

EDITOR REARICK SPRINTED



The Heavy Weight Editor of the Sentinel Makes New Marathon Record.



Editor Rearick, in company with his son Reynold and his younger son of six summers and Floyd Nelson started out last Friday afternoon to pick cherries at the river. They went into Daniel Erickson's grove and that is where the editor made a mistake. The crowd was very industriously picking the ripened fruit from the trees when there came a bawl that sounded like a heavy roll of thunder and looking up Rearick saw a great big gentleman cow pawing the earth and bellowing right in front of where his little boy was sitting under a tree. To say that the pencil pusher was scared is no name for it, for his knees hit together and his hair stood up straight. It took just about one second for him to grab his little boy and start for a fence a short distance away, and say, if Rearick had been running for office this year instead of last he would have won out hands down. The world's record was smashed right there, but Reynold beat his father by several feet and was on the other side of the fence before his father got there. Just how Mr. Rearick got to the fence and over it no one knows, neither does he, because he says he could not see any fence when he started out but he could hear that big animal bellowing and thought of all the mean things he said about us in his paper three weeks ago when he called our umpiring crooked. We feel somewhat sorry he did not get a lift over the fence because such unjust criticism of our work as an umpire should be rebuked. But to come back to the story. While Rearick was making the Marathon for the fence the first animal had been joined by another and the two of them had Floyd Nelson up a tree—they should have had Rearick instead—and how to get Floyd away was the next question, but the doughty assassin of the character of unbiased umpires had recovered his nerve somewhat and seizing a big club and making a noise like a democratic convention just adjourning after voting to take the tariff off wool, finally drove the animals away and rescued the boy from his perilous position in the tree and then commenced another pretty race for the fence with Rearick just a shade ahead of the boy. The whole affair for a few minutes was anything but pleasant and the crowd can consider it a lucky escape from what might have been a serious disaster. We are glad indeed that he escaped with his children without injury and hereafter when he is editing his sheet which he is trying to foist on the long suffering public as a newspaper claiming to tell the truth, will adhere strictly to the truth and not malign our well established character for ~~being square~~ by telling that we are crooked in umpiring a ball game. While we have long tried to put Rearick up a tree this is the first time—thanks to an all wise Providence—we have come pretty close to it. We will get him next time—or that gentleman cow will.