

DAIRY LUNCH

In addition to the regular features of the Dairy Lunch, E. Kirkwood avenue a dining room has been added.

MEALS 25c

(By Ticket--25 Meals for \$5.00)

Straight Board \$3.50

The tickets will be so arranged that lunch instead of a meal can be served at the customer's pleasure.

McMillens' Mill Hot Air Cor.

By Wireless Telephone.

Our news this week will be in verse, Just thank your stars it aint no worse There was a big hooker named May With Faris's whip made away,

'Tis past all belief

They say he's the thief,

So won't the cop take him away.

Mr. A. Most has a mule,

With him one night he did fool,

The mule gave a kick,

Made Moats stomach sick

That mule he is surely a jewel

Upon the wall doth hang our skillet

Won't some kind maid with mushrooms fill it.

You may say that it's hardly right For a man to be called Harley Wright

But it might be worse,

You can guess of course,

It might be E-sa Wright.

Mr. Doctor Simmis is ill,

Every hour he takes his pill,

Like a good fellow

When of them he gets his fill,

Won't he yell-O!

Mr. Wylie Sryg-

Leer was sick in bed.

They say his head

Was awful big.

Caves like Anderson's remind us

We can always save some time,

By descending leave behind us,

Every stitch of cloths we find.

When father or mother is called away,

We call the children orphans.

When husband and wife apart will stay

We lab'l the two divorcons.

When a man gets tired of his wife,

Grass widower is he for life,

But the man that's lost his friend!

No word there is, or e'er will be,

Which will describe that agony.

A girl called Lena

To me seems a

Riddle. Calls me Kid

'N Sugarlump! What did

I ever do, sweet land above

To make her fall so dead in love

With me? Gee whizz, I'd sizz,

Till cooked and brown,

Before I'd be her truly own.

Most men like grapes,

In various shapes,

But little John and me,

Are stuck on grape jellee.

We made away, just last Sunday

We must confess with quite a mess,

From Holman's farm.

That's twentythree.

Skidoo fer John and me.

O, our bull dog is a jolly old dog,

But a lazy old dog is he,

He can wink like a frog,

And roll like a log,

He'll spot the smallest flea

He eats his meat like an Englishman,

(He likes it rather strong)

But as he is no Republican,

I guess we can get along.

Altough I'm homelier than sin,

The girls all seem to fly to me.

It seems I have a way to win,

But if I have its news to me.

I wish the girls that aint got beaux,

Would not fall back on me,

You see it seems just sorter tough,

On them to still keep up the bluff,

I'm married, now - - - aint it so!

Fond reader hark! for some time past,
Ye editor of all this chaff,
Has been exceeding fresh.

By that we mean, our wrightings seem
To be just so much slush.
The reason? why, he'll always add,
Some stuff o' his'n. Makes me sad.
That nature while so provident,
Forgot to give me brains by accident.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SANDERS.

Mrs. Dil' Deckards is very sick of rheumatism.

Mrs. John Tatum visited in Smithville, Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Wm. McGlothin of Harrodsburg was the guest of relatives here this week.

Miss Maude Updegraff was the guest of the Hainey girls Wednesday afternoon.

The Repnblican speaking at the school house, Saturday evening was well attended.

Mrs. John Walls and children spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Docia Zikes.

John Henry Mercer moved his family to Bloomington, they intend to keep a boarding house.

Oliver Tatum and wife and Homer Hepley and wife speat Sunday with the family of John Tatum.

Mr. Heltonburg who fell off a load of hay some weeks ago is again able to be out by the assistance of a cane.

Wm. Kinney and son Oscar who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eli Elgan, returned to their home at Ft. Ritner, Thursday.

Elmer Chambers and wife went to Harrodsburg Sunday to see Mrs. Chambers brother, who is ill with typhoid fever.

A fire in the old Bedford woods created some excitement Tuesday evening. It was supposed to have started by sparks from a stone train. No damage was done.

As the Taft special pulled through Smithville yesterday Mr. Taft (his picture) was thrown from the train and was picked up by some bystander in an unconscious condition. Later it was learned that it had recovered.

The plow that belongs to District No. 6, which is a new one, that was left on the road where it was used last spring and was taken from its resting place has perhaps started home but as yet has not reace ed its destination.

JOB PRINTING



GIVE US A TRIAL.

LOCAL NEWS

We can now say we have seen the next president of the United States.

Your subscription to the News would be gladly received as the election will soon be over and then down to business.

What they all say—"I am truly glad that Smithville has such a breezy little street as The Smithville News. It is always welcome at my place of business. I do not lock the store doors until it has been read. My part of the business stops until I read it. To me it is a letter from home. Enclosed, find check to cover one year's subscription." T. W. Carter, Bedford Ind.

Ye writer, has one straw hat to bet on the election. Don't know what we ould wear this winter if we should lose.

The Taft speaking at Bloomington was one solid mass of "howling" humanity. It was impossible to keep down the continous uproar to hear anything he said. He was a very pleasant and kind-hearted looking man.

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