

## With the Long Bow

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

P. S.—Warning—Look Out—Skip This—Saturday Night Seized as an Occasion for Preaching a Sermon to Those People Who "Duck" When Their Wives Mention Church Tomorrow—Sad Story of the Professor and the Latin Teacher.

TOMORROW will be Sunday and some of you will not go to church, so right here, if you read this stuff, you are going to get the sermon for your life. You are warned beforehand and better skip it. If you read on, it is on your own head. You have been told what to expect.

We are often surprised at events and at persons, and tonight we are particularly surprised at Superintendent of Schools Horace A. Stokes of Delaware, Ohio. And not only surprised, but pained!

Horace has eloped with the Latin teacher! Perhaps these people think that this is a good example to set before "our youth." We must differ. But let us tell you of the sad story of the flight of Horace and Mayme, then you may judge for yourself.

Miss Mayme T. Clingan, the Latin teacher, taught the young idea of Delaware to shoot to the tune of musa, musae, musam, musam, musa, musa. She also showed carefully what went after ab, ante, con, in, inter, ob, post, pre, etc., etc., thus laying the foundations of a scholarship both broad and deep.

Now as the term progressed Horace and Mayme fell in love just as they do in novels. The Cincinnati Enquirer does not tell why they did not go to the pastor and get married openly, right in Delaware, which forces the conclusion that there must have been "an impediment." What this impediment was is left to conjecture.

All we know is that Saturday last Truant Officer Bailey was called to the superintendent's office where Stokes and Miss Clingan were awaiting him.

"Mr. Bailey, we are going to leave," said Stokes in sobbing tones. At the same time Stokes handed to Bailey an anonymous letter, in which an expose was threatened.

Now Mr. Bailey was the truant officer and he ought to have arrested their flight then and there. But he did not. He merely "spoke admonishingly" to the couple about their flight and both broke down and wept bitterly. Then they flew and Bailey helped them. A hot truant officer, he! A prominent educator of Central Ohio, whose name cannot be learned, met Stokes in Columbus and tried to dissuade him of the flight, but to no avail, and all Ohio is badly torn up.

Perhaps you think this sorrowful story is being treated flippantly here. Such is not the intention. The professor and Miss Clingan have set before the children of Delaware an example of outraged duty and personal weakness that is bound to act as a strong suggestion of evil on the youthful mind. And if Professor Stokes is a betting man we would be willing to wager him \$5 that his future ways will not be ways of pleasantness nor will his path be the path of peace.

If people knew how to distinguish between the ideas of good and the suggestions of evil and had a rule for standing at the door of thought and sifting them out and acting on the former while rejecting the latter, they would not be winnowed as wheat on the threshing floor of experience and the chaff sifted out and burned, which is never a pleasant experience, but which is called "hell" by those people who speak right out in meeting and do not care to pick polite words.

Every problem is first a mental problem and has to be met and solved in mind. This is where the professor and the Latin teacher made their little slip. Foresight is very wise and forethought is very foolish and castles in the air sometimes turn into dungeons with cement walls about eight feet thick and a man of pretty good intentions sometimes finds himself in the position of a ripe tomato thrown against a stone wall.

With men the proper solutions of conduct are about impossible, but there is a better way.

"The Mysterious Stranger" recently carried to Battle Creek in disguise to take the desiccated dormat treatment was said by the Battle Creekists to be John D. Rockefeller wrapped in an opera cloak and pale wig and whiskers. The mysterious secrecy surrounding the stranger and the dark browed detectives accompanying him led the populace to assume that Mr. Rockefeller's digestive apparatus was slipping cogs and that he needed a little touch of the Sawdustine and grated sandstone cure to put life into his crop.

Reports from the east affirm strongly that the M. S. was not the oil king at all for the latter still haunts the wilds of little old New York and is dodging process servers as a sport in preference to golf.

One of those stories that make some people so angry and that are a corresponding delight to others is told regarding Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia by Charles W. Smith to the Indianapolis News this week.

"I never heard Dr. Mitchell tell the story himself," said Mr. Smith, "but a student in his office told the story to my daughter, and I have heard it from one other person as coming from Dr. Mitchell himself. The story, as I remember it, is about this:

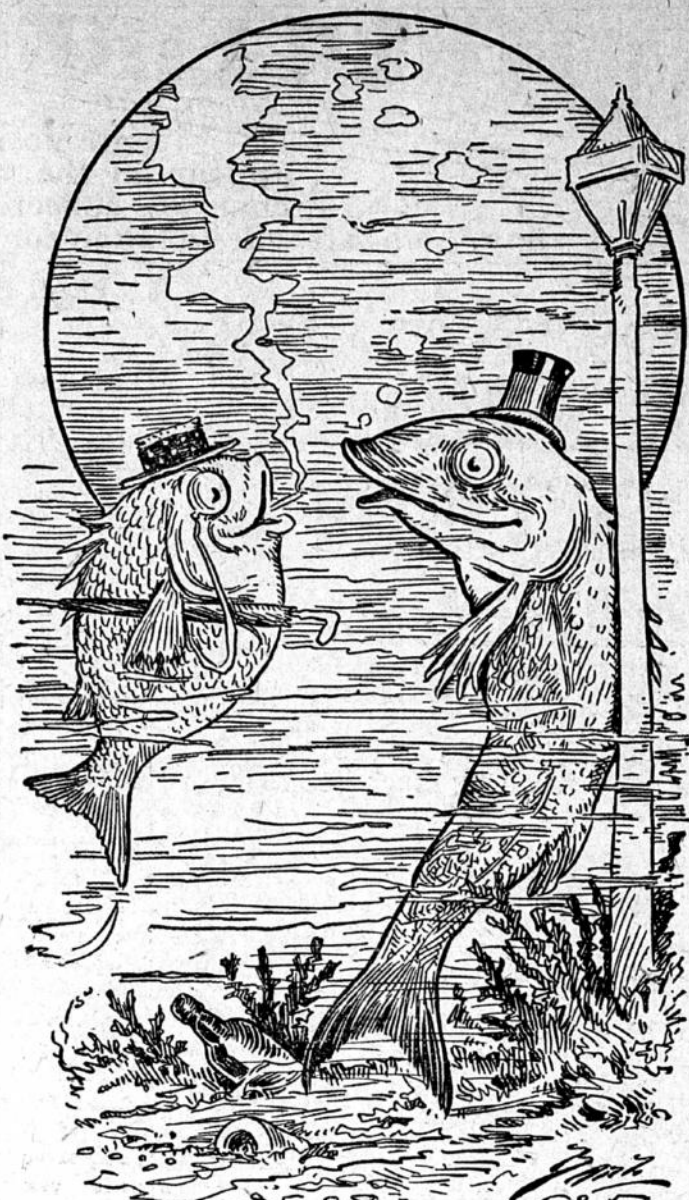
"One cold and blustery night he was sitting in his study, when the doorbell rang. He answered the bell and at the door found a little girl, some 10 or 12 years of age, wearing a cloak with a red hood. She asked if Dr. Mitchell was at home, when the doctor responded that he was Dr. Mitchell. The little girl said her mother was very sick, and would like to have the doctor visit her. He told the little girl that he was not engaged in the general practice of medicine, but told her that another physician, living across the street (pointing out the house) would visit her mother. He returned to the library, and after a few moments the doorbell again rang, and upon going to the door he found the same little girl there. Thinking that she had misunderstood him, he again had the same conversation with her and directed her to the residence of the other physician. He again returned to the library, and in a little while the doorbell again rang, he again went to the door and found the little girl. He thereupon put on his overcoat and went with her.

"After a walk of some distance they came to an apartment house. The little girl opened the door; he followed her in and then upstairs, and at the head of the stairs he heard a woman in distress in a room, the door of which was open. Without paying further attention to the little girl he went into the room and he found a woman very sick and apparently near to death. He gave her his attention.

"When he was about leaving the woman expressed her great gratitude at his coming and asked how it came that he had visited her. He said in answer that the little girl had come for him and had brought him. She replied that there was no little girl at the house; that her little daughter had died the day before and her body was lying in the next room. The doctor went into the next room and found the body of the dead little girl and the cloak with the red hood such as the little girl had worn who came for him, hanging upon the wall. This is about the whole of the story. The doctor said he would undertake no explanation of it."

This story seems almost too good to be true. One would like to hear Dr. Mitchell tell it himself and feel assured that the doctor, who is a "literary man," was not making literature.

The two-handed sword of the medieval knight often weighed forty pounds.



### OVERHEARD AT TONKA.

Sunfish—They do say Excelsior is going "dry." Pickrel—Never mind, the bar at Tonka Bay'll be "wet."

## Prodigal Son---New Version



ME. JEANROY, it is written by an Englishman who knows his France—Mme. Jeanroy, an old widowed peasant woman, living near Belfort—mourned her son, who died in military service in Africa. One day a telegram came from her daughter, settled in another town: "Brother turned up alive and well," and, sure enough, the old mother welcomed her long-lost boy that day.

She did think he had changed a good deal. "How you have grown," she said, "and how much darker you have become! Your eyes and hair were quite light-colored. Now you look like a southerner."

"That is the African sun, mother," said the long-lost boy, and she took him in her arms.

He lived with her several months as the head of the house, and looked after the farm. One day he went to the military authorities, complaining that, although the name on his army certificate was Moutotte, he really was S. Jeanroy, the son of old Mother Jeanroy, and asked for the mistake to be corrected.

The authorities thought that the mistake was the other way on, and found that Moutotte was a former messmate of the deceased Jeanroy out in Africa, who had learned of his dead comrade's family circumstances, and turned the knowledge to his own advantage. He was arrested and put on trial. The old peasant woman wrote piteous letters to judge, appealing for mercy for "her boy." The now aware of the fraud, she prefers a supposed son to no son at all.

Her daughter, who was equally taken in, bears her sham brother no ill-will at all. Having discovered that she is not his sister, she promptly married him. He will thus continue to be one of the family, and the motherly old woman will still call him her son. Under the circumstances, counsel pleaded that the young trooper had done no injury, but brought happiness to the home which he had entered on false pretenses, and the court indulgently ignored the charge of fraud, convicting him merely for having illegally worn a military order bestowed on the late Jeanroy, and passing a lenient sentence of two months' imprisonment, with the benefit of the First Offenders' act.—Boston Transcript.



"HOW YOU HAVE GROWN," SHE SAID.

## What the Market Affords

KIPPED HERRING, like all fish of the sort, should be covered with boiling water and cooked five minutes first to take out some of the salt; pour off the water; add a lump of butter to the fish and when this melts the fish is ready to serve.

When cold lamb is to be used up try hashing it with green peppers and frying it in butter.

As dainty and novel in its service as it is delicious in taste is the banana prepared with mayonnaise and nuts. Dip half a banana, after paring, into mayonnaise, and while still moist, drop it into a bowl of nuts which have been chopped small enough to resemble crumbs. Serve on lettuce leaves with a border of halved walnut meats or salted almonds.

Fried celery makes an appetizing accompaniment to boiled fowl. Cut the celery into pieces about three inches long, dry it thoroughly, dip it into beaten egg and then in peppered and salted bread crumbs and cook in deep hot fat.

Never keep parsley in water, or it will turn yellow; rather put it in an air-tight receptacle in a cool place for over night. If it is left in the refrigerator it should not be laid right against the ice.

Tea and coffee should not be allowed to remain in the paper bags in which they came or the flavor will be lost. They should be shut up immediately in their proper receptacles.

Rice-eating causes a wasting disease, a kind of debility, called kakke, among the Chinese and Japanese.

## Just Kids

Selected from The Sunday Journal Prize Story Competition.

A ST. PAUL teacher was instilling a love of high art. She showed the children a copy of Millet's familiar picture, "The Angelus," and after a full discussion asked them to write the story told by the picture.

The following was the production of one 10-year-old boy: "It's a man and a lady a-pickin' potatoes. The 6 o'clock whistle blew and they quit."

—E. L. L.

Upon his return from Sunday school, a little boy was asked what the golden text was. He replied: "Don't get scared. You'll get your quilt." His puzzled mother afterward learned that the text was: "Be not afraid. Thy comforter shall come."

—H. L. D.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass, and explained: "On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face and bawled:

"I knew it. I told ma you'd see that patch in my pants."

—E. C.

## Curios and Oddities

"'Tis Passing Strange!"

### CURIOUS TALES OF THE MASAI.

CURIOUS tales are told of the Masai, one of the most warlike of the native African tribes. They have been attacking the natives in the German protectorate with great daring, driving off great herds of cattle with singular ease. Half the attacking force will sweep down on a peaceful village, engaging in a bloody fight with the inhabitants, while the other half will drive away the herds. The Masai have a wonderful knack in the management of cattle. A German writer says that a single Masai is often able to coax behind him a whole herd of cattle by lightly whistling and tapping with his spear against his huge shield. The food of the Masai consists of milk and flesh from newly slain animals. In certain districts the Masai have driven away the peaceful inhabitants, whose settlements are now completely overrun by vegetation and almost obliterated.

### STRANGE INJURIES BY RAILS.

THE tendency for rails to creep on trestles is frequently very strong. A section crew of the Terminal railroad of St. Louis recently had an unfortunate experience in removing a rail from one of the elevated tracks of that company. The rails had been creeping and were under heavy stress. One of them had buckled sideways, and as the spikes were withdrawn it suddenly flew out of place, breaking the limbs of three of the workmen, one of whom had both legs broken just above the ankles. Still two other members of the crew were injured so seriously that they had to be taken to a hospital.

A similar accident occurred on the Union Pacific railroad some years ago. In that case the rail sprang out of place, striking the foreman and breaking his legs.

### FERRETS TO CARRY CABLES.

GENERAL MANAGER H. V. FARWELL of the Wabash Valley Telephone company is making an effort to obtain several ferrets, to be used in carrying the cables thru the conduits recently laid here for putting the wires underground.

The ferrets have been used with great success elsewhere in carrying thru a string whereby copper wire, then a rope, and finally the cable itself are drawn from one manhole to the next. Heretofore this work has been done by the laborious process of "rodding," the rods being in 3-foot sections with screw joints, whereby they are coupled up as they are pushed thru the conduits, being detached in like manner at the opposite end.

One ferret, it is said, will do the work of four men in the laying of cable.—Indianapolis News.

### DOG AS GUEST OF HONOR.

SHOT, a handsome retriever, was the guest of honor and the recipient of a testimonial at a dinner at Hanley on Saturday.

While Harold Godwin, the son of a builder, was walking thru a quiet part of his father's works in December a man flung a heavy piece of jagged iron at him and stunned him.

Shot flew at the ruffian's throat and kept him prisoner until aid arrived. The dog is the hero of the place, and Mr. Godwin's workmen subscribed for a silver collar for him with an inscription.—London Mail.

### SNEEZING DISLOCATED ARM.

HERSCHEL CONNER, confectionery clerk in Shelbyville, Ind., suffered a dislocation of his right arm yesterday in the act of sneezing.

As the young man felt the inclination to sneeze he threw up both arms, and when he lowered them he found the right one had been thrown from its socket.

### A SAUSAGE EXPOSITION.

AT A SAUSAGE exposition at Berne, Switzerland, in the spring, no fewer than 1,785 varieties of sausages will be on view. Berlin should make a good show on the occasion, as more than four hundred different kinds of sausages are to be found in that city.

### BITE OF GOOSE PROVES FATAL.

FORMER Councilman Samuel Waggaman of Kokomo, Ind., a poultry dealer, died from blood poisoning caused by the bite of a goose.

### HE WAS "IT."

MR. BROWN'S dinner table was graced the other evening by the presence of two clergymen of different denominations.

Grace is always said before meals in the Brown household, this duty falling to the head of the house unless there is some visitor present to whom it seems fitting to delegate the honor.

On this particular occasion Mr. Brown hesitated, trying to determine in his mind whether a Baptist preacher ought rightfully to take precedence over one of the Methodist persuasion, or vice versa.

Little 7-year-old Bobbie, noting the pause, and the somewhat perplexed expression on his father's face, balanced himself on the rung of his chair, and pointing alternately at the two pastors with the extended index finger of his chubby right hand, repeated rapidly:

"Eneey, meeneey, miney, moe,

Catch a nigger by the toe;

If he hollers, let him go;

Eeneey, meeneey, miney, moe!"

and to the startled Methodist divine announced eagerly,—"You're it!"—Lippincott's.

### AN APPALLING PROSPECT.

A PROLIX preacher took for his text one Sunday the whole chapter in Revelations about the Seven Churches in Asia. After he had dwelt laboriously for half an hour on three of them, a small boy in the congregation drew a long sigh and whispered to his mother in a stage prompter's voice, "Gee! Four more!"—Lippincott's.

## Daily Puzzle Picture



March 3, 1861—Forty-five years ago today the serfs of Russia were emancipated.

Find the czar.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.  
Upside down, in front of soldier.

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## A Neat, Economical Package.

A Colorado lady, Mrs. D. P. De Thier, of Colorado City, in a letter telling us how well she is pleased with Barrington Hall drops an observation, a little out of the ordinary. She says:

"This coffee is far superior to any brand I ever used in quality, flavor and in the nice, economical, neat way in which it is put up."

## Barrington Hall The Steel Coffee

is never touched by the human hand after it comes into our possession in the raw state. Every part of the process, from the first cleaning, through the blending, the roasting, the cooling and second cleaning, the steel-cutting (in which the bitter, tannin-bearing, yellow parchment is removed, together with the dust and any foreign matter), thence to the packing while still warm in sealed tins—during all this process, the coffee is handled entirely by machinery.

And the further fact is that it costs you less to have your coffee handled this way than it did when you bought bulk coffee and ground it at home, or had your grocer grind it.

Bought by the hundred thousand, the cost of the tins in which Barrington Hall, the steel-cut coffee, is packed is less than the loss in handling of bulk coffees.

Barrington Hall is the coffee of particular people. Particularly those who demand a coffee that they can know will not injure the most delicate or nervous man or woman.

Our booklet on the chemistry of coffee may interest you. It is free.

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