

PHILIPPINES AT WORLD'S FAIR

Complete Exhibition of Island People and Industries Covers Forty-seven Acres and is Independent of Larger Show.

Not even in the heart of Manila city could there be found forty-seven acres of Philippine territory as interesting as this amount of space covered by the islands' display at the World's Fair. Here is an exhibition which is independent of the larger one encompassing it.

Scores of buildings are filled with exhibits, native life is depicted by as many different villages as there are tribes on the islands, military drills are given by Philippine troops, and concerts are rendered by native bands. For its amusement features the Philippine exposition has the humorous humor



SOUTH ENTRANCE PALACE OF LIBERAL ARTS, WORLD'S FAIR.

rote, who smiles on dog meat, and visitors are entertained by Visayan actors and actresses. Nothing is lacking to make the show complete.

The Administration building is a replica of the government offices in Manila, while the Art and Education building reproduces in miniature the cathedral within the walled city, even the medieval tints of age being faithfully rendered. A section of the ancient but still serviceable town wall has been reconstructed to serve the double purpose of a gateway to the show and a museum of arms and war relics. The other main edifices are types of Philippine homes, being built of impressed timber, bamboo and rattan, with thatched roofs and broad verandas.

There are the tribal villages nestling under the trees, some of the houses perched high up among the boughs, others on piles above the water of the Arrowhead lake, all of them actual dwellings fashioned of native materials by native workmanship and illustrating the manners, customs and pursuits of their occupants. Here are women weaving a coarse cloth on a rude hand loom, others making baskets, others tending irrigated fields of rice. One group of men are in village council, trying an appeal according to their tribal laws; others are slowly moving in a circular dance to the thump of tom-toms and the clang of brass gongs; others, again, are smelting iron by the aid of a primitive but most ingenious apparatus.

The ethnological problem is a somewhat complicated one, but, although there are no fewer than sixteen races represented among the ill-fated dwellers, the sects and the constabulary, each race speaking its own dialect and following its own customs, all may be roughly classified into four groups—the true aboriginals or non-Malays, the pagan Malays, the Christian Malays and the Mohammedan Malays.

The first are the dwarf Negritos, with dark skins and woolly heads, wearers of scanty raiment, proficient in the use of the bow and poisoned arrow, a race of nomads and forest dwellers, pagans pure and simple. They live in their own stockaded villages.

Next to them are the Igorotes, whose origin is traced back to the first wave of Malay invasion. Here, again, we have sunny clothing, amounting almost to nudity, but copper colored skins, long wavy tresses, prominent features and fine physiques, even though the stature be small. Among these pagan Malays are the head hunters and the dog eaters. They are savages, yet have their code of laws and a knowledge of several primitive industries.

The Christian Malays, produced by the second wave of invasion, are represented by the Visayans, a tall and handsome race, dressing well, living in pretty homes, skilled in weaving, dyeing, basket making, but making wood carving and other handicrafts, musclemen of no mean merit. The one group of natives who come early and thoroughly under the influence of the early Spanish settlers.

Very different are the Moros, who swept into the islands from the Malay peninsula last of all, bringing with them their Mohammedan religion, also a knowledge of gunpowder, acquired with the Koran from the Arab fanatics like their teachers, pirates, blood thirsty, treacherous and vindictive fellows, ever at war among themselves and with the whole outside world. Despite their ferocity they are a clever race, dress handsomely, have their serfdoms, and their slaves and are expert swimmers, while long continued residence on the high seas has surrounded them with many of the luxuries and conveniences of western civilization.

The buildings of Agriculture, Forestry and Fisheries show all the varied natural products, also the extremely primitive processes as yet in vogue, while in the Women's building we are introduced to a number of native manufactures, including the beautiful fabrics from the Jusi, banana and pineapple fibers. This information is collected in the Building of Chemistry, where a unique and most effective method of exhibiting is followed. In one hall are samples of all the articles produced for export, among which Manila fiber, of course, holds the chief place of prominence, while in a second hall are all the manufactures from every country that are imported into the country, thus the business man gets a good lesson. He sees what he can possibly take from the islands, and also what he may profitably send to them. When it is added that a large number of represent-

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Experience of a Bachelor Poet.

A friend of James Whitcomb Riley tells a story of an encounter the bachelor poet once had with a woman reporter. The energetic young woman after strenuous effort had finally caught Mr. Riley at the telephone. This is the position that followed:

"Is that Mr. Riley?"
"Yes, that is Miss—"
"Miss Jones of the Courier-Journal. I've been trying all day to get an interview with you, Mr. Riley."
"All would it were now a view into an interview," said the poet gallantly.
"Oh, think, how long will you remain in Louisville, Mr. Riley?"
"Only a short time."
"Is your wife with you?"
"No, ma'am, she is not."
"Where is she, may I ask?"
"Yes, my wife, dear Miss Jones, but I had a very difficult to answer. I am in absolute ignorance as to her whereabouts. For aught I know to the contrary, she may right now be at the other end of this telephone."—Detroit News.

The Jovial Womanhood.

"What did you do yesterday, dear?" he asked.
"I had an engagement with my dressmaker," she replied.
"What are you going to do today?"
"I shall have to go to my dressmaker's today."
"Oh! Have you anything on hand for tomorrow?"
"Let me see. Tomorrow's Thursday, isn't it? Yes, I shall have to be at my dressmaker's tomorrow."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sufficient Commendation.

"I'm very much interested in the new metal radium," said Mrs. Curro.
"I wonder if my jeweler has any of it yet."
"Why, it isn't good for anything so far as has yet been learned."
"I know that, but I understand it is exceedingly expensive."—Washington Star.

A Question of Sex.

"Where are your rings, Madeline?" he cried sharply.
"I'm tired of wearing them," she faltered. "Mr. Ross said my hands were too beautiful to need adornment." And she laughed gaily. Her big, gray eyes looked out from under the sweeping lashes mockingly.
"Your silence means that I am going to be scolded shortly. Don't, I may mistake your interest and think you're in love with me. With all your wisdom and reconcile philosophy you're only thirty-one, you know."
Harding reddened uncomfortably.
"If you only would fall in love with me," she wheedled. "Think how it would develop your character to put the tender emotion underfoot! And how instructive to me to see your convictions, to know that not even love could make you condone my indolence and selfishness!"
"And your consent," he added caustically. "I'm thinking of my own affairs, not yours, unfortunately." A sudden weariness smote his eyes. "Madeline, I shall have to make an assignment and go out of business. Your father has involved me deeply. Could I pay Mercer I could pull through, but I can't raise even \$1,000 with the other claims against the stock. Money is very close now. I shall have to go to the city and take a position for awhile unless—"
"Next week, I'll give myself over to your vanes of knowledge, and I shall be free from your rebuking tongue. But I'm truly sorry, Duncan, that you are in trouble. I really wouldn't have embraced my gain at your loss—premeditatedly."
She held out her jeweled fingers and laughed joyously. The piled-up gems that flashed under Harding's tired eyes were no more heartless than their beautiful owner, he thought sardonically. Selfish as he had always believed her, he was yet stunned by her indifference. He had been George Rives' closest friend and had promised him in his deathbed six years before to keep a watchful eye over his mother, a graceful, delicate woman of fifty, and his sister Madeline, a willful beauty of sixteen.
Because she loved diamonds Madeline had promptly put one half of her patrimony on coming of age into numerous rings to adorn her slender, tapering, pink-nailed fingers. The other half was tied up so she could not handle it or she would have weighted her toes with them, too, Harding declared in disgust when he saw her investment. The Riveses were comfortably fixed, but it was only by careful financing and good management that money and matter could live in the comparative luxury they did. Mrs. Rives spoiled Madeline as only a dotting mother can, but then every one, save Harding, took a hand at spoiling Madeline. She was so very lovely and so irresistibly sweet despite the selfishness Harding so greatly deplored.

Benevolent Old Gent (a bit puzzled)—And are you both boys?

Tommy (in trousers)—No, sir. Johnny's going to be one next week.

Why He Did Not Tarry.

The impudent lover had just proposed.
"Let your answer be a vowel with a consonant on either side of it," he gently begged her.
The charming girl smiled.
"Very well," she said. "Git"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Same Old Exercise.

Irate Husband—My wife says you pointed your camera at her when she was out walking the other day, sir, and took snapshots of her.
Amateur Photographer—Why—er—yes, I pointed the camera at her, but I—I didn't know it was loaded."—Chicago Tribune.

Speeded the Parting Guest.

Duties—Did he leave early last evening?
Duties—Yes.
"And did he say he was going to kiss you when he left?"
"He did, and I told him the sooner he left the better."—Yonkers Statesman.

Up to Date.

The Visitor—It's heartrending to hear your baby. He has been crying for the last hour.
The New Mother—Oh, yes; but it's a strictly scientific, hygienic, lung-expansive and non-tissue-destroying cry.—Life.

Her Suggestion.

Growls—I have given up drinking, chewing and snuffing to please you, still you are not satisfied. Now, what else do you want me to give up?
Mrs. Growls—Well, you might give up \$50. I need a new tailor made suit next winter.—

Oldest Patent Medicine.

In a strict sense the oldest patent medicine was one patented by Timothy Byfield Oct. 22, 1711 (No. 388), for "a new and most useful chymical preparation and medicine, publicly known by the name of his 'sal oleum salivae,' which by abundant experience hath been found very helpful and beneficial as well for uses medicinal as others and will very much tend to the public use and benefit of all our subjects." The ingredients of this medicine are not named.
The next patent medicine is No. 390, April 3, 1712, granted to Richard Stoughton, for "a new and most useful restorative cordial and medicine, known by the name of 'Stoughton's claris magnum stomachi,' or 'the great cordial elixir,' otherwise called the stomachic thincture, or bitter drops."
After a break of ten years a patent was granted to Robert Eaton on April 18, 1722, for "a new stiptic medicine."

Ready For a Husband.

Mrs. Bacon—I see a Texas woman who had not spoken a word for several years from here, was the other night when a burglar entered her room and has been able to talk ever since.
Mr. Bacon—Now shall we get married, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

Guessing Contest.

"It's an automobile story."
"Then you will have no solitary horseman in the first chapter?"
"Oh, yes. The publishers insist on having him. They are going to offer a unique and most effective method of exhibiting is followed. In one hall are samples of all the articles produced for export, among which Manila fiber, of course, holds the chief place of prominence, while in a second hall are all the manufactures from every country that are imported into the country, thus the business man gets a good lesson. He sees what he can possibly take from the islands, and also what he may profitably send to them. When it is added that a large number of represent-

FARMERS' MONTH AT WORLD'S FAIR

Biggest Department of the Great Exposition Ready For the Inspection of the Army of Men Who Made Its Creation Possible.

Now that crops have been or are being laid by, the farmer prepares for his trip to the World's Fair, a treat that has long been promised him and for which he has patiently waited. No exhibition has offered so many inducements for the farmer's presence as this one at St. Louis, nor has any previous exposition given the prominence and space to the subject of agriculture.

August and September are ostensibly the farmer's months at the Exposition, for it is at this season that the agriculture exhibits are the freshest and best. Products of the new crops are pouring into the booths from every state in the Union, and additional ones constantly being made from the gorgeous display. Headquarters for visiting farmers may be found in every state section of the great Agriculture Palace, but for their special convenience there has just been completed a Grange House, situated in the south end of the building. It is equipped with a reception room, ladies' retiring rooms and check rooms, where parcels may be left free of charge. Here will be kept a list of moderate priced rooms to aid visiting farmers and their families in procuring accommodations.

The largest building on the grounds is the Palace of Agriculture, covering twenty acres, while the Palace of Horticulture near by covers about a third as much space. These two immense structures are filled with exhibits of the farm, garden and orchard of the most extensive and elaborate character. About seventy acres of ground are covered by the agriculture and horticulture department at the Fair, large outdoor spaces being devoted to this industry. Outside there are growing crops, trees and flowers, an instructive six-acre farm maintained by the United States Government Plant Industry.

There are more exhibits in the Agriculture building than in any other section of the Exposition. This building is considered by many people the most interesting part of the World's Fair. The exhibits in the palace of Agriculture and Horticulture constitute a display vast enough and instructive enough to occupy the attention of visitors for many days. Nothing to compare with them was ever attempted before. They are the climax of several decades of educational work which is placing farming on a high plane and is making scientific agriculture a pleasurable reality.

The conspicuous role played by agriculture at the World's Fair should bring untold benefits and wealth to the farming community of the world and impress all farmers with the importance and dignity of their calling. Passing through these colossal buildings, studying the attractive exhibits and fascinated with the bewildering encyclopedic of rural life which is spread out before his eyes, the World's Fair visitor is impressed with the important part the farmer plays in the great world of industry, and every farmer who views these interesting exhibits is given a new pride in his occupation if filled with inspiration and impressed with new ideas in harmony with the progressive strides that farming has been making for the past few years. The visit will give an insight into up to date farming on the most approved plan and will bring new hopes and blessings to the farm.

How properly to rotate crops, how to get the best results from fertilizing and irrigation, how to protect crops and fruit from the ravages of insects—all these and many more things of vital interest to farmers and fruit growers are taught at the World's Fair.

Judgment Deferred.

"What do you think of a man who would spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in politics?"
"I can't tell what I think of him," answered Senator Sorghum, "until I see whether he gets the office or not."—Washington Star.

Soured.

Mrs. Caudle—You used to say that you could eat me, couldn't you?
When I thought you would agree with me.—Town Topics.

The Joys of Poverty.

"It's all nonsense for folk to talk to harp about the stimulating force of poverty in character building. It isn't any, and they know it. Poor means are always weak. Too much income gives fatty degeneration. Too little produces emaciation. In the forced overloads of a local there's the richest man in the neighborhood. Shakespear could have dug down for a living at present prices and have written never to be forgotten dramas. The overwork of poverty's necessity doesn't give the brain a prodigious chance.—Hayfield Mower.

MADLINE'S SELFISHNESS

By MARAVENE KENNEDY
Copyright, 1914, by G. T. Fishbein

Her indolent grace irritated Harding. Even her serene, adiabatic loveliness found no favor in his eyes today. Her big, gray eyes looked out from under the sweeping lashes mockingly.
"Your silence means that I am going to be scolded shortly. Don't, I may mistake your interest and think you're in love with me. With all your wisdom and reconcile philosophy you're only thirty-one, you know."
Harding reddened uncomfortably.
"If you only would fall in love with me," she wheedled. "Think how it would develop your character to put the tender emotion underfoot! And how instructive to me to see your convictions, to know that not even love could make you condone my indolence and selfishness!"
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might prove efficacious. It's hard to be unselfish when folks perpetually insist upon holding the thought 'for my own good.' If it were only for someone else's good, I might—"
"The hominess in her voice distressed him. "I wish we could be good friends," he said gently and took her slender hands in his. Something strange in their touch made him unclasp his fingers. He stared dumbly for a moment, then—
"Where are your rings, Madeline?" he cried sharply.
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PROSPERITY PROMOTERS.

Push. The force by which one's idea are converted into realities.
Patience. A saver of time and temper. A creator of confidence.
Persistence. The golden key that unlocks the door to many an opportunity.
Principle. A self-imposed rule of right conduct which governs every action.
Precision. The ability to foresee events and consequently to provide for them.
Power. The power of self-control which often makes one master of the situation.
Prudence. The habit of being accurate and thus averting annoyances arising from error.
Punctuality. The practice of acting with discretion and of wisely husbanding one's resources.
Perception. The happy faculty which enables one intuitively to say and do the right thing at the right time.
Perseverance. The characteristic which impels one steadfastly to pursue the object in view with an invincible determination to triumph over all opposition.—Equitable Record

Expensive Undertaking.
Business Man—Well, my dear, I have about made up my mind to sell out my business and go out into the country and buy a hundred acres or so and be a farmer for the rest of my life. Business Man's Wife—Oh, John, how lovely! But are you sure you can afford it?—Somerville Journal.

Put to the Test.

A great crowd has assembled to cheer the boy prince Alexander on his arrival at Belgrade by steamer. "Why do these people make so much noise when they see me?" cried little Alexander. "Because they love you, my little son." Immediately he almost sprang out of the minister's arms, calling out: "They say you love me. Show me your love by throwing all your hats into the water." The hats were thrown.—From "Belgrade, the White City of Death."

The Home Paper of Danville.

Of course you read THE MORNING NEWS.

Northumberland	85	1100	1150
Camden	85	1100	1150
Danville	75	1010	1100
Catawissa	75	1010	1100
Watauga	75	1010	1100
Rocky Mount	75	1010	1100
Roanoke	75	1010	1100
Blount	75	1010	1100
Swain	75	1010	1100
Yancey	75	1010	1100
Wayne	75	1010	1100
Transylvania	75	1010	1100
Morgan	75	1010	1100
Surry	75	1010	1100
Alleghany	75	1010	1100
Lincoln	75	1010	1100
Richmond	75	1010	1100
Maryland	75	1010	1100
Washington	75	1010	1100
Warren	75	1010	1100
Franklin	75	1010	1100
Madison	75	1010	1100
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Lenoir	75	1010	1100
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Ashe	75	1010	1100
Guilford	75	1010	1100
Rockingham	75	1010	1100
Sheridan	75	1010	1100
Watauga	75	1010	1100
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