

THE CAIRO BULLETIN

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

Table showing circulation statistics for the year 1908, including average number of complete and perfect copies, and a detailed monthly breakdown.

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 5th day of January 1909.

TODAY IN HISTORY

- January 24, 1781—Americans surprised and captured the British garrison at Georgetown, S. C. 1823—Joseph W. Drexel, philanthropist, born in Philadelphia. Died in New York, March 25, 1888. 1856—The president sent a message to Congress concerning the difficulties in Kansas. 1707—The Confederates seized the United States arsenal at Augusta, Ga. 1872—First liberal Republican mass meeting was held at Jefferson City, Mo. 1895—Steamer Chicom foundered on Lake Michigan and all on board were lost. 1898—Sir Frederick O. Middleton, British commander in Canada in the Riel rebellion, died. 1905—Allen T. Davidson, last survivor of the Confederate States Congress, died at Asheville, N. C. 1908—Andrew Carnegie conditionally pledged \$200,000 to Berea college, Kentucky.

CAIRO IN 1874

The Cairo Bulletin published by John H. Oberly. The Cairo Bulletin Singing Society celebrated its first anniversary in Scheel's Garden on July 1st. P. C. Schuh was president. Henry Hasenjaeger and R. Hebsacker were members of the society.

A new three-story brick business house was just completed at the corner of Nineteenth street and Commercial avenue for the New York State John Major was the contractor. O. Fatter and Wm. Wolf were proprietors of the New York Store.

LINERS COLLIDE OFF NANTUCKET

(Continued From First Page.) The collision was not at the Navy Yard but intercepted the appeal in Providence harbor. She started immediately for Nantucket. Other wireless apparatus also caught the flying message and in a short time the Cutler Acushnet was on her way out from Woods Hole; the Mohawk, another revenue cutter, had started from New Bedford, and the Seaton had been ordered out from New London, Conn.

The Mohawk soon ran aground while the Acushnet did not get outside of Vineyard Sound and later came back to assist another vessel in distress.

AMUSEMENTS

The White Hat.

When the Wayne Musical Comedy company comes to the opera house for a three night engagement commencing Monday, Jan. 25th, they will present for the opening show, 'The White Hat.' Taking the musical comedy as a whole, it might be argued that the consistency of its composition and general wholesome tone of the play is the best feature of its successiveness. The music is catchy, the specialties are all good, the comedy is clever, the chorus is big and effective, the cast, without question, the best obtainable, the stage effects are striking and the play itself one of the season's successes.

Up to Date Smart Set.

There have been all kinds of 'open shows' on the road for the last few years. Some of them have become deservedly popular, but rumor has it that the 'Smart Set' easily 'takes the cake' in the theatrical 'cake walk.' It comes to the Cairo opera house on Thursday, Jan. 28th, to demonstrate the act and to gather up the local trophy for such achievement. The piece is a well-constructed three-act comedy. Prices, 25c to \$1. Seats on sale Wednesday.

Comedy With Music.

'The Time and the Place and the Girl' which comes to the opera house Friday, Jan. 29th is designated as 'comedy with music,' not a 'musical comedy.' The classification implies that it has a plot and characters in it, and to a degree of excellence not found in a straight play. Of course there is a pretty love story and several very novel characters. The sale of seats opens Thursday. Prices, 25c to \$1.50.

Siberia's Advancement.

In 1902 the first canning establishment in Asiatic Russia was opened at Omsk. Exports of fishes and skins from Siberia increased from 2,800 tons in 1899 to 5,200 tons in 1902. More than 1,600 tons of Siberian eggs are exported annually, many of them finding their way to the London market.

Dreaded Drapery.

No man will voluntarily enter a drapery store if the experience can possibly be avoided; he feels out of place in surroundings consecrated to exclusively feminine usage. The drapery atmosphere exercises a repellent rather than a magnetic influence upon him—Men's Wear.

Natural Vagrants, All of Us.

There has never been a time when men did not wander from a desire for change, a desire to flee from the monotony of one existence. There is a fever in the blood which drives a man to wander, affecting rich and poor alike, and this is a factor which no legislation can ever entirely eliminate in dealing with the true vagrant class.

Worse.

In the old days, finding a hair in the butter wasn't so bad, because you usually knew where the hair came from, but in these days of switches, phony curls and paid-for tresses, even a discovery has limitless terrors.

Children's Sayings.

The visitor was trying to be genial, and asked the small maiden at his side: 'Shall I peel your pear for you, little one?' But the child replied: 'No, thank you, it's quite small enough now.'—Home Chat.

The Economical Woman.

'I should like to hear the new song you've composed,' said the composer's caller, 'but you can leave out the chorus if you please. I've a taxidermy waiting outside and I'm by no means a rich woman.'

Not Wholly in Vain.

Uncle Allen Sparks was returning home from the funeral of an acquaintance. 'Well,' he said, 'highways visibly after a period of profound thought, "his life was a useful one, after all. He once planted a tree."'

Who is the biggest man?

He who values the needs of others and in their pleasure takes joy, even as the tree bears his own.—Booth.

Strange Lake in Africa.

The strange African lake, Lake Tich, has been the subject of renewed attention within the last two years, and the fact that in a period of 20 years it alternately increases and decreases in size and depth seems to have been well established.

MANY USES FOR SOUR CREAM.

Among Others, It Makes a Delicious Cabbage Salad Dressing.

It is an amazing thing how much sour cream is thrown away in the sumner by careless housewives and ignorant maids, who fail to discover in it the possibilities for innumerable tasty dishes. Sour cream makes a delicious cabbage salad dressing, whether used uncooked, stirring it in at the last before serving the salad, or cooking it in this way:

Chop or shred the cabbage fine and put in a deep dish. Put into a saucepan over a hot fire one cupful of thick sour cream and stir in while heating the yolks of three well beaten eggs. Add a half teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, with salt and pepper to taste. While cooking stir in a half cupful of strong vinegar. This makes a smooth thick dressing, delightfully creamy. Pour over the cabbage while hot and mix thoroughly.

TRY THIS BOSTON TART.

Particularly Appetizing Delicacy for the Dessert.

Two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one lemon, one level tablespoonful cornstarch, some pastry, one cupful of boiling water. Beat up the yolks of the eggs with the sugar, then add the grated rind and strained juice of the lemon, then add the cornstarch. Mix all these well together; then add the water. Place the basin over a pan of boiling water and stir the mixture for a few minutes until the flour is cooked and loses its raw taste. Roll out the pastry and line a platter or shallow dish with it. Then pour in the mixture, bake it in a hot oven until the pastry is done. Heat up the whites of the eggs stiffly, add sugar and vanilla extract to taste. Heap this meringue over the tart, then return to a cool oven for a minute.

Richmond Maids.

There is a celebrated cheese cake made from a recipe of one of the maids to Queen Elizabeth, and sold in a little pastry shop in Richmond, England. One cupful of sweet milk, one of sour, one of sugar, one of seeded raisins, one lemon, the yolks of four eggs, a pinch of salt. Cut the raisins in small pieces. Put all the milk in the double boiler, and cook until it curdles; then strain. Put the curd through a sieve. Beat the sugar and yolks of eggs together, add the grated rind and juice of the lemon, the raisins and the curd. Line little patty pans with pie crust rolled thin. Put a large spoonful of the filling in each and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Needle Protectors.

If you knit mittens and hosiery, buy two small aluminum thimbles, puncture a small hole in each thimble near the rim, and sew a thimble on each end of one-eighth of a yard of narrow silk elastic. Tie a bow of bright ribbon in center of elastic if you wish, and you have a fine protection from the sharp knitting needles, by slipping a thimble over the end of the needles. It also prevents dropping of stitches when the work is lying unprotected in the work basket. All knitters know how easily the needles will slip out of the work, but having one of these thimbles slipped on to each end of the needle this danger is obviated.

Creole Baked Apples.

Care and pierce the apples and put them into a baking dish with a little sugar, water and lemon juice, and bake until tender, but not broken. Remove to a serving dish, fill the centers with jelly or marmalade, and pour the liquid from the baking dish over them. Beat the whites of two eggs till dry and add gradually two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put this meringue on top of the apples and bake in a moderate oven eight minutes.

Potatoes Fried with Egg.

Chop cold boiled potatoes into dice. Fry salt pork slices till you have enough pork fat to fry your potatoes a nice brown. Chop the crisp pork in with the potatoes. Fry potatoes brown, and break over them as many eggs as you need for the amount you have. A small amount needs but one egg, though two makes it finer. Stir quickly into the potatoes and remove from the fire as soon as the whites are partly set. The egg will continue cooking after taking off the stove.

To Bake Fish.

All housewives know how difficult it is to wash a pan in which fish has been baked, the glutinous skin of the fish adhering to the pan until vigorous scrubbing is necessary to remove it. Dip the pan, well, and then spread in it a piece of thick waxed paper, preferably the kind used to line cracker boxes. When the fish is baked it can be easily lifted from the paper, which in turn slips easily out of the pan.

Home-Made Curtain Fixtures.

Take the covers of two baking powder cans (one-half pound size), cut a small groove in the side of one to slip in the rib; then tack one on each side of the door frame for brackets; for a rod cut a broom handle the required length to fit the door; either give the rod a coat of paint or shellac.

New Dress for Wash.

Heat a pint of gray left from a pot used to make a raw brown gray, add a cup each of boiled spinach, chestnuts, and French mushrooms, chopped and a teaspoonful each of currant jelly and sherry, and thin large slices of salt meat; warm thoroughly and serve with pieces of toast, sliced lemon and water-cress.

STRONG AND WELL EQUIPPED.

PROGRESSIVE YET CONSERVATIVE. SUCH INSTITUTION IS THE FIRST BANK & TRUST COMPANY.

Nose for Money

Facial Index to Faculty for Gold Getting

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

WE got the money-making nose," cries Isidore Izard, in "Business is Business," "I've got the money-making nose."

And, do you know, I don't think it's much good anyone attempting a financial career, at all events if he is ambitious of high accomplishment, unless he is possessed of that all-important feature.

The money-making nose is not without a hint of the Scientific about it, though I have known Jews whose poverty was as conspicuous as their noses were ordinary, which was why, perhaps, they were failures. The money-making faculty which accompanies this nose is a great gift. It is as much a talent as the faculty for art, literature, science, or mathematics. It calls for special qualities of mind and brain. It is as futile to attempt a great financial enterprise without that faculty as it would be to attempt to build a baroque across the Nile if one were not an engineer. It used to be the fashion to look at the purely commercial mind, to pour contempt upon the sordid money-grubber; but we have changed all that now. And no really keen-witted man can possibly do anything else but admire the qualities of mind and character which go towards the making of a really great financial genius.

A man who has learned not only to grasp the present opportunity, to take up the tide at the very moment of flood, to avail himself of every chance, but who has also trained himself to regard all possible future contingencies, who plays the game of finance as he would play a game of chess, and who never takes his hand off his piece until he has made quite certain as to what is before him as well as what is behind him; and beyond all and above all, a man of vivid imagination. To the great financier the world of business is the world of romance, and down the long avenues of enterprise and effort which are daily opening up for the keen and vivid intellect he sees hope where others see only a dim wall blocking all further progress.

And in the mad race for wealth which is so characteristic of the present day there is, perhaps, no more pitiable sight than that of the man who, without one jot of capacity for money-making, goes about in a vain endeavor to fill his pockets with gold at the least possible cost of trouble or brains to himself. I have known men for years who never met you but what they would pull out of their pockets some rotten little patent or invention which they were persuaded would make their fortunes. "My dear fellow," they will say to you, "look at that chap who invented lead pencils with india-rubber tips! Well, he made millions out of it, and I'll be bound this is worth all his pencils put together!"

And they never learn by experience, these poor wretches. Year after year behold them grayer and baldier and more foolish and more glib than ever, but still hopeful, nay, even certain, that they will yet do millions. They haven't got the money-making nose.

No; it's that keen-featured, clean-shaven man over there, with a rather thick bridge to his nose; that man with the eternal cigarette and the quiet manner, never hasting, but never resting, that is the man who is making his pile, while the other is only making a noise. But then he has the money-making nose.

Eve Mother of All Arts. By Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, President, Ohio State Junior of the Peace in U. S.

All the facts that science has been able to gather about the stone age tend to show that woman did all the work. Adam was a loafer and Eve had to do all the hustling to keep little Cain and Abel clothed and fed.

The prehistoric man was a hunter. He spent his days chasing ichthyopterzygians over the paleontanthropic swamps. When he got tired he came home and slept. Sometimes he killed a dinosaurian and sometimes he came home empty-handed. Anyway, he felt that his responsibility ended as soon as he set foot inside their cave dwelling. In the meantime the prehistoric wife, just like her modern sister, was expected to have supper steaming hot on the table. And she did it. Yes, in spite of the irresponsibility of her liege lord, through all the ages the human race has been fed, and well fed. The fact that we survive today in such a healthy state is due almost entirely to the energy and foresight of our prehistoric foremother.

My, how that prehistoric man must have sighed in comfort when he came home cold and hungry from a luckless hunting expedition to eat a warm supper of corned dinosaurian meat and crawl into the warm bed of furs and woven rushes! He just lay there and snored and thought what a good wife he had.

Yes, that's the way flattery began. When he came home from a hunting expedition and found a good supper waiting he just had to say something complimentary to his wife. And she, poor woman, she just lived on those things. She felt no one else to talk to and a kind word from her man kept her life bright through half a dozen beatings. Yes, that's the way women came to love flattery.

Then the prehistoric woman was the first teacher. She taught her daughter how to spin and sew and her sons how to make their first bows and arrows and their first stone-headed spears. Her daughter taught what she knew to her children, and they in turn taught their children, so that the stock of the world's knowledge kept growing all the time. That is how history started. Woman deserves credit for all our history.

I know men blame women for being tricky. That is one of the stock charges against us. But trickiness in the modern woman is only a heritage from her prehistoric ancestors. You see, the cave man was in the habit of coming home in a bad humor and taking it out on his wife with his stone club. He was able to do it because his wife, being indoors all the time caring for the children, wasn't as strong as he.

Sometimes she took the children and ran away from him. I suppose that was the first rudimentary divorce. That old foremother of ours was a wonderful woman. You can see for yourselves that she made the human race all that it is in this twentieth century, although, of course, man claims, and, among men, gets the credit. And the same state of affairs has gone on through the centuries.

But man has progressed with woman. She pulled him along with her sometimes in spite of himself. Finally, and that has been only a few epochs ago, he began to have some faint glimmerings of her value to him. He actually began to appreciate her. Our sex is no longer his critic, but I think the great majority of men in this age are willing to admit that woman has at last earned the right to cast.

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WHEN THE CAR BROKE DOWN



THE man with a constitutional horror of automobiles sat bolt upright in the middle of the back seat with a girl on each side of him. He was securely snared and therefore was almost as miserable as any one could be.

"How fast are you going now?" he shouted at the man at the wheel, who owned the car and who, having insured it, was willing to trust the rest to fate.

"Now, Mr. Starboard," said the girl with the green veil, "you aren't nervous, are you? Nothing can happen, really."

The man who was afraid sniffed as he caught his cap from a dash of wind. "That may be," he remarked, "but I read of six fatal accidents in this morning's paper. One was because the chauffeur sneezed. You don't feel as though you have a sneeze coming, do you?" he asked of the man at the wheel.

"You can stop it by pressing your upper lip hard, if you do. Peps haps you'd better press it anyhow—ouch!"

The man at the wheel righted the car after it had gone over the bump in the road and shot a grim look at his friend in the back seat. "We're ten miles from even a suburban street car line," he said. "But if you'd like to get out and walk, Lummel, just say the word. What the dickens!"

The car stopped after an explosion in its interior and a few gasps. "I didn't say anything," protested the man in the back seat. "Go on."

"He can't," explained the girl with the blue veil, as she glanced out. "I can tell from the sound that this is one of the exceptional cases where after taking the whole automobile to pieces and reducing it to a heap of junk you find the trouble lies in a half-inch piece of infinitesimal wire that has moved an eighth of an inch from alignment. If I were you, Peter, I'd take an ax to it—you can demolish it quicker in that way, and you know you'll never think of the wire till you've gone through all the preliminaries!"

"There are sandwiches and cold chicken in there somewhere," said Peter from beneath his car. "For goodness' sake, find them, and see if they'll distract your attention! Is there any gentleman or lady present who can oblige me with a wrench—a monkey wrench? There's one in the toolbox! I'm sorry for the delay!"

"Oh, you needn't be sorry," protested the man who was afraid of automobiles. He had beamed cheerfully and relievedly from the moment the car stopped. "We're very comfortable, I assure you. I'm having the pleasantest time of my whole life! Where did you say that precious cold chicken was? Well, I declare!"

"Isn't it a beautiful day?" suggested the girl with the green veil. "Just look at the autumn foliage on those trees!" "I'd rather look at another piece of chicken," said the man who was afraid of automobiles. "Do you suppose that if I crawled under to Peter and took him a second joint he could hold it in his teeth and eat as he worked? It really doesn't seem right to leave only the neck for one's host? Peter, don't you suppose the trouble is that the carburetor is on the bias or that the clutch is muscle bound?"

A red and dusty face glared out from beneath the machine and then the girl with the blue veil realized that something must be done quickly. "Once upon a time," she began hastily, waving a chicken bone in the air, "three persons went for an automobile ride and when they ran over bumps the girl who sat all alone in the tonneau rattled around till she almost jarred her back teeth loose. So when they met a cow with green eyebrows and pink teeth she invited the cow to fill up the empty seat beside her. And the cow said—'Go on, Lummel!'"

"I can't," protested the man, who was afraid of automobiles. "How absurd!" "Must I? Well—the cow said: 'This is the chance I've been looking for. When I was a small calf of six months I remember my mother telling me that a fairy would come along some day and whisk me away to a land where our cows would be flattered with perpetual vanilla. So I've waited, dear, for you. At this thrilling moment—' Go on, Dolly!"

The girl with the green veil took a bite from a fresh sandwich and opened up. "At this," she said, "the happy creature looked up her heels and ran joyously toward a red-headed boy who was approaching, intending to tell him her glad story. 'Today is my name,' said she. 'You don't look it,' said the boy. This so saddened the cow that she—' Go on, Peter!"

There was a clug and a whir and Peter stood up dusting his hands. "All fixed!" he called. "Citrus in!" "You're a scum-bum and in a minute they were whirling along again between rows of autumn-colored trees. "I'd just rather have stayed back there," murmured the man who was afraid of automobiles, "and found out why that foolish cow went parading around with green eyebrows."

DO YOU KNOW THAT WE COLLECT RENTS AND LOOK AFTER REAL ESTATE. FIRST BANK & TRUST COMPANY