With the Long Bow.

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

THERE are some grade crossings on the old interurban trolley line that are going to get a bunch of people some day. Only a matter of time.

Somebody gave us a tidy for our old chintz rocking-chair Sunday. Say, it was the finest thing we drew.

Every mail entering the office this week has been feverishly seized and run over. Mrs. Astor has sent out 1,200 invitations to her annual ball of Jan. 9, next. This raise in the limit of the 400 is encouraging.

It is difficult until now to find enough "beautiful snow" to write a parody on.

The railroad will have some trouble in collecting damages from the people on the wrecked street car. Once when there was a railway collision near a Scottish country town, an astute local attorney hurried to the scene of disaster. Noticing an old man with a badly injured head lying on the ground, he approached him with notebook in hand. "How about damages, my man?" he began. The injured man waved him off with the remark: "Na, na! ye'll get nae damages frae me. It wasna me that hit yer bloomin' auld train."

Admiral Togo is providing a few hardshell fishing craft for Admiral Rojestvensky to practice on.

Mr. Lawson's sudden attack on some of the insurance companies seems to have struck dumb the boys who possessed what was considered to be a well-concealed graft. As soon as they get breath again, we are likely to listen to a "holler" that will remind the public of a spanked child.

We have said a lot of mean things about the piano, but we are forced to confess that there is good in the box after all. A young fellow in the office who was recently married told us yesterday that one of the great charms of his newly wedded happiness was found at the piano. His wife was in her element at the Chickering and hurdle-raced up and down the keyboard in a way that caused surprise in the neighborhood. While she was doing this our friend stood beside her, his grand voice swelling out into the room in a way that caused the dog to paw uneasily at the front door. It is a picture of domestic happiness that appeals to us strongly.

George Ade showed up in Chicago last week proud as a peacock over a case of dyspepsia like that Rockefeller used to have. George groaned to the reporters when they appeared to ask him all about it and confessed that his food distressed him terribly from not eating it. He was trying the starvation cure and had not eaten pie for four days. There it was coming on Christmas and Mr. Ade's stomach was as hollow as an empty barrel thrown out of a fourth story window to a paved alley. George confessed to the boys that his plays were a great success financially and that he was doing quite well. "But what does it all amount to," sighed the dramatist, "if you can't fill up on turkey and plum pudding?"

The boys were greatly disgusted with George's frills and more than one Chicago paper intimated that Mr. Ade's attempt to imitate Rockefeller was in bad taste, to say the least. When President Harper heard about George's dyspepsia he called at the hotel and struck him for $2,000,000 for the university.

By the way, what kind of a rathole do you suppose Mr. Harper's school has? It is difficult to open a paper without reading that somebody has just given the Chicago university two billion or so dollars to found a school for research into the antennae of the lightningbug or to excavate the ruins of the ancient city of Punkopolis or Fakelene in the Arabian desert.

At any rate Mr. Ade refused to come down and the university had to get along during the holidays on a paltry $242,000 sent along by John D. to tide them over.

P. S.—Gasolene was up a quarter of a cent the day in question.

To go back, few newspaper writers have made the success achieved by George Ade. 'Gene Field in his palmiest days was never above the necessity of striking the managing editor for an advance on his pay and in his entire career he did not lay up one corner of the uncounted millions in which Mr. Ade is now rolling.

Were it not obvious error, we poor fellows who draw little besides our breath on pay day would be inclined to envy George—all but the dyspepsia. —A. J. R.

What Women Want to Know.

ANSWERING INVITATIONS.—Should I answer an invitation in the first or third person? I lead such a quiet life that I am very ignorant of social forms.—Mrs. R. B.

The law of invitations is to answer in the same form in which they are received. An invitation in the third person is to be answered in the same grammatical form. A personal note must be replied to by a personal note. A card invitation needs only a card for answer, with "regrets" or "accepts with pleasure." In sending invitations, the third person is used for formal occasions, the card form for more informal ones, the personal note for those most informal of all.

QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.

WATERSPOTS IN GLASS.—Is there anything to take waterspots, caused by the hard water, out of glass besides sapolio? Sapolio seems to roughen the glass and really does not have any effect at all on the spots produced by the hard water. I would be very much obliged if you could suggest some other way to clean glass waterpitchers, etc.—Anxious Trix.

What the Market Affords.

AFTER a few days' diet of poultry something that will afford a distinct change will be most acceptable. In meats tongue offers material for many appetizing dishes and costs 15 cents a pound. Either fresh or pickled tongue may be used and they are boiled tender before skinning. For all dishes of tongue it is cooked tender by boiling, the variety comes in the finishing touches. One nice finish is to stew a quart of tomatoes and a large onion together for twenty minutes; put the boiled and peeled tongue in a bakingpan, pour the sauce over, and bake a nice brown.

Tongue is commonly served with spinach or boiled cabbage. There are a number of savory sauces for serving with hot tongue. To serve with Polish sauce, put the hot peeled tongue in a saucepan with slices of pork, an onion, sliced carrots, spices and a calf's feet. Stew until brown, dust with a little flour, and thin the sauce with a cup of vinegar; after boiling a few minutes, take out the tongue, strain the sauce and add two ounces each of currants and whole almonds blanched; pour over the tongue. Another nice sauce is made by stewing large raisins tender in a little water and adding them with their juice to good brown gravy made of stock and colored with caramel. For this dish the tongue is cut in rather thick slices before adding the sauce.

Slices of boiled tongue may be fried in butter and a little minced onion and served with a pickle sauce. For the sauce put a heaping teaspoonful of flour in the fryingpan, and when brown, add a cup of hot water, season with salt and pepper and add a tablespoonful of chopped pickle and pour over the slices. Chopped tongue may be cooked in a scallop, moistening the dish with stock to which a tablespoonful of onion juice has been added.

Boys Will Be Boys.

"THEY WAS OF THE UPPER CRUST"

THEY had been talking about school days; Fred's father and John's.

Fred and John drew back into the shadow and were very quiet. Their fathers had just reached the interesting part of their reminiscence—the fun and tricks of their younger days.

Now they were both staid members of the schoolboard, and this was one of the rare times when they harked back to their youth.

"It wasn't so far back either," said Mr. Harlow, Fred's father.

"No, sir," chuckled Mr. Robinson,

"Do you mind that boy Bert Warner?"

"Why, not specially."

"I was thinking of him today. A nice, fine fellow; worked for his board at his uncle's. They was of the upper crust, you know."

Mr. Robinson nodded in remembrance.

"He used to come to school all perfumed up like a drugstore. The girls all made eyes at him, but they had to have their fun. He sat at the front end of the row of seats.

ALLIE WOULD HIT HIM A WHACK BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS.

Right behind him was a long row of girls. When things began to get dull, the second girl from Bert would whisper to the one directly behind him: 'Stir up the perfume, Allie,' and Allie would hit him a whack between the shoulders that made his head swim. Then all of the others would lift their noses in the air and sniff and sniff, as tho the air was full of sweet smells. Bert settin' there all the time and not knowin' it. But one day he found it out, and left school."

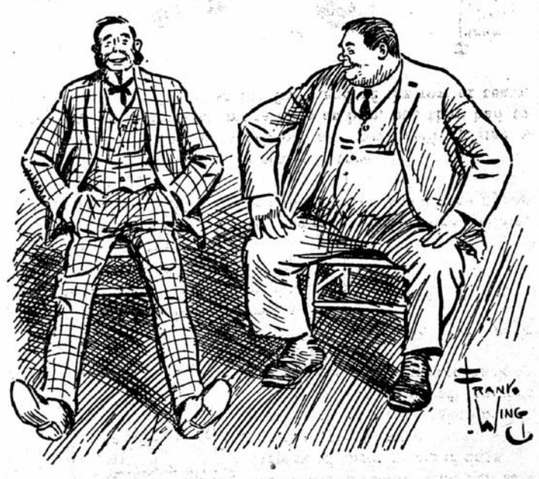
"Say!" he exclaimed, hitting Mr. Robinson a resounding slap on the knee, "Did you know that he came back and married Allie afterward?"

"No; did he? Well, well."

"Yep. And there was that Jensen boy—Jim, I guess his name was. Every time he came back to his seat from class, he flipped his coattails over the back of his seat onto the desk behind him. Never missed doing it."

"I recollect. He was a good 'un."

"He stopped it suddenly, someone told his pa. Do you remember that example in cube root? He got the last figure wrong and someone found it out. It made him feel funny, and when he corrected it, he made the new figure near half a foot tall. I can see it now, it was a six. The teacher said it wasn't very pretty, and Jim undertook to fix it. He squinted at it from various points as tho to discover the real fault, finally deciding to make the one nearest it just as



THEY BOTH LAUGHED.

large. This did not suit, so he erased the whole and made them all big. Then he stepped back to get a good view—we fellows and the girls all grinning—and the teacher had him by the collar. He finished after school. His pa was there, and he was a pretty good boy afterward."

They both laughed.

"You know about that basement affair?"

"I should say so. That was you and I mostly."

Fred and John craned their heads forward a bit——

"We had it in for that cranky janitor. 'Twas you drove his axe into the block so he had to get a beetle and wedges and split the block open to get it out."

"Ha! Ha! Yes, indeed. Wasn't that sport? And you cut the handle off his hammer and drove the nails up thru the bottom of the bench where he sat in front of the furnace."

"Yes, and he didn't find that out until afterward, when he wanted to sit down."

"Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!" and the two old jokers laughed together, heartily.

"It must have been quite a job for him to get his kindling wood off where we nailed it on the floor. Nailed it all down, didn't we?"

"Sure. You bet. We made a good job of it."

"He reported it to the schoolboard."

"And they forbade the boys the basement for the rest of the term."

"Well, well. If our boys knew this——"

Curios and Oddities.

"'Tis passing strange!"

THE SQUIRRELS' ARBOR DAY.

"THE squirrel," said a student, "ran up an oak tree; and in a little time came running down again, an acorn in its mouth. We watched it dig a hole in the turf and lay the acorn within, and fill up the hole again, patting the soil deftly and quickly with its little black paws.

"'It is laying away food for the winter,' I said. 'In December, when the world is cold and bleak, it will dig up these acorns and feast royally. What a memory it must have, to bury hundreds of nuts and remember where each was buried.'

"'It doesn't remember where each was buried,' said the professor. 'If it did, the world would contain millions and millions less of oak trees than it does. It is to the squirrels' forgetfulness that we owe our great oak forests.'

"'How is that?' said I.

"'Well,' resumed the professor, 'squirrels, all thru the acorn season, gather and bury acorns, don't they? They bury innumerable quantities of acorns, each in a different place, and then in the winter, when they need these nuts, they find they have forgotten where most of them were stored. It is not strange they should forget—it would be strange if they should remember. Thru their forgetfulness the world profits—every forgotten acorn gives the world an oak tree.'

"'How can you be sure of all this?' said I.

"'The thing has been proved,' said the professor. 'Thoreau and a dozen other nature students have marked squirrel-planted acorns, have found them forgotten in the winter by their planters, have seen them, finally, shoot up out of the soil in the shape of little oaks.'"

FISH FAKING.

"FISH FAKING," said a New York dealer, "is the wicked art of making stale fish look like new. Sometimes the fishmonger himself practices the art. Sometimes he hires a regular fish fakir, who are always to be found about the fish markets. They work for three dollars a day.

"Codfish, as they get stale, get thin. Their sides become flat and lank. The fish fakir runs a tube inside of them and blows them up until they seem in a prime state of plumpness.

"You know how dull and faded the scales of stale fish come to look? Well, the fakir will brighten up these scales amazingly. When he is thru, the fish shines and glitters—you would say it had just come from the water. This effect is achieved with a brush and a pot of varnish.

"Lobsters get very light in weight from lying day after day in the shop. They are sold by the pound, and the heavier they are the better for the dealer. If the dealer is dishonest, the fakir can help him. The fakir introduces into the lobster's shell, at the junction of the tail and body, chunks of haddock meat. Thus the lobster's weight is easily increased a half-pound.

"I have seen a stale codfish first blown up with air, then varnished, and, finally, smeared over the gills with bullocks' blood. Lean, dull and dry before, they were, after treatment, fat, glittering, and red-mouthed, so that an expert would have pronounced them the freshest of the fresh."

OLD MAID INSURANCE.

"PLEASE, madam," said the Danish cook, "a dollar for my old maid insurance, please."

"What is your old maid insurance, Ingred?" said the mistress, as she took a dollar from her purse.

"That, madam, is the money that will help keep me in my old age if I never get no man. Old maid insurance—have you not such in America?"

"No, I believe not."

"It is a good thing," said Ingred. "You should have it here. We have it all over Denmark. All the girls are in it. We pay in one dollar each three months, and, if we get no man after we are forty, then we begin to get a pension of so much, according to our needs. But if we get a man before we are forty, then we lose all the money we have paid in.

"I, you see, am thirty, madam. I have paid in four dollars a year for ten years. If I do that for ten years more, keeping single, then, from forty on, I am assured of sustenance in my lonely old age. See?"

"Yes, I see," said the mistress. "But which would you rather have at forty, a pension, or a man, Ingred?"

"Madam, I would rather have a man."

A String of Good Stories.

"I know not how the truth may be;
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

SUCH A PLUCKY FARMER.

MARIE CORELLI, who has recently been lashing the selfishness of modern life, went from Stratford to London recently, and lunched with an American literary woman at the Carlton.

During luncheon, apropos of the selfishness that she has been discussing in the periodicals of late, Miss Corelli said:

"A typically selfish modern man was a farmer who visited my Stratford dentist last week.

"This farmer, as soon as he entered the operating room, blurted out his business.

"'A tooth to be pulled,' he said, 'and I will pay nothin' hextra for gas. Just yank it out, if it does hurt.'

"The dentist smiled.

"'You're plucky, sir,' he said. 'Let me see the tooth, please.'"

"'Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache,' said the farmer, it's my wife. She'll be along in a minute.'"

MIGHT EDIT A BRIDGE.

AT a literary dinner in Chicago an editor told a story about George Meredith, the English novelist, who advocates ten-year marriages.

"Meredith," said the editor, "objects to any editorial alteration of his work. Once he did a review for me. It was not quite long enough, and I added some hundreds of words. Meredith wrote me a rather angry letter. A year later, when I lunched with him, I thought he had forgotten all about the matter.

"An architect who was with us, described a bridge he had built in Scotland. When he had finished, Mr. Meredith said, nodding towards me:

"'It's a good thing your bridge is not in America, for if it were I rather think our friend here would add an arch or two to it.'"

EVEN BEGGARS MUST EAT.

J. STANLEY TODD, the portrait painter, was talking about the beggars of different lands.

"I have met," said Mr. Todd, "beggars of every description—shy beggars, blustering ones, old beggars, young ones, maimed beggars, robust ones—but the most remarkable beggar of the lot was a man whom I never met, yet whom I never, assuredly, will forget.

"All I saw of this beggar was his hat and his chair. The chair stood on a corner of the Rue St. Lazare, in Paris. The hat lay on the chair, with a few coppers in it, and behind the hat was a placard reading:

"'Please don't forget the beggar, who is now taking his luncheon.'"

Journal's Daily Puzzle

How Old Was Mary?

As a companion piece to the problem of "How old was Ann?" and, by way of apology to Sister Mary, who was slighted or ignored in the public controversy of the question, we present a sketch of the reminiscent old couple who were responsible for the discussion: "You see," remarked Grandpop, "the combined ages of Mary and Ann are 44 years, and Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was half as old as Ann will be when Ann is three times as old as Mary was when Mary was three times as old as Ann." How old is Mary?

A copy of Loyd's Tangrams, a collection of very interesting puzzles, will be mailed to each of the ten persons sending in the correct answer submitted in the neatest way, before 6 p. m., Dec. 31, to Puzzle Editor, The Journal.

CHURCHMEN SHUN TALBOT SCANDAL

Bishop, Unfrocked Priest and a Woman Involved in Coming Episcopalian Inquiry.

New York Sun Special Service.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27.—Mrs. Emma D. Elliott, in whose veins flows the blue blood of the southern aristocracy, kith of leaders in the smart set of the east and of Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, once a reigning belle of Newport, now silver-haired and a grandma, is the inevitable woman at the bottom of the trouble that confronts one of the most distinguished members of the American Episcopacy, Rt. Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, bishop of Central Pennsylvania.

The theologian of high rank, an unfrocked priest, physically broken and saddened by the weight of an alleged great wrong of which he is the victim, and the woman—these three constitute the central figures in an ecclesiastic drama that promises to dwarf entirely the prosecutions that startled churchmen of a former generation.

Leading Churchmen in Case.

A group of the leading bishops of the country and laymen who are among the most widely known men of affairs in the nation outside of their church connection, have come to the aid of Ingram N. W. Irvine, former rector of St. Paul's church at Huntington, Pa., and may be prosecuting witnesses when charges that were smothered by the last triennial general convention of the church, now amplified as a result of investigation, are heard by a committee of inquiry within a few weeks.

Was Rev. Ingram N. W. Irvine, publicly disgraced by being forced to relinquish his priestly vestments, the victim of a woman's vengeance, and was the defendant under some mysterious spell of this woman's power? These are the questions before the committee of inquiry, upon whose action depends a formal trial by a court of seven bishops.

DR. DIX WITHDRAWS

Prominent Clergyman Shuns Post on the Talbot Inquiry.

New York Sun Special Service.

New York, Dec. 27.—Among the influential men of the Protestant Episcopal church the hope of averting the scandal menaced by the sensational charges brought against Bishop Talbot of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania, is virtually dead.

The latest development of this amazing case is the withdrawal of Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix from the committee of inquiry appointed by Bishop Tuttle, the presiding head of the church.

The venerable rector of Trinity church pleads advanced years as the reason of his unwillingness to serve, but men in a position to know the truth assert Dr. Dix's real reason is his firm conviction that an investigation of the Talbot charges will broaden into a scandal so unsavory and of such dimensions that he is determined to keep out of it.

The presiding bishop had selected Dr. Dix for chairman of the committee of inquiry and Rev. Dr. W. B. Bodine of Philadelphia now will serve in that capacity.

The Upjohn Letter.

None of the churchmen who know the contents of the presentment can be induced to divulge them. Chief among these secrets is the "Upjohn letter," in which Bishop Talbot drags the names of some of the foremost American churchmen into the affair. This letter cites Bishops Potter of New York, Whitaker of Philadelphia, Doane of Albany and others equally prominent, as witnesses of the wickedness and depravity of Irvine, the unfrocked priest.

This "Upjohn letter" is the foundation stone of the presentment against Bishop Talbot. Its every allegation is flatly denied by the presenters and by men of prominence in the Episcopal church. Several of the bishops named in the letter have placed written denials of the statements of Bishop Talbot—so far as they are concerned—in the hands of the lawyers behind the presentment.

Text of the Letter.

The letter is addressed to Rev. Dr. Upjohn, one of the prominent churchmen of Pennsylvania and president of the Philadelphia branch of the Catholic club. It reads:

Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, Bishop's House, South Bethlehem, Pa. (Dated Washington, D. C., St. Paul's Day, 1902.)

My Dear Dr. Upjohn: In passing thru Philadelphia I happened to meet the Rev. Mr. Shulte and he mentioned the fact that some discussion of the Irvine case has come up in the Catholic club. I feel you will pardon me if I venture to presume upon my high esteem for you, and my confidence in you, to write you about it. I do it, first, because I cannot afford to go into the yellow journals with Irvine and defend myself. But he is such a plausible romancer that I am not greatly surprised to learn that because of the utter absence of any protest from me some of the brethren may think I am to blame.

Charges Against Irvine.

May I, therefore, say to you that this man was deposed nearly two years ago for gross immorality and for lewd and lascivious conduct with women.

That no one of the questions which he tries to make capital of was ever mentioned or referred to in his trial, but both the committee of inquiry and the court found such a horrible condition at Huntingdon that they confined themselves entirely to the evidence there abundantly given.

That Irvine has been thirty years in the ministry, and twenty of those years has been under the ban of ecclesiastical discipline.

That he has been suspenden once, admonished once in your diocese, and inhibited and made to leave repeatedly.

That eight bishops have grave charges against him.

That the venerable bishop of Quincy wrote me on his deathbed that Irvine had outraged two girls of his city.

That there is no foundation whatever for his allegation that bishops who know him well had any dream of casting any reflection on our diocese or myself, or had any reference whatever to him in their earnest advocacy of a court of appeals. His case is one out of fifteen or twenty all alike, that emphasize the need of such a court.

That all his talk about a divorced woman being excommunicated and then restored by me is baseless, the woman having brought from Philadelphia (St. Clements) a letter commendatory of Huntingdon, as the priest there (so Irvine told me) said she was divorced under the provisions of our canon.

One would suppose a man with such a record would hide his face with shame.

Has Lost No Sleep.

Of course, it is not altogether pleasant for me silently to endure such villification as he heaps upon me, but I confess it has not greatly disturbed me, nor have I lost any sleep. I have acted as kindly and righteously as possible. If the world knew why he was deposed and what he really is, he would get no sympathy. That may be in your power to reassure them (meaning the doubting brethren.)

Bishops Whitaker, Whitehead, Seymour, Scarborough, Potter, Doane, Adams and Taylor, the Rev. Dr. Leffingwell and a host of others will bear out all I have said as to his character.

With every assurance of personal esteem, I am, dear Doctor, faithfully yours.
—Ethelbert Talbot.

From Irvine's Friends.

The original of this letter was destroyed, but before its destruction it was read by two of the most distinguished ministers of the Episcopal church. They attest the copy which now is used in the presentment against Bishop Talbot.

To disperse every allegation of the Upjohn letter, powerful friends of Irvine have obtained flatfooted denials from a large majority of the bishops. In added refutation of the presentment, lawyers stand ready to put in evidence the "letters dismissory" given to Dr. Irvine by all bishops under whom he has served during his thirty years of ministerial work. Such letters attest a minister's good character.

See Stockwell soon—That life insurance—The Penn Mutual, Andrus Bldg.

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*Ex. Sunday. Others Daily.	Lv. Mpls	Ar. Mpls
Chicago and East, Dubuque	7 40 am	10 00 pm
Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha	8 00 pm	8 00 am
Chicago, Des Moines, Kansas City	10 45 pm	1 15 pm
Kansas City, St. Joseph, Des Moines	10 20 am	8 10 pm
Omaha, Ft. Dodge, Austin	7 40 am	8 10 pm
Rochester, Red Wing, Mankato, Faribault, Northfield	*7 55 am	*7 30 pm
	4 55 pm	10 55 am
Dodge Center, Hayfield	4 35 pm	11 20 am

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