

THE BIG CHAUTAUQUA COMES TO A CLOSE

Saturday and Sunday Marked the
Final Days of a Successful
Series of Entertain-
ments.

THE INIMITABLE BOB SEEDS

Frank Dixon Sunday Afternoon and
Wm. Rainey Bennett in the
Evening.

The Strollers strolled into Chautauqua Saturday afternoon, and in quality and volume their welcome grew until, late in Sunday evening, the last item on the program closed this year's Chautauqua. The new singers appeared on the program first in Highland kilts with a program of Scotch songs as their prelude to the lecture of Col. Bob Seeds. The lecture proved to be American humor set to Scotch music, and the combination pleased. A male quartette is always popular, and the Strollers fulfilled the time worn tradition. They sing together, and their close harmonies sometimes are set off with the sparkle of humor. The second tenor, Mr. Whitehead, also plays the violin, and the heavy rich bass of H. P. Thomas is the background of all the fine musical effects wrought by the Strollers. The finish of the Strollers' singing has been greatly appreciated by the tents full of people who have heard them these last two days of Chautauqua.

Bob Seeds! That is all of him that can be properly reported! His face makes you laugh. He arrived Saturday and passed on, but we are all laughing yet! His jolly face advertises his fun. He calls his lecture, "The Mistakes of Life Exposed," but his lecture is not one of the mistakes! The title of his lecture is as good as any other he could choose on which to hang the aggregation of witty jokes and hilarious sallies, the quips and quirks of homely humor and of pertinent philosophy with which he entertained the big Chautauqua audience on Saturday afternoon. The lecture was a convenient and fictitious string on which Bob Seeds strung his pearls of fun, and everybody wished that the string were longer and that his witty jokes would not come to an end.

Bob Seed's jokes! Their collector is a Pennsylvania farmer. He declares that in Pennsylvania God made so much land that he had to stand much of it up on its edge. The jolly farmer's face radiated optimistic happiness as he declared that his farm is so steep that his cattle fell out of the pasture! Of the long face of certain ancient types of religious folk, Bob Seeds declared that it was not religion such people had got but dyspepsia! Concerning the children of his own family, Bob declared that he would not take millions for any one of them, nor pay five cents for another! Speaking of mankind, the lecturer brought down the house when he declared that when he said man he meant woman, because man embraces woman! If you laugh while you are eating you will never die of dyspepsia, declared the genial orator and he added, "Not as long as you live!" It was a full minute before the hilarious laughter moderated enough for the speaker to proceed. Mr. Seeds propounded the conundrum: "How far can a rabbit run into the woods?" "Just half way!" was his answer. "If he runs further he will be running out!" "The world's all right. It's a crack-jack. It's a daisy of a world! Laugh, and the world laughs with you; snore, and you snore alone!" was a sally that convulsed the great audience.

Bob Seeds was great on hens. They are the only things that make a fortune laying around, he declared. "I've raised many chickens," he cried. After a suggestive pause he added, "With a fork!" Speaking the eulogy of the little American hen, Bob Seeds cried in sprightly oratory style: "May she go on to glory and renown, and may her never set!"

The funny stories of the lecture were many of them of ancient vintage, but on Bob Seeds' tongue they seemed fresh as newly laid eggs. Moreover, they seemed natural and were much to the point of what he wanted to say, which is more than can be said of many of the jokes heard on this year's platform. Throughout, the lecture was pervad-

ed with a clean high purpose, and every thought in it was in the line of high ideals. The audience was sorry when time was called on his jolly stories, and everybody will be glad to have him come again.

At the evening hour, The Strollers preluded for Mrs. English, and at the close of her lecture they gave a short concert in sailor costume. Mrs. English's lecture was "The Story of the Man Behind the Bars," an exposition of prison conditions and a plea for prison reform. Through Chautauqua week Mrs. English has carried on a program for ladies only. Various forms of good report have oozed out from her work with the ladies. Her lectures to women have been popular, and the mixed audience was glad to have an opportunity to hear her on Saturday evening. She spoke to an audience that filled the big tent. She told of her work among the inmates of the Nebraska State Penitentiary. Mrs. English is a pleasant speaker, and her plea for the prevention of crime by bringing about better conditions in common home life struck a popular chord with her audience.

Chautauqua presented a strong program for the two sessions of Sunday. Regular services were held in the churches of the city. It is to be noted that the Chautauqua service interferes with attendance at the churches on Chautauqua Sundays. The question arises as to whether it might not be better in future years if the churches were to give up their services entirely during the Chautauqua program. In that case, a preacher of national or of international repute might be secured for the morning hour at Chautauqua, and he could preach to the united religious forces of Webster City. Two such sermons would help to supply a directly religious tone which all Chautauquas need and most of them have had for years. Such a course might do good, both to the local Chautauqua and to all the churches of the city. A more distinctly religious atmosphere next year would add to the popularity of the Chautauqua program.

Sunday afternoon the Chautauqua tent was literally packed to hear Frank Dixon. Mr. Dixon was at his best, and both he and his audience had a good time. His subject was "The Square Deal," and he lectured in such a manner as to help to make his vision possible of fulfillment. Dr. Dixon is a unique man from a unique family. In him brilliancy and wit run neck and neck with sarcasm and logic. He wove a spell over his audience which held them breathless, and the spell was only broken when the audience would applaud. Then the spell was on again, and Dr. Dixon's nimble wit played again with the hot fire of sarcasm and the cool conclusion of logic. The lecturer's delivery is like a mill race, and he sweeps his audience before him with the power of mordant speech. If you happen to have to debate with Dixon, the goblins of his sarcasm will surely get you if you do not watch out!

No mere reportorial sketch can do justice to Dr. Dixon's lecture on The Square Deal. He began with an apt, witty, true and very original characterization of political conditions and parties at Washington, which led him to conclude that at present he would not be a candidate for president! Roosevelt had tried mightily to bring about the square deal, but his dream had failed to come true. In spite of ourselves, in the United States we are developing the same types of privileged classes as curse European civil and political life. The square deal will not have arrived until naturally and inevitably the criminal millionaire walks in lock-step with the criminal pauper. Corporations have the same right to exist as has any individual man—just that, and no more! The deadly weapons of corporations—watered stock, discrimination, and business in politics—must be wrested from the hands of corporate greed before the day of the square deal can arrive.

Dr. Dixon's analysis of the political, social and business worlds was sapient and keen. Frequently he drew applause from the big audience, as, for instance, when he contrasted the disinterested attitude of Robert LaFollete toward a certain measure before the senate with that of a certain lumberman senator who was not afraid nor ashamed to stand up for his personal interests on the floor of the senate. Dr. Dixon was willing to build a great Chinese wall of tariff around any infant industry that really needed protection, but

when the protected industry became a menace to the square deal, down must come the wall! The lecturer would take the question of the tariff out of politics and leave it in the hands of a commission of experts. The business men, as such, should be kept out of politics in favor of the statesman. The business man has, very properly, contracted the habit of buying what he wants, which principle, carried into politics, is the Lorimer way. The execution of justice, too, the lecturer claimed should be put beyond the range of petty party politics, and a just system of taxation would have to be devised before the square deal could be said to have arrived. Dr. Dixon's lecture was one of the strongest on this year's platform.

For the closing number at the evening hour an audience gathered which filled the great tent and ranged a crowd of interested and silent listeners around the oblong sweep of the canvass. The Strollers' quartette was greatly enjoyed, especially the sacred numbers of their program which fitted into the spirit of the day and helped to create a proper atmosphere for the close of the great week's program. A Roman Catholic divine had made the opening address of this year's Chautauqua, and it fell to the lot of a Congregational minister from Wisconsin to close the program. William Rainey Bennett was the man, and his lecture bore the title, "The Man Who Can."

The man and his lecture were good illustrations of his theme. It proved to be one of the best popular lectures of the entire series. It was full of wit and humor and of sound common sense. Mr. Bennett carries enough avoirdupoise to put him out of the vinegar class and to make him look jolly and talk jolly. From the first sentence he had his audience with him, and he kept them to the end. The plea of Mr. Bennett's message lay around the fact that the imagination is the searchlight of the soul. The nimble wit of the speaker scintillated for an hour and a half in illumination of some of the serious issues of life. Neither his jokes, which were many, nor his stories, which were exceedingly funny, seemed to be nailed on to his theme—they seemed to have grown there and to be a natural part of the expression of his ideas. In certain directions Mr. Bennett's lecture was as funny as was the one delivered the previous afternoon by the redoubtable humorist, Bob Seeds. Close analysis of his lecture seems to leave more material for thought. Mr. Bennett was very funny. His invention of a noiseless soup spoon took the house by storm, as did his definition of tainted money—"It is tainted because 'a'nt yours!" He said that many had their wish bones where their backbones should be, and the crowd laughed and laughed again at the sally. He paid a high tribute to William Jennings Bryan as a man who had lived fifteen years in the spot light, and no newspaper had been able to discover a single spot on his moral character. The enthusiasm of Mr. Bennett's lecture formed a fitting climax to a long week's program filled with very good things.

The dismissal of the great crowd provided a fairy-like scene never before witnessed in Webster City. A freight train blocked Des Moines street just as the great crowd was strolling homeward. Automobiles of all sorts and sizes, rigs of every description, and folk a-foot on the sidewalks filled the street from side to side, and the headlights of the automobiles presented a prettier sight than the White Way of Second street, because the lights were gently on the move. More than fifty automobiles were in the blockade, and when the crossing was open and the vehicles moved on it almost seemed like the drifting of stars in a milky way. And so passed the Chautauqua of Nineteen-Hundred and Eleven.

Dragged Roads Shed Water.
From different sections of the state come reports of the permanent benefits to the highways as a result of road dragging. Practically all of the highways had been dragged previous to the last rain and this down-pour has had very little effect on the surface of the roads. Many miles of highway were dry and nice by noon Monday, demonstrating beyond a doubt that the King dragging of roads, the puddling of the road surface, is an effectual method of permanent road improvement. The new road dragging law is not yet in successful operation for some reason or other but the people of Iowa will soon begin to insist that the provisions of this excellent law be carried out to the letter. When this is done Iowa will enter upon an era of road improvement.

Every great man is always being helped by everybody; for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.—Ruskin.

Auto Owners, Attention!

BE FREE from anxiety

Proclaim your Declaration of Independence to-day.

When in the course of human events, an automobilist passes from one State to another, or from one county to another, he is always in a State of Anxiety.

He cannot possibly know the laws of every State regarding the position and illumination of his license tags. The only way he can be

free from danger of arrest and heavy fine

is by using

The Neverout Patent License Bracket.

HANSON & TYLER

MAKES HIT AT WASHINGTON

Representative "Bob" Henry Turns
Loose Great Speech
in House.

CAPTIVATES THE MEMBERS

Letters and Telegrams of Congratulation Pouring in Which Indicate Widespread Approval of His Sentiments.

Washington, D. C., July 10.—When Representative "Bob" Henry of Texas got up in the house the other day and turned loose the thunders of his oratory on our diplomatic multimillionaires, he got a rise out of the country. If the whole land did not appreciate something of the force of what Henry said, there are evidences that at least a good part of it did. At any rate, letters and telegrams of congratulation and commendation are pouring in on the Texas congressman in a fashion that indicates widespread approval of his sentiments.

"Bob" Henry, chairman of the house rules committee, is not only one of the ablest members of the new democratic house, but he is one of its acknowledged leaders. Besides, he is one of the democrats with a small "d." He is not enlisted with the reactionary group of house democrats, but is a progressive without being unduly radical, who believes that a democratic house should convince the country that it can be constructive without being destructive.

When Henry lambasted diplomatic snobbery and display abroad, he was not talking for effect. He was speaking out of the fullness of the heart. He is a hard-working man himself, simple in manners and thoroughly approachable. He doesn't like the notion of lavish and vulgar display abroad as it is inclined by some of this country's representatives, and when he talked on this subject he was doing it without much effort. He insists that the thing of filling the diplomatic posts with men who are able to spend and do spend vast sums in keeping up a social front is demoralizing to the diplomatic service and that it is time to return to republican simplicity.

"Let us announce to the world," said he, "that the American people will not put up these great posts of diplomatic honors to be plucked by the highest bidders amongst aspiring millionaires, but that the plain American gentleman of genuine accomplishments shall outrank them all."

When Henry talks, the house sits up and listens, even in these hot days. He is tall, well-built, with dark hair and gray eyes, given to quiet dress. He is a born orator. To prove this it need only be said he is a lineal descendant of Patrick Henry, whose speech concluding with "Give me liberty or give me death" is known to every schoolboy. He is of Tennessee-Virginia stock, but he is a native Texan and so describes himself in his biography. Moreover, he was schooled and trained in Texas. His full name is Robert Lee Henry. He was born in Cass county, Texas, May 12, 1861, a year before Lee surrendered. He

graduated from the Southwestern University of Texas in 1885 as valedictorian of his class, read law, was admitted to the bar in 1886 and practiced a short time. He took a course at the University of Texas and graduated with an LL.B. in 1887.

About this time the boys down at his home town of Texarkana elected Bob mayor. He was only 23 years old when elected and one of the youngest mayors in the United States. Texarkana traditions are that he made good. He resigned to become an assistant in the office of the attorney general and he was in that office for something like four years. He has been a member of congress since 1897 and represents the Eleventh district, his home now being in Waco.

Henry has the quality that belongs to every man who really makes a success in congress. This is the quality of industry, of capacity for hard work and the will to keep at it. He is one of the most charming and likable members of the house and is personally extremely popular.

He is a born student and has dug deep into the house rules just as he digs into every other question that he has occasion to take up. He is not wealthy and probably never will be. As chairman of the rules committee he is in a position of great influence in the house and his judgment counts for much among his colleagues. He is one of the democrats who refused to listen to the notion of committing the party in the house to the doctrine of a duty on raw wool and in this he lined up with men like Ollie James, Burton Harrison, Rainey of Illinois and others who are not enamored of committing the democrats to the doctrine of a duty on raw materials. It is safe to say if the democrats remain for a succession of terms in the control of the house Henry will become a conspicuous national figure.

Trains Start Two Fires.

Logan, July 10.—Fire attributed to a passing train burned two or more acres of wheat in the shock on the Paul Bostwick farm south of Woodbine, before the fire could be extinguished on Tuesday, and fire, alleged to have come from a passing train, set the fence of the fair grounds at Missouri Valley on fire Wednesday, also doing some damage before being extinguished.

A Kelger of near Pisgah had the misfortune to lose his two barns and contents, hay, harness, a carriage, also a chicken pen and other improvements, by fire of unknown origin Tuesday last. The property partially was covered by insurance.

Rain in Western Iowa.

Council Bluffs, July 10.—Beginning about 3 o'clock yesterday morning and continuing so gently that every drop was absorbed by the ground, a half an inch of rain fell over southwestern Iowa. The rain will be of inestimable value to corn and small fruits, but it will require several good soaking rains to restore the pastures.

With a prospect of milder temperature, corn prospects are greatly enhanced and fruit and gardens also promise to revive.

The law is a sort of hocus pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it.—Charles Macklin.

Count always your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man then you were your truest self.—Phillips Brooks.

FINDS WAY TO ESCAPE RULES

Marshalltown Man Finally Secures
Bride From Sunny
Italy.

OVERCOMES THE OBSTACLE

Nation's Laws and Ship's Doctors
Nearly Prevent Wedding, But
Marriage Takes Place in
This Country.

Marshalltown, July 10.—After having journeyed all the way to sunny Italy for the purpose of claiming a bride, being thwarted first by reason of being divorced, and secondly because his intended wife failed to pass the necessary rigid physical examination for emigration, Antonio Cerino, an Italian shoemaker of this city, was made happy yesterday when he took as his wife Norgi Camelo Morto of Castelvetrano di Celere, Italy.

Cerino, who has lived in this city several years, and has prospered, secured a divorce from his first wife some time ago and, remembering pretty Camelo Morto as a girl, and believing her a suitable helpmeet, secured her consent to marry him by letter. Cerino journeyed to Italy and preparations for the wedding were made. Cerino went armed with his decree of divorce, but in the land of the pope American divorces are no good. Cerino so was informed, and was advised to marry in the country where he secured his divorce.

It did not take him long to make up his mind what to do. If Camelo was worth traveling to Italy for she was good enough to take back to America to marry. Preparations were made to sail from Naples. The trunks were on board and stored. The tickets were bought, and happy Antonio started aboard with his Camelo. The emigration officials were consulted, and two doctors had passed them as physically fit. No thought of being detained entered the head of either. The final physician, however, discovered a defect in Miss Morto's eyes, and she was told she could not embark. From the vessel she was forced just as the boat was making ready to sail. Cerino watched the officials lead his bride from him, and gazed at her on the dock as he sped toward America.

Upon landing here Cerino wrote Miss Morto, sending her money to have her eyes treated. She did so, and after a month under a specialist at Naples the defects were overcome and the young woman passed the physical examination necessary to emigrate. She reached this city a few days ago and the wedding took place yesterday. Cerino is 47 years old and his bride is 25.

Mrs. John Parker, who resides about three miles east of town, is reported to be very ill. She has been in poor health for some time but this present acute attack began Saturday night.

The Methodist ladies' aid society will hold their regular business meeting at the parsonage Wednesday at 3 o'clock. At the close of the meeting a ten cent lunch will be served.