

INTERESTING SESSION OF C. W. B. M.

And Bible and Sunday School
District Conventions

HELD HERE TUESDAY
AND WEDNESDAY

The district meeting of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, the Sunday School and Bible School was held at Earlington last Tuesday and Wednesday. The district is composed of Webster, Union, Hopkins and Henderson counties and many delegates were present from these counties, besides visitors from Louisville, Lexington and other places.

The following is the program for the two days:

Meeting presided over by Mrs. Vernon.

After a song, prayer by Rev. H. H. Moore and Bible lesson read by Mrs. Vernon. Mrs. H. S. Corey welcomed the delegates to our city in her most cordial manner. In the absence of Mrs. W. C. Morton, of Madisonville, Mrs. S. K. Yancy, of Lexington, responded very graciously to the words of welcome.

Report of Auxiliaries were then read, which developed the fact that the Earlington church was the only one having an organized Junior Mission Board. This Board, with a membership of 33, is in a flourishing condition, largely due to the faithful and untiring efforts of Mrs. Georgia Long. After further reports from the Auxiliaries, various committees were appointed.

Mrs. R. M. Hopkins, of Louisville, then took the chair, conducting the "Children's Hour," in which most helpful advice was given those especially interested in this branch of the work. During this hour, little Miss Lena Fox, in a sweet childish voice, sang "God Wants Us to be Sunbeams."

The address of the morning was delivered by Rev. James Vernon, of Henderson, the subject of which was "Woman's Work in the World's Redemption." The subject was most ably handled by this master painter of word pictures, his tribute to women being most beautiful and impressive. His address was one of the best ever heard in this city. Convention then adjourned for dinner.

The following proceedings were had Tuesday afternoon:
Hymn—"Christ for the King."
Prayer—by Bro. Woffler.
Song—"I Love to Tell the Story."

Report of Committees.
Nominating Committee—Mrs. M. B. Long, Chairman. Mrs. H. S. Corey was appointed manager of the 21st District. Mrs. John Long Secretary of 21st District.
Literature Committee—No report.
Courtesy Committee—Miss Tate.—No report.

Discussion of the best ways to strengthen the work in this district—Mrs. Yancy, Mrs. H. H. Moore, Mrs. Tate and Mrs. Hopkins.
Solo—Mrs. Moore,
Kentucky's Work—Mrs. Yancy.

Song—"To the Work, to the Work." One verse.
Address—by Bro. G. B. Swann, "The Work of the Mission Field." Interesting talk.
Song—"To the Work, to the Work."
Memorial Service by Madisonville Auxiliary. Talks as follows:

Lessons From the Life of Mrs. E. Moses—by Mrs. Slaton.
Mrs. Moses as an Inspiration—Mrs. Long.
Mrs. Moses as a Friend to the Young People—Mrs. Browder Myers.
Solo—Mrs. W. S. McGary.
Appointment of the Helen E. Moses' Memorial—Remarks by

Mrs. Yancy.
Minutes of the Day—Mrs. Jno. Long.
Announcement by Bro. H. H. Moore.

Message of love and service to Mrs. Morton, who is ill.

Song—"My Faith Looks up to Thee."

Benediction.—Bro. Frazee.

Tuesday evening, quite a number of talks were made by visiting ministers, after which a delightful reception was tendered the delegates by the ladies of the local congregation.

On Wednesday morning, the Bible School Convention was called to order by Rev. D. C. Frazee, Mrs. G. B. Swann acting as secretary. Splendid addresses were made during this session by Rev. G. B. Swann on "The Gospel of Matthew," and by Rev. W. H. Moore on "The Centennial." Rev. Frazee also spoke on requirements for "Front Rank Schools."

In the afternoon, various departmental conferences were held with Miss Mary Mothershead, John G. B. Hall and Harry K. Anderson as leaders.

The Nominating Committee reported for President, Rev. H. H. Moore, of Earlington, and for Secretary, Miss Morrow, of Providence.

Seabee, May 16-17, 1911, was decided upon as the place and time for the holding of the next Convention.

The subject of "Getting and Giving" was most ably handled by Rev. S. M. Bernard and Rev. H. H. Moore delivered a very thoughtful address on "The Bible School in the Making of Character."

At the evening or final session, several addresses were made by visiting delegates and ministers, after which the meeting adjourned.

Those attending the Convention were much benefitted thereby, and all unite in asserting that the Earlington Convention was one of the best yet held by the C. W. B. M. and Bible Schools of the 21st District.

Resolutions of Thanks.

The following report of the Committee on Courtesies was adopted by the Convention:

We, the Committee on Courtesies, in behalf of the visitors now in attendance at the 21st District C. W. B. M. and Bible School Convention, desire to extend our most heartfelt thanks to the good people of Earlington who have so royally entertained us while guests in their midst.

Also to the Peoples Bank for their courtesy in granting us headquarters in their building. We wish also to thank the press of the city for their kindness in bringing before the public the work of our convention.

Lastly we wish to mention the excellent musical program rendered at each service and to thank those who helped make it such a success and all others who in any way have assisted in making this one of the most pleasant and profitable gatherings in the history of our organization.

MRS. WYNNS, Ch'm.,
MISS A. G. TATE,
MISS HALLIE RODMAN.

Jas. Fraceway and John Sugg, of Madisonville, spent yesterday afternoon in the city.

Ben Robinson, of Morgans Gap, was in the city Wednesday.

J. V. McEuen and wife, of St. Charles, were in the city yesterday.

A car load of delegates passed through yesterday on 95 from Evansville bound for Dixon, Tenn., to the assembly of Cumberland Presbyterians in session in that city this week.

Death, the Comforter.

There are a great many miseries which nothing but death can give relief to. It puts an end to the sorrows of the afflicted and oppressed; it sets the prisoners at liberty; it dries up the tears of the widows and fatherless; it eases the complaints of the hungry and naked; it tames the proudest tyrants, and puts an end to all our labors. And the contemplation of it supports men under their present adversities, especially when they have a prospect of meeting the Spirit of

CELEBRITIES ATTRACTED TO LAKE MOHONK MEET

MANY ATTENDED SIXTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION.

Conference on International Arbitration Listen to Prominent Men in the New York Town.

Mohonk Lake, N. Y., May 15.—On the invitation of Albert K. Smiley, its founder, the Lake Mohonk conference on international arbitration is held



EDGAR E. CLARK.

ing its sixteenth annual meeting here, and the sessions have attracted a large number of distinguished men who are experts in international economics. The conference opened this morning with welcoming remarks by Mr. Smiley and an address by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university, presiding officer of the meeting. Dr. B. F. Trueblood then reviewed the year's progress in arbitration.

Other speakers of the day were Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia, Robert L. O'Brien, editor of the Boston Transcript; Edgar E. Clark of the Interstate Commerce commission and Rev. Arthur J. Brown of New York. Tonight's session will be "international," the speakers on the program being the Swedish, Belgian and Swiss ministers. Very Rev. W. Moore Edé, dean of Worcester, England; Sir William Mulock, chief justice of Ontario; President Schurman of Cornell and Prof. Paul S. Reusch of the University of Wisconsin.

The conference will adjourn Friday evening.

MACARONI LOSES ITS CASE

Slender Defendant is Sentenced by Chicago Court to Be Destroyed for Using Cosmetics.

Chicago, May 15.—The embrace of grated cheese or canned tomatoes in a shimmering chafing dish will never be enjoyed by three certain carload lots of macaroni. Said macaroni was defendant in a criminal trial before Judge Landis in the federal court and received the most severe penalty imposed by law—death (or, rather—destruction).

"The government vs. five cars of macaroni" was the title of the case. Macaroni was accused of having used a cosmetic, with which to obtain a desired complexion, a coloring matter known as "martius yellow," which is a coal tar product. Martius yellow is said to be a poison by government officials, so macaroni was accused of breaking the pure food laws.

Two carloads proved their innocence and were dismissed; three were found guilty and had judgment passed upon them. The five cars of the food product were seized some time ago. They were sent by St. Louis firms to various Chicago merchants. The three condemned carloads will be burned.

COLD WEATHER GENERAL

Dampness and Lowered Temperature Prevail in Middle West Is Government Report.

Washington, May 15.—The weekly weather and crop bulletin, issued by the United States weather bureau, gives local and surrounding conditions as follows:

Missouri—The week was cold, the average daily temperature deficiency being about 6 degrees. Frost occurred on the 13th and 14th. Sunshine was below the average. The ground is too wet and from work is backward.

Illinois—The weather was unseasonably cold and unfavorable. The temperature averaged much below normal. The extremes were 33 degrees and 28 degrees. Light to killing frosts occurred on the 14th. Precipitation was deficient, but moisture is needed. There was but little bright sunshine.

Federal Court Will Order Sale. Indianapolis, Ind., May 15.—Time limited for payment of the bonded indebtedness of the Chicago, Cincinnati and Louisville Railroad company in receivership, expired today. In default of payment the United States court here will set a date for the sale of the property.

Quarantine Against Cattle. Denver, Colo., May 15.—Announcement of a close quarantine against Colorado cattle shipped outside the state has been received by Dr. Chas. G. Lamb, state veterinarian from the department of agriculture in Washington.

Little Reginald

In the first car which Mrs. Flyte entered a little girl with forget-me-nots on her bonnet was standing on a seat and reciting in a loud, clear tone the story of Little Miss Muffet. Mrs. Flyte hurried forward into the second car.

There she found two small boys, watched by their admiring parents, playing tag in the aisle. Bag in hand, she succeeded in dodging the combatants and sought a third car.

As there were no children visible in that car she dropped gratefully into a seat in front of which a bunch of very artificial ringlets was nodding affirmation to the voluble outpouring of the wearer of a chanteclair hat.

It was not that Mrs. Flyte disliked children. Far from it! She owned no houses for rent and she looked back upon the time when her own youngsters were around the house as the happiest period of her life. But, during the week which she had just passed with her niece she had become strongly convinced that it is possible for a child to be too much in the foreground of the domestic scene.

"Elaine is, of course, a dear child," she said to herself, "but I wish her father and mother could manage, occasionally, to talk about something besides her sayings and doings. I suppose I tried to tell stories about my own when they were little, but then they were really rather unusual children. Why, Edith walked when she was only eleven months old and I don't believe there ever was another child who said as many bright things as Henry did. But Elaine is really very ordinary and I'm positively sick and tired of hearing about her."

Mrs. Flyte's reflections were interrupted by the voice of the woman with the chanteclair hat.

"Dear little Reginald!" said the woman, "will be so lonely! I really ought to have taken an earlier train."

"I wish she had," groaned Mrs. Flyte inwardly, "if she's going to sit there and talk about dear little Reginald."

Evidently, she was, for she continued: "You wouldn't believe how much he misses me! Why, the other night I was home an hour late and the tears actually stood in his eyes when he ran to meet me. He has such lovely eyes, and they are such an unusual color. I noticed last night that his eyes are exactly the color of mine, and I've often been told mine were very unusual—brown, yes, but this very particular uncommon shade of brown—I don't know exactly what you would call it. Isn't it lovely that darling Reginald's eyes should be exactly that same peculiar and unusual shade?"

The wearer of the chanteclair hat talked, apparently, without effort. Her voice rushed on, like a high power automobile, throwing out a cloud of words which drifted over the back of the seat. It was Reginald's abstractions which came in next for discussion.

"You just ought to see him take his bath. He grows stronger every day. I do believe!"

Mrs. Flyte had a distinct remembrance that her children had been regularly and properly bathed during their infancy, but their baths had never taken on the form of a public ceremonial. She had been an unwilling witness to Elaine's bath every morning during her visit, attendance at this function being, if not compulsory, at least obligatory on all within the call of Elaine's admiring mother.

"Did you ever see the dear little red sweater we gave him on his birthday?" the voice went on. "He's so proud of it—yes, he was three years old the twenty-third of March—and he'll run and get it every time I put on my hat to take him out. He isn't willing to go a step without it, even now that it is so warm. I suppose he'll insist upon wearing it all summer. We had his picture taken in it the other day. Oh, you must see his picture! I've some of them here in my bag."

The chanteclair hat and the bunch of artificial ringlets bent close over the photographs while Mrs. Flyte closed her eyes upon visions of Elaine photographed in every possible and impossible position—Elaine asleep and awake; Elaine dressed and undressed; Elaine crying and smiling; Elaine, in short, in every imaginable phase of her existence from the day of her birth to the present time, and each succeeding representation, according to Elaine's mother, just a little more worthy of one's choicest adjectives than any of the others.

The train stopped. There was a movement in the next seat and Mrs. Flyte opened her eyes to see the chanteclair hat and the bunch of artificial ringlets disappear through the doorway.

As the train started onward she noticed something on the floor. One of little Reginald's photographs had slipped through at the back of the seat and was lying at her feet. She glanced at it wearily. Then she smiled.

"Well," she remarked to herself: "I'm sure that doesn't make it any better."

It was evident, from the photograph that dear little Reginald was a dog.

Quite Likely. Mrs. Benham—All things will be changed when we get to voting. Benham—Yes, I suppose you will have the official ballots tied with pink ribbons.—Judge

MISSOURI TROOPS RULE IN ILLASCO

VILLAGE QUIET AFTER MILITIA
ROUTES STRIKERS WHEN
FIRED UPON.

Saloon Man is Arrested

Crowd Trying to Save Owner Who
Keeps Place Open is Beaten Back
—Soldiers Guarding Explosives
Fired Upon.

Hannibal, Mo., May 15.—The firing by the strikers upon the sentinels guarding the magazines filled with high explosives, the putting of Illasco practically under martial law, the arrest of one saloon keeper who defied the edict of the military officers and kept his place open, and the call of Colonel McDonald for additional troops, are the startling features of the day in the strike situation at the Atlas cement plant.

Another company arrived in Illasco from St. Louis, and they were at once placed on guard at the powder magazine.

The powder magazine contains 600 cases of dynamite and 500 cases of Judson powder.

The cement plant started this morning with only a few workmen.

The impression prevails among officers and men that the troops will be withdrawn by Friday at the latest, unless some fresh outbreak occurs.

Saloon Man Arrested.

Thirty-five men in the saloon of R. Janney tried to prevent his arrest when Captain Robbins put him under guard and placed him in confinement for keeping his place open in defiance of the military authorities.

The situation was regarded as very serious yesterday after the guardsmen were fired upon from ambush. Col. H. Clay McDonald, commanding the forces, and Col. C. G. Buffen, an aid on Governor Hadley's staff, were in constant communication with the executive during the early hours of the day.

Sentinels Fired Upon.

The sentries guarding the powder and dynamite magazines were fired upon very unexpectedly. They were stationed near the edge of the woods, and it was from this quarter that the shots came. The guardsmen promptly opened fire on the ambushed foes and caught a glimpse of them fleeing over the top of the hill.

Four soldiers were in the party that was attacked. The platform about the magazine shows the marks of the bullets fired by the strikers.

DR. HYDE TO STAY IN JAIL

Judge Changes Decision and Convicted
Physician Will Not Have to Go
to State's Prison.

Kansas City, Mo., May 15.—Dr. Hyde will not have to go to the penitentiary pending appeal. Judge Lathrop so concluded after consulting the authorities.

Pending appeal, Dr. Hyde will remain in the county jail here in Kansas City.

Earlier in the day the judge announced that he would send Hyde to the state prison if his attorneys' motion for a new trial was denied, with the qualifying statement:

"Of course, this does not mean that I shall not grant the physician a new trial. If his attorneys show what I deem good cause for another hearing, they shall have it."

It is generally believed that the motion for a new trial will be denied.

MO. GIRL DEPUTY SHERIFF

Sheriff Ernst of Montgomery County,
Republican, Appoints Miss Nelson
Hunter, Democrat, Assistant.

Montgomery, Mo., May 15.—Miss Nelson Hunter, one of Montgomery City's most popular young women, has been selected as deputy sheriff of Montgomery county and is now ready to open and close the circuit court and perform the clerical duties of the office.

Notwithstanding Miss Hunter is a Democrat, she received her position at the hands of a Republican sheriff, George Ernest.

Flood in Eastern Oklahoma.
Muskogee, Okla., May 15.—A terrific rain for the last 36 hours has swollen the streams of eastern Oklahoma out of their banks and has damaged the crops in bottom lands. The Arkansas river is flooding part of the potato district from Tulsa to Fort Smith. More rain has fallen during the last two days than during the preceding four months.

Killed by Tornado in Oklahoma.
Norman, Okla., May 15.—C. M. Conner, a farm hand, was killed by a tornado eight miles northeast of here. W. J. Nye, Conner's employer, was injured and his house was blown away. Several other houses were destroyed and crops were badly damaged.

Snow and Storm in Dakota.
Deadwood, S. D., May 15.—A heavy snow fell in the Black Hills. The storm was accompanied by a below freezing temperature that is killing all vegetation and small fruit.

PLACING THE BLAME

The logs blazed and crackled with all the luxurious disregard of expense which logs in the fireplace of a wealthy country club should have. Outdoors a mist turned the prospect gray. Before the fire Redlands sat with a pile of new magazines. He had decided that the links were too wet to negotiate.

Presently in sooted Mrs. Kreeble it was not at all the sort of day for a woman to be at a golf club and Redlands frowned. He observed—also that Mrs. Kreeble looked more animated than usual. This caused him some alarm. Redlands loves quiet and comfort and he was very comfortable just then.

"Oh," said Mrs. Kreeble—as she charged down the room at him. "I'm so glad you are here! I was just hoping to find some one! Come and help me to pick violets!"

"Violets!" echoed Redlands, in great scorn, attempting to hide his fear that she would indeed make him do it. "In this rain? You'll catch an awful cold!"

"I have on thick shoes," said his tormentor, sweetly. "And, look—my husband's raincoat!"

"You know," further objected Redlands, desperately, "I am subject to tonsillitis. I had a terrible attack of it once."

"You are the picture of health," said Mrs. Kreeble. "Of course, if you don't care to—"

"I'm dying to go!" said Redlands, hastily, getting to his feet with a last look at the crackling fire.

He got an umbrella and they started. Half a mile from the clubhouse a black cloud of wind and rain swooped down on them. When the darkness lifted, Mrs. Kreeble's umbrella was wrong side out and her hair was coming down.

"Let's go back," she moaned.

Redlands took a mean advantage. "Never!" he said, firmly. "The only redeeming feature of a foolish undertaking is really accomplishing what you have set out to do. We came to pick violets, and violets I intend to pick!"

"Then," said Mrs. Kreeble, as she saw a summer house looming up through the driving rain, "you go pick them while I do up my hair! Over in those woods the grass is so long and wet, and I shouldn't dare go there, anyhow!"

Redlands went. Being about as wet to his knees as it was possible for human being to be, he did not much care. When he got to the woods he found nothing but mud. He returned to Mrs. Kreeble and reported: "There are no violets."

"Well," said Mr. Kreeble, jauntily, her hair now being planned up, "it does not so much matter. See that perfectly lovely apple tree over there in full bloom! I'd love to have some of the blossoms! Can't you manage to—"

The upshot of it was that Redlands climbed the small apple tree. All that portion of Redlands which the umbrella had kept tolerably dry now received a shower bath from the trembling branches. Also Mrs. Kreeble from below vociferously objected to his shaking off all the blossoms. She wondered irritably why he had neglected to bring his knife. Finally she heaved with an injured air the branches he threw down to her. That it was a thornapple tree and Redlands had met most of the collection on his way up and down did not interest her at all.

It occurred to Mrs. Kreeble then that marshy places were the best for violets, so they hunted for a marsh. Everything in the pouring rain looked like a marsh, but the coveted violets did not appear. Finally, on the steep banks of a little creek, some blue blossoms showed. By lying down on the green and reaching far out, Redlands managed to collect quite a handful.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Mrs. Kreeble as she took them all. "Of course, these are not many, but they'll do! Now, let's go back!"

"Yes," said the dripping, shivering, disgruntled Redlands, "by all means, let's go back!"

As they stepped on to the clubhouse porch, wet, bedraggled, pools of water flowing from their garments, Kreeble himself appeared. He surveyed them sternly.

"Even if a woman hasn't a scrap of sense," he remarked icily, "one would naturally think a man might have a little. If you both don't have pneumonia—"

"I believe I am rather damp," admitted Mrs. Kreeble. "We'd better go and have tea. John, take us to tea—no, this little outing will not have its finishing touch if Mr. Redlands doesn't get stuck for the tea also! Take us to tea, Mr. Redlands!"

So Redlands did.

Unappreciated Art.
According to an account published in its weekly paper, the people of Burgan, a small town in Subbia, have not been educated to a proper appreciation of the stage. Josef Desseurde, who was the prompter of the company which performed there a few weeks ago, published a letter in the little paper, in which he said: "I wish to notify the theater public that I have resigned my place as prompter because I was compelled by necessity to do so. For five days my family and myself had to subsist on boiled potatoes and tea because of my small income. Oh, art is so folly!"