

TAKE THE  
ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

THE ONLY FIRST CLASS ROAD IN THE WEST.

*(See Recent Classification by Board of R. R. Commissioners.)*



HE RISES TO EXPLAIN.

WHICH I wish to remark—  
And my language is plain—  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The Heathen Chineese is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

—FOR—

PEORIA, LA SALLE, DAVENPORT.

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THE SMILE THAT WAS PENSIVE AND CHILDLIKE.

AH SIN was his name,  
 And I shall not deny,  
 In regard to the same,  
 What that name might imply.  
 But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

— FOR —

**Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha.**

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THE INFERENCE THAT MR. A. S. WAS SOFT.

IT was August the third,  
 And quite soft was the skies ;  
 Which it might be inferred  
 That Ah Sin was likewise ;  
 Yet he played that same day upon William  
 And me in a way I despise.

— FOR —

**Muscatine, Washington, Sigourney.**

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HIS SMILE WAS SO CHILDLIKE AND BLAND.

WHICH we had a small game,  
 And Ah Sin took a hand ;  
 It was Euchre, the same  
 He did not understand ;  
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
 With the smile that was childlike and bland.

— FOR —

**FAIRFIELD, OTTUMWA, OSKALOOSA.**

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THE SHOCKING STATE OF NYE'S SLEEVE.

YET the cards they were stocked  
 In a way that I grieve,  
 And my feelings were shocked  
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
 And the same with intent to deceive.

— FOR —

**CAMERON, WESTON, ST. JOSEPH.**

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MR. A. S. PLAYS THE RIGHT BOWER.

**B**UT the hands that were played  
 By that heathen Chinees,  
 And the points that he made  
 Were quite frightful to see—  
 Till at last he put down a right bower,  
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

—FOR—

**Atchison, Brownsville, Waterville.**

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WE ARE RUINED BY CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.

**T**HEN I looked up at Nye,  
 And he gazed upon me ;  
 And he rose with a sigh ;  
 And said, "Can this be ?  
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor"—  
 And he went for that heathen Chinees.

—FOR—

**Leavenworth, Lawrence, Topeka.**

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THE SCENE THAT ENSUED.

IN the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

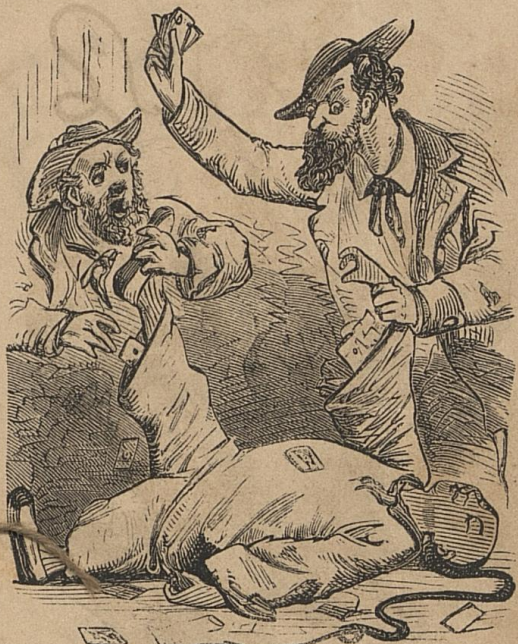
— FOR —

KANSAS CITY, OLATHE, OTTAWA.

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MR. A. S. HOLDS MUCH'EE JACKS.

IN his sleeves which were long,  
He had twenty-four jacks—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

— FOR —

EMPORIA, WICHITA, NEWTON.

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THE LANGUAGE THAT WAS PLAIN.

WHICH is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinees is peculiar—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

— FOR —  
**DENVER, CHEYENNE, SALT LAKE, SACRA-  
MENTO and SAN FRANCISCO**

*THE GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE.*

**CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND  
AND**



**PACIFIC RAILROAD.**

Carries the CHINA, JAPAN AND AUSTRALIAN MAILS,  
And is much preferred by OVERLAND PASSENGERS on  
account of its superior equipment of Coaches and mag-  
nificent PALACE SLEEPING CARS.

*THE CELEBRATED AIR-BRAKE IS USED*

ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
SAFETY PLATFORM AND COUPLER.

A large proportion of the Track is laid with

**HEAVY STEEL RAIL.**

The FINE SCENERY on this line is unsurpassed. At  
Rock Island, while crossing the Mississippi River on the mag-  
nificent new bridge, a fine view is obtained of the Government  
Arsenal Buildings erected on the Island, where formerly stood  
Fort Armstrong. After leaving the River the Road traverses  
the finest Agricultural portion of the State of Iowa, passing  
through DES MOINES, the Capital of the State, and

CONNECTING at OMAHA with UNION PACIFIC R. R.

FOR ALL POINTS IN

**COLORADO, the TERRITORIES & CALIFORNIA.**

**TWO EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DAILY.**

Travelers purchasing THROUGH TICKETS over  
this Road from the East are furnished with transfer tickets by  
the Conductors of incoming trains—FREE.

A. M. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.    HUGH RIDDLE, Gen'l Sup't.  
JOHN T. SANFORD, Gen'l Eastern Ag't.,  
257 Broadway, N. Y.

## RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY TRAVELERS GOING OVER THE R. I. ROUTE.

TRAINS on this Road always start on time. It is quite necessary to have your baggage checked to insure its delivery at your destination. Some Roads check Stoves, Lumber Wagons, &c. as personal baggage—we don't. If you have any dogs that you want to take along with you, tie them to the rear end of the train, give the brakeman a dollar, and you will have no more trouble with them.

If you have any heavy hand baggage or valises, place them securely in the racks. A young gentleman once neglected to do this and it fell and broke the neck of his mother-in-law.

Always wait until the train gets under motion before you attempt to get on. Some young men do it, it is supposed, to show their pluck, but most cautious people think they show something else. A young married man tried it on some time ago. He is not at present troubled with cold feet, having had an elegant pair of basswoods presented him by the Company. His wife is now chief engineer of a Singer.

The rules of the Company prohibit passengers from jumping off trains when running at 80 miles an hour. A man tried it last fall to save his "Greeley," and the Company had to buy four new telegraph poles and ten rods of fence. The man was found in an adjoining township negotiating with a tooth car-penter for a new set of masticators.

Passengers are requested to stand on the platforms as much as possible, in case of accident, and the cars telescoping they act as a cushion, and save much destruction of Company's property. Never use profane language in the ladies' car—go out on the platform and let slobber at the brakeman. Well directed oaths are never thrown away upon him.

When leaving a car, carry out your bird cages, baskets, umbrellas, and any other plunder you may have, in such a way that it will punch the heads of all the passengers sitting near the alley.

You must always provide yourself with a Ticket, Money or a Pass (most people prefer the latter) to insure a safe trip over this Road. That man that tried to get over this Road presenting his face for his ticket, got his ticket punched by the Conductor. The Conductors on this Road use the old-fashioned punch.

To enjoy all the comforts of modern railway travel, secure one of the center sections in the magnificent Palace Cars of this Company. No other palace cars in the world are arranged so convenient as these. The Superintendent of the Sleeping Car Line, after experimenting 48 years, has succeeded in placing a line of cars upon this Road in which all can be accommodated with center sections. It is a "big thing," and highly appreciated by the patrons of the line. (Patent applied for.) No other Road uses them.

Never start on a journey without providing yourself with plenty of sleeping berths. Those corked up in flat bottles are considered by practical travelers the safest and most convenient.

## CHICAGO:

A CITY NOT RECOGNIZED BY SAINT PETER.

### DREAM

BY A ST. LOUIS CUSS.

It is generally believed by the average Chicagoan, that when mortals have had the good fortune to draw their last breath within the limits of their municipality, they carry preferred claims direct to the gates of heaven.

The following rather remarkable dream, as related by an eminently reliable St. Louis gentleman, would seem to indicate that such is not the case, and that the geographical location of Chicago is not clearly defined on the heavenly map of this planet.

The gentleman above mentioned, while stopping at one of the elegant hotels recently opened in that city, was taken suddenly ill, and during his illness became delirious and had this singular dream.

He says, I dreamed I died and passed into ethereal space, and was enabled to look back upon my kind, sorrowing Chicago friends (my friends alluded to were mostly so-called real estate men. I had looked at several corner lots and intended to invest in the city.) gathered around all that was left for them to mourn over. I heard them consoling themselves with the knowledge that their friend had died in Chicago, and consequently would not be subjected to the delay in entering the Celestial Gate that might have occurred had he started from his own city.

After becoming somewhat accustomed to the change of things and surroundings, I left the odorous locality. It occurred to me frequently during my journey from Chicago to the Celestial Gate, that the road did not seem much traveled—but then I recollected that Chicago was always claimed to be the healthiest city in the world, and it was seldom that any one died there from natural causes, and such little irregularities as murders and suicides could not occur there under their vigilant police system—hence the seemingly unused line of communication.

In due course of time I arrived at the Gate of Heaven, and announced my arrival and desire to enter by a vigorous pull at the bell; Saint Peter made his appearance and requested me to step into the great recording office, he leading the way. In the sanctum was a ponderous book, behind which stood the Recording Angel. St. Peter asks, Where on earth did you die? you seem to have come alone. I immediately, with full confidence of being ushered in and placed amongst the chosen, replied, that I had come direct from Chicago. An awkward silence ensued while the Recorder rapidly turned over the leaves of the great book and occasionally exchanged a wink with Peter; thinking that possibly they had misunderstood me, I ventured to remark again that I came from Chicago, Ill., the city of more magnificent churches and—Saint Peter here in-

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terrupted me by remarking that the name was unknown to him or the Recorder, no arrivals ever having occurred from Chicago, and he was confident from his somewhat lengthy experience in his department that no such place existed on earth, and mildly suggested that I belonged to a certain class that could not enter there.

T liv W do en ne se do

I remarked to Peter that possibly I was a little off the line of regular through travel from Chicago, but was positive I could convince him to a certainty that there was such a place on earth if he would detail one of his reliable angels to accompany me over to the other place. The proposition seemed to strike Peter as entirely reasonable, and that, under the circumstances, I should wish to convince them that I had no intention of defrauding the doorkeeper by using a fictitious name.

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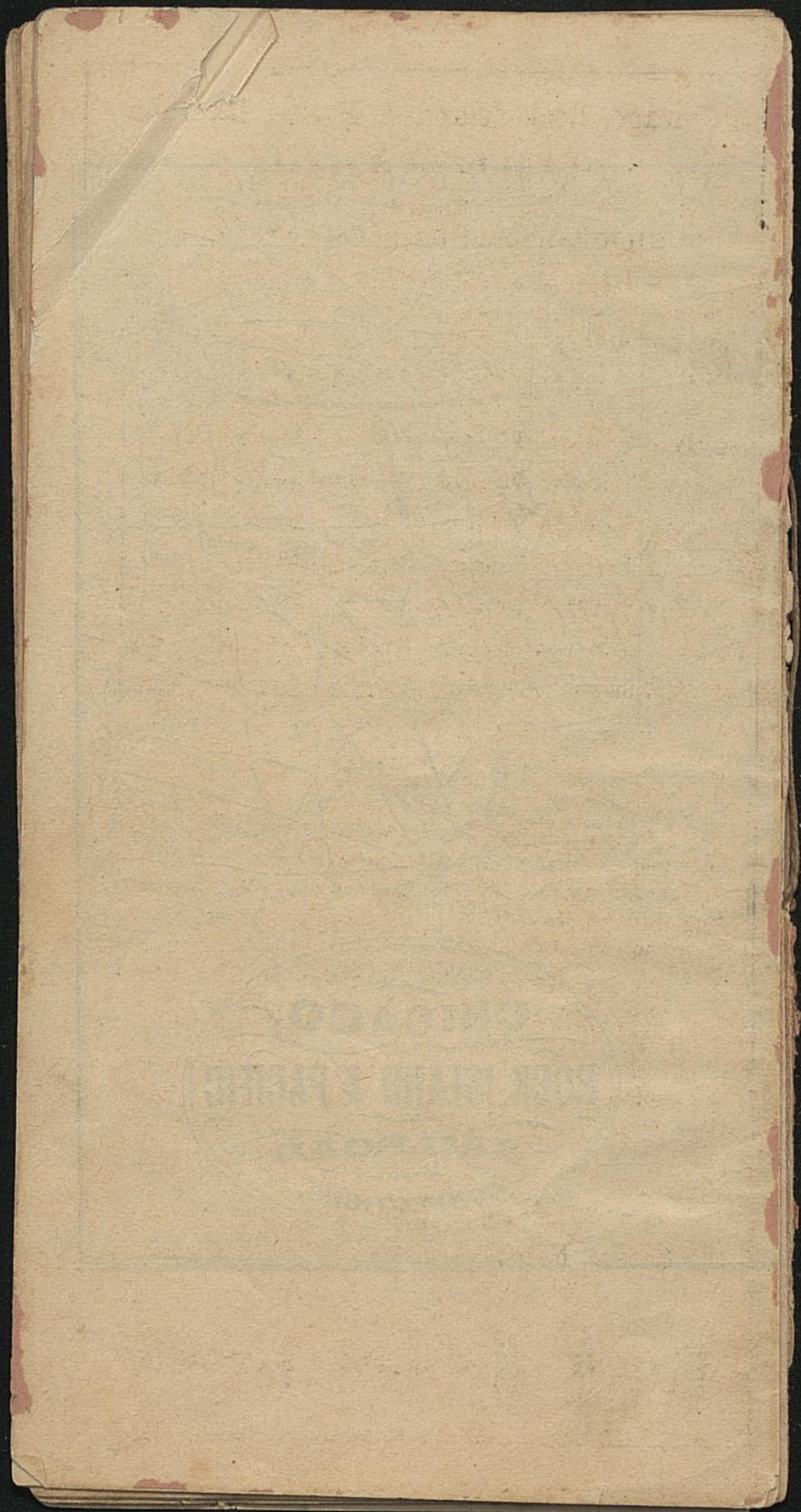
We started for the other place and arrived duly at his Satanic Majesty's gate. Our knock was answered by the old chap in person, who asked us from whence we came. Peter's representative remarked that we had come to interview him, and asked Satanic if he had ever heard of such a place on earth as Chicago? Satanic, for the moment, seemed shocked at the ignorance of Peter's representative in mundane geography, but finally exclaimed, Chicago! Chicago! ever heard of Chicago? Well yes, that name is rather familiar at these headquarters; we have a special correspondent there, editorially connected with one of the papers, who, when I am not there myself, keeps me well posted. I have just returned from Chicago, after bursting a corner they were getting up on brimstone. Chicago is the only city on earth that makes any attempt to rival this locality, and for the last few years I must say they have given me a good deal of trouble; they approached a little too near my realms some time since and the atmosphere became too warm for them, although they laid it to Mrs. O'Leary's cow. We never allow Chicago people to be troubled with cold feet after they make our acquaintance. Satanic became so much absorbed in the conversation that he unintentionally let the ponderous gate swing wide open, and we observed illustrated upon the wall of the great recording room a map of Chicago showing the burnt district. My attendant expressed an opinion that from the evidence obtained here he would have no trouble in convincing Peter that I was not a fraud; and tendering our thanks to Satanic for his kindly expressed regards for his Chicago friends, we took our departure.

After my attendant had informed Peter of the result of his Satanic interview, he immediately sent for a photographer and had a full size picture of me taken, at the same time remarking to the Recording Angel, that no entry need be made of my arrival from Chicago, as the event never would be forgotten in heaven and probably nothing of the kind would happen again.

While congratulating myself upon my very narrow escape from the apparent common destiny of the citizens of Chicago, I awoke and found myself still on earth.

I at once gave my doctors a furlough and left the city, fully impressed with the idea that Chicago was too well known in Tophet to be a very desirable place to die in.





❁ PROGRAMME ❁

—OF—

# FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION



WINCHESTER, KENTUCKY,

NOVEMBER 22-23,

1900



VIRGINIA HANSON CHAPTER

NOVEMBER 22-23,

1900



PRESS OF JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Thursday November 22d,  
2 P. M.

INVOCATION

Song, - - - - - "Dixie"  
Address of Welcome. *Miss Hathaway*  
Response. *Mrs. Harrison - Lex. Ky.*  
Reading of the Minutes.  
Appointment of Committee on Credentials.  
Report of Delegates.  
Song, - - - - - "My Old Kentucky Home"

Friday, November 23d,  
9 A. M.

PRAYER

Song, - - - - - "Maryland, My Maryland"  
Reports of Officers.  
Annual Address.  
Reports of Committees.

1.30 P. M.

Song, - - - - - "The Bonnie Blue Flag"  
Election of Officers.  
Meeting of Board of Directors.  
Song, - - - - - "America"

BENEDICTION.

### Dixie.

Southerners, hear your country call you.  
Up, lest worse than death befall you;  
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!  
Lo! All the beacon fires are lighted,  
Let all hearts be now united!  
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!  
Advance the flag of Dixie.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Dixie's land we take our stand  
And live or die for Dixie.  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie.  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie.  
Fear no danger! Shun no labor!  
Lift up rifle, pipe and saber!  
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie!  
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,  
Let the odds make each heart bolder.  
To arms! To arms! To arms in Dixie.  
Advance the flag of Dixie!  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Dixie's land we take our stand  
And live and die for Dixie.  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie.  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie.

### My Old Kentucky Home.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,  
The corn-top's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright,  
By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

#### Chorus.

Weep no more, my lady,  
Oh, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.  
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkies have to part,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darky may go;  
A few more days and the trouble all will end  
In the field where the sugar cane grow!  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,  
No matter, 'twill never be light,  
A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

### Maryland, My Maryland.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland, my Maryland;  
His torch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland, my Maryland.  
Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore,  
Maryland, my Maryland.

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland, my Maryland;  
The "Old Lines" bugle, fife, and drum,  
Maryland, my Maryland.  
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,  
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum.  
She breathes! She turns! She'll come! She'll come!  
Maryland, my Maryland.

### The Bonnie Blue Flag.

Come, brothers! rally for the right!  
The bravest of the brave  
Sends forth her singing battle cry  
Beside the Atlantic wave!  
She leads the way in honor's path,  
Come, brothers, near and far;  
Come rally the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.

#### Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southern rights,  
Hurrah! We'll rally round the  
Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a single star.  
By every stone in Charleston Bay,  
By each beleagured town,  
We swear to rest not night nor day,  
But hunt the tyrants down!  
Till bathed in valor's holy blood  
The gazing world afar  
Shall greet with shouts the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears the cross and star.

**America.**

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee we sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

Our father's God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God our king.

