

PHONE 116.

PHONE 116.

# The Dorn-Cloney Laundry Co.

Cleaning and Pressing. Carpets and Rugs Cleaned and Disinfected.

PHONE 116.

PHONE 116.



ATTY. F. G. HARRIS.

## A Friendly Word.

From Howard County Advertiser.  
There is a lively tilt on in Boone county in the race for Representative. Some may say it's not out time to "but in," but knowing and loving the good people of old Boone as we do, we can't resist a word just here.

It is conceded that Boone is one of the most important counties in Missouri, in many respects. It is decidedly important that she be represented in the state legislature by one of the strongest men in that honorable body. People have been asking for years why Boone don't send stronger men to the legislature. Now she has an opportunity in the person of Frank G. Harris, and she ought to take advantage of it. Mr. Harris is an attorney of experience and ability; a native of Boone county and knows her needs; is a good speaker, and is a clean man. There is no taint of corruption on Frank Harris' record. Law breakers

fear him as they fear no other attorney in Boone county. He served three terms as Prosecuting Attorney, being elected the last time by an overwhelming majority over an old campaigner. He enforced laws vigorously, put the racket shops out of business, reduced criminal costs in his county, and made law violators sit up and take notice. During his three terms he had to cope with the combined talent of the Columbia bar, and is today recognized by them as one of the ablest lawyers in Central Missouri.

It is a pleasure for The Advertiser to give its unqualified endorsement to such men as Frank Harris. We need more like him in public office. We have known him for a number of years, and he is the kind of a man to tie to. He will stand hitched. Boone county will have reason to feel proud of her Representative in the legislature if she sends Frank to Jefferson City. He is Superintendent of the largest Sunday school in Columbia, and a man without blemish on his private public record.

With all due respect to the gentlemen opposing Mr. Harris, we feel that we voice the sentiment of many of the best people in our neighbor county when we say that Boone county can not afford to turn down such men as Frank G. Harris. (adv.)

## Relative Popularity.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—It was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded my congregation to let me have a men's vacation this summer.

The Rev. K. Mowatt Lightly—It must be distressing to preach for a congregation as ungrateful as that. The people of my church voted unanimously that I might go away in June and stay all summer if I liked.—Chicago Tribune.

## An Exploded Theory.

"Children," said the Sunday school teacher, "there is one thing that I wish to especially impress upon your minds. Always be kind to your parents. Make it as pleasant for them as you can. Remember that none of you can ever have another mother after the one you possess is gone. You can never—"

"Oh, yes, we can," interrupted a little boy who had lost most of his buttons. "I lost mine last week, and pa brought me a new one home the same day he got back from the courthouse."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## What Job Had.

The superintendent was talking to the little ones about the plagues of Egypt.

"Now," said she, "can you tell me what the plagues were?"

There were prompt answers, and all but one of the plagues were named. The last one was too much for the school. Thinking to help out the children by suggestion, the superintendent said:

"Don't you remember the other? Of course, you know what Job had."

A little hand went up.

"Well, Tommy, what was it?"

"Patience!"

He was given a "reward of merit."—Boston Herald.

## Special Announcement.

Beginning Monday, July 25, and continuing all through the fair week we will give 2 lot tickets instead of one with every 50 cent purchase as heretofore. The tickets are going fast. Everybody wants them. They are valuable, they are worth money yet they cost you nothing.

HENRY WISE,

Cash Grocer.

## BOONE COUNTY'S BIG FAIR IS NOW ON!

Doubtless you have observed the large painted sign on the Amphitheatre:

**"THE PURE DRUG" DRUGGIST**  
**CIGARS, TOBACCOS.**  
**HORSEMEN'S SUPPLIES.**

When down town drop in and try our  
New Soda Fountain---All kinds of  
Soft Drinks and Sundaes.

**MIKEL'S PHARMACY.**  
706 BROADWAY.

## HOW TO WRITE A HUMOROUS STORY

First Thing Necessary Is an Idea, According to E. P. Butler.

## THEN IT EVOLVES ITSELF

Recipe to Pass Vacation Hours Pleasantly and Profitably.

Out of the professed kindness of heart of the professional humorist for the benefit of those who would like to pass their vacation hours pleasantly and profitably, Elias Parker Butler gives the following recipes for a humorous story. The first is described as the one favored by the magazine editor:

"Put in no burlesque, no exaggeration, nothing coarse, no dialect; make it, preferably, a suburban tale, avoid funerals, intoxicating, slang. Avoid mechanical devices, retain a certain classic quality of language. When completed a story built on these lines will be promptly rejected. If not built on these lines it will be rejected. "This," says Mr. Butler, "is a lovely recipe for those who can afford to use it. I can't. This is my recipe, or at any rate my idea of writing a humorous story."

"Write a story so unusual that I know no editor would buy it."

"Of course I have not the bravado to do this, but if I had every editor would want that story. The editor knows what he wants; it is what he does not think he wants."

At this point the flow of his thought is interrupted by a noise on the piazza without; it is a veritable piazza, for the humorist has so far fallen under the spell of the editor's recipe that he has gone out to live at Flushing, where suburban joys, adventures and misadventures may have a fair chance to multiply themselves. The noise proves to be a dual noise, and the humorist gets up and looks out of the window.

"Twins is twins," he says, and the magic combination which was to open the way of success for unknown humorists is forgotten.

As for the twins themselves, they have thus far managed to pass six months in the household without appearing in a tale, but it is easy to see that their parent has already begun to look at them with a professional eye from which nothing suburban is sacred.

"You must first get an idea," he says, coming back to the case in point; "for there has to be an idea at the bottom of a humorous story even— which can be the rankest kind of slush and still go."

"For instance?" you suggest, desiring the concrete.

"Well, for instance," he meditates, looking out of the rear window, through which, from somewhere, floats in the sound of the rhythmic swishing of irons against ironing board, "for instance—just to be imaginative, you know—suppose a lady from Kansas wearing a haystack looking hat should drop in here and ask for a classic style interview for the Sun. Improbable, of course, but it contains all the ingredients. I don't know; I may use that, so perhaps you'd better not give it away."

## An Idea From an Office Boy.

"It was somebody in a magazine office, the office boy, I think, who sprang the main idea for 'Pigs Is Pigs.' I had written a story about a pair of lop eared guinea pigs and a Chicago advertising agent who, counting on the rapidity of multiplication of the animals, resolved to make a fortune by advertising widely lop eared guinea pigs for sale, thinking the supply would keep pace with the demand. Orders and checks poured in from all over the country, but unfortunately the lop eared beasts died and the advertising agent became bankrupt mailing back checks."

"Here the idea of the story was the merits of advertising; a man up in the Northern wilds, finding nothing to read but the 2-year-old newspaper lin-

ing in his trunk, sent in a check two years after the pigs had died.

"The office boy conceived the idea of the pigs traveling by express, being unclaimed and bringing consequent embarrassment upon the express office."

"Get the idea and the story evolves. Get the idea of the climax, if possible, and work backward for the end of the thing. That was what made O. Henry the master he was—a masterly climactic touch."

"Sometimes when I go to my typewriter in the morning, not feeling particularly like work—you've simply got to go regardless of how you feel, you know, for you'd never be having literary inspirations with golf sticks lying about crying for exercise—I sit and write off page after page of trash, nothing to it, no sense to it; but when I'm about ready to get back of it perhaps an idea will come along, and then, I'll have it to work on later, after it has lain quite a while growing."

"When writing in the right humor it comes automatically and carries you along and then when you see it in print a year or so later you hardly recognize it for your own and can't realize how you ever happened to write it."

"Then the humorist is not a natural humorist—always?" you ask.

He looks dolefully out to the front piazza.

"Twins is twins, especially at 4 o'clock in the morning," he replies, "I hope they'll develop a sense of humor. It's hereditary. My father was a born joker. The thing has got to be born into a humorist, but even then he dares not trust it. He can split his sides laughing over something he has written only to have it looked at coldly by the editor. The sense of humor is the trickiest thing in the world to deal with, because it is subjective and variably at that. The humorist can't trust his own nor his editor's nor the public's from month to month unless he has succeeded in making himself a habit."

## Differing Editorial Tastes.

"I once wrote a story revolving about a dictionary. I offered it to the American and they thought the dictionary part was flat and suggested I rewrite the story, substituting something else. That meant much work, so I offered it to McClure's. They liked it if I'd cut out all but the dictionary part, as that was all that was good. I cut out—as that was simplest."

"There is no gauging the editor's taste, and you yourself if you read a humorous story when you have indigestion never want to laugh."

"But you can see that when you have these three sets of words to deal with the author himself should be allowed full swing; it's murderous to lay out lines for him. Mark Twain, Bill Nye and Artemus Ward were all successful because they just pitched in and went ahead regardless; Josh Billings was another."

"The American humor has come up from the soil," modestly adds Mr. Butler, who comes from Iowa. "There must be something rough and ready about it, not cast in classical lines; let it go and let the proofreader take care of the spelling and grammar even. The best of it has come from the West. "There have been a lot of good ideas wasted in this business because the writers didn't dare to go at them with an ax. Newspaper humor is generally the best because it has about twenty minutes in which to be triumphant down; and magazine humor has a month at least. American culture is

helping out, though."

"What's American culture?"

"What Boston culture wasn't. New York culture, perhaps; an interest and some knowledge in pretty much everything. Humor—"

"But what is it really—humor?" you interrupt.

Humor and Wit.

"Humor is what wit isn't; wit has brains. Humor lies largely in the words themselves, how they are written, juggled or even spelled; and the clown must be born in the humorist, for when his stories are forced, they fall flat."

"Can a humorist always remain such? How long before the natural strain begins to wear itself away?"

"Now you are cruel," says the humorist reproachfully. "You take me a magazine editor."

"As long as there are people left on earth to feed the tiniest remnant of such a strain," he brightens up again. "The poorest humorist can't help but find it off once in a while. People—they are our biggest assets, characters don't have to be imagined."

"It's not such a hard life to lead after all, that of the professional humorist; if only folks didn't take advantage of us. We get it all around; they never finish putting it onto us."

"But we turn sometimes. Don't you ask me for \$1.50 or even five cents to get back to New York? I warn the organizer and president of that association of Easy Marks, beloved, not on mase but individually, by the gentleman most known to fame as Owen Wister's hard-up cousin. "I'll give you a copy of any of my books you want, and will even autograph it in memory of a very pleasant afternoon as I did Wister's cousin, but I'll not trust you with the loan of a cent."

"It's criminal to put it onto an impecunious author that way; but that fellow was a criminal through and through, he specialized in authors, professors and ex-Vice-Presidents."

The suburbanite jumps as an iron is heard clattering in the rear. You feel it incumbent to apologize for coming on wash day, as Monday evidently is with the Butlers.

"Not at all," he says politely. "I don't do the washing—now."—New York Sun.

To keep stock in good condition and your hens laying, feed Dr. Legear's stock. For sale by Dr. Mikel, sole agent.

## Friends That Might Have Been.

How many people there are whom we all seem to know, yet with whom we have never exchanged a word! Familiar faces we meet in trains, at church, in the theater or concert room, faces that pass and re-pass our windows. All the men and women who are shopping when we shop, who take holidays when we take them.

We catch ourselves wondering about them, many a time. We are often pleased to see them about again when we have missed them. They are dumb acquaintances who make no sign, yet they seem almost friends.

In the same manner silent attachments are doubtless often formed between men and women who have just met each other in this casual way. Yet they grow old and white haired, they go to the grave and never a word has passed, never has a handshake been given. Does the recording angel drop a tear over such strange love affairs? It might well be so. "Ships that pass in the night" over again.—Philadelphia Record.



## Complete Line Talcums

In all the Popular Odors and at Popular Price at

**"THE DRUG SHOP."**

NO. 803 BROADWAY. COLUMBIA, MO.