

With the Long Bow

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

Reporter Secures the First Interview with James Key, the Educated Horse—Key's Opinion on Blinders and the Reformed Spelling—Oats His Favorite Breakfast Food.

A REPORTER for the Long Bow went to Kansas City this week in order to scoop its loathsome contemporaries and to obtain the first interview with Jim Key, the famous horse whose learning and whose general intelligence have been of so much interest to people of the south and west.

Mr. Key was found at his family stable, but at first refused to see the interviewer, saying neigh to all efforts to reach him. Finally, a special plea being made that the reporter was from Minneapolis, where Key was soon to give a show, the horse sent out word that he would see the reporter at breakfast time, alleging that he was a very busy horse and had little time to himself.

This arrangement proving satisfactory to all concerned, the interviewer called at Key's stable at 7:30 a.m. and found the famous horse at his oats:

"There is no breakfast food," said Mr. Key, after he had hoofed a chair to his visitor and excused himself for continuing eating, "there is no breakfast food for the horse like the good, old oats. In fact, I can eat them three times a day. I regard them as a brain food."

"Mr. Key," asked the interviewer, "are you in favor of blinders?"

"Blinders," said Key, meditatively, "are to the horse what foot-binding is to the Chinese woman. All intelligent horses oppose them."

"How do you regard the reformed spelling?"

"It would be much less of a strain on the colts. I favor it."

"Will the automobile ultimately run your race out?"

Jim Key snorted.

"The horse race (smiling) will always be popular. But the automobile may lift the burden of labor from our backs and place it on machinery. That will give the horse a chance to develop himself."

"You think the horse is capable of a business life?"

"Well, we might run the cash registers and attract trade. We might also teach the simpler branches in our schools."

"How do you think the children would like to have a horse for a teacher?"

"It would prove popular in time. Besides, we could take them all home at the close of school."

"Mr. Key, I will ask you one last question. How does it seem to be an educated horse?"

"It is as good as a lump of sugar after oats. Well, you must go? Good-day, I will see you in Minneapolis."

"Good morning."

Justina Wilhelmina Hell was given a divorce from Julius Hell, in Judge John L. Mullins' court, in Denver. Mrs. Hell married Hell in Georgetown in January, 1905, and he not only refused to support her, but made it very hot for her in other ways.

A dispatch from Nashville, Ind., states that James Whitcomb Riley and John Dickey, a close friend, have bought Bear Wallow hill, in Brown county, on which they are now preparing to erect a first-class summer hotel, containing twenty-seven rooms. Mr. Dickey, who is a Greenfield man, is now on the ground superintending the work of clearing the hill of its timber. Five thousand fruit trees will be set out. All lovers of the Indiana poet will hope that he will do as well as the former Mr. Riley, who kept the hotel, and who was spoken of so highly.

Alderman Bathhouse John Coughlin of Chicago, up for election again, declares that there are no grafters in the city council. Bathhouse is a good deal of a bard, and he has thrown his views into the poetic form thus:

This aldermanic business isn't what the papers print it. The years I've been in council I have seen no money tainted. Not that I'm looking for it, but still my vision's clear, And if anything was doing I'd be very apt to hear. The papers tear us up the back—unhappy alderman! And they shout "Gray wolf!" and "Grafter!" when we're doing the best we can.

You hear a lot of crazy talk of someone getting boodle, But those who start these fairy tales are "batty" in the noodle. If anybody's "copping" out a piece of money "queer," It must be on the quiet, or I would surely hear. The papers rip us up the back—oh! for a word of rhyme— And they always knock the hardest just around election time.

"Once in a while, like all poets, I get stuck for a word to rhyme, and I go down thru the alphabet—A, B, C, D—until I get hold of something. In my latest poem I got stuck at the twenty-second line, and to get around it I just wrote 'Oh, for a word to rhyme.' That's poetic license, and if I weren't too modest I might say it was a clever way out of it.

"Say, I'm glad the council didn't raise the poetic license."

A Fargo man, who was bibulously inclined, became entangled in the Moorhead article Friday last, but had sense enough left to reach a hardware store, where he tried to buy a wheelbarrow. The hardware man hesitated for a moment to take advantage of a man in the purchaser's condition, but finally produced the barrow. Into it the Fargoan dropped with a sigh of relief and at once began to wiggle his legs, under the impression that he was wheeling himself home.

There are people, you know, to whom making a display of themselves is scheduled under the head of "having a good time." Marvelous indeed is the human mind.

—A. J. R.

What the Market Affords

- XTAILS, 10 cents each. Strictly fresh eggs, 15 cents a dozen. Parsnips, 20 cents a peck. New onions, 5 cents a bunch. Olive oil, 25 cents a half-pint bottle. Bananas, 15, 20 and 25 cents a dozen.

If you like curry you will find curried eggs a new and toothsome dish. Slice two onions and fry in butter, add a tablespoonful of curry powder and one pint of good broth and stock, stew until the onions are quite tender, add a cup of cream, then flour, then add eight or ten hard-boiled eggs cut in half, and serve.

To make parsnip fritters, boil four or five parsnips; when tender take off the skin and mash them fine, add to them a teaspoonful of wheat flour and a beaten egg; put a tablespoonful of lard or beef dripping in a fryingpan over the fire, and add to it a saltspoonful of salt; when boiling hot put in the parsnips, made into small cakes with a spoon; when one side is a delicate brown turn the other; when both are done take them on a dish, put a little of the fat in which they were fried over them, and serve hot. These resemble nearly the taste of the salsify or oyster plant, and will generally be preferred to it.



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THIS TUNE BEFORE?

Curios and Oddities

"The Passing Stranger"

WHY DREAMS NEVER SURPRISE US.

NO ONE is ever surprised in a dream. A man dreaming is at one moment bathing in the sea and at the next moment soaring in a balloon, but the sudden and inexplicable change does not surprise him; nor is he surprised to meet in the flesh friends long dead; nor is he surprised to find himself doing deeds that really are beyond him, as winning the love of notable beauties, or knocking out champion heavyweights, or besting in debate Senator Beveridge or Senator Tillman.

No one is ever surprised in a dream, and the reason is that dreamers have no memory. In real life to be pursued thru the streets by a lion would be astonishing, but this accident would be accepted in a dream as horrible but quite commonplace, the memory not being there to say that it is unheard of for lions to pursue men in cities.

In the same way, in dreams, men are not surprised to find themselves ballooning because they don't remember that they were never up in a balloon before, and they are not surprised to find themselves conversing with dead people because they don't remember that these people are dead. There can be no surprise without memory, and it is because men have no memories in their dreams that they then accept calmly and credulously the most amazing and incredible things.

WHY MUSTACHES GROW UNEVENLY.

"I CAN tell you which side you sleep on," said a barber. "You sleep on the right side."

"That is true," said the patron. "How did you know it?"

"Your mustache told me," the barber answered. "Men's mustaches always tell me which side they sleep on. For the mustache is always shorter, rougher, and more uneven on the side that is crushed and crumpled upon the pillow. Your mustache on the left side is long and smooth and tractable. On the right side it is rough, stubborn and a little shorter. So it is easy enough to see you sleep on your right side."

SPRING OVERCOATS OF PLANTS.

"THE spring is at hand," said a nature student. "The trees and shrubs are burgeoning. Each early bud and blossom wears a spring overcoat."

"It is odd that buds and blossoms should wear spring overcoats; odd but true. Nature provides for the hardy fore-runners of the spring, for those brave buds that come out before the frosts are yet quite over—she covers them over with spring overcoats of a soft, furry stuff."

"Study the catkins of the willow and the hazel in the early spring. Note their soft and furry wraps, their spring overcoats, which prevent the end-of-winter frosts from slaying them."

HIS HAND A SUN DIAL.

WALTER NASON, living in Newport, Me., has the mysterious ability of being able to tell the accurate time of day by simply looking in the palm of his hand as another would look at his watch. No one has been able to learn his method, and, in fact, he himself cannot explain the source of his power. Many of the people of the village who doubted his power and who looked upon it as a "fairy story," have by their own observation and experiments become convinced of its truth.—Thurston (Me.) Journal.



COMMUTER, OF COURSE.

"What is your husband's pursuit in life?" "The seven fifty-three train." —From Judy.

"Assisted" Just in Time

JUST why I am more bashful than other never is hard to explain. There is no accounting for it, and, apparently, no cure. I may reach a point where I can receive my friends, but my conscience—never.

Still, I conquered this timidity sufficiently to propose to the dearest girl in the world. When I think of it I am astounded at my bravado. Many a time I had thought, "If she would only help me!" But she never did.

One evening we were speaking of love in the abstract, and she asked me, "Were you ever in love?"

"I am now," I replied, looking at her. I felt that all the red corpuscles in my body had gone to my face. A man feels idiotic when he blushes.

"Why don't you tell her that you love her?" asked the dear one.

"I—I can't. I am a coward and—and she never could care for such a worthless creature. I am not fit to kiss the hem of her garment—"

"Nonsense! Don't try. Kiss her fair and square."

"Never! It would be sacrilege."

"Well, if a man loved me I should want him to say so."

"But you would refuse him—"

"No, I won't—"

Then somehow we became engaged. After that I had to gather courage to buy the ring. I did not think it would be such a difficult task.

I stood looking in a jeweler's window for so long, trying to get up my courage to go inside, that a policeman looked at me suspiciously. So I went to the next diamond merchant's—and gazed in at the window. I looked so longingly at a case of rings that another policeman, just as I had got my courage to the sticking place, told me to move on.

Why should a task so dear to the heart be so difficult? At last a brilliant idea came to me that gave me courage. I would go to a large department store, where the crowds would furnish concealment for me. With defiance in my heart I threw out my chest and assumed a bold front—which I did not feel—and entered the store.

A floorwalker approached what he could do for me. I felt my nerve leaving me, so, lest it all forsake me, I said quickly, in a loud, vibrant voice, "I want—to look at—er—engagement rings." He smiled, and I added in a louder voice, "for—my sister."

It was out at last. But what a result! Every shopper and clerk was smiling at me. As the floorwalker started away, saying, "This way, please," I felt that there was a procession of customers and cash girls following us. So I fled—ignominiously fled out of a side door.

After a hasty walk to cool off, I tried another store. Here I squelched the floorwalker, which was one point gained. But it was a large store, and time was money to me, for I must be at the office by 2 o'clock.

"Where are your—clocks?" I asked a cash girl.

"Annex," she answered.

But I found that the jewelry was in a different department. Then I approached a clerk and timidly asked: "Where are—gold pins?"

"Notions."

This was not making progress. "It's jewelry I want," I ventured.

"Why didn't you say so? Next counter," I rushed there.

A mild, blue-eyed man inquired: "Watches, sir?"

"No, I—I want—"

The woman next me was listening, but I thought I could brave it out. "I want—neckties," I faltered.

"Not here—but we have scarfpins."

"I will look at them."

How I hated myself for this substitution! All the time my eyes were glued on a case of rings. The clerk selected the pin and I said "Yes," all the time keeping my eyes on the rings.

As he handed me my change he said: "Perhaps you would like to look at some rings?"

I could have embraced him for those words. I wondered dimly how he knew. Unfortunately, a woman rustled into the seat next to me. I did not dare turn, but I knew she was looking. I felt that I simply could not go on with the purchase. The blood rushed to my face when the clerk said: "We are having a special sale today in rings."

"No, I—I think I will look at—alarm clocks now."

Again I had failed. What an idiot I was!

"Perhaps I can assist," said a sweet voice at my side.

"What the gentleman really wants is an engagement ring—my size."

How easy it is to buy a ring with the help of the sweetest woman in the world!—Chicago News.

MEANING OF THE WORD "KAFFIR."

VERY curious has been the history of the word "kaffir." Sudan and Sahara find that they are called kaffirs by the Mohammedans, while Sir Henry Rawlinson once said that the loveliest Oriental lady he had ever seen was a kaffir slave at Kabul. When she had loosened her golden hair she could cover herself completely as with a veil. This name of kaffir is a world-wide as Islamism, for it is the name of "unbeliever" applied by true Mohammedans to those that refuse the faith. The Portuguese found it applied to the negroes of East Africa by their Arab predecessors and handed it on to the Dutch and to the English. The kaffir slave at Kabul belonged to one of those black-clad mountain tribes in the heart of Afghanistan, who, till 1895, defied their Moslem neighbors and on their dizzy precipices gloated on their idolatry. These Afghan kaffirs claim to be descended from the Greeks who came with Alexander in his conquest of the east.

AN OLD IDEA.

"SHOW him in," said the gas magnate, and the inventor entered confidently.

"Sir," he began, "I have here a patent gas meter. This meter, while the gas is burning, acquires such momentum that it keeps going right on and on after the gas has been turned off, and thus—"

But the gas magnate interrupted him impatiently.

"In what respect, tho," he demanded, "does it differ from our old meters?"

Daily Puzzle Picture



March 27, 1905—One year ago today Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Find a banker.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down—in coat.

Advertisement for Umbrella Sale at THE GROSSI, featuring various umbrella types and prices.

Advertisement for YES! WE MAKE Shirts to Order From Exclusive Fabrics.

Advertisement for W. V. WHIPPLE, 426 Nicollet Avenue, offering shirts and other items.

Advertisement for The Pivot Clip, an optical instrument for eyeglasses.

Advertisement for GUITARS, \$1.00 a week, with a list of features.

Advertisement for ROSE, 41-43 So. 6th St., offering musical instruments.

Advertisement for St. Paul Tent & Awning Co., makers of tents and awnings.

Advertisement for Have Us Clean Your Draperies and Lace Curtains.

Advertisement for AWNINGS SHADES TENTS, A. D. Campbell.

Advertisement for TALKING MACHINES, Minnesota Phonograph Co.

Advertisement for RESORTS, HOTEL CHAMBERLIN.

Large advertisement for W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN, featuring a portrait of the inventor and detailed product information.