

With the Long Bow

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

Story of the Down East Dowie Who Stands a Good Chance of Having Been Cast Away at Sea—Elijah Sanford's Strange Colony and Its Breakup.

THE Eljahs have found 1806 a bad year. Hardly a prophet but has run head on into a bunch of trouble as large as the side of a stanchion.

When interrupted by vacation two weeks ago we visited that part of the country religiously pre-empted by Eljah Sanford of the Holy Ghost and Us society. Sanford is or was the down east Dowie, a little more contracted than Dowie, but still that variety of prophet. It was Sanford who originated that interesting form of religious ceremony known as "The clearing out time."

The "clearing out time" is a glorified form of passing the contribution box. But it is a more serious form of contribution than we ordinarily see. It calls not only for all you have in your clothes and in the least, but you must sell whatever else you have and throw it into the sea. Eljah Sanford then has the money and you have the satisfaction of having done the loyal thing by the movement. This is said to be quite comforting.

Well, anyhow, there were so many clearing out times in Shiloh where the Sanford colony was located that times became hard and many of the colonists were fed by neighboring farmers.

About this time the prophet bought a yacht and with a selected number of followers started for Jerusalem via Gibraltar. This was the time when hurricanes were sweeping across the Atlantic. The Sanford followers were remarkably poor seamen and at last accounts the vessel was two weeks overdue at Gibraltar. People in Maine who have friends on board are very pessimistic as to their safety, but cheerful regarding Sanford's prospects of being on bottom. Sanford is not loved in Maine.

It was reported to be Sanford's idea to get control of the "American colony" in Jerusalem. The American colony is a bunch of people who have settled down in the holy city awaiting the second coming, which is now scheduled, by them, to occur at almost any moment. If Sanford had arrived at Jerusalem, Jud., there would have been a church as large as a barn. The American colony was dreading Sanford's coming and is doubtless cheerfully regarding the possibilities of the prophet having been swallowed up by a whale or something. Human credulity is a sad but amusing spectacle.

The New "America."—The national anthem "America," brought up to date, has been extended by M. V. Zimmerman of New York so as to include in its apostrophe other parts of the union besides New England. One of the stanzas runs:

I love thy inland seas,
Thy sweet magnolia trees,
Thy palms and pines;
Thy canyons wild and deep,
Thy prairies' boundless sweep,
Thy rocky mountains steep,
Thy matchless mines.

While the territory is pretty well covered, there is lack of something essentially Minnesotan. Possibly it is not too late to add a stanza:

I love thy Iron range,
Mankato and the graze,
Prairie and trees;
I love thy rocks and hills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills!
Hurrah for Pease!

Animal Whist.—Down in Maine a new game among the children is called animal whist. If you do not love to kill things and are not wealthy enough to support a camera, animal whist offers many diversions. All it requires is a notebook and pencil and a little common honesty, none of them so very rare. You go over a predetermined tract of country on foot, perhaps a walk of two or three hours. The game is that every living thing seen counts one, a cat in the window counts twenty-five and a cow going thru a broken fence counts one hundred. Mooted points always arise such as whether little fishes in the brooks may swell the score, or which side may claim birds flying across with the clouds. Birds and fishes are often ruled out, but for no right reason. The party that sees the animal first scores it on his card. It is really a game of sharp eyes. Twins count two.



OH, HASTEN HITHER, UMPIRE!

Varieties in "Knocking."—The Forum tells how a Fargo minister related the following story the other day to several of the members of his parish: "Mrs. Blank's old maid sister was visiting at the Blank home in this city. At dinner Sunday afternoon little Mabel Blank looked up admiringly at the guest and innocently said: 'Aunt Matilda, you're going to heaven all right when you die, ain't you?' 'I hope so, dearie,' the aunt answered, with her sweetest smile. 'But what put that into your head?' 'Why,' the child answered, 'our Sunday school teacher told us today that the Bible says knock and it shall be opened unto you, and I heard papa tell Uncle Joe yesterday that you were the greatest knocker he ever saw.'"

Strictly Neutral.—The Mallard, Minn., Call has been so impartially and strictly neutral during this campaign that it has knocked all parties fairly until its Call is hoarse. There are two ways of being independent, one is to be friendly with everybody and the other is to go after all equally. Which method the Call has taken is shown by the following statement made this week: "We believe we have maintained a strict neutrality as far as politics are concerned. A few years ago the republican party became so corrupt and tricky that we could not affiliate with them any more, and we could not support the democratic party, so that we were left with no other alternative only to take up with the socialists and that we could not do, so we were left at sea politically; to be a prohibitionist would show to the world that we were soft and rather foolish; we are not so badly posted on the history of the world, and that history repeats itself is a certain fact that is so plain that we must accept it, and from these conclusions find a great wrong in any dominating political party."

"When you give power to any body of men sufficiently, they will bring everybody else under their control, and make them dance to their music, and become rotten, full of tricks and dishonesty. Talk about corruption, the republican party beats all history of any political party that ever existed, for tricks, frauds and corrupt practices, and we believe is destined to do the dirty work of this nation."

"These are a few of our reasons for political neutrality. Even in our local politics you will find no practice of dirty tricks."

All that is left for the Call to do is to vote for itself and even should it get into power, it would shortly become corrupt and would be obliged to denounce itself in order to remain independent. Politics is a great problem.

—A. J. R.

MAIDENS WITH AEROBATIC EYES

(Compiled after reading half a dozen modern novels.)

"With her eyes she riveted him on the spot."
"Her eyes sparkled as they drank in every gesture."
"His conceits perished before the withering gaze of her scorn-filled eyes."
"Fixing her eyes upon the reclining form, she remained immovable."
"Her trained eyes penetrated every nook and corner of the desolate room."
"He stood rooted to the spot by her magnetic eyes."
"She permitted her eyes to rest upon the ceiling a moment, and then they roamed carelessly about the room."
"She returned his caress with a single glance from her beautiful brown orbs."
"Isabel's eyes took in everything that the room contained, and with a dignity befitting a queen she left the place."
"Slowly her eyes followed as he disappeared from view over the distant hilltop."—Life.

CAN YOU FIND?



MIST REMNANTS OF THE BANQUET SPREAD, AND THINGS THAT FORM THIS VIEW. AN AFTER DINNER SPEAKER'S HINT. BY CHAUNCEY M. DUFFIN.

EDIBLE MENU CARD

In London the latest thing is a "bill of eat" that you may finish your meal on. The sheet on which it is printed is the sugar paper used on the bottom of macarons, which is lettering is called frosting. The London caterer who "invented" the edible menu card has been honored by the patronage of the king. The king "commanded" the caterer to teach a chef to make the edible novelty, and the king's chef produced it for a dinner at Windsor castle. There was much laughter as the king's guests discovered that the menu cards "were good to eat." They promptly ate them. It is said that the only bad thing about the cards is the bad French, and that is quite digestible.

HER HOPES ELASTED

"I think," said Mr. Poppleigh, "that our little Alfred is going to be a financial genius."
"Oh, I had so hoped that he would be a great pianist," replied the child's mama; "he would have such lovely hands for it."
"Nope. You may as well have it shingled. He got the boy next door to give him 3 cents, a few minutes ago, for the privilege of sitting at his own velocipede."—Chicago Record-Herald.

IF THEY WERE HERE

Were our worthy comrades, Simon,
Here today, I ween
He'd be apt to find the plectrum
Using aniline.
Tom, the offspring of the piper,
Living in New York,
Now would be a wholesale swiper,
With a deal in pork.
Spratt, who formerly was whining
Aye for something good,
We would find in comfort dining
Upon almond-tod.
Tucker, who was once contented
For his meals to trill,
As a star we'd see presented
In a mammoth bill.
Of them all, but Mistress Mary
Would unnumbered be,
She would doubtless stay contrary,
As you'll all agree.
Yet how could that ancient mater
Change her habitat?
For a shoe we'll have to slate her.
Who'd rent her a fat?
—Louisville Courier-Journal.



THE HUNTER'S RETURN

"Hello—What did you shoot?"
"Not a soul."
"What luck!"

ABOUT SO FAR

A senator from a central western state sought an interview with the president, asking him to appoint to a foreign consulate an applicant to whom the senator was in some way bound, but who was heartily disliked by reason of his offensive persistence in seeking favors.

"Where do you want him sent?" the senator was asked.

At this the senator took a step or two to the center of the room, where stood a large globe. Putting one arm around it as far as he could reach, the senator said:

"I don't know what locality my finger touches, but please send him there!"—Harper's Weekly.

BETWEEN SIGHS AND TEARS

Mr. Roosevelt has been more considerate of literary men than all other presidents of the United States put together. There are two or three at the White House every week by invitation—or the king's command. Blank and Blank, two youngish authors, are particularly pets. One is asthmatic, the other has weak eyes. The president always sits between them at luncheon, talking first to one, then the other, and enjoying both at the same time. It reminds me of the Emperor Augustus, who was very fond of Virgil and Horace, and invariably sat between them when they dined with him. Virgil was asthmatic and Horace had epiphora. Augustus used to say, alluding to his situation between these two poetic invalids: "My time is passed between sighs and tears."—New York Press.



Leading Man. Soubrette—So you were the leading man!

Bum Actor—Yes; I happened to be the only one who knew the way home.

AN ACQUAINTED STUNT

A widow in a Massachusetts town was being married for the fourth time in the little country church in which she had been accustomed to worship. The ceremony was proceeding with all solemnity until the minister reached the point: "Who gives this woman to this man to be his wife?" And a voice away back in the congregation replied, "I generally do."

THIS MUGG Y WEATHER.



JUST TIME TO PUT ON A CLEAN SHIRT & CATCH MY TRAIN



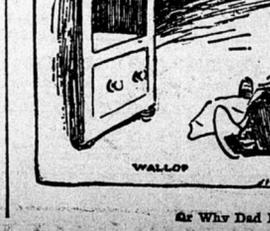
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE DRAWER!



THINGS MUST BE STUCK



CONFOUND IT



WALLOP



Oh Why Dad I used His Trade

Two Travelers and a Map

He unfolded the map carefully, and spread it out. "That's what I like about a map," he said. "You never need ask your way. It makes you so much more independent. Doesn't it, darling?"

"Yes, dearest." A gust of wind swept down and tore the map—in two pieces, as the auctioneers say.

"You should have pasted a bit of tape at the back of the folds," he said. "Then it wouldn't have torn."

"I would have done it with pleasure if you had asked me."

"I can't think of anything. However, the first thing to do in using a map is to find out where you are on it. Now, as you see, we are here." He pointed to a spot on the map with his pencil.

"This is the road we are now on, and that is the crossroad just in front of us."

"Oh, no! That's all wrong."

"In what way wrong?" he asked, coldly.

"Because the crossroad is a canal."

"I fail to see how a canal can be a canal. Besides, you can see the road for yourself—ordinary hard highroad, and no canal about it."

"Don't be silly, dear. I didn't mean the crossroad on the map that isn't the crossroad."

"Very lucid, indeed," he observed, ever more jolly.

"When you try to be sarcastic, you only make ugly faces, and don't say anything really good. Look here. You think that we are at this point on the map, don't you? Very well. And you think this line represents a canal, in front of us, don't you? Very well, it doesn't. Because that line isn't meant for a road, but a canal."

"How do you know?"

"Because it's colored brown."

"It is. I hadn't noticed it."

"I knew you were in the wrong, but you are always so obstinate. Now, as a road isn't a canal—"

"Wait a minute"—rather angrily. "You're quite as wrong as I am. The brown line means a railway."

"It's all the same thing. I can't walk on a canal and I can't walk on a railway. At any rate, it won't. I suppose you want me to be run over."

"My dear girl, do be reasonable. I can't ask you to walk on a railway when there isn't any railway."

"You said the brown line meant a railway, you know you did"—very emphatically.

"So it does on the map."

"We're not walking on the map. We're walking on the ground."

"That's precisely what I was trying to explain to you. There is no railway



At the Beauty Doctor's.

Father—Where are you going?
Daughter—Wait for me. I'm going to have my face made beautiful.
Father—Good-by. Can't wait that long.

In the—or—reality, and, therefore, we can't be at the spot where we thought we were.

"Where you thought we were, I knew you were wrong all the time. It's no good having a map if you don't know how to use it. Give it to me."
"She took it, and sewered her eyes up, examining closely. 'I've got it!' she cried, with triumph. 'This is Pilling.'"
"But we left Pilling an hour ago."
"Of course, I'm going to trace our road from here. Now look. Here is the name Pilling. And the little black spot at one end means the village itself, the exact position of it."
"Thanks for the information."
"Wait; there's a black spot at each end of the name. There must be some mistake. Oh, I see, it's all right. One of the black spots is a smut. Poof! Now I have blown away the spot which was 'Pilling.'"
"Go on. Blow away the spot which is Pilling. Blow the whole concern, I say. I'm sick of it."
"If you wouldn't lose your temper, and would have a little patience, I should be able to put you right." She traced with a pin. "We left Pilling—so. Then we turned to the left—so. So we must be just here now, and she dug her pin triumphantly thru the map at the point, and it went right thru and pricked her knee and hurt her."
"If that is so," he said. "I have only one thing to ask. It's not important, of course, but where's the crossroad?"
"In front of you, with a white fence on each side. It's plain enough."
"Why do you keep confusing between the road on the map and the road on the—or—well, the other road?"
"It's you who make the confusion," she said, "mixing up railroads with railways—I mean, of course, railroads with railways—". Oh, you know what I mean!"
"I'm blessed if I do. I only know there's a crossroad here, and there's no crossroad on the map. The map can't be wrong."
"The real road must be," she replied, bitterly. "Get a piece of india rubber and rub it out and make it fit the map."
There was a moment's pause, and then they both happened to look up at the same moment, and both exclaimed, joyously:
"Here's a boy!"
So they asked the boy the way, and went on it rejoicing, and peace reigned again.

They left the map behind them by accident. Afterward they both said that was a pity.—Barry Pain in Philadelphia Ledger.

The wife of a man who plays the races never has to waste any time figuring out what she will do with the money he wins.

The girls of a country town never forgive a young man of their set if he disgraces himself by marrying an out-of-town girl.

Prominent Minneapolis Citizens Buy the Steinway

Among our sales Saturday were three Steinway Grands. Our list of Steinway patrons is growing rapidly this fall. A large proportion of the leaders in social, business, musical and professional life are found in this list.

This is true not only in Minneapolis but in every center of culture in the land, for while other pianos may enjoy some local reputation here and there, the Steinway is supreme everywhere—the best in America, in Europe, in Australia—it is.

A WORLD PIANO

Prices from \$500 up. Owing to the unprecedented demand this fall, an early selection is advisable.



Gamossi Kid Umbrellas. Umbrellas for School Children and Little Tots.

Splendid line with fine assortment of handles; 50c \$1.00 value.

610 Nicollet Avenue. GAMOSSI

GO TO THE "NAPAUTO"

LOW WATERPROOF AND GREASE-PROOF AUTO GAUNTLETS

Gamossi's Waterproof and Grease-proof Napa Tan Buck Auto Gauntlets. The only lightweight Glove that is really tough. We have had to raise the price a quarter. Now \$1.75 and \$2.25 a pair, but worth double.

610 Nicollet Avenue. GAMOSSI 610 NICOLLET GLOVE CO. N. D.

DOERR'S GOOD PIPES

We have just imported some of the most unique and handsomest pipes ever brought to Minneapolis. We have pipes at all prices from a quarter of a dollar to a quarter of a hundred dollars. Drop in and look at them anyway. You'll not be urged to buy.

Winecke & Doerr

414 NICOLLET



High Class Albrecht Furs.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to mistake really high-class furs. They radiate their quality in every line and feature. They are distinctive in beauty and style and their perfect fit and shape-retaining qualities are in themselves sufficient to distinguish them from the lower grade furs so commonly sold.

And still you can buy High-Class Albrecht Furs at prices no higher than mediocre furs.

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612 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

(St. Paul House, 30 East Seventh St.)

GOOD CHINA

We carry the finest assortment of Dinner Sets, Cui Glass and Eric-a-Brac in the Northwest.

BOUTELL'S

310

Asked for Help — IN — Yesterday's Sunday Journal.

The following advertisements were classified under the different sub-headings that were printed exclusively in The Minneapolis Sunday Journal:

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| MALE. | FEMALE. |
| Agents, Circular Distributors, Drug Clerks, Waiters, Tailors, Collectors, Book-keepers, Bakers, Coachmen, Stenographers. | Agents, Solicitors, General Housework, Hair Dressers, Seamstresses, Cashiers, Stenographers, Models, Dressmakers. |

These advertisements interest everyone who wants a good situation. This is only a partial list of some good positions that were offered in The Sunday Journal. If you are seeking a position of any kind, get busy and read the "Wants" that appear in The Daily and Sunday Journal.

ALDEN-KELJIK CO., Importers of Oriental Rugs. 1000-2 Nicollet Ave.

See the New Hand Bags & Back Strap Books. They are just in at BARNUM'S 715 NICOLLET

90c WRENCHES 64c W.K. Morison & Co. 247-249 NICOLLET AV. Hardware, Cutlery, Tools, Paints, Athletic Goods, Kitchenware, Etc.