

# A Bonafide Offer

For Three Days Only.	SATURDAY	Positively
	MONDAY	No
	TUESDAY	Longer.

We offer you, without restrictions, THE GREATEST OVERCOAT BARGAINS you ever came across at this season of the year:

- Our \$10.00 Overcoats at - \$6.67
- Our \$12.50 Overcoats at - 8.33
- Our \$15.00 Overcoats at - 10.00
- Our \$20.00 Overcoats at - 13.34

A reduction of 33½¢ on each dollar. We are not making this extraordinary offer on account of the money stringency, no indeed, our goods have long been paid for, it is the unfavorable weather that has left us with an overabundance of Overcoats which we prefer to hand out to you at less than cost rather than take chances of carrying them over.

## WHITE & WALDER

### CAIRO LODGE OF ELKS HONORS ITS DEAD IN ORATORY AND SONG

Impressive Memorial Services at Opera House— Rev. S. R. Maxwell, of St. Louis, Eloquent Orator of the Day

The memory of the deceased members of Cairo Lodge No. 651 was never more beautifully honored than yesterday when the annual memorial exercises were held at the opera house before an audience that filled the house.

The Elks were especially fortunate in the choice of their orators and the choice of their orators and the result was a memorial which it is to be regretted, could not have been attended by the far distant friends of those who have passed to the Other Side, so fitting was the spoken word and the song to this solemn and sacred occasion.

Mr. Maxwell's Address.

The memorial address of the Rev. S. A. Maxwell of St. Louis, was a masterly one in eloquent sentiment and powerful delivery. Those who heard him were indeed fortunate and those who failed to attend the exercises missed one of the noblest orations ever delivered here or elsewhere. In short he said:

The dead are departed and their tears bear no eulogy. I will address you, marks to the living.

Two thousand years ago such an assemblage as this would have been out of the question. Then the world was governed by force. The words taught by the great Nazarene make this occasion possible. This order will last because it is built upon the mightiest principle in the universe and pervaded by it—love. In ancient times Greek, Egyptian and Persian philosophers deliberated on the question. What is the supreme force of the universe? At that time there were three great races, the Hebrews, Greeks and the Romans. Jerusalem, Athens and Rome were the three great centers. To the Roman mind the resolution and will power were the supreme forces. They pointed to their great roads, their armies, their pyramid as evidences of their will power. But with the Roman's civic organization, the empire fell, hivered by a mightier force. So it is with the world today. It will fall for his strength, he will meet circumstances that will crush him to the earth.

John B. Goff, one of the world's greatest orators, was saved by the power of love. When strong drink had nearly wrecked him, a good woman said to him, "Mr. Goff, I believe in you. You can still be a man."

Touched by a loving hand the words of his heart vibrated once more and he arose and said "I will be a man!"

Lifted by the majestic power of love John B. Goff became a great orator for the world's good. Love accomplished what the law failed to do.

The order of Elks is based on love and it will stand as long as God lives. The great spirit of humanity teaches us to write the failings of our brothers on the sand and let the great ocean of love spring from our hearts wipe it out.

In the pictures of the great Alexander, the artist portrays him with one of his fingers hitting a scar on his face. Love puts his finger over the scar of his brother.

Love the Mightiest Power.

So-called sin is simply the faults of a creature on the way to greater achievement. Love is the mightiest power of the universe. The intellect is simply the wheels and the helix but love is the giant engine that drives it. The literature that persists, that has heart in it, the greatest literature is the one who speaks from the soul the pathos of love.

This order is based on the very force that brought the universe into being for God is love and love is God. Not only of human love do I speak but of the divine love. The universe is an expression of God's love. The fields, the orchards, the vineyards, men and women declare it.

In estimating a great man do not put a tape-line around his brain. Some of the greatest acouroids of the world have had the biggest intellects. Measure him not by his estate but by the number of the richest men secured their wealth by trickery, bribery and lies? Nor measure him by his muscles. The man who serves the world, who has love in his heart for humanity as well as for God, he is the truly great. I challenge you to find a virtue in man or woman that is not the last analysis of love.

Religion is love expressing itself in all human relationships. If you take love out of life you take away its name whether you take it out of the family or the lodge or society. What have you in the world without love? You might as well preach the world's funeral sermon if you eliminate it.

I saw a handsome structure finished but still surrounded by the scaffolding necessary in its building. The next day the scaffolding was torn away and there the structure stood in all its strength and beauty. Some men are building scaffolding all their lives and never lay a stone for the

foundation of their characters. Death strikes the scaffolding and the structure totters. Poor indeed is the man who has nothing but the scaffolding. Put to the man who has builded well, his death-day is the real birthday of his life.

**The Eulogies.**

The eulogies of the three who during the past year left this mortal coil were deeply impressive bringing into expression the personal sorrow felt by the order and all the friends of the decedents.

Prof. T. C. Clendenen recounted the good traits of Albert T. Osgood who died May 14, 1907, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. None of the sentiments expressed were exaggerated for all who knew the departed recognized the truth in the description of the decedent's lovable traits. Singularly enough Albert Osgood and William E. Smith both of whom were honored in memory by this service were boyhood friends together in Eau Claire, Wis., and their lives closed but ten days apart.

Hon. Reed Green, whose powers of oratory have long been recognized and appreciated was heard for the first time in several years outside the court room. His eulogy of William E. Smith or "Billy" as he was affectionately known to his friends was told from the knowledge of one who knew the excellent qualities of mind and heart of his subject by close personal association and the friends of the decedent were touched to tears by the remembrance of the characteristics that made him dear to him. The tribute to the departed was such as would be wished by his devoted and loving family and could they have heard it, the words would have been a balm to their sorrow.

Henry Gilhofer eulogized his boyhood friend in a tender, impressive way which evinced a heart-felt sorrow. The kindly, peaceful disposition of Frank Gossman whose life closed only a few weeks ago in the early day of manhood, was told of in a manner that touched all hearts. It was a most fitting oratory performed in a beautiful way, was the tribute paid to the decedent by Mr. Gilhofer.

**The Music.**

No less beautiful and impressive than the oratory of this occasion was the music. Mayor George Parsons in the rush of his multifarious duties prepared the musical program and rehearsed the quartette composed of Mrs. W. L. Holt, Miss Lina Woodward, Messrs. E. R. Thistlewood and C. S. Bourque. Their voices blended perfectly and the numbers were most appropriately chosen. Mr. C. N. Buchanan sang "Here's to Our Absent Brothers" in his pleasing manner.

The invocation was pronounced by Rev. C. H. Armstrong pastor of Emmanuel Lutheran church, and the benediction by the Rev. W. T. Morris pastor of the First M. E. church.

**In Memoriam.**

The deceased members of Cairo Lodge of Elks are as follows:

Joseph P. Roberts, died October 20, 1904.

John A. Haynes, died February 25, 1904.

Ernest W. Rees, died November 13, 1904.

Henry Bernstein, died July 28, 1905.

John P. Mochler, died August 17, 1905.

Sidney J. Wheeler, died November 12, 1905.

Barney Cozby, died February 22, 1906.

Albert T. Osgood, died May 14, 1907.

William E. Smith, died May 23, 1907.

Frank L. Gossman, died October 27, 1907.

The officers of the Elks seated on the stage were Messrs. T. J. Pryor, P. H. Smyth, Charles Feuchter, Jr., W. D. Bannister, Louis Block, James H. Galligan, Morris May, Herbert Stedell, John Sullivan. In the middles rows in the parquette the other members of the order were seated.

## ECHOES FROM PULPITS

(Concluded from Sixth Page.)

lib. I want to say that the statement has never been denied by the liquor league or its officers. There is nothing that a liquor dealer will not do or say. Young ladies, walk down Ohio street to 407 and look into that window and you will see a picture with the faces of six men upon it. Each one says, "We drink Old Dick Whiskey." Can you reverse a young man who would enter a liquor saloon? You know you cannot. Should you simply love such a fellow, then see how he will look after he has been drinking "Old Dick Whiskey" a few years. These are the kind of fellows that are turned out of that saloon. Any woman who could love such a looking brute, as those pictured upon that card, must have the stomach of a cow, or of a brass. That is the product of the saloon, look at those pictures, please.

Will the Bulletin say that above sense in advertising a business. Any young man who will look at those pictures and then go in there and drink "Old Dick Whiskey" is not worthy to associate with any woman who values her future happiness. That is a correct picture, young ladies, of your future husband, if you marry men who visit that saloon. That is a picture every saloon keeper should hang in his window. How long will it hang there to warn the young women. It will not do for a girl to say, "I will be happier married to this drunken vicious man whom I love, than I would be married to any man I reverence or in retaining unmarried." Her own pleasure is no excuse for disobeying God, and besides she is sadly mistaken in thinking that a marriage solely for love

will bring happiness. She must either obey God in her marriage or refuse to marry at all. She is not required to marry a man she does not love; she is simply forbidden to marry a man she does not reverence and is not willing to obey in the Lord. With that one restriction she can consult her own wishes. The ideal marriage is when the wife reveres, loves and will cheerfully obey in the Lord her husband. That is the lot I hope God will give to every maiden before me. To marry without reverence is forbidden to woman, no matter what her motive is. One may love very passionately for a while a bad character, whether the badness consist in vice or petty meanness, but when the "passion shall have spent its wayward force" all the best of the race shall learn to their bitter sorrow that only love which is rooted in reverence is abiding. The bitter consequences of a disregard of this law are not confined to the poor girl, who in the thoughtlessness of her youth, and under the teaching of what she has heard and read, marries a man because she loves him, with little thought of character. Alas! the sins against this law are also visited upon the third and fourth generations. Not only does the Bible teach that a woman reverence her husband, and have but one husband, and he one wife, but patial plodding science comes, with imperious voice to say that it is only this way that the goal of human happiness can be reached. The monogamous family is the foundation stone upon which rest our social and civic fabric. We speak of patriotism. But there is no patriotism where there is no hearthstone. Patriotism in its last analysis is love of home. No man ever seized a shot gun and went out to defend a boarding house. The fall of Rome has been explained from a hundred standpoints, but the honest student of history knows that her decline came when licentiousness and drunkenness drove virtue from her homes. There was a day when her soldiers were invincible; when the scream of the Roman eagle was echoed by the shout of victory, and that was the time when the white-robed virgin laid perpetual fire upon the altar of Vesta, the Goddess of Chastity. But there came a day when the divorce laws were relaxed, there were not enough Vesta virgins to watch the fire, it flickered and went out, Sullanian revels stifled the last flowers of modesty, a bloated image of lust stood on every square, and in every pleasure garden, family life withered and died and the "proud mistress of the seven hills" went down never to rise again.

Coming down from St. Louis to Cairo the other day a young lady on the eyes asked me to secure her a position in one of our large stores. I replied to her: "Young lady, I could rather have twenty-five acres of this lullian land with a log cabin on it, and the man I reverence and love to till the land, as a sober husbandman—with a little grassy winding path leading down to the spring, where the water gizzes from the lips of earth, whistling day and night to the white shingles a perpetual peep— with hollyhocks growing at the corner of the house and morning-glories blooming over the lowthanked door, with lattice work over the windows so that the sunlight would fall checkered upon the dingied babe in the cradle, and birds like songs with wings hovering in summer air, than be the chief clerk in the biggest store on earth, or even the owner of such a store."

What are thy utilities, which true women honor in men? Truth, piety, sobriety, bravery and strength—these few—with all their avoiding that first eighth of cayenne which is the foundation of all integrity and destination—who honor a weak-

branded, weak-souled man? That faith to God, his fellow men, and to her who is the foundation on which her faith is built can give. That sobriety and purity which all has a right to demand, such as a sternness in him as he demands in her, and that bravery which quails not before danger, and hence neither man's sin nor woman's weakness, these are the things which reverence in men and these are the things which woman must strive to possess and they are worthy to ask noble women to become their wives.

There are other things upon which I have no time to dwell.

**Almond Meal.**

Nothing is better than almond meal to keep the skin smooth and white. Use it in place of soap or rub on the hands when almost dry.

**A Good Diver.**

The sperm whale can remain below the surface for about 20 minutes at a time. Then it comes to the surface and breathes 50 or 60 times, taking about 10 minutes to do so.

Bracing food for steady nerves—  
Nutritive food for healthy appetites—  
Strengthening food for sturdy muscles—  
The most nourishing wheat food

# Uneeda Biscuit

**5¢**  
In moisture and dust proof packages.  
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

**MOUND CITY**

December 1, 1907.

Miss Kate Seymour of East St. Louis, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Chas. Schuler, the past few days, left today (Sunday) for her home.

Miss Nettie Arnall of America, was shopping in town Saturday.

Cant. H. Bartleson of Olmsted, was a business caller here Saturday.

Mr. J. W. Sims, who with his wife spent a few days with his daughter at Memphis, returned home Saturday. His wife remained for a short visit.

Maurice Tripp was the guest of

friends here Friday.

Miss Lillie Richardson left Saturday for Jacksonville, Ill., where she will accept a position in the Insane Asylum.

Walter Dishinger was in Mounds on business Saturday.

E. R. Lewis of Valley Recluse, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Jas. Cloud of Mounds, was a Mound City shopper Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bauer of Mounds, were in town on business Saturday.

Miss Grace Morrow of Sparta, who has held the position as trimmer for Mrs. Kate Roberts, returned to her home Sunday.

Mr. Ed Craig of Evansville, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Craig, and returned to his home Saturday.

Marion Bankison visited friends at Pulaski Thursday.

Mr. Ben Hargan of Valley Recluse, transacted business in town Saturday.

W. B. Paec of Holloway, Ky., was in town on business Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Livesay was among the Cairo shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. Will Smith and daughter, of America, was shopping in town Saturday.

Mr. Tim Casey of Cairo, was a business caller here Saturday.

Claude Johnson of Mounds, spent Friday with his mother, Mrs. Jas. W. Johnson.

W. W. Rosman has been slightly indisposed this week.

Mrs. Pearl Parker of Valley Recluse, was shopping in town Saturday.

Dr. A. E. Freeman of Cairo, made professional calls here Saturday.

Mrs. Flossie Littlejohn of America, was shopping in town Saturday.

H. C. Bankison was in Pulaski on business Friday.

Mrs. John McCune is in Cairo this week on account of the illness of her sister.

**SOME STATEMENTS REGARDING NEW THEORY**

Followers of Cooper and His Novel Ideas Give Reason for Their Belief in Him.

With a theory that human health is dependent on the stomach and with a medicine which he says proves this theory, J. T. Cooper, a comparatively young man, has built up an immense following during the past year.

Cooper has visited most of the leading cities of the country, and in each city has aroused a storm of discussion about his beliefs and his medicine. Wherever he has gone, people have called upon him by tens of thousands, and his preparation has sold in immense quantities.

The sale of this medicine has now spread over the entire country, and it is being consumed each day. In view of this, the following statements from two of the great number of followers which he now has, are of general interest.

Mrs. Agnes Viggenhous, of 942 St. Louis Avenue, Chicago, has the following to say on the subject of the Cooper preparation: "For more than ten years I was broken down in health. I could not sleep and I was very nervous. Gradually I began to lose my memory, until I could not remember things from one day to another. I had severe pains and cramps in my body, and I would at times see dark spots before my eyes. I was unable to do any work whatever, as my strength was failing. I had no appetite, nor could I take any medicine."

"I had about given up hope of ever being well again when I read of Mr. Cooper's remedies. I decided to give them a trial, and I began to feel better at once. After taking the medicine for two weeks I can say that I am a new woman. I can eat with enjoyment, the pains in my body have left me, and I am stronger than I have been for years."

"I cannot say enough for Mr. Cooper's remedies. They are wonderful for they have done everything I claimed for them in my case."

Another statement by Mr. W. B. Stetson, 105 W. Madison St., Chicago, is as follows: "I have had stomach trouble for years, and anyone who is afflicted this way knows what an awful distressed feeling it causes. Many a time I have felt that I would give most any price to be cured. It was by accident that I heard of this man Cooper's remedies. I immediately made up my mind to buy a treatment of him. I used it for about two weeks, and it is impossible to tell how much good it has done me. I feel altogether different. I have more life and energy than I have had for years. This medicine certainly does stimulate and strengthen the whole system. I feel feeling and weak condition of the stomach has entirely passed away. I feel well again."

We sell Cooper's celebrated medicines which have made this wonderful record in all parts of the country. — P. C. Schuh & Sons.

## How Hero Captured The Village

Hero was a great overgrown St. Bernard puppy. His coat was ragged and short about the body, but on his neck it had filled out more and there was a tuft of hair at the end of his tail. In color he was a tawny yellow.

Hero was not remarkable in the amount of intelligence he displayed. He had an immense curiosity, however, that brought him a great reputation.

Not having a little master in his home, he had made friends with a boy who lived at the other end of the small Cape Cod village. The village sights grew tame for Hero when this boy was at school or away from the town. So he often trotted along the dusty highway to the neighboring towns, or followed the sandy coast paths that led over the hills.

On one of these jaunts he turned into a path that led through a growth of scrub pines—a trail that he had never taken before. Beyond these pines, on a hill overlooking the bay, was a group of cottages. Hero during the summer months lived a colony of families from the city.

Provision wagons crawled daily through the sand, keeping them in touch with the outside world and the town below. In this way the mail and the day old papers reached them.

In one of these papers there had appeared the notice of a lion that had broken loose from a traveling circus further up on the Cape.

Now it happened at the very moment when Hero came in sight of the cottages, a group of cottagers sat in a little pavilion reading this and wondering whether the lion could be in the woods near by.

Hero ambled joyously toward the group, when suddenly one of them spied him. With a shriek, "There's that terrible lion now!" she rushed for the nearest cottage and slammed the door.

The others, not so fortunate, huddled in terror in the pavilion. Those who could climbed to its roof.

All the inmates of the cottages hurried and bolted the doors, drew down the shades and waited in terror for a sudden spring through the unprotected glass windows.

The dog, startled by the screams, quickened his pace and disappeared over the further side of the hill. Beyond the hill he came out again on the main road and followed it back home.

After almost an hour had elapsed, a cottager cautiously emerged from his door, pistol in hand, prepared to rescue the people in the pavilion.

He was joined by another carrying a stove poker. Then others appeared armed with table legs, carving knives, rakes and shovels.

As they grew braver, they made a systematic search of the place, and even penetrated a short distance into the woods. But the terrible "King of the Desert" was not to be found.

Hero never knew, of course, that he had captured a summer colony, but most of the folk on the Cape who knew him found it out and he became a great comic hero.

**The Care of Canaries.**

The first thing to consider in looking after the comfort and happiness of the canary is its cage. Have as large a one as possible. This gives chance for exercise. A good cage is the small sized mocking bird's cage, which is about 25 inches long and 12 inches wide. The absence of paint and brass wire makes it more healthy for a bird, as the former sometimes contains arsenic and the latter becomes touched with veridgris, which is poisonous.

Next, the perches should be of proper size, or rather, sizes. The use of different sized perches enables the bird to exercise all the muscles of the feet, keeping them in healthy condition. Where little scales upon the bird's feet and legs cause soreness and lameness, it is well to occasionally cover one of the perches with vaseline, which will rub off on the bird's feet and soften them.

Perches and cages must always be kept clean, and the little inmate should be given a bathing dish of clean water every day, leaving him to choose his own time for bathing. The cuttle bone should always be within reach for sharpening the bill. Sand is another essential, either put on the floor of the cage or in a dish. This is eaten by the bird and helps digest the food.

For food a good quality of seed should be bought, using two-thirds canary seed and one-third mixed hemp, millet and rape seed. Occasionally add a pinch of lettuce seed. Then vary the seed diet with lettuce, apple, celery, bread and milk, sugar, hard-boiled eggs, red pepper and once in a while even a bit of fat bacon. Grasses in seed and plantain stalks are likewise good.

Birds are very sensitive to draught and should be carefully guarded in this respect. Bird fever arises from draught and it is possible "having more than one bird" as the bird doctors say, actually social, cheerful and better from loneliness when put off alone without companionship of any kind.

**The Cause of It.**

"Say, Mr. 'Legs Little' White again, why—"

"Now, see here, Mr. 'Legs Little' White, I told you I wouldn't answer any more questions 'as to the 'leg' job. What's it now?"

"I just wanted to know, 'as you don't answer my questions, it cause your leg to swell, or 'cause you indignation's come on!"

Subscribe for the Bulletin and get all the news. Only 60¢ per month for a paper every day in the year.