THE CAIRO BULLETIN

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Notice to Subscribers

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Average number of complete and perfect copies of The Cairo Bulletin printed daily and Sunday during the year 1908.....2084

Average number of complete and perfect copies of The Cairo Bulletin printed daily and Sunday during the month of December 1908.....2403

December Circulation.

1	2193	16	2480
2	2284	17	2493
3	2360	18	2455
4	2285	19	2475
5	2306	20	2372
6	2243	21	2367
7	2387	22	2420
8	2363	23	2430
9	2482	24	2415
10	2489	25	2376
11	2476	26	2420
12	2470	27	2370
13	2395	28	2410
14	2470	29	2415
15	2470	30	2421
31	2489.		

The above is a correct statement of the circulation of The Cairo Bulletin for the year 1908 and for the month of December 1908.

CLYDE SULLIVAN,
Business Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fifth day of January 1909.

(Seal) LEO J. KLEB,
Notary Public.

The Bulletin is on sale at the following places:
Coleman's, 214 Eighth Street.
Halliday House News Stand.
Blue Front Restaurant.

TODAY IN HISTORY

February 1.

1733—Oglethorpe and his company settled at Yamasraw, now the city of Savannah.

1789—Commodore David Porter, distinguished American naval officer, born in Boston. Died near Constinople March 3, 1843.

1836—Pennington, of New Jersey, speaker of the house of representatives after balloting nearly two months.

1861—Texas convention passed an ordinance of secession.

1865—General Sherman left SSavannah on his northward march.

1894—House of representatives passed the Wilson ariff bill.

1904—William H. Taft succeeded Elihu Root as secretary of war.

1908—Federal government filed a bill in equity seewing dissolution of the Harriman railroad combine.

Biography.

Caleb Powers, the Kentucky politician whose eight years fight for freedom attracted the whole country, was born in Knox county Kentucky, Feb. 1, 1869. He worked his way thrpugh college, studied law and was admitted to the bar. His first public offire was that of superintendent of sdhools of his native county. In 1899 he was a candidate for secretary of state of Kentucky on the Republican ticket, with W. S. Taylor for governor. The election of the governor was contested and while the matter was pending in the courts William Goebel the Democratic candidate for governor, was assassinated in Frankfort. Mr. Powers was among those accused of having a part in the conspiracy. He was arrested March 10, 1900, and was placed on trial in July of the same year. He was convicted but in the following February he was granted another trial. Again he was convicted and sentenced to life imprsonment. A third trial resulted in a sentence of death. The fourth trial of the case was ended in January, 1908, with a disagreement of the jury. Last June the famous case was finally closed when Mr. Powers was granted a pardon by Gov. Wilson of Kentucky.

CAIRO IN 1874

(From The Cairo Bulletin published by John H. Oberly).

The Bulletin announced the election of Rev. George Fox Seymour as bishop of the Episcopal church in Illinois, to succeed the late Bishop Whitehouse. The age of the new bishop was about 45.

On Sept. 25th a complimentary hop and reception at the St. Charles was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Howe, who had just returned from their wedding tour. Among those present were the Misses Phillis, Mrs. Rittenhouse, Mrs. Capt. Cunningham, Miss Josie Winter, Misses Emma and Mollie Riley, Mrs. Dr. Denning, Miss Fannie Pitcher, Mrs. Pink, Mrs. Chas. Kyle and Miss Lucy Wilson.

John H. Oberly addressed a Democratic meeting at the court house on Sept. 28th in reply to the recent speech of Senator Logan.

An Episcopal church social was given at the rectory on Oct. 1st. Among the ladies in charge of the culinary arrangements were Mrs. A. B. Safford, Mrs. Robbins, Mrs. C. Pink and Mrs. P. A. Taylor.

Bids were received by the city council for filling portions of Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Walnut and Cedar setrets—the lowest bid having been 38 cents a cubic yard. At the same council meeting the city comptroller was instructed to advertise for bids for the construction of a sewer through Ohio levee at Thirty-eighth street.

The Bulletin of Oct. 4th has an account of a birthday party given by little Norma Lynch, 5 years old, daughter of County Clerk Lynch, and of a similar party given on Oct. 3rd by little Miss Wintie Dunning. Fifty Children assisted at the latter party. Misses Jessie Phillis and Lulu Pace presided at the piano, and Dr. and Mrs. Dunning made the children feel at home.

LEGAL DECISIONS

Who is a Buardian.—In People vs. Sanwick, 111 New York Supplement, 11, the New York Supreme Court decided that guardian, as used in the statute forbidding the admission to certain places of entertainment and amusement of children under 16 years of age, unless accompanied by parent or guardian, should not be restricted only to apply to a guardian in the sense of one appointed by a court, but the law should be complied with if a child should be accompanied by its elder brother, sister, neighbor or a friend.

Contempt in Violating Decree for Closing Building.—In Lewis vs Brennan, 117 Northwestern Reporter, 279, a nuisance, and ordered closed against the sale of liquor and kept closed for a year. The order was such that if the building was broken into and used for another purpose the parties would be subjected to a prosecution for contempt. The fact that the judge orally advised the sheriff to close the building temporarily was held no justification, as his oral advice outside the court was of no effect.

EXERCISE FOR THE SEDENTARY.

Thirty Jumps Eefore Breakfast One of Two Recommended.

In the thick of winter busy men find their usual exercise curtailed, and must look about for some easy way in which to keep themselves in condition. Many walk to and from their places of business, but these generally live within three or four miles of their offices.

If you aren't one of these, try a regular course of jumping. One of your winter maxims should be: "Thirty jumps before breakfast." If you stick to this all through the cold spell you will come out in the spring as fit as a proverbial violin.

Take an ordinxry heavy kitchen chair. Near it place a heavy rug or an ordinary front door mat. Jump on the chair, then jump off again onto the mat. Keep this up for 30 times, and your exercise is accomplished. In the long jump, jump from the bare floor onto an old mattress, in bare feet or in socks.

Vaulting is another splendid and easy exercise. A regular vaulting horse is, of course, seldom available, but an ordinary strong rail fence will be found serviceable for the purpose.

Nearly a Hero.

"Hands up."

The passengers on the Pullman car took in the situation at a glance and did exactly what the train robber told them to.

At the points of his guns he relieved them of their valuables. But at the sight of one woman he paused with a start.

"Who are you, woman," he demanded.

"I," she quavered, "am Miss Fay de Fluffie, the well-known actress. Here are my jewels—take them all!"

The hold-up held up his head proudly.

"No," he replied, "I may be a robber, but I am no press agent. Keep your wealth!"

Too Literal.

They tell of an Atchison man who was going down street with a girl. She was one of the kind who believes in the power of the gentle hint, and as they passed a candy store, she said: "Doesn't that candy smell good?"

"Yes," the man replied; "let's stop here and smell it awhile."—Atchison Globe.

Hard to Understand.

Bacon—That's the third time this week I've seen Blinks coming out of that X-ray doctor's.

Egbert—Is that so? What in the world do you suppose the doctor can see in that man?—Yonkers Statesman.

Domestic Finance.

First Landlady—If you allow tipping it reduces wages.

Second Landlady—Yes, but the boarders eat too much to e[illegible]

CAESAR'S GHOST IN POLITICS.

Nations Still Cling Tenaciously to Notion of Empire.

Even more tenacious has been the hold of Caesar's ghost in politics. There are two forms under which the idea of world government presents itself: One, the dead notion of empire, the thing for which Caesar stood, the very name of the man still clinging on in the words czar and kaiser, and the name of his idea remaining in the word emperor; the other, the living idea of federation. When we have come to understand the nature of ghost rule we wonder no longer at some political phenomena otherwise absolutely incomprehensible. Why, for instance, do a rich nation now strive for the glittering of military preparedness? Germany, England and Japan levy an intolerable tax of money and blood to maintain their armies; the nations are in perpetual travail to bring fourth battleship after battleship. If you go to the bottom of the reason of all this you find no reason at all, or a silly one. For it is manifestly impossible for any one nation to conquer all the others. You ask yourself why one international fleet and army could not be supported, to be at the command of one international court, thus to settle all disputes and enforce all decisions. The answer plainly is that this question is mere living, mortal common sense, and hence a puny thing to put against the age-old, dead ghost-principle of empire.—Atlantic Weekly.

INDICTMENT OF THE LANDLORD

Stern Words for Those Who Surrender Themselves to Greed.

Wherein is the difference between a poisoned well and a poisoned air shaft? Suppose, deliberately and knowingly, we allow our fellow-men to inhabit rooms, to live under conditions which mean a lingering death. The thing seems to be proved to us beyond question, then the moment that it has been proved beyond question, it ceases not simply a sordid little question, it becomes a question of morals, a question ultimately of religion. I like that phrase in the Old Testament where, speaking of those who violate certain fundamental principles of health and well-being, the statement was made that such a man was "an abomination unto the Lord." Now, we want that sort to be the landlord as well as to the tenant, that there are some things which are abominations unto the Lord, and there are reasons why we are abominations unto the Lord.—Rev. R. M. Crothers, Cambridge.

The Origin of Pie.

The origin of pie, especially mince pie, like the origin of sausage, is shrouded in mystery, but certain it is that it was known as far back as the time of Hiram the Snowman, and it may be that in his dinner pail could have been found the precedent which Mrs. and Mr. Hoboking, now of the hospital sought to follow. Those who are surprised after being led to believe that New England is the habitat of the article, to learn that pie is an old English institution, can easily accept the farther statement that "planted on American soil it lustwhich can rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of corners and species." Like the Irish potato, which is said to have been substituted in the new world, it has been so ingrafted into the life of its adopted country that it seems more like a native than an alien.

Troublesome Small Animals.

Farmers who live near the Blue mountains, in Lehigh county, are greatly bothered with foxes, mink and weasels, and the farmers who live along the lowlands have their hens molted by the muskrats and the skunks. A crusade has been declared against these animals and the farmers expect to exterminate them by trapping and shooting.

More than 1,000 pelts have been shipped from New Tripoli during the last week. Among the most successful fur trappers were the following: R. Stump and C. Frey, who had to bounds 36 opossums and 34 muskrats; W. Oswald, six minks; J. W. R. seven red foxes. There are a score of others who caught as high as 20 foxes, skunks, opossums and muskrats.—Pennsylvania Sybil.

Gladstone's Opinion of the King.

H. W. Lucy, dean of the house of commons reporters, who has known every prominent politician for the last quarter of a century, continues his reminiscences in the Cornhill Magazine. He gives the following as Mr. Gladstone's characteristic summary of King Edward, given apparently about 1887:

"A shrewd man, a keen observer, full of fun, always educating himself without deliberately sitting down to learn a lesson, merely opening a book, but keeping himself as yourself with whatever is going on in the world, and when the time comes for him to take his part in public business doing it thoroughly."

The Highwayman's Prayer.

Tom L. Johnson was criticising, at a holiday banquet, a grasping corporation.

"They are too transparent," he said. "In asking for the passage of this bill. In fact, they remind me strongly of the country's highwayman who, holding his blunderbuss and revolver beside him, knelt down on the road in front of a wayside shrine and prayed:

"'I do not ask thee, O Madonna, for money—only send this way an automobile with full pockets.'"

With the March of the Flag

The Colonel Comes Into the Union.

By IRVIN S. COBB

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For a fellow who has never been west of St. Joe, Mo., in his life, I guess I owe more to the Filipinos than anybody does. If it hadn't been for the Filipinos and that foolish little war of theirs, I suppose I would be here in New York alone; and Betty would still be down in Tennessee, or married to somebody else, and the colonel would still be hating the Yankees—but I'm getting ahead of my story. I guess the best way to begin a story is to begin at the beginning. Kipling said that, I believe; and if he didn't somebody else did; anyway, it's of no consequence.

My story dates from the time the house sent me down to Tennessee to make reports on the new oil fields down there. I went down to a little town called Hannibal. I suppose you never heard of it. It only has about 1,500 inhabitants, but it's fuller of characters than a down east drama. The place where oil had been struck was about ten miles away in the foothills—"knobs," the natives called them.

Here it was that I met Betty Shelby. Just how it is needless to state.

That was the busiest winter I ever spent—attending to the oil business in the morning, taking horseback rides with Betty in the afternoons, and going to see Betty in the evenings. As I remember, I proposed at the end of the first week, and proposed regularly thereafter twice a day always, and sometimes three times, throughout January, February and March.

But Betty never would say yes, and she never exactly said no. I was happy and miserable all in the same breath—happy because I knew that Betty was beginning to care for me, miserable because I was afraid I never would have her. It was all the fault of her father, the old colonel.

From the very start I won over Miss Clarissa to my side. Miss Clarissa was Betty's maiden aunt, who lived with Betty and her father and managed them and the household and everything on the place. Miss Clarissa's hobby was family trees. She knew more about old Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee families than the recording angel ever imagined. One day, soon after I met her, she asked me if I was related to the North Carolina Thorntons. I'd never heard of the North Carolina Thorntons. But I took a long chance. I said I was. It was a good guess. It seemed that the North Carolina Thorntons were something where they lived. After that I had a champion in Miss Clarissa. She even excused my being born north of the Ohio river.

I Met Betty Shelby.

It was the colonel who stood between me and happiness, which is another way of saying Betty. He couldn't get over the fact that I was a Yankee. He never had been reconstructed. As well as I could judge he never would be. A dozen times I proposed going to him and making the clean sweep of my life. But Betty said it wouldn't do any use. When I thought it over I agreed with her. He was always very polite to me, in a courtly, distant, stand-off kind of way. But he mentioned the United States of America as if they were foreign parts. He used to refer to the north as "your country, sir." Why, you would have sympathized that he didn't live in it himself.

"Why, he never forgave my brother Breck for joining the regular army two years ago," Betty used to tell me. "He couldn't get over having his own son put on a blue uniform."

"Surely, Betty," I would protest, "it isn't my fault that my ancestors landed at Plymouth instead of Jamestown."

"Dad would probably say your ancestors showed very poor taste. You see, Dob, dad never realize that the war ended over 40 years ago."

"But you, Betty, surely you haven't any of these mid-eden prejudices?"

"I'll confess," she would say, half laughing, half crying, "that while I'm a pretty good rebel, I might be willing to do my part in reuniting the country. But there's dadby—he's getting old, Bob—I've never done anything yet I didn't think he would approve. I like you, Bob—I like you a whole heap, but with Breck away off yonder in the Philippines, and estranged from dad, in a way, I'm the only one he has left. He tells me that I take the place that my mother would have taken if she had lived. Every day he depends on me more and more. And so, Bob, I can't give you my promise, knowing

And I knew she wouldn't. So finally, seeing how hopeless it all was, I just gave up. I asked the house to call me in to the home office and send out Jenkins in my place. I made up my mind to go back to New York and work and work and work, and forget Betty—as if I could! But I said to myself that I would forget her, knowing all the while that I was lying.

It was April then. The leaves were all out and the birds singing everywhere. The blooms of the dogwood, that looked like big white stars, made milky ways through the green woods back of the Shelby place.

We were at the big gate, and I was telling Betty good-by for good and all.

Right there, at the eleventh hour, and knowing how hopeless everything was, I tried to argue it all over again with Betty. Her big gray eyes were swimming and her lips quivered, but she held her brave little head up straight, like a little soldier.

"It isn't any use, Bob," she said, trying to smile at me through the tears. "I—I reckon I'll have to stay out of the union as long as dad does."

She held out her hands to me. I was standing there, holding both of them in mine, neither one of us saying a word, when I heard steps behind me. I dropped Betty's hands. It was the colonel. His face was redder than I had ever seen it, his eyes were blazing under his white eyebrows. He walked so fast he was panting.

"Mister Thornton," he said, looking straight at me, "may I ask where you were born?"

He took me by surprise. It was a little late for the colonel to begin taking a personal interest in me.

"Connecticut—New Haven, Connecticut," I blurted out.

"And did you have any kinspeople who fought in the war of the confederate secession?" he said.

I caught myself wondering whether the colonel was thinking of reopening hostilities and meant to begin by attacking me. But I was about to go off the firing-line, anyhow, and, besides, I didn't feel in the humor right then for playing Fort Sumter.

"My father was an officer in a Massachusetts regiment," I told him, "and I had an uncle on Sherman's staff."

"Sir," he said, "allow me to shake your hand."

He shook it. I looked out of the corner of my eye at Betty. Her expression said plainer than words:

"My poor father has suddenly gone daft; please humor him."

"My child," said the colonel, turning to her, "I have glorious news for you—news of your brother. Lieut. Mother, the Prussians Are Coming." John Breckinridge Shelby, U. S. A."

"Oh, dad!" cried Betty, and she threw both her arms around his neck. "good news of Breck! But, daddy, Breck's not a lieutenant—he's only a corporal."

"He was a corporal, my dear—he was a corporal," said the colonel, drawing himself up until he looked two inches taller. "He is now a lieutenant. I have just received a telegram from the secretary of war—our secretary of war, Mister Thornton, announcing that my son has been commissioned in the field for highly meritorious service.

"It appears that there was an engagement with savages in the island of Samar. A detachment was led into an ambush. The officers were shot at the first volley from the jungle. The men began falling back in disorder. The company colors were captured by one of the insurgents. My son recaptured the colors and rallied the men. He was wounded—".

"Wounded!" cried out Betty. "Oh, daddy!"

"Not badly wounded, my child," said the colonel, "merely a flesh wound. But he turned a rout into a victory. In his telegram our secretary of war congratulates me upon being the father of so gallant a young officer.

"Mister Thornton," the colonel went on, "I objected to my son's enlistment in the army of the United States. I had never accepted the result of the war between the states as a just and proper result. I had thought I would never so accept it. I am still loyal, sir, to the traditions of the Cause, but the flag my son fights for and sheds his blood for is my flag now. I am about, sir, to drink a toast to the United States flag. If you will join me I will feel honored, sir."

Did I join him? If the colonel noticed that I was holding Betty's hand as the three of us walked up the drive to the house he didn't say anything about it. I have never seen a man so utterly happy. The news that he had needed (?) to confirm had transported him clean out of his grief from the Lost Cause. He held the telegram he had received from the war department at Washington in his hand as though it were a jewel of priceless value.

We went into the parlor. The colonel stepped to the door to tell Uncle Zach, the butler, to bring the glasses and the decanter. With one hand on the knob he turned around.

"Mister Thornton," the colonel said, "I stayed out of the union a long time, but I have come back."

"Betty," I said, "your father says he is back in the union."

She came straight to me and my arm slipped around her waist. She tucked her head against my shoulder. Through the open window I could hear the mourning-dove calling in the orchard. His mate answered him.

The colonel stood there at the door looking at us. He was the first to speak.

"Mister Thornton, your hand, sir."

Mrs. Honeywood of Charing, England, who died in 1626, had 16 children, 114 grandchildren, 288 great-grandchildren and nine great-great-grandchildren—total, 267.

Mrs. Mary Jonas of Chester, England, was the mother of 33; a man recently applied for relief in Oulton who had 32 children; Anthony Clark lived in the Clerkenwell county court that

Iron Mountain Ry.

Jan. 11, 1909.

Trains at Cairo, Ill.

Departures

No. 401 Leaves daily.....7:40 a.m.
No. 421 Leaves daily.....3:45 p.m.

Arrivals

No. 402 Arrives daily.....11:30 a.m.
No. 424 Arrives daily.....7:30 p.m.

Arrivals and departures from wharfboat foot of Eighth street.

J. E. LUBY,
Agent.

Honor is not a matter of any man's calling merely, but rather of his own actions in it.—Dwight.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.—Sir P. Sidney.

Every branch of knowledge which a good man possesses he may apply to some good purpose.—Buchanan.

To an honest mind, the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives for doing good.—Addison.

He that takes time to think and consider will act more wisely than he that acts hastily and on impulse.—Simmons.

DOINGS OF PROMINENT FOLK.

Senator Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin is about to establish a newspaper in Milwaukee of which he will be the editor.

Sergt. Walsh, U. S. A., recently finished in New York city a walk across the continent from San Francisco in 64 days. He is 52 years old.

King William and Queen Charlotte of Wurttemberg recently made a balloon ascension with Count von Zeppelin, the experience said to be unique among members of royal families.

Richard Harding Davis has been sworn in as deputy sheriff at White Plains, N. Y., at his own request, so as to police his property in North Castle, where there have been some daring hold-ups.

Thomas A. Edison, at 61 years of age, and said to be worth $25,000,000, is ready to relinquish his long sustained and strenuous work in the line of inventions, and to do only scientific work that has special interest for him.

Carl Goldmark, the veteran composer, at the age of 78 has brought out a new opera, "A Winter's Tale," with text from Shakespeare, which is spoken of as a new departure, and has been meeting with much success in Europe.

The Qualifications.

"I want somebody to report a woman's congress," said the managing editor.

"Some one well versed in parliamentary language, I presume?"

"Nope. Some one who understands such terms as passementerie, aigrette and the like."—Kansas City Journal.

The Victim of Fate.

Williams—I understand that your son has married a widow?

Walters—Well—yes—but I should

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Cairo, Alexander County, Illinois
Population 16,147.

Mayor, GEORGE PARSONS.
Clerk, R. A. HATCHER.
Treasurer, THOMAS B. MAHON
City Attorney, FRANK MOORE.
Comptroller, ERNEST NORDMAN
Police Magistrate, A. J. ROSS.
Chief of Police, M. S. MAGAN

Alexander County, Population 27,464.
County Clerk, JESSE E. MILLER.
Circuit Clerk, ALFRED BROWN.
Sheriff, FRANK E. DAVIS
State's Attorney, ALEX. WILSON
County Superintendent of Schools PROF. JOHN SNYDER.
Assessor and Treasurer, FRED J. NELLIS.

Board of County Commissioners.
J. J. JENNELLE, Chairman.
C. V. NEFF.
DR. EDWIN GAUSS.

TIME CARD CAIRO ELECTRIC RYS

Belt Line cars due to leave Second St. going north on Commercial Ave every 15 minutes from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m. Going north on Walnut St. every 15 minutes from 6:08 a. m. to 10:53 p. m.

Poplar St. Line Holbrook Ave. car due to leave Second St. going north on Holbrook, at 5:57; 6:27; 6:42; 6:57; 7:12 a.m. and on the same minutes every hour until 10:42 and 11:12 p. m.

Going west on Twenty-Eighth St. at 5:00; 5:30; 5:51; 6:06 and 7:01 a. m. and on same minutes every hour until 10:01 and 11:01 p. m.

Poplar St. cars due to pass St. Mary's park 15 minutes after leaving Second St.

Belt Line Owl Cars leave north on Walnut 11:30 p. m. 12:31 a. m.; 1:30 a. m.; 2:30 a. m.; 3:30 a. m.; 4:30 a. m.; 5:30 a. m.

North on Commercial—12 p. m. 1 a. m. 2 a. m. 3 a. m. 4 a. m. 5 a. m.

Belt and Owl cars are due to pass Wes Thirty-fourth St. 15 minutes after leavin Second St.