

With the Long Bow

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

How the Sweet Voiced Girl Next Door Aroused Father from His First Sweet Sleep with a Modest Request for the Use of the Dear Old Phone—An Incident in the Strenuous Life of Minot, N. D.

T WAS the night before Christmas at Minot, N. D., and nearly every optic was closed except the Minot Optic, the paper that tells the story. The lights were out and father had just turned over and settled down for a comfortable night's sleep when there came a resounding knock at the back door. Hubby listened for a minute, and the knock was repeated louder and more imperative.

"Must be one of the roomers who has forgotten his key," said mother. "Better go down and let him in." So hubby climbed out of bed, and with much grumbling over the forgetfulness of the roomer, slipped into a few of his clothes and went downstairs. Meantime the knocking had increased in fervor, and the house resounded under what sounded like a fusillade. Hubby finally reached the door, and after nearly breaking his shins and ready to give the roomer a piece of his mind for forgetfulness. But imagine his surprise when the sweet voice of a neighboring young lady asked:

"Might I use your telephone?" Father managed to gasp out a permission, and the young lady swished over to the telephone, and, after getting the number and person she wished for, said:

"Hello, is that you, John? I know it's late, but can't you come down and spend the rest of the evening?" "Sdeath, but they had all they could do to keep father from ordering out the telephone in the morning, but calmer council finally prevailed.

A Columbus avenue man, just a plain man like all the rest of us, and doubtless mad over his tax statement, has fallen sudden heir to \$50,000 left him by a thoughtful uncle in Germany, who was on the point of dying and did not need it. If one cannot be the heir to a comfortable little sum like this, which is sure to come in handy before spring, it is a pleasurable feeling to think of the great joy welling up in the bosom of some other gentleman who is playing the star part and feeling finer than thirty \$2,000 bills. If he had \$50,000 quietly left us some night

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed, The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, No more should rouse us from our lowly bed.

And why not? Because for once we would lie as long as we pleased and let the other boys break their legs getting into the office at 7:30 a.m.

Wales, N. D., reports a rather rare form of accident. An acetylene plant became disturbed and destroyed the Hotel Northern. As a rule acetylene eats out of your hand.

A St. Louis paper published a story about a girl at Hope, N. D., coming back to life after she had been dead two weeks. The Hope Pioneer claims never to have heard of the case. Can it be that the St. Louis paper was misinformed?

Coleharbor, N. D., bachelors have organized a mean man's club, any member of which caught in the society of ladies will be expelled. So far the ladies have been so mad at the club that there is no danger of its losing membership very rapidly.

Two lumberjacks arrived at Superior Christmas night to have fun. While watching the crowd from a corner they saw a poorly dressed little girl going along the street clasping a small Christmas tree. She didn't look as the Santa Claus would leave her much, and each of the men put a ten-dollar gold piece into her hand and told her to hurry home and tell her mother that "Santa Claus was in town and would be fuller'n a goat before night." The lumberjack's perverted taste in liquids is about the only thing that keeps him from being a king.

The story from the east that the Wright brothers, sons of Bishop Wright, had sold their successful aeroplane (no balloon) to a French syndicate was slightly in error. The Wright brothers have sold only the right to make and operate the machines in France, having reserved all other rights.

The Wright brothers live near Dayton, Ohio, and are persistent workers. They worked seven years to perfect the present machine. It is an aeroplane propelled by fans operated by a motor. It flies on the same plan that a kite does, by being forced against the air by propellers instead of being pulled by a string. At the last trial the machine was operated about the prairie, making twenty circuits of one mile each.

The French syndicate has not paid in the money, but if the machine will fly before a committee which will come to see it, as it has already flown before a party of farmers and city men over Huffman Prairie, east of Dayton, the bargain will be closed. The amount of money to be paid is a secret.

Somebody is going to fly pretty soon, and it might as well be the Wright boys' aeroplane as anybody's. The idea of flying is in the air, and it is going to take form in a practicable flying machine very shortly. We cannot be held down by the mere attraction of gravitation much longer.

—A. J. R.

SHE SCORES AGAIN.

THEY had had another quarrel. "I won't say marriage is a failure," he began, "for some—"

He sneered violently.

"—some are more fortunate in what they get than others."

She laughed the gay, hard laugh which annoyed him most.

"You are right, dear," she said. "You, for instance, got me; but I—got only you."

COLONEL ANTHONY'S CREED.

COLONEL D. R. ANTHONY, the fighting editor, who helped make Kansas a free state, published the Daily Times at Leavenworth for nearly forty years. As he neared his end he dictated the following statement of his religious ideas:

I die in full confidence of a divine power who made and controls the universe. Whatever was made by that divine power is perfect and remains perfect.

We should do unto others as we would be done by. I don't believe God ever created a devil. I don't believe that a devil exists anywhere except in the heart of a man or a beast.

A TRANSFORMATION INDEED.

JOHN BURROUGHS was talking about the increased interest that the world now takes in nature and her works and ways.

"A modern girl from New York," he said, "would not be apt to say, as I heard a girl say thirty years ago, as she looked at a multitude of tadpoles in a pond:

"Oh, look at the tadpoles! And to think that some day every one of these horrid wriggling things will be a beautiful butterfly!"



SNOWBOUND.

No, this is not Walter Wellman on his way to the North Pole; it is simply the Minneapolis business man on his way to the streetcar, now that our sidewalks have arrived at their normal winter condition.

A School Mystery Solved

By Florence Bunce.



MISS SMITH, teacher of small people in the Adams school, had a growing anxiety and a secret uneasiness that would not down.

Hitherto her worst trouble had been the futility of her efforts to substitute English, pure and undefiled, the English of her native Boston, for the vernacular of some of her pupils. It was a composite vernacular in which Swedish, Danish, Irish, German and Norwegian influences were plainly visible, but still more in evidence the slang of the streets, the argot of the alleys, and the careless pronunciation and ungrammatical usages of the home environments of some of them. But this trouble had retreated into the background before the engrossing claims of a mysterious something, unnamable, intangible, invisible, yet ever present.

It was not Christmas secrecy that was abroad; there was no hint of festivity about it.

The mysterious influence seemed to be among the boys only; the girls were just as usual.

It had appeared about the time that her romantic and yet businesslike young sister, Nell, had insisted upon the public announcement of Miss Smith's engagement to John Crawford.

She had demurred to no purpose, for everyone was like clay in the hands of the potter where pretty Nell was concerned.

"You've really done remarkably well, considering your sublime indifference to matrimony," Nell had said, approvingly. "He's good enough for anybody; but just because you're engaged isn't enough. It really won't be safe until you get him landed at the altar, and the vows spoken."



"FATTY" SAW—AND WAS LOST.

There's dozens of women would give you paris green in a minute, like that girl I heard about somewhere, if they thought they could steal him. We'll put it in The Journal, and that will sort of label him 'hands off' and help to cinch your prize."

Miss Smith was unconvinced and was much shocked at this flippant treatment of her heart's deepest experiences, but she had let Nell manage her too long to resist successfully.

She had expected when the engagement really appeared possible remonstrance, probable regrets, but certain good wishes from her dear little people at the school. The girls had rather overdone the good wishes, but the boys had been ominously silent, and a sort of demoralization had set in. Twice a dozen of her promptest boys had been very late, with no excuse; they seemed listless, and the usual interest in studies was waning; some sort of a sinister consultation was going on perpetually; they all appeared to have become opulent, and pennies were shed from all sorts of unusual places, shoes, stockings, sleeves, hats; in fact, it rained pennies most of the time, and "Fatty" had fifty that had to be gathered up at least once a day from all corners of the room; strangers of all, there seemed to be an epidemic of sore left arms.

The boys evaded all her inquiries. Even Professor Painter, past master in the science of boy, could not fathom the mystery.

Finally, she found it intolerable, and ordered James, alias "Fatty," to remain after school.

She questioned, argued, pleaded, coaxed—all to no purpose. "Fatty" looked guilty, but his perpetual answer was:

"It ain't nothin'; leastwise nothin' bad."

"But it is bad. You think of nothing but this miserable secret—whatever it is; your lessons get worse every day."

Miss Smith was not emotional, but anxiety and the defec-

tion of this long-time favorite combined with other causes to bring very unusual tears to her eyes, and her head went down on the desk.

"Fatty" saw—and was lost. "Don't cry, teacher," he begged. "I'll—I'll tell you somehow. You see, we all swore on the dickshenary—there wa'n't no Bible here—that we dasset tell; but I'm persidin' ossifer, and I'll make a bylaw. You just wait a minute." He got pencil and paper, wriggled, twisted, knit his brows and finally brought back the following bylaw: "Hearby, the S. S. S. president may tell teacher the secrets." "There! That's all right now. Funny I didn't think of that afore," he cried joyfully. "I'll tell you. One mornin' I seen your feller—"

(Miss Smith's astonishment did not prevent her face showing uneasiness at this misuse of tense.)

"I mean, I have saw your feller, an' he give me 50 cents 'cause he's sorry he's goin' to get you off from Adams school. Then he give most all the fellers dimes—an' nickels—"

"Is that where all those pennies came from?"

"Yes'm, leastwise, we got 'em changed to pennies, so we'd have more. Then, afore that, we'd got up a sassiety to see's you get a square deal. It's the—the, ding it! I can't never 'member that last word."

A piece of paper, creased and soiled, was unpinned from somewhere. Miss Smith read: "Smith's Surtin' Shure Safeguards."

"Slim's sister thort up that last word, an' it's bum."

"But what are you always whispering together about?"

"Why, we're investergatin' your feller, an' when our 'teetives bring in information we sort of talk it over. Since I seen—I mean have saw 'im—I'm satsified that he'll do tollably well, but you can't satersty that no-'count 'Slim.' He's mad he didn't get erlected, an' he kicks special 'cause he didn't get no money."

Miss Smith was too overwhelmed by all this flood of light upon past events to think clearly.

"But the sore arms?"

"I s'pose I'd better show you; you see, 'Bat's' sister read in some darn ('scuse me, ma'am) story 'bout how a sassiety ort to brand its name on boys' arms; she said all the univers'ty boys had X an' K and Z and those letters, an' just look at that!"

Four long, crooked S's straggled down the length of "Fatty's" plump arm (there wasn't room across), done in the angry crimson of blistered, tortured flesh. Miss Smith turned sick at the sight, and took the faithful little sufferer into her arms.

"My poor little boy! Who did it? How dare they! What did your mother say?"

"'Bat's' brother works in a blacksmithin' shop, an' he made an iron thing. Gee! but it hurts. They made mine worse, 'cause I'm president. Ma don't know; you see, we dasset tell." His face clouded; he had told, and doubts of the "bylaw" began to intrude. Miss Smith kept an assortment of "first aids to the injured," and "Fatty's" arm was soon made easier than it had been since his branding. With the old, friendly relations re-established, he was happy in spite of it. Miss Smith told John the whole whimsical, pathetic little story that night, and John made a sudden resolve.

"Invite your family and everyone of those children for a Christmas dinner at the house—our house. We'll have a dinner they'll remember as long as they live. Our old Mammy Dinah can beat them all at cooking. She spent her youth on the Davenant plantation in Georgia, and served Christmas dinner to at least one hundred every year. Mother never had to give but a single order: "Give us a southern Christmas, Dinah." We haven't had one since mother died ten years ago, and Dinah always gets a faraway look in her eyes this time of year. It will make her as happy as it will the children—and us."

And Miss Smith assented.

What the Market Affords

- NEW beets, 15 cents a bunch.
New carrots, 12 1/2 cents a bunch.
Chicory, 10 cents a bunch.
Head lettuce, 15 cents each.
New potatoes, 8 cents a pound.
Duck, 15 cents a pound.
Roast of lamb, 15 cents a pound.
Squab, 35 cents each.
Philadelphia scrapple, 12 1/2 cents a pound.
Apples—Northern Spies, 70 cents a peck; Greenings, 50 cents a peck.
Malaga grapes, 30 cents a pound.

The south has been prodigal this week and sent us not only strawberries, but new beets, carrots, potatoes, chicory and some splendid head lettuce.

The ducks offered are unusually good. Clean and truss, and if the skin seems very oily it may be wise to scrub quickly with hot water and ivory soap, rinsing thoroughly with cold water and then clean as usual. A popular stuffing is of hot mashed potato, which has been highly seasoned with salt, pepper and chopped onion—some like to add a few bread crumbs and a pinch of sage. Sometimes all that is placed in the duck is quartered tart apples, which absorb any rankness of flavor and which are not served at the table.

As a garnish for the duck pare, quarter, core and steam six large tart apples. When tender turn them into a saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, place on a slow fire and stir occasionally until well dried out. In a second saucepan melt and cook together for a moment two tablespoons each of butter and cornstarch. Into this gradually stir the apple, and when smoothly thickened add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and stir constantly at the side of the fire until the mixture is very thick; add a grating of nutmeg, or a few drops of vanilla, then set away until cold and firm. Shape into tiny croquettes, egg, crumb and fry in deep fat.

To pan squabs, split them thru the back and breast, spread with melted butter, and set in a hot oven for ten minutes. If not browned enough, put for a minute or two into the broiler. Serve on buttered toast slightly moistened, and pour over them the dripping from the pan. To broil squabs, dress them like broiled chickens, split down the back, pound flat with rolling pin, butter the broiler, and cook over coals or gas until a delicate brown. Turn them often. When done sprinkle with salt and pepper and spread with butter.

BOARDING HOUSE ADVANTAGES.

DR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE tells Herbert Spencer's reason for living in a London boarding house with "rather a commonplace set of people—retired Indian officers and others": "He said that he had purposely chosen such a home in order to avoid the mental excitement of too much interesting conversation; that he suffered greatly from insomnia, and that he found that when his evenings were spent in commonplace conversation, learning the news of the day or taking part in a little music, he had a better chance of sleeping."

OYNOISMS.

STEALING a mirror is not the only way of taking a glass too much.

The most popular air for some years has been the millionaire.

To make your friends think you wise, keep saying that you know nothing.



ANOTHER WAY! He—Splasher would have gone thru his money in a year if it hadn't been for his wife. She—What did she do? He—Spent it herself!—Ally Sloper.

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