so worthy of the highest honor as is the genial gentleman who now has the public by the neck on the question of kerosene."



"Who is that toastmaster?" inquired one of the rubbernecks, as the guests, having drunk the toast with enormous enthusiasm, broke their glasses in two.

"The jolliest bohemian in the town," cried the organizer of the overshoe trust, who overheard the question. "He is the head of the company that controls the entire glass industry of the country."

"On our left," cried the Megaphone Man, "we have one of the wealthiest bohemians living. Without him this banquet could not be given. Grace before meat is no longer said in the old-fashioned way, but addressed personally to him. He is the head of the beef trust."

The guests now stood up in their chairs and broke into a merry chorus of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," while a committee of typical bohemians, consisting of a reckless insurance adjuster, an improvident cotton broker, an open-handed subway contractor and a large-hearted public accountant, marched down the room bearing a huge gold loving cup encrusted with precious stones, the gift of the diners to their guest.

"I tell you he's the best ever!" cried the organizer of the overshoe trust. "Heart as big as an ox and such pleasant, democratic ways, you'd never think he was a man that had done more to give tone to American art than any citizen of this country!"

"Does he paint pictures?" inquired a rubberneck.

"Paint them!" exclaimed the overshoe bohemian contemptuously. "How does painting pictures advance art? You might paint pictures till the cows came home and art wouldn't budge a step. There are plenty of people that can paint pictures, but the major can buy them."—The Cosmopolitan.

AN EASY QUARTER OF A MILLION.

SHE had discovered the family crest, and was having a dye made for her letter paper.

"You'd have to pay \$5 a year to use this crest on your stationery if you were English," said the stationer. "There is in England a tax of \$5 a year on all who sport a crest."

Curios and Oddities

"'Tis Passing Strange!"

LAVA, A NEW VEGETABLE.

"CELEBRATE Easter by eating lava, the new vegetable, with your roast mutton," said a chef. "Lava will delight you, will repay you for your Lenten abstinence."

"Lava is a Scottish seaweed. It grows among the rocks on the wildest and remotest beaches. Fishermen gather it, and prepare it for the market with a long course of steepings in brine."

"Growing, lava is a supple weed, that rocks with the movements of the waves, and displays amid the clear water and white foam a rich brilliance of green and red. On the table its brilliance is lost. It is a dull green then, like spinach."

"Lava looks like spinach; it tastes like an hors d'oeuvre, like some salty sea-thing drenched with lemon—in a word, appetizing and delicious. It best accompanies mutton, the pre-sale mutton of France, that mutton, raised on the sea-coast meadows, which becomes flavored delicately with the sea salt on the grass that the sheep eat."

"Lava is most nutritious, and physicians recommend it as a diuretic. It is taking well. I prophesy a great future for it in America."

LONDON'S SUNDAY NOW GAY.

"SUNDAY in London used to be dull," said a globe-trotter, "but it is no longer so. Sunday-evening is now the gayest evening London has. What Easter Sunday evening will be the mind can hardly conjure up."

"The fashionable world dines in restaurants on Sunday evenings in London, and with the dinner a delightful concert goes on—songs, moving pictures, orchestral music, recitations, monologues."

"Prince's is perhaps the most fashionable London restaurant. The last time I dined there of a Sunday night, a French girl sang while I ate my oysters, there was a violin solo during the entree, and with my pheasant and salad I saw a fine series of moving pictures of the Prince of Wales' recent Indian trip."

"The Savoy, the New Gaiety, the Carlton, the Maison Jules, Claridge's and all the great London restaurants make a specialty of elaborate Sunday night concerts. These places are crowded on Sunday night. The men are all in evening dress—indeed men are not allowed to dine there except in evening dress—and the women are in pale, splendid toilets. Smoking is permitted. Jewels flash. White shoulders gleam. You look about, and amid the music and the laughter and the gaiety, you ask yourself why it is that Sunday in London should for so long have been suffered to be dull."

WELL, WELL, WHAT NEXT?

"SEVERAL railroads in this country make their own wooden legs," said a surgeon.

His auditor shuddered.

"Rather ghastly, that."

"Ghastly, in a way," the surgeon admitted; "but sensible, too. The railroads are by far the largest consumers of wooden legs. Why, then, shouldn't they have their own wooden leg factories?"

"There's something in what you say."

"Of course there is," declared the surgeon. "Our American railroads kill, on the average, 3,000 people a year, and injure 40,000. With the killed we've nothing to do, but the injured, at 40,000 per annum, run up to the enormous total of 200,000 in five years, or 400,000 in ten years. Why buy wooden legs for all that army? Why not manufacture them direct, and thus save the profit of the middleman?"

"The Standard Oil company, our greatest consumer of barrels, has its own barrel works. With the same wisdom some of our railroads, in order to curtail expenses, have their own wooden leg mills."

HENS THAT HATCH FISH.

THE talk was of queer eggs—Easter eggs and the like.

"The Chinese are ahead of us in some phases of fish culture," said the biologist of the marine laboratory. "They, for instance, can make hens hatch out fish."

"This is the way they do it."

"They take a hen's egg, withdraw its contents thru a tiny hole, and substitute fish eggs. The opening in the shell is then closed, and the egg is placed under a sitting hen."

"The hen, suspecting nothing, welcomes the doctored egg, and in a few days the fish ova are so far advanced that the Chinese operator has only to break the shell in warm water, and the little fish come to life at once."

"Some hens kick, hatching ducks, to see them take to the water. What must be the emotions of a Chinese hen when she hatches a lot of cold, wet fish?"

OR FRANCE MIGHT TAKE IT.

"MY HUSBAND," said the inventor's wife, "has finished his new flying machine. I'm awfully glad."

"But," we interposed, "do you think it will ever fly?"

"Oh, no, I'm sure it won't fly," she murmured; "but"—and she smiled brightly—"but, with a few additions, it will make a love of a garage for our dear little electric runabout."

ODDITIES.

THE French fight 4,000 duels a year.

The world's annual death rate is 35,215,000.

Black is a color hated and feared by all babies.

Sunflower seed makes the best bait for rat-traps.

The world's daily output of steel pens is 3,000,000.

The czar's private estates cover 100,000 square miles.

The giraffe is the only animal that cannot make a sound—that is absolutely dumb.

The Norwegian girls cannot marry till they have passed a severe examination in cookery.

A derby hat, floated rim downwards and clasped to the breast, makes a good life-preserver.

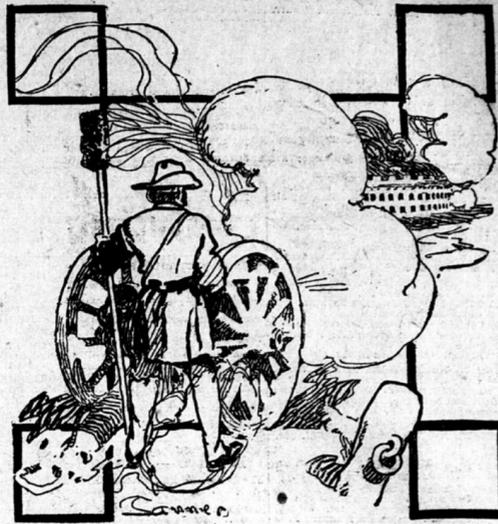


HIS FIRST GRAND OPERA.

Josh Backwoods—Now, what's up? Be they yellin' fire? His son—No; they're singing a duet entitled 'The Gentle Voice of Love.'

—Leslie's Weekly.

Daily Puzzle Picture



April 12, 1861.—Forty-five years ago today the first shot in the civil war was fired at Fort Sumpter. Find the gunner's wife.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. (Upside down, in center.)

FOR AN Easter Gift — Gamossi Glove Order. Enables recipient to select their own gloves and have same fitted perfectly. Made out for any amount. Redeemable at any time. Half a store of Glove, Half a store Umbrella. 610 Nicollet. GAMOSSI No. 20

New Brew The Beer for You. BOTTLED AND ON DRAUGHT Theo. Hamm Bwg. Co. St. Paul, Minn.

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We have fifteen different makes of High Grade Pianos, not a cheap one in the lot. But High Grade Pianos cheap. It will pay you to call on me before buying. SEGERSTROM PIANO CO., 804 NICOLLET AVENUE.

WATCHES ON CREDIT MEYER COHEN & CO. 235 NICOLLET

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"Delighted" She Says.

"I am perfectly satisfied with it, delighted, in fact, and shall use no other coffee as long as I can get Barrington Hall. For a single making I am using just one-half the quantity that I have always used for other coffee, and the flavor is fine; no bitter taste even when cooked a little too much, as sometimes happens; no waste, owing to the evenness of the cutting; in short, an ideal coffee, which I shall not hesitate to recommend. I am, Yours sincerely, MRS. M. SPERRY, Rock Island, Ill."

The reason over-cooking does not give that rank, woody flavor and astringency, sometimes complained of in coffee making, is because the portion that gives the rank flavor, the tannin-bearing yellow parchment in the coffee bean, is taken out by the steel-cut process, thus making Barrington Hall a coffee that is now drunk by many people who had previously given up coffee drinking altogether, because they felt that it did not agree with them.

You need not take anyone's word. The cost of a pound of is a mere trifle, and one pound will convince you that the mild yet refreshing flavor of the ideal breakfast beverage is to be found in a cup of Barrington Hall—and at a cost which, on account of its purity, is really less than any other.

Roasted, steel-cut, packed by machinery in sealed tins and guaranteed by Baker & Co., Importers, Minneapolis. For sale by the better class of grocers at 35c per pound...

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