

# STURDIVANT BANK

ESTABLISHED 1866

CAPITAL . . . . . \$100,000.00  
SURPLUS . . . . . 25,000.00

## Oldest Bank in Southeast Missouri

having large capital, exceptional strength and established facilities, solicits your patronage with confidence in its ability to extend every accommodation for business consistent with sound banking methods.

### OFFICERS

L. J. ALBERT, President  
R. B. OLIVER, Vice-Pres.  
H. L. MACHEN, Cashier  
J. F. LILLY, Asst. Cashier

### ANNOUNCEMENT

We are authorized to announce  
**MR. BENJ. R. HEMPHREAD**  
as a candidate for councilman from the second ward, subjects to the will of the voters at the municipal election, Tuesday 4, 1911.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

We are authorized to announce  
**J. T. McDONALD**  
as a candidate for reelection to the office of County Superintendent of Public School, subject to the voters at annual election to be held Tuesday, April 4, 1911.

Albert Phelan of Illinois, was in the city last Saturday.

Dr. Hope has purchased a new Ford auto.

Common Pleas Court was in session last Saturday.

Edwin Rubert, of Egypt Mills, was in the city last Saturday.

Jack Beattie of Jackson, was in the city last Saturday.

Miss Bertha Rector, who teaches school at Kenton, was here last Saturday.

G. B. Miltenberger of Jackson, passed through the city last Sunday enroute to St. Louis.

Frank Forster of Ardeola, was in the city last Sunday.

Attorney Kelso had business in the circuit court at Bloomfield last Monday.

Mrs. E. H. Haman who has been on the sick list, is reported convalescing.

M. E. Leming and wife returned home from Texas last Sunday night where they had been for their health.

Leon Clippard of Jackson, was in the city last Sunday visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Sally Peterman passed through the city last Sunday enroute from Jackson to St. Louis, where she will engage in the hotel business.

Wilson Cramer went to New Madrid last Monday to attend court.

Attorney Harry Alexander attended court at New Madrid the first of the week.

J. E. Umbeck, one of the substantial farmers of Jackson rural route number five is the guest of his son Emile, here this week.

The Dentists' convention will meet in this city in October.

Henry Nussbaum had business in St. Louis this week.

Sheriff Schade was in the city last Tuesday on business.

The postoffice safe at Ste. Genevieve was blown up by burglars early Monday morning.

Rev. McKee arrived here from California Tuesday night.

Alvin Milde, of Jackson, passed through the city Wednesday enroute to Poplar Bluff.

Ed Howard, cashier of the Cape County Savings Bank of Jackson, was in town last Monday.

Lynn Harrison of Bloomfield, visited in the city last Sunday.

Blucher Sperling passed through the city Friday enroute to Jackson. He came here from Poplar Bluff.

Ben Masters of Jackson transacted business here last Monday.

Dr. G. W. Vinyard, of Jackson, passed through the city last Saturday enroute to Piedmont to visit his son, who is sick.

R. M. Sawyer, assistant prosecuting attorney, of Jackson, was in the city Monday. His wife who accompanied him, left on the noon train for Sikeston.

Mr. C. C. Daniels of Chicago, was here this week looking for a location for a large distributing warehouse for a Chicago Implement concern. Options on several lots fronting on the railroads were secured by Ben Vinyard.

Miss Mabel Miller was married to Harvey Pedigo last Sunday. Rev. A. M. Ross, officiated.

The program rendered by the W. C. T. U. last Sunday afternoon at the German-Methodist church under the leadership of Mrs. Kathrine Knott was an interesting one.

S. D. Hensley of Jackson was in the city last Friday.

T. D. Hines of Jackson had business here last Friday.

Mrs. Harry Rogers returned to her Cnaffee home last Friday.

The Herald, one dollar a year.

...of a certain...  
...has often been...  
...it probably contained some of the most...  
...expressed...  
...To one brother...  
...his books so that he might learn to read and acquire common sense. To another brother he left his big silver watch that the said brother might know the hour at which men ought to get up of a morning. To his brother-in-law he left his best pipe "in gratitude that he married my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would ever have taken," and to the eldest son of a friend he left a silver tankard test if he left it to the friend himself, who was a rabid teetotaler, the latter might melt it down to cast temperance medals. To one of his sisters he left a silver drink cup "for reasons best known to herself;" to another the family Bible, so that she might learn as much of its spirit as she already knew of its letter and become a better Christian, and to his eldest sister a five acre field to console her for being married to a man that she had to bespectle.—Chambers' Journal.

**A Pair of Cheerful Liars.**  
The crowd in the little country store was watching the rain when Deacon Witherspoon remarked that he'd seen it rain about as hard as anybody ever had seen it rain. Somebody said: "Deacon, how hard did you ever see it rain?"

"Well, sir," said the deacon, "once upon a time, when I was at home, we had an old cider barrel laying out in the yard with both ends out and the bung hole up, and, would you believe it, it rained so hard into that bung hole that water couldn't run out of both ends fast enough, and it swelled up and busted!"

Then Reuben Henry spoke up. He said he'd never seen it rain very hard, but he'd seen some mighty cold weather. Somebody said, "Rube, how cold did you ever see it get?"

He said, "Well, sir, one time when I was living down in Pickaway county, in bog killing time, we had a kettle of boiling water setting on the stove, and we took it out in the yard, and it froze so doggone quick the ice was hot."—National Monthly.

**Black Inhabitants of France.**  
Lying so much off the beaten track, the village of Port Lesne, in the Jura department of France, is visited by but few from the outside world, and consequently this tiny community of men and women of color is but little known. It is not a large village, for its inhabitants number only about a hundred, but every one is either black or copper colored. It owes its origin to the fact that about a century ago the famous negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, was brought from Haiti and imprisoned in Fort de Joux. Many of his friends, all negroes, followed him and encamped near his prison on the bank of the little river Loue. From that encampment grew the village of Port Lesne, and when Toussaint L'Ouverture died more than 100 years ago his friends decided to remain in France. The passing of years and intermarriages have transformed the settlement into a French village of colored folk, all of whom are enfranchised.

**Poetry and Pleasure.**  
The poet writes under one restriction only—namely, the necessity of giving immediate pleasure. Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere because not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love. Further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he feels and lives and moves.—William Wordsworth.

**In For It Either Way.**  
Minister—Now, Tommy, suppose you did something naughty and were asked if you did it. What would you say?  
Tommy—I dunno.  
Minister—You don't know? Why, why, what would happen if you told a lie?  
Tommy—The devil'd git me.  
Minister—That's right. And what if you told the truth?  
Tommy—I'd git the devil.—Toledo Blade.

**A Killing Joke.**  
"I made Dr. Kniffen, the eminent surgeon, very angry when I met him one winter day enjoying a spin over the snow."  
"How did you make him mad?"  
"I congratulated him on his sense of the fitness of things in taking advantage of every chance to go on a sleighing expedition."—Baltimore American.

**A Range of Possibilities.**  
"I have been told," said the confident performer, "that I make my violin sound like the human voice."  
"Yes," replied the candid friend, "but there are so many kinds of human voices."—Washington Star.

**Yoursself.**  
If you want to be miserable think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

**The Same Girl.**  
Young Husband—When I used to kiss you, you slapped me.  
Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.—Illustrated Bits.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to pattern after.—Goldsmith.

## Woman Makes Statuettes of Mounted Police

NEW YORK'S mounted police men, most of whom are used in directing and controlling street traffic, always attract the attention of visitors, and even residents often stop to admire them. They certainly are picturesque and imposing. Mounted on fine horses, they sit like statues, at times raising one hand as a warning alike to drivers and persons walking.

The thought has often occurred to those looking at a mounted policeman that he would form a striking subject for a sculptor, that he embodies dignity with action and that he is typical of New York and its congested streets. The first person to put this idea into execution is a woman, Miss Angela Schuyler Church.

Miss Church has heretofore been a painter, but about a year ago she was struck with the idea that the mounted policemen should be utilized as models for a sculptor. She had never done any modeling, but she decided to try her hand at it and went to work. She first modeled an unmounted traffic policeman, and this was so successful that she decided to put him on a horse.

She purchased a book showing the anatomy of the horse and studied out every bone, muscle and ligament and its interrelation. She watched the men and horses on duty in the streets. And then without any other model than that preserved in her mind's eye she began work in her studio. The result is two striking statuettes. One shows an officer mounted upon his horse, holding his hand up in warning. The other is more energetic in design. It shows a young woman mounted upon a runaway horse. She has lost the bridle reins and is being caught by a mounted officer who has dashed up alongside. The execution is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the design.

Any one who has seen such a scene as Miss Church has portrayed—



Photos by American Press Association.

MISS CHURCH AND TWO OF HER STATUETTES. and it is by no means uncommon in New York—can't fail to be impressed with the accuracy of her work and the life and action depicted.

Miss Church inherited her artistic ability, as she traces her kinship to John Trumbull, one of the best known artists in the early days of the United States. Trumbull painted the pictures in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington and was the founder of the National Academy of Design in New York.

Her father was a noted New York engineer, and he was responsible for New York's getting its water supply from the watershed of the Croton river. The great Croton dam was his work.

Miss Church inherited her love of horses from her mother, who was Miss Mary Van Wyck of Kentucky. As a true Kentuckian she naturally adored horseflesh, and the daughter has always manifested an affection for thoroughbreds.

Miss Church's great-grandfather was Jonathan Trumbull, the first governor of Connecticut. He and President Washington were great friends. Washington, being a very religious man, was opposed to Sunday calls and allowed none to be made at the White House. But he wanted to make an exception in favor of his friend Trumbull, so in order not to violate his edict against Sunday visits he called Trumbull "Brother Jonathan," the edict not being enforced against relatives. "Brother Jonathan" became a well known figure about the White House. And gradually, mysteriously, as myths and legends grow, "Brother Jonathan" became the nickname of the American nation, just as "John Bull" long ago became the nickname of the English nation.

**PASSIONS.**  
Passions are likened best to floods and streams: The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

LOOK! LOOK!

## The Black Diamond Coal Company

# COAL AND ICE

If in the market for Crushed Stone Gravel, Sand or Cinders, get our prices before buying.

PROMPT DELIVERY AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT GUARANTEED

Phone 534 Phone 23

Fire Storm Lightening Hail

Lowest Obtainable Rates Speedy Adjustment

## GEORGE E. CHAPPELL GENERAL Insurance Agency

Representing None But Old and Reliable ...Companies...

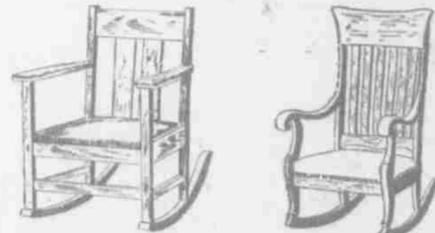
Consult Us Before Placing Your Insurance

Room 207, New Grissom Building  
Office 667 Phones Residence 521

# R. Walther's March Sale

Is Now in Progress

New goods are arriving daily. We have a larger assortment of nice, nifty patterns this season than we ever have had heretofore. Our stock is complete in all departments. Prices lower than ever.



Furniture, Carpets, Shades, Rugs, Matting, Lace Curtains, Linoleum, Etc.

Come in and see the beautiful water set, table set and berry set given free with each \$20 purchase

R. WALTHER  
CORNER BROADWAY & MIDDLE