

Miss Scudder.

6th Annual Banquet 

-- of the --

 Culture Club.

Covington, Kentucky,
Monday,
May 17th, 1897.

Menu • • •

CLEAR SOUP

SALTED WAFERS

LOBSTER CUTLETS

BOSTON BROWN BREAD

CUCUMBERS

OLIVES

BROILED SPRING CHICKEN

PEAS

NEW POTATOES

SALTED ALMONDS

ROMAN PUNCH

TOMATO SALAD

ICE CREAM

STRAWBERRIES

CAKE

COFFEE

CHEESE

BISCUIT

Toasts • • •

CROSS ROADS OF THE SOUTH, Mr. M. M. Durrett.

OUR CITY, Miss Kate Scudder.

I GO A-FISHING, Mr. R. S. Crumpton.

FIN DE SIECLE, Miss Luella Boyd.

THE KINETOSCOPE, Mr. J. B. Daniels.

HABIT, Mrs. I. H. Sheppard.

FACTS, Mr. Jas. Gray.

OUR PETS, Mrs. W. S. Perkins.

LADIES' BAZAAR.

The opening of the ladies' bazaar at the Scott Street Methodist church to-day was very delightful. Extensive preparations have been made. It will continue four days. Noon luncheon is served at 25 cents, and ices and cakes at night, 10 cents.

THE CULTURE CLUB.

Banquets for ages have been celebrated, and with due form and ceremony. Shakespeare writes, "The mind must banquet if the body pine." The now famous Culture Club had last evening their sixth annual banquet, and we assert that the mind and body were both "banqueted" from the menu offered by the committee and excellent toasts.

The table was spread with unusual elegance. The floral decorations, snow-ball arranged in form on the flat, oblong, circle and square.

Embroideries charmed the eye, placed on the fine linen at intervals and the table was the shape of a cross; cut glass, silver and china were in rich display, candelabras with waxen lights, and the menu served in style. Mr. Perkins the retiring president, was the toast-master. His superior voice and handsome appearance made him excellent in his role, while his admirable opening speech and those made before the introduction of the toast-makers were oft-times not only graceful but witty, and in fact we found "the tongue" (offered on this occasion) was garnished with brains.

"Cross Roads of the South," response, Mr. M. M. Durrett, without manuscript, said: "To give this club a description of the south was superfluous, the chivalry of the men, noble deeds of our grandfathers and mothers, her romances of love and passion, beauty of her women, her authors, artists and her scenery were themes familiar, and therefor would entertain them with some amusing and apropos anecdotes of the negro race, anecdotes of his boyhood which James Lane Allen with his inimitable grace of pen in this direction would have enjoyed. The patience and peculiarity and dialect of the race was given finely.

