With the Long Bow

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

How the Big Boys in the Deestrict School Tried to Throw Us Out When We Were Teaching the Winter Term on the Coast—We Were Compelled to Kill Several to Keep Order.

The principal of one of the St. Paul schools was dismissed last week because he slapped an unruly boy with a carpet beater. The school board held that the carpet beater was an instrument of torture and anyone who has applied it to the carpet in April is likely to agree, no matter if the spring is coming on, the sad and solemn winter almost gone and the voice of the turtle is heard in the soup.

Yet we are opposed to discharging a principal merely because he has slapped an unruly kid with an ax. The boy got what was logically his and the principal ought to have been given by the school board a copy of Longfellow's works bound in morocco and suitably inscribed.

Speaking of trouncing unruly boys recalls the winter when we taught a deestrick shool on the Maine coast and boarded around. The first day we entered the sacred precincts of the teacher's desk we looked with suspicion on the grinning rows of boys that faced us. They were all young fishermen who fished in the summer and licked teachers in the winter. Each one of them weighed from 160 pounds to 210 pounds, all muscle, and each one was as full of kinks, viciousness and horse play as a colt brought up on free oats and fat pasturage. It was as patent as anything could be that the gang regarded teacher as Their Meat.

That day nothing happened, but in the evening we went back to town and took out a million dollars' worth of accident insurance.

The next day a great, big ruffian, with a muscle like a ham, sitting in the back seat, tripped up a friend who was coming down the aisle to his class and sent him sprawling, throwing books and making more noise than the shed falling down. We ordered the culprit to step out in front.

"Er won't do it," was his gentlemanly reply.

There were no laws along the coast against beating the tar out of school children. In fact, the teacher that didn't do it was discharged. So we reached for the big boy. Before he knew what was happening he was snaked out of his hole, thrown over two seats and landed on his back. Then the whole gang arose and jumped us. Seizing a chair we brained two of the largest, tripped two others, breaking their collar bones, and waded into the rest with a cordwood stick that was standing near the cast-iron stove.

Our onslaught was so fierce that we had them going and soon quieted the revolt. When it was over there were two dead, several fatally hurt and eighteen broken bones. The local doctor worked until midnight putting the school in shape.

At the close of a very successful term of school that winter the board of education presented us with a de luxe edition of Lord Byron's works and we kissed the big girl before leaving town—as was the custom. Never temporize with school children. Be firm, is our motto.

Twenty-five years ago, Dr. Beeman, who died the other day in Cleveland, quit the practice of medicine to manufacture chewing gum. One day when he was buying some spruce gum at the news stand, the girl who ran the place suggested to him that a combination of gum and pepsin ought to make a hit with the American dyspeptic. This simple idea did the girl no good, but it made Dr. Beeman several million dollars.

It isn't necessary to put much pepsin in the stuff in order to advertise that you are selling Pepsin Gum. Pepsin is rather expensive and when nothing does just as well, the gum trust magnates are not going to waste good, valuable money in pepsin.

In any event the doctor took up the idea and put out a brand of gum that captured the chewers of an entire nation. When he sold out to the trust he hunted up the girl with the idea and saw that she was taken care of. After he sold out to the American Chicle company, Beeman devoted his time to having fun. He was separated from his wife and a year ago enjoyed a stroke of paralysis. This turned his attention from fun to more serious matters. A week ago a second stroke completed the work that the first stroke had left unfinished and the gum man is now among the stars.

A recent conference of English women was foolish enough to discuss the question, "Who have the greater sense of honor, men or women?" Whichever way it was decided somebody was doubtless indignant. It is one of those questions that people of tact put a danger sign on and do not attempt to see how near to it they can skate.

Schopenhauer declared a fundamental fault of the feminine character to be a lack of the sense of justice. This last he attributed to the "fact" that women were defective in the powers of reasoning and deliberation.

But Buckle praised women for the service they had done science by encouraging and keeping alive the habit of deductive thought. Without women the slavery of men to the tyranny of material fact would be more complete and ignominious.

Woman may have her faults on one plane, but on another her valuable qualities overbalance them. A universe peopled by men alone would be a sad spectacle. Peopled by women alone it would also have its little neighborhood troubles. But a universe of real men and women working together is about what we wish to live in.

As to which sex has the greater sense of honor we should decide "both of us."

—A. J. R.

MUST HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT

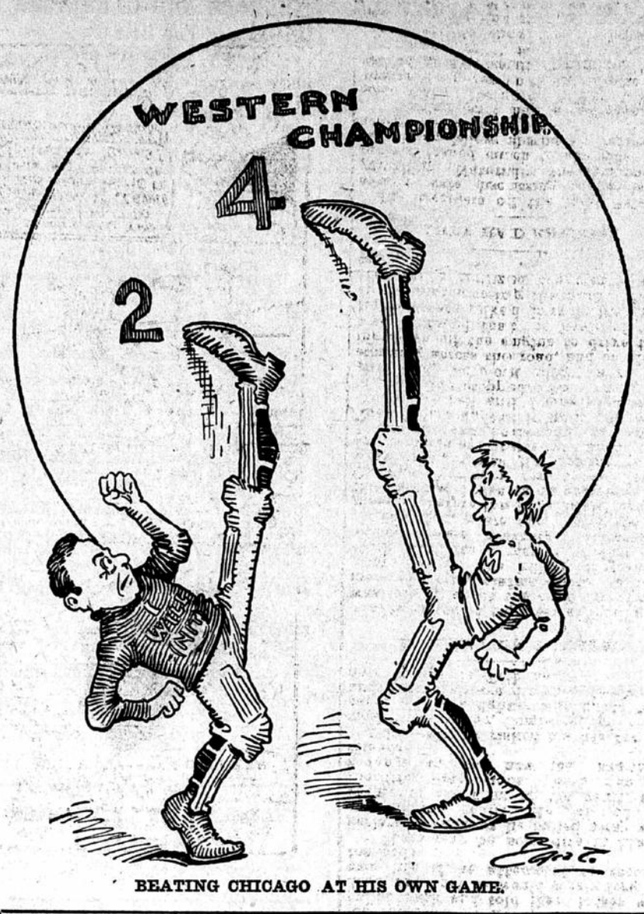
"How was the election-day dinner?"

"Best I ever drank."

WHY, INDEED

Muriel—That girl can't sing.

Marguerite—Certainly not; but why should she seem so determined to show us that she can't?



BEATING CHICAGO AT HIS OWN GAME.

Humor from England

WAS THERE ANYWAY

She—Was Mr. Jones an exhibiter at the horse show?

He—Yes, he made an ass of himself.—Ally Sloper.

To be able to make a good fourth at bridge gives one the entree everywhere nowadays. A sound declaration covers a multitude of sins, while if you hold four aces in a "no trump" you may commit all the crimes in the calendar, and still be a member of smart society.—Vanity Fair.

A LITTLE "KIPPLE"

Army officers are to be taught cooking as a part of their duties. This, however, will not deprive the secretary of war (for the time being) of his immemorial privilege of making a hash of things. In the meantime, let us kipple a little.

"Wot is that funny smell I smell?" said Files on parade.
"The colonel's making Irish stew," the color sergeant said.
"'Oo's got to eat the bally stuff?" said Files on parade.
"The likes o' you—the likes o' you," the color sergeant said.
"For the good New Zealand mutton, it is frozen with surprise
At the language that he's using; the potatoes are all eyes;
For the colonel cannot make the gravy thicken if he tries;
And you'll double to the doctor's in the morning."

—London Opinion.

Aunt—Tommy! How cruel! Why did you cut that poor worm in two?

Tommy—He seemed so lonely.—Punch.

SIGN OF AFFECTION

There is no doubt that Mrs. Longworth has now obtained a permanent place in the affections of the American nation. The other day she was mobbed by thousands of her fellow countrywomen, who rent her clothes in their enthusiasm.—Punch.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

The medical profession in England is obtaining more and more influence, and the chemist's shop threatens to become the church of the near future. The reasonable Englishman of tomorrow will rise from his ventilated bed, wash himself in sterilized water, dress himself in disinfected clothes, eat a medicated breakfast, drive to his office in an antiseptic cab, transact business with fumigated customers, breathe clarified air, and, returning to the sanatorium he calls home, end the day in the bosom of his sanitary family.—Truth.

A TIP TO ACTORS

First Thespian—And the audience, my boy; you should have seen them. They were glued to their seats.

Second Ditto—Ah, a good way of keeping them there.—Bystander.

MODERN MALAPROPISM

"Well, cook, and how is the groom today?"

"Thank you, mum; his temperature is perfectly moral this morning."—Bystander.

ALWAYS OFF

"Now, waiter, a little more celerity, please."

"Sorry, sir, it's hoff!"—Bystander.

"Say, Mr. Alderman, the gang wants you to make a speech."

"Well, I don't know what to say just now."

"Oh, don't say nothin'; just make a speech."

HIS ENEMY FIGHTS FAIR

According to officials of the Carnegie hero fund, the most remarkable case that has been investigated by the commission was that of Rufus K. Combs of Midway, Ky., who was granted a silver medal and $1,500 in cash by the commission recently. Combs saved the life of his bitter enemy and political rival, Richard Godson, a lawyer and inventor.

Godson had entered a vault to test a gas-making apparatus, and was over come by the fumes.

Friends and relatives were afraid to enter the vault. When he declared his intention of going in Combs was pulled back and told that Godson was dead, and that he would surely lose his own life if he attempted to recover the body.

"There may be some life in him," declared Combs as he pulled away and entered the vault. He carried his enemy to the door of the vault, and then fell unconcious. Both men recovered, and are now the stanchest friends.

Asked why he risked his life for his most bitter enemy, Combs replied: "Because I love a fighter who fights fair, and Godson always did that."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

CIVILIZATION DOUBTED

A Rock Island engineer at Herington was talking about the duplicity of farmers who bring claims against railroad companies for the killing of blooded stock when, as a matter of fact, the animals were walking scarecrows. "About four years ago," said the engineer, "before the Rock Island bought the Choctaw, I was on an engine on the Choctaw Northern run above Geary. Gray daylight was just coming on, so as one could see pretty well ahead, and I noticed two horses on the track. They didn't appear to mind the whistle or the bell and I slowly drew up to them and stopped. The horses, two poor, old, worn-out plugs, were still standing across the road, and on climbing down off the engine to drive them away I found that the hoofs of their forefeet were spiked down to the planks at the road crossing the track. How's that for a civilized country?"—Kansas City Times.

THEY HAD RETIRED

The members of the local debating society were discussing the evils of gambling. Naturally, the opinions expressed leaned much to one side. But one young fellow obstinately refused to accept the general view.

"Betting isn't half a bad thing for some folks," he said. "Why, I know two or three men in the town who have retired as the result of betting."

"Name them," shouted a dozen.

"Where do they live?" demanded one prominent member.

"No. 10 X street," was the quiet reply.

When the prominent member reached home he turned up a directory, which informed him that No. 10 X street was the local workhouse.—Tit-Bits.

Curios and Oddities

SMOKING CONTESTS

"Smoking contests are as old as the hills," said an antiquary of Chicago. "Go to Brittany, take in a Breton 'pardon,' and you'll see a smoking contest sandwiched in between the dancing matches and the wrestling bouts."

The old man took out his notebook.

"The first smoking contest of which we have any authentic record," he said, "came off at Oxford, the English seat of learning, in 1723. The conditions were that you should smoke three ounces of tobacco without drinking or leaving the stage, the person first finished to get a prize of 12 shillings.

"Hearne says—I copied it down here:

"'Many tryed, and 'twas thought that a journeyman taylour of St. Peter's-in-the-East would have been the victor, he smoaking faster than, and being many pipes before the rest; but, at last, he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have dyed; and an old man that had been a builder and smoked gently, came off the conqueror, smoaking the three ounces quite out; and he told me that, after it, he smoaked four or five pipes the same evening.'"

THE LAND OF DUCKS

There are more ducks in China than in all the rest of the world. China, literally, is white with these birds, and day and night the country resounds with their metallic and scornful voices.

Children herd ducks on every road, on every pond, on every farm, on every lake, on every river. There is no back yard without its duckhouse. There is no boat, little or great, without its duck quarters.

Even in the cities of China ducks abound. They dodge between the coolies' legs. They flit squawking out of the way of the horses. Their indignant quack will not unseldom drown the roar of urban commerce.

All over the land there are great duck-hatching establishments, many of them of a capacity huge enough to produce 50,000 young ducks every year.

The Chinese duck is extremely tender and delicate—the best tame duck for eating in the world. Duck, among the Chinese, is the staple delicacy. It is salted and smoked like ham or beef, and duck eggs are eaten as chicken eggs are in America.

SOAP AS A MEDICINE

"When I was a boy," said the old man, "they often made me take a little soap as a medicine. It did me good.

"Soap was prescribed in the village for cramp, for sick headache, for a half dozen complaints. The people admitted that it was a nauseous dose, but on the other hand they pointed to its efficacy.

"When I was taken down, my mother would cut from the cake of yellow soap in the kitchen a chunk about as big as a chestnut.

"'Now, sonny,' she would say, 'swaller this,' and she'd hold the yellow morsel in thumb and forefinger close to my lips.

"I'd begin to whimper. The smell of it, and the idea of the lather that would form in my mouth—the lather I'd have to swallow—would fill me with despair. But my mother was inexorable. With stiff lips I'd take the soap into my mouth; I'd chew the soft and slippery stuff a little, and then, with a groan and a dreadful gulp, I'd swallow it. Horrors!

"Horrors!" said the old man, smiling. "I can still taste those doses of soap that were so common in the village in my boyhood."

GRIST

The French fight 4,000 duels a year.

The average cow yields 350 gallons of milk a year.

Some insects become fathers and mothers an hour after birth.

The majority of the pawnbrokers in the French governmental pawnshops are women.

The United States uses, per inhabitant, 20 per cent more soap than any other country.

In ivory manufacture nothing is lost. The scraps and dust are burnt to charcoal, and form the ivory black of the painter.

A THEATRICAL SUPERSTITION

They were rehearsing a new play, and every one was nervous, for the first night was close at hand.

The play was a tragedy, yet at its end the dying heroine, as the curtain descended said:

"Three beers, please."

Those words concluded the play. Yet they were entirely out of keeping. The concluding words should have been: "I die, but since I have saved you I die happy," or something to that effect.

A dramatic critic new to the business asked how it was that the tragedy ended with "Three beers, please," and the stage manager said:

"Superstition. It is always thought bad luck in rehearsals of a new play to speak the last sentence before the opening night. He who has the last sentence to speak substitutes some meaningless phrase for it. If he dared to speak the true phrase the prospects of the play would be thought doomed."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HIGH ART

There is a certain great cartoonist who is an ardent advocate of spelling reform because he is so poor a speller himself. His editors watch with the greatest care the inscriptions he puts on his work and correct misspelled words almost every day.

A short time ago the cartoonist was working on a picture that had to do with the international peace congress. He looked up from his board and said to his neighbor:

"How do you spell Angelo?"

"'A-n-g-e-l-o,' spelled the other. How are you going to use it?"

"Oh," the cartoonist replied, "I am making a cartoon about this Angelo-American alliance."—Saturday Evening Post.

CAN YOU FIND?

EMMA GOLDMAN IS HER NAME;
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CONSORTING WITH THESE TWO.

IF YOU HAD A WIFE LIKE THIS.

By F. G. LONG.

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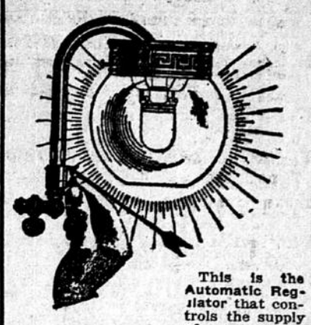

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