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Atlantic City, N. J.	Odd Fellows (I. O. O. F.), Sovereign Grand Lodge and Patriarchs Militant, September 21-26, 1914.
Atlanta, Ga.	National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, November 11-18, 1914.
Atlanta, Ga.	FOURTH American Road Congress, Nov. 9-14, 1914
Cartersville, Ga.	Bartow County Fair, October 20-23, 1914.
Birmingham, Ala.	Alabama State Fair, Sept 28-Oct. 10, 1914.
Dallas, Tex.	AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF BANKING, Sept. 22-24, 1914.
Ft. Worth, Tex.	34th annual meeting Farmers National Congress, October 14-17, 1914.
New Orleans, La.	International Association of Fire Engineers, October 20-23, 1914.
Youkon, Fla.	National Division Rifle Matches, Oct. 9-22, 1914.
Winder, Ga.	Weedruff North Georgia Fair, October 6-10, 1914.

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PERCH ARTISTS A NEW SENSATION

Performers on Slender Perpendicular Poles are the World's Champion Climbers

It is a common fallacy that the most daring and expert climbers and aerial performers are sailors, and the jolly tars have always been more or less proud of their achievement in this line of endeavor. Recently, however some landlubbers have managed to work themselves into a position before the public eye and rob the man who was the raging main of his laurels. These latter belong to a new class of aerial gymnasts, known as perch performers. They have created a tremendous sensation in the hippodromes of Europe during the past winter, by the thrilling and amazing feats performed at such dizzy heights on a slender and trembling pole, which makes it impossible for the performers to escape without fatal accidents.

A number of these daring perch performers are to be seen in this city for the first time when Ringling Brothers' circus comes here Thursday, October 8. The perch act number is one of the costliest features of the Ringling Brothers' program this season, and includes such famous entertainers as the Mirano Brothers, Andresen Brothers, the three Jahns and the Grau and Rodriguez Brothers.

These performers, all of whom are foreigners are making their initial bow to American audiences, perform their difficult feats from the tips of slender perpendicular poles of great length and supported solely by the strength of one man, who stands on the ground holding the pole upright from a socket attached to his waist.

The perch acts are only some of the many aerial novelties to be seen at the Ringling circus this year. The big feature of the program is the massive new spectacle, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, with its cast of 1,250 characters and a grand ballet of 300 girls. The spectacle is produced for the first time this season at a cost of $1,000,000, and is said to be the most lavish display of its kind ever presented in America.

The Day In Congress

Washington, Sept. 30.—Following are the proceeding of Wednesday in congress:

SENATE—Finance committee continued work on war revenue bill.

Fight on the conference report on the Clayton trust bill was continued.

Recessed at 6 36 to 11 a. m. Thursday.

HOUSE—Debate resumed on bill for codification of printing laws.

Adjourned at 4.40 p. m., until noon Thrusday.

TOWNVILLE NOTES

Townvile, Sept. 30.—Miss Ada LaGrone and nephew, W. B. LaGrone, of Johnston, after a pleasant stay of a few weeks with the former's brother and sister, Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Myers, have returned home.

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Hollingsworth have returned from an extended trip in Alabama and Georgia.

C. W. Witt, of Americus, Ga., has [illegible] charge of the school as principal, which opens next Monday.

Miss Nonia Dunlap, of Athens, Ga., has returned to take up the music work.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Grubbs, of Walhalla, spent several days with relatives last week.

Dr. W. T. Hunt has gone to Baltimore to spend several weeks.

Miss Kelfee Stevenson is visiting relatives at Cross Roads.

Mrs. Newt. Boleman went to Anderson this week shopping.

Miss Joana Broyles left a few days ago for Lander College.

Miss Edna Stevenson, of Lavona, Ga., visited relatives this week.

T. B. Jones and Frank Hawkins attended a reception this week at Walhalla.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Myers and Miss Ada LaGrone and W. B. LaGrone visited Anderson, Williamston and Pelzer last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Witherspoon and son, of the Fork, visited friends here this week.

Dr. J. M. Hobson visited relatives at Sandy Springs last week.

Friday evening at 8 o'clock at Townville, there will be given by the Rural Improvement Association a reception to the new teachers and patrons of the school. There will be some talks and music.

FOLEY CATHARTIC TABLETS

O. HENRY'S STORIES

VI.—The Champion of the Weather

By O. HENRY

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IF you should speak of the Kiowa reservation to the average New Yorker he probably wouldn't know whether you were referring to a new political dodge at Albany or a leitmotif from "Parsifal." But out in the Kiowa reservation advices have been received concerning the existence of New York.

A party of us were on a hunting trip in the reservation. Bud Kingsbury, our guide, philosopher and friend, was broiling antelope steaks in camp one night. One of the party, a

"Pardner," I say, "sure it's a nice day."

pinkish haired young man in a correct hunting costume, sauntered over to the fire to light a cigarette and remarked carelessly to Bud:

"Nice night!"

"Why, yes," said Bud, "as nice as any night could be that ain't received the Broadway stamp of approval.

"How did I know he was from New York? Well, I figured it out as soon as he sprung those two words on me. I was in New York myself a couple of years ago, and I noticed some of the earmarks and horn tracks of the Rancho Manhattan.

"Found New York rather different from the Panhandle, didn't you, Bud?" asked one of the centers.

"Can't say that I did," answered Bud. "Anyways not more than some. The main trail in that town, which they call Broadway, is plenty traveled, but they're about the same brand of bipeds that trail around in Cheyenne and Amarillo. At first I was sort of rattled by the crowds, but I soon says to myself, 'Here, now, Bud, they're just plain folks like you and Geronimo and Grover Cleveland and the Watson boys, so don't get all flustered up with consternation under your saddle blanket,' and then I feels calm and peaceful, like I was back in the nation again at a ghost dance or a green corn powwow.

"I'd been saving up for a year to give this New York a shirt. I knew a man named Summers that lived there, but I couldn't find him, so I played a lone hand at enjoying the intoxicating pleasures of the corn fed metropolis.

"For awhile I was so frivolous and locoed by the electric lights and the noises of the phonographs and the second story railroads that I forgot one of the crying needs of my western system of natural requirements. I never was no hand to deny myself the pleasures of sociable vocal intercourse with friends and strangers. Out in the territories when I meet a man I never saw before, inside of nine minutes I know his income, religious size of collar and his wife's temper and how much he pays for clothes, culinary and smoking tobacco. It's a gift with me not to be penurious with my conversation.

"But this here New York was inaugurated on the idea of stuckemousness in regard to the exchange of speech. At the end of three weeks nobody in the city had fired even a blank syllable in my direction except the waiter in the grub emporium where I fed. And as his outpourings of syntax wasn't nothing but plagiarisms from the bill of fare, he never satisfied my yearnings, which was to have somebody hit. If I stood next to a man at a bar he'd edge off and give a Baldwin-Ziegler look as if he suspected me of having the north pole concealed on my person. I began to wish that I could go to Abilene or Waco for my peanuts, for the mayor of them places will talk with you, and the first citizen you meet will tell you his middle name and allow you to take a chance in a raffle for a quilt box.

"Well, one day I got a little particular hankering for to be conversing with something more loquacious than a lamp post a fellow in a coffee stall says to me, says he:

"'Nice day?'

"He was a kind of a Passenger of the place, and I reckon he had seen me in there a good many times. He had a face like a dish and an eye like Jonah, but I got up and hung one arm around his neck.

"'Pardner,' I says, 'it's a nice day. You're the first gentleman in all New York to observe that the surfaces of human society are not so all-together crusted up,' says I to William Kingsbury. But doesn't he think, even at that 'twas a little too early in the morning and ain't there a feeling of rain in the air tonight? But along about noon it sure was gallupsious weather. How's all up to the house? You doing right well with the caffy now?'

"Well, sir, that galoot just turns his back and walks off stiff, without a word, after all my trying to be agreeable. I didn't know what to make of it. That night I finds a note from Summers, who'd been away from town, giving the address of his camp. I goes up to his house and has a good, old time talk with his folks. And I tells Summers about the actions of this coyote in the caffy and desires interpretation.

"'Oh,' says Summers, 'he wasn't intending to strike up a conversation with you. That's just the New York style. He'd seen you was a regular customer, and he spoke a word or two just to show you he appreciated your custom. You oughtn't to have followed it up. That's about as far as we care to go with a stranger. A word or so about the weather may be ventured, but we don't generally make it the basis of an acquaintance.'

"'Billy,' says I, 'the weather and its ramifications is a solemn subject with me. Meteorology is one of my sore points. No man can open up the question of temperature or humidity or the glad sunshine with me and then turn tail on it without its leading to a falling barometer. I'm going down to see that man again and give him a lesson in the art of continuous conversation. You say New York etiquette allows him two words and no answer. Well, he's going to turn his self into a weather bureau and finish what he begun with me besides indulging in neighborly remarks on other subjects.'

"Summers talked agin it, but I was irritated some and I went on the street car back to that caffy.

"I called that man to one side and herded him into a corner. I unbuttoned enough to show him a 38 I carried stuck under my vest.

"'Pardner,' I says, 'a little space ago I was in here and you seized the opportunity to say it was a nice day. When I attempted to corroborate your weather signal, you turned your back and walked off. Now, bite it, you frog hearted, language shy, stiff necked cross between a Spitzbergen sea cook and a muzzled oxtoe, you resume where you left off in your discourse on the weather.'

"The fellow looks at me and tries to grin, but he sees I don't and he comes around serious.

"'Well,' says he, laying the handle of my gun, 'it was rather a nice day; some warmish, though.'

"'Particular,' I says, 'you measly mouthed snoozer,' I says—'let's have specifications—expatiate—dill in the outlines. When you start anything with me in shorthand it's bound to turn out a storm signal.'

"'Looked like rain yesterday,' says the man, 'but it cleared off fine in the forenoon. I hear the farmers are needing rain right badly up state.'

"'That's the kind of a canter,' says I. 'Shake the New York dust off your boots and be a real honest kind of a centaur. You broke the ice, you know, and we're getting better acquainted every minute. Seems to me I asked you about your family.'

"'They're all well thank,' says he. 'We—we have a new piano.'

"'Now you're coming it,' I says. 'This cold reserve is breaking up at last. That little couch above the piano almost makes us brothers. What's the youngest kid's name?' I asks him.

"'Thomas,' says he. 'He's just getting well from the measles.'

"'I feel like I'd known you always,' says I. 'Now there's just one more—are you doing right well with the caffy, now?'

"'Pretty well,' he says. 'I'm getting away a little more.'

"'Glad to hear it,' says I. 'Now go back to your work and be satisfied. Keep your hands off the weather un-

"Particular, you measly mouthed snoozer," I says.

less you're ready to follow it up in a personal manner. It's a subject that naturally belongs to specialists and the formation of days that aren't fit to see it handed out in small chunks to a town like this.'

"So the next day I rolls up my blankets and leaves the trail away from New York city."

For many minutes after Bud ceased talking we lingered around the fire.

As I was unwinding my bedding I heard the pinkish hairy young man saying to Bud, with something like anxiety in his voice:

"As I say, Mr. Kingsbury, there is something deeply mystified about this night. The delightful breeze and the bright stars and the clear air belie its making, as Bud talks, correctly."

"Yes, sir," said Bud, "it's a nice night."

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