

Entered as Second-Class Matter

U. F. LAMBY, Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST CHURCH First Sunday evening of each month... Epworth League business, literary and social meeting.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH Sunday services: Sunday school, 9:15 a. m. Pivaching services (German), 10:30.

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Sunday morning service, 10:30.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH Sunday, Mass. 8 a. m. Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST B. B. CH. Saturday evening prayer and praise service, 7:30 p. m.

"Copy Reading" Howells. The London Athenaeum says of the following Howells paragraph that it is the best sentence perhaps in any recent English book.

"What, in the heart of all this blossoming, was the great cathedral itself when we came in sight of it but a vast effluence of the age of faith, mystically beautiful in form and gray as some pale exhalation from the mold of the ever cloistered, the deeply reposed, the deeply reposed."

"The cathedral, with flowers all around it, looked fine. It is 400 years old and needs paint." - Galveston News.

Thought Nice Enough. The following amusing birth notice appeared in the Dresden Anzeiger: "To our seven hearty boys there came today, in God's early morning, not the wished for little daughter, but in compensation, a pair of fine boys."

"To all dear friends and acquaintances and to whom else the joyous tidings may be of interest we give this notice—the last of his kind—Edward Root and wife."

A bargain. Mr. Mason rubbed the edges of the umbrella with disinfectating fingers while his wife listened to the saleswoman's enumeration of its good points.

Cautious. A five-year-old girl was very ill, and, noticing the anxiety of her parent, she said, "Mamma, do you think I'm going to die?"

Not the Music He Loved. Mrs. Talkmore—Your husband is a great lover of music, isn't he? Mrs. Chatters—Yes, indeed, I have seen him get up in the middle of the night and try to compose. Mrs. T.—What? Mrs. C.—The baby.—Stray Stories.

Well Named. "This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house.

All Alone in That Class. Mr. Humker—I have merely a speaking acquaintance with Miss Throckmorton. Mr. Spatter—You are very lucky. All her other acquaintances are listening acquaintances.—Stray Stories.

Her Purse and His Handkerchief. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." The other day a young woman who had dropped her purse, full of pay money for the corps of girls under her charge, considered the thoughts of youth to be rather too long.

She was in one of the large department stores, and as her hands were occupied she let her purse lie for a few moments where it had fallen. But her eye was on it. In the meantime a bright girl followed not more than three or four feet behind her.

"The woman, who in a perfectly self-possessed, young person, could hardly believe her eyes, but she waited to see what the boy would do. Just as he was stooping to lift the purse she placed her foot quickly upon it. The young sterner slipped back without a word to the well-dressed 'respectable' people with whom he was.

"The woman picked up her purse and, taking the handkerchief over to the lad, handed it to him, saying, 'There is no reason why you should lose your handkerchief just because you didn't get my purse.'" —New York Post.

The Good to Miss. "Theater audiences have improved in recent years," said a manager. "Why, with provincial touring companies in the past maltreatment was regularly meted out. In fact, the companies profited by it in more ways than one."

"I know of a company that was given the 'Broken Vow' in Paint Rock, a one night stand. The audience didn't like 'The Broken Vow,' and eggs, cabbage and potatoes rained up on the stage.

"Until the play went on. The hero raved through his endless speeches, dodging an onion or a baseball every other minute and pretty soon from these missiles that had not been able to dole."

"But finally a gallery auditor in a paroxysm of rage and scorn hurled a heavy boot, and the actor, thoroughly alarmed, started to retreat."

"Keep on playing, you fool," hissed the manager from the wings as he looked in the boot with an umbrella. "Keep on till we get the other one."

How a Tree Grows. Both earth and air are required for the growth of a plant or tree. The roots absorb moisture from the soil, which, in the form of a watery fluid called common sap, rises through the fibers of the last deposited annual ring, traversing the branches and leaf stalks until it reaches the very end, where it undergoes a change by the absorption of carbonic acid from the air.

A sailor went up to the front to have his baby baptized. Soldiers as a class claim little stock in babies, and naturally enough this one presented the infant first foremost.

The Alternative. The Count—Doctor, I have such a fearfully bad cough. What can I do for it? Doctor—Well, sir, you must remember that you are no longer in your first youth and you must take care of your general health. So you had better leave off smoking; take no alcohol in any form and do not excite yourself in any way; do not.—The Count—The mischief, doctor, what am I to do then? Nothing but coughs.—Lustige Blätter.

The Virginia Plover. The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of over 3,000 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

Condensed. "Here is an article on 'How to Live a Hundred Years.'" "Yes, and the whole subject can be condensed into two words."

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Illinois Day at the Jamestown Exposition. GOVERNOR DENEEN OF IOWA STATE AND GOVERNOR SWANSON OF VIRGINIA TO PARTICIPATE SEPT. 14. Grand Parade and Review of All Troops on the Grounds a Feature of the Day—Dr. Edmund J. James, President of University of Illinois, to Be Chief Orator—Music, Receptions, Illuminations and Fireworks.

WHEN the clans of the great and prosperous state of Illinois met, both that toward their mother state to celebrate a day set apart for them at the Jamestown Centennial, they may best assured a royal good time and a hearty reception, await them. This date is Sept. 14, and if anything looking toward the entertainment of the visitors has been omitted in the arrangement of the programme those in charge are not aware of the fact. Reduced railroad rates, special trains, special military attractions, music, receptions, dinners, luncheons, addresses by famous citizens and one continued round of sightseeing and pleasure will mark the day when Illinoisans have open sesame to the great historical exposition on the waters of Hannibal Roads. Illinois has a fine building and her citizens are proud of the magnificent location accorded them for their building site.

The early history of Illinois is so closely interwoven with that of Virginia that in the historical exhibit of the Old Dominion the citizens of that state may find much of deep interest, the relics, priceless heirlooms and documents comprising that collection being such as never before were exhibited, and this exhibit alone is well worth the journey from the great Mississippi valley state.

The official party, including Governor Charles S. Deneen, Dr. Edmund J. James, president of the University of Illinois, Illinois state commission, various state officers and other distinguished persons, will arrive at the exposition probably Sept. 12 and will



ILLINOIS BUILDING, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

He—I could kiss the dust you walk on. She—What's the matter with the dust that does the walking?—London Mail.

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