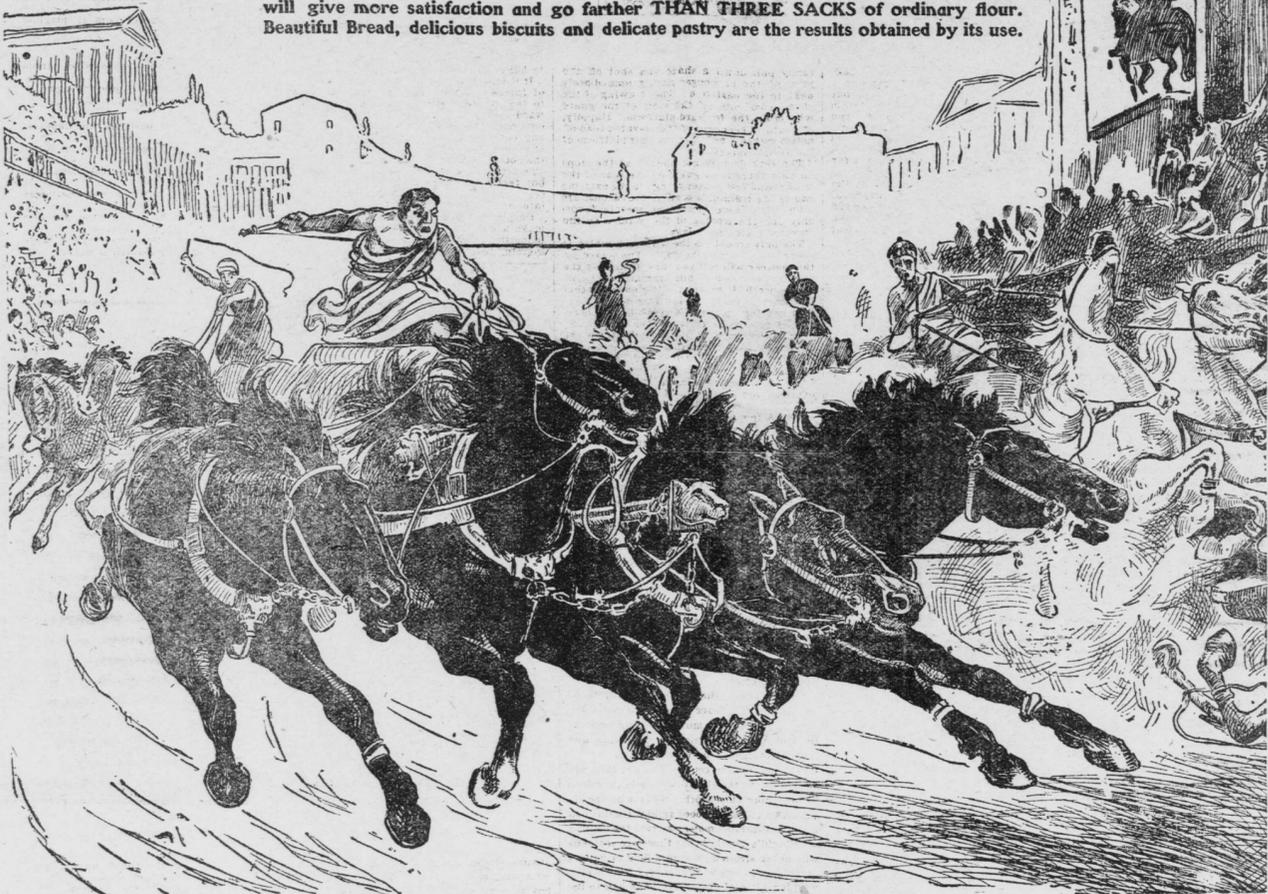


# "Two Sacks" Ben-Hur Flour

will give more satisfaction and go farther THAN THREE SACKS of ordinary flour. Beautiful Bread, delicious biscuits and delicate pastry are the results obtained by its use.



## One Batch of Bread

Made From Ben-Hur Flour

Will tell our story better than all the words in the English language. It will show you a beautiful loaf with a fine, crisp crust. A loaf which keeps moist longer and has more positive nutriment in it than Bread made from any other flour. It is so inviting, wholesome and thoroughly good that you will feel you have never enjoyed Bread before. Besides satisfying, nourishing Bread, Ben-Hur Flour makes light, rich cakes, uniformly delicate Pastry and appetizing Rolls. Find out how much you have paid for flour for the last two months. Then try Ben-Hur for a like period—and note the saving. Some folks think all flour is alike—perhaps you do—but you will not if you try Ben-Hur.

Loftus-Hubbard Elevator Co.

A Penny Saved is a penny made. Your savings will be counted by dollars if you use

### Ben-Hur Flour

Buy a sack of Ben-Hur Flour and see how much longer it lasts than the flour you have been using. Then figure out how many sacks less Ben-Hur Flour would be required to supply your family for a year and you will see what Ben-Hur can do for you as a money saver.

Economy is only one of the good things which Ben-Hur Flour will bring to your home. Light bread which keeps fresh and moist for a long period, dainty rolls that you never saw the equal of before, and the choicest cake and pie are the results of its use. A poor cook does better with Ben-Hur than with any other flour. A good cook who has worked hard to make light bread and tempting dainties from flour which did not have the goodness in it will be delighted with the magical results obtained by Ben-Hur.

When we buy wheat to make Ben-Hur Flour we select the choicest grain grown in the great Northwest. Before this wheat is crushed it is thoroughly washed by special machinery. After it is made into flour it is handled and packed in inspected cars by intelligent men of life-long experience and every barrel is tested before it leaves our mills. All this because we want every pound of Ben-Hur Flour to increase our reputation for quality and economy. Ben-Hur Flour costs you no more than the inferior kind. If it isn't better you need not buy it again.

Loftus-Hubbard Elevator Co.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR "BEN-HUR" FLOUR IF YOU WANT THE BEST.

# "BEN-HUR" FLOUR—THE WINNER.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE BOOK, in full bright colors, with story and illustrations so arranged as to entertain and delight the children, will be sent to any woman who will send us before March 1st, 1903, two two-cent stamps and the card or bill-head of one retail grocer in her town who does not sell BEN-HUR FLOUR.

Northwestern Phone 769  
Northwestern Phone 247  
Twin City Phone 766  
DUDLEY SCHEFFER, City  
JOSEPH H. DOLENTY, Salesmen.

## LOFTUS-HUBBARD ELEVATOR CO.,

Distributors, St. Paul and Stillwater.

Trading Stamps Free!

Take this card with you and make a purchase amounting to \$1.00 or more of Ben-Hur Flour, have the grocer who sold you the flour sign his name below and return this card to the Trading Stamp Store Co., 7th Street and get \$1.00 worth of stamps FREE. Start collecting NOW and secure a valuable premium to beautify your home. Good until Feb 25, '03.

Have Grocer Sign on This Line

### ADE'S FABLES

#### The Modern Fable of What Horace Stood For in Order to Land the Queen.

Copyright, 1903, by Robert Howard Russell.

Once there was a Lover who was on the Ragged Edge of the Desert where the Old Bachelor lives.

He was good and tried of the Aristocratic Boarding House, in which one-half of the Women Folks are Private Detectives. This thing of living in a



The Matter of Presents.

Pigeon-Hole and looking out at a Tin Roof had lost all Rarity and Charm for Horace.

He had gazed into the barren Future and made up his mind to marry, even if he had to choke some Nice Girl in order to force her to say "Yes." He was all keyed up for Matrimony and the next thing to do was to choose the Lucky Bride.

Horace had done more or less re-hearsing and he was wise to the Fact that it is just as easy to love a Girl who has the Coin as it is to get dippy over the Honest Working Girl. Some Men imagine that the Foxy Play is to grab off something that never owned any Sunburnt and Sable Wraps, and probably she will be satisfied with Department Store Turquoises and Imitation Lamb's Wools.

whose Folks had already bought for her everything she would need.

After traveling the Beat for a month and putting down Names in his Pocket Memorandum Book, he drew a Red Mark around the Name of Lucille and the same Day he sent her some Orchids and a New Book that he knew she would enjoy, because it had such a Sweet Love Story running through it.

Soon after that, the Girl at Central began to know all about the Progress of the Affair. Lucille was all around the Neighborhood assuring People that although Horace had been lovely to her, and she esteemed him as one of her dearest and kindest Friends, there was really and truly nothing doing. Consequently, every one could see how it was going to turn out.

Horace had fondly supposed that the Recipe for becoming engaged was simply to warm up to the Girl until he could Hold Hands without using Brute Force, and then wait for the Psychological Moment. So one Night when Lucille looked up into his Eyes and said he was different from any other Gentleman she had ever met, he came back with the Speech. Her only re-



Fixing It With Mother.

ply was to slip him one of Papa's Business Cards which she had ready for the Occasion.

"Go and square yourself with him," said Lucille.

Next Morning, Horace, wearing his best Hat and Tucker (also \$3,000,000 Goose Pimples) was shown into Papa's Office. First he had to tell all about his Assets and his Business Experience, but that didn't take long. Then

he told how much he saved every Month. If he recalled it a little, it was because he loved the Girl.

After he had answered all the Questions he had to sit and listen to that well known Monologue which is the Prize Specialty of the Self-Made Party who began Life by working for \$7 per Month and saving \$5 of it. Lucille's Father said that Young Men nowadays are too extravagant and not half as Industrious and Keen as he had been about the Time that he escaped from the Farm. He sat there and hurled Bouquets at himself until his Arm gave out, after which he told Horace to go and fix it with Lucille's Mother.

Mother wanted to know, first, if he was willing to be married in the Epis-

copalian Church. He had to tell all about his Family. She seemed much relieved when she learned that he had Relatives in Virginia. Horace knew that part of it would be all right—unless she should happen to see the Relatives some day.

She told him why a House was preferable to a Flat and scratched two or three of his Suggestions for Ushers. After letting him know that he would cut but little ice at the Ceremony, she suggested that he go over and make himself solid with Uncle Samuel, because he had been accustomed to hold Lucille on his Knee when she was a mere Tot.

And, of course, that gave him a right to butt in on all Family Issues.

Uncle Samuel asked Horace what Church he attended regularly. The only thing that saved Horace was that he happened to remember the Name of a Church. Horace tried to side-step the questions about Drinking and Smoking, but Uncle pinned him down so he said that he had been tempted but he had not fallen, as yet.

After running the Family Gauntlet, Horace heaved a Sigh of Relief and believed that he had clinched all the Preliminaries. Not so; he had forgotten to fix it up with his own Firm.

An Employee can go on the outside and do almost anything and the Firm will not interfere, but the Minute he talks Marry, then old Mr. Side-Whiskers sends for him to come to the Private Office. The reason for this is that every Antique in the Wholesale District has a lot of cut-and-dried Advice which he loves to unload on anyone who is compelled to stand and take it.

So Horace learned from his respected Boss that for two or three Years the Couple should live on Cereal Food and make their own Clothes.

The next Bunch of Warning and Advice came from True Friends at the Club. They put him down at a Table and sat around him and inhaled the Scotch until they were all Pie-Eyed, and then they told him what a Horrible Risk he was taking and how not more than a half-dozen Married Men in town seemed really happy and, although she was a Nice Girl, she had been engaged two or three times before, and Mother-in-Law would be a fierce Proposition.

For a Hammer Duet, the Club made the Boiler Works seem like the Hush of Death.

The Reader may suspect that Horace was actuated by Mercenary Motives. However, the fact that he went the Rounds and listened to everyone and then married the Girl proves that he truly loved her.

### NEW LAW GIVES DRUNKARDS PAUSE

#### Makes London Saloonkeepers Live in Fear—Excites Carrie Nation's Envy.

LONDON, Jan. 17. — The greatest feature of the new year is the licensing act, which went into operation on Jan. 17.

The newspapers yesterday and today printed columns as to how the new law, which carries terror to the hearts of habitual drunkards, was applied.

The law keeps the proprietors of saloons from the opening to the closing hour in a condition of nervous apprehension. It invests the police with power that even Carrie Nation might envy, and promises to overwhelm the police magistrates with a new class of work.

The principal malcontent now perhaps is the habitual drunkard. Formerly the police could not touch such a man or woman, no matter how drunk they might be, unless they were also disorderly. Now, under the new law, anyone found drunk in any public place may be arrested, prosecuted and punished.

Three convictions within twelve months constitute "an habitual drunkard." Already from all parts of England reports are coming of habitual drunkards being blacked out for three convictions, the law being retroactive.

The act is causing dismay in the night clubs which abound in Soho and the East end. They are bogus clubs and are run merely for the purpose of evading the licensing law. Heretofore the punishment of a violation of the old law only amounted to a fine, which was cheerfully paid. Now that imprisonment is provided, many of them have already closed in despair, and scores of others will be closed within a week.

The act applies equally to the social West end clubs, and there are stringent regulations in regard to registering a club and depositing a copy of its rules for permission to sell intoxicants. Frequent cases of drunkenness on the premises have created such apprehension that every club in London and the provinces is overhauling its house rules, and subcommittees have been conferring with the solicitors for the club in view of this for the past few weeks.

Clubs of this kind, however, are not aimed at, but anyone may get information as to what goes on in a club. Anyone, on payment of a fee of a shilling, may inspect the rules of a club, which are deposited with the authorities, and every club is taking precautions in this matter.

The honorary secretary and treasurer of the Blackburn Liberal club resigned yesterday rather than bear the heavy responsibilities entailed on him by the act. The committee having the matter in charge thereupon resolved to discontinue the sale of intoxicating drinks, and forgo the profit derived therefrom.

Another clause in the act provides ready means by which husbands may escape drunken wives, and wives drunken husbands. Habitual drunkenness is now made a ground for legal separation. Many have already obtained relief from their marital ties through this section, the first two cases in London being Sir C. A. Lawson and a street cleaner, both of whom were afflicted with drunken wives.

The saloonkeepers complain bitterly as to what is to be the test of drunkenness, but their trade society in London has sent a circular to all public houses, recommending that they go even beyond the requirements of the act. It suggests that publicans shall not serve even a sober man if he is in company with a drunken man until the latter has left the house.

The circular goes on to say that they should not allow any bad language, nor drink with any customer at the bar nor in any part of the house while on duty at the bar. They must not have any money whatever on any part of their person. Some public house keepers are already hiring men whose special duty is to keep their eye on suspects who may become intoxicated, and suppress bad language, betting, etc.

In Amiable Mood. Mine Host—I think we can get up a meal that will please your honor and the Mr. Newlywed—in sooth, if you cannot please us now you can never please us for, look you, we have just been married.

Human Debris. Mrs. Hornhand—Mrs. Scroggins tells me she has that Hiry son of theirs was thrown over by that Goldbaby girl's ben all broke up. Farmer Hornhand—Yes, I ben seen his pieces in 'er paper.—Baltimore American.

## Queer Demands are Made on St. Paul Board of Control

"Mrs. Blank entertained at euchre yesterday afternoon. Favors were won by Mrs. X, Mrs. Y and Mrs. C. Were the proper names supplied the above would be a correct copy of a social item that appeared in a St. Paul paper not many days ago. If one could read between the lines he would find that some interesting personal history was contained in the little notice.

People entertain at cards every day so that the mere fact that some Mrs. "Blank" has given a card party is not in itself exciting. But that this particular Mrs. "Blank" should have given a party is a most encouraging record in the "short and simple annals" of one of St. Paul's poor.

To begin at the beginning, which, of course, is the proper place to begin, one must first of all pay a visit to a dingy little office on the ground floor of the city hall. It is the office of the city board of control and the gold letters on the door, the only gleam of color in the whole office, tell you, among other things, that it is the place where applicants for city aid must state their needs.

Into this office creep all sorts of forlorn creatures to tell their tales of woe and to receive, should their cases be judged worthy by the associated charities which investigate each case, food, clothing, sometimes money. Some shrink from this ordeal of asking aid. Others tell their wants boldly, betraying by their manner that their visit is not a new experience.

Of the many who came in years gone by Mrs. Blank was one. Had Mrs. Blank been rich she would have been termed "eccentric." But she was poor and those who knew her alluded to her as "queer." She had fads, which are themselves most unusual possessions of a poor person. One of these was inexpensive, she loved to wander abroad in her bare feet in all kinds of weather.

The other fad revealed aristocratic tendencies. Mrs. Blank was fond of society, she dearly loved to entertain. For many years she was an occasional visitor of the board who conscientiously endeavored to reconcile her to hosts and to turn her attention from entertaining.

For, in spite of her "queerness," Mrs. "Blank" was deserving of aid. Aside from that single extravagance of desiring to gather her friends about her, she economically expended the money she earned, providing for the wants of herself and her small children with only occasional visits to the board.

Those children are now grown up and Mrs. "Blank" is enjoying her reward, for today she can entertain to her heart's content without any unfeeling board or disapproving "charities" to rebuke her extravagance.

received a little money, enough to lay in a decent supply of groceries and fuel and buy some needed clothing. The agent of the associated charities, hearing of the family's good luck, visited them and gave them profitable advice in regard to the expenditure of the money.

They promised to follow his advice and he departed.

The next visit, every day, the mother of the family, who was unable to leave the house because she had no shoes, showed him with pride a "genealogical tree" she had purchased for \$10. The "tree" was the genealogy of their own family which family, she assured the agent, was "of the best." That book, she boasted, would prove her right to membership in any one of the numerous patriotic societies of America.

But not all the poor are foolish. The cheerless little office has heard pathetic "cases" discussed within its walls, "cases" that have been brightened by exhibitions of very real heroism. Not long ago the board instructed the agent of the associated charities to investigate a case that had been reported in a squallid room in a big downtown block the "case" was found.

In one corner of the room on a tumbled down bed lay a man, coughing the hacking cough that tells of the last stages of consumption. Three meagerly clad children played about on the floor. In spite of their poverty the room was clean and the indignant protest of the sick man showed, that in spite of bitter poverty, there was plenty of independence and self-respect in the dingy room. The "case" was reported as "worthy."

Mother Supported Them. The mother was endeavoring, so that report read, to support the children and her dying husband and was succeeding fairly well. But the husband himself needed medical aid and neighbors had demanded that something be done for him. The offer of medical aid was accepted, but nothing more. The mother said that she was strong, and so long as she could work there was no need for her children to accept aid from anybody. But a further investigation of the case showed that the father was as heroic as his wife. Every day as long as he was able to crawl about the floor he played with the children, keeping them interested and happy. He did what little work there was to be done, and even when he was unable to rise from his bed he directed the oldest child, a tiny mite of six, in the work. The mother still works pluckily, though the husband's days are numbered and he lies on the bed all day coughing feebly. But he smiles when he hears the small children caution each other in their play to make no noise, "father is so ill."

Poor Have Aristocratic Tastes. It is a mistake to think that aristocratic tastes are a monopoly of the rich. Not are the Daughters of the American Revolution the only ones who pride themselves on ancestry.

The dingy little office of the board of control tells a different story. There is a family living in St. Paul who for over a year have been receiving aid from the city. The members of the family are well able to take care of themselves but they are improvident and as soon as one obtains a fairly good position the others make up their mind to take a rest. Sickness or some other special misfortune forces them to ask the city for aid.

Not long ago, however, the family