

CHAUTAQUA



"My Experiences in The French Trenches"

Illustrated With Stereopticon Views

By Lieutenant Donald McGibney

LIEUTENANT DONALD MCGIBNEY is an American boy who went to Turkey to teach in an American college. When the European war broke out he was taken with other refugees on the battleship Tennessee to France, where he enlisted in the French ambulance corps. For seven and a half long months he was at the front and personally carried between 1,500 and 2,000 wounded soldiers from the trenches to the hospital bases. He is now on leave of absence and will deliver two lectures on the second day of our Chautauqua, one an illustrated lecture with stereopticon views made from photographs taken by him personally.

TWO ADDRESSES THE SECOND DAY OF OUR CHAUTAUQUA

OTHER ATTRACTIONS

TWO lectures by Charles F. Stalker, a Chautauqua lecturer of many years experience; two lectures by Dr. William H. Kent on "Building Up the Home Town"; two entertainments by Irwin "Prince of Magic"; and two musical concerts each by Minetti, the Italian piano-accordionist; The Capital City Concert Company; and The Dickson's, a quartette composed of a mother and her three musical sons.

Coming For Our Chautauqua



TWO of the most interesting numbers on our Chautauqua program will be the concerts on the last day by "The Dickson's," a quartette consisting of mother and three sons. Mrs. Dickson is an accomplished singer and the sons from earliest childhood have been instructed in music both instrumental and vocal. Their program in both the afternoon and evening is made up of vocal solos, duets and

quartettes, combined with instrumental selections on the violin, clarinet, piano and cello, singly and together. They have had many years experience on the Chautauqua platform and have so perfected their concerts that the audience never tires but thoroughly enjoys and appreciates their numbers. Lovers of music should not miss these concerts on the last day.

EVERYBODY COME!

EVERY man, woman and child in this community should plan now to attend our Welfare Chautauqua, the dates for which are announced below. There will be entertainment, instructions and inspiration for all. Some of the leading attractions are as follows: Two popular lectures by Charles F. Stalker, a Chautauqua lecturer of many years experience; two lectures, one illustrated with stereopticon views by Lieutenant Donald McGibney, on his experiences in the French trenches; two lectures

by Dr. William H. Kent, on "Building Up the Home Town"; two entertainments by Irwin "Prince of Magic"; and two musical concerts each by Minetti, the Italian piano-accordionist; the Capital City Concert Company; and The Dickson's, a quartette composed of a mother and her three musical sons. The program is a lively and entertaining one throughout, and offers a rare treat to the people of this community.

BUY A SEASON TICKET AND SAVE MONEY

MINNETTI, HERE FOR OUR CHAUTAUQUA



TO many people the soft, silvery tones of the wonderful piano-accordion, which closely resemble the tones of a pipe-organ, are the most pleasing of all musical selections. Angelo Minetti, the young Italian who appears on the second day of our Chautauqua program, with an instrument that cost him almost one thousand dollars, puts into his playing all of the vigor and expression that is peculiar to his race. There are only six of these instruments in America. All should hear him.

Gives Two Illustrated Lectures the First Day



CHARLES F. STALKER, entertainer and orator who appears on the first day of our Chautauqua program, has been pleasing Chautauqua audiences for eleven years. Those who miss his interesting Chalk Talks will always regret it.



IRWIN, PRINCE OF MAGIC

Who Will Be Here on the Second Day of Our CHAUTAUQUA

KENTUCKY

Preliminary Vital Statistics Report for May and June

	1916	
	May	June
Total deaths	1,938	1,931
Under 1 year	280	325
1 to 5 years	104	190
65 years and over	548	364
Tuberculosis of lungs	303	286
Other tuberculosis	38	34
Pneumonia, Broncho-pneumonia	124	64
Whooping cough	19	14
Diphtheria, croup	8	3
Scarlet fever	0	1
Meningitis (non-tubercular)	43	31
Measles	14	7
Typhoid fever	27	30
Diarrhoea, enteritis, (under 2 years)	40	160
Diarrhoea, enteritis, (over 2 years)	22	76
Hookworm disease	0	0
Influenza (LaGrippe)	27	8
Puerperal septicemia	7	10
Small pox	0	1
Cancer	96	84
Violence	122	106
Pellagra	7	10

Good Luck—Feel Good

No one can either feel good nor feel bad while suffering from constipation. Get rid of that tired, draggy, lifeless feeling by a treatment of Dr. King's New Life Pills. Buy a box to-day, take one or two pills to-night. In the morning that stuffed, dull feeling is gone and feel better at once. 25c. at your druggist.

FARE \$3.00 DAILY BETWEEN CLEVELAND & BUFFALO

The Great Ship "SEANDREE" — The largest and most costly steamer on any inland water of the world. Sleeping accommodations for 100 passengers.

"CITY OF ERIE" — 3 magnificent steamers — "CITY OF BUFFALO"

CLEVELAND—Daily, May 1st to Nov. 15th—BUFFALO

Leave Cleveland 7:00 A. M. Leave Buffalo 6:00 P. M.
Arrive Buffalo 7:00 A. M. Arrive Cleveland 6:00 P. M.

Connections at Buffalo for Niagara Falls and all Eastern and Canadian points. Railroad tickets passing between Cleveland and Buffalo are good for transportation on our steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets to C. & B. Line.

Beautifully colored national guide is sent, showing both exterior and interior of The Great Ship "SEANDREE" and a record of her trips to cover passage and mailing. Also ask for our 25-page pictorial and descriptive booklet free.

THE CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO., Cleveland, Ohio

The Bee for All the News

Treatment at Hazelwood Offered at Cost

Hazelwood Sanatorium, conducted by the Louisville Anti-Tuberculosis Association for the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis cases in all stages, is not operated for profit, but the service is rendered at actual cost for the benefit of those suffering from the disease. The services of a resident physician, nurses, with the constant care and attention thus afforded, mean everything. Our infirmary and four cottages are well equipped for the comfort and attention of our patients. The rate is \$12.50 per week. Write for detailed information.

HAZELWOOD SANATORIUM STATION E
LOUISVILLE, KY.
FOR PULMONARY CASES IN ALL STAGES

Subscribe For The Bee

How Aunt Dinah "Got By"

By Raleigh A. Scott, Sr.

Aunt Dinah was a parson's cook.
And, though she was to blame
For many things that disappeared,
She "got by" just the same.

The parson told Aunt Dinah
One Sunday morning fine,
That he would bring a stranger back
With him from church—to dine.

"So kill that crippled chicken;
It's tired of hopping 'round.
And you may eat the head and feet,"
Said pious parson Brown.

Then off the parson went to church,
Aunt Dinah soon got busy;
To see her hustle things about
Would make your head grow dizzy.

She killed and cooked the chicken,
And then began to eat
The share the parson said was hers,—
'Twas just the head and feet.

This simply made her long for more;
Just stirred her appetite.
She felt that she could eat it all;
But that would not be right.

That chicken looked so tempting tho',
It made her old mouth water.
She turned away and poked the fire,
Until the stove got hotter.

She tried to think of something else,
But wondered "how the dickens
The colored people ever got
Such appetites for chickens."

"I blebe I'll tase it wunst," said she,
"Tu see if it am dun."
So she tasted, and kept tasting
Till the chicken all was gone.

And then she heard a noise that
Made her realize her danger,
It was the parson coming—yes,
The parson and the stranger.

"Gud Lawd! ha' mussy!" Dinah cried;
"Ise gone dis time fo' sho';
Lawd! hep old Dinah outen dis,
An' I'll nebbber steal no mo'."

The stranger sat out on the porch
And made himself at home,
The parson went inside—to let
Aunt Dinah know they'd come.

"How is the chicken?" he inquired,
"Dat's out o' sight," said she.
"De carbin 'nife needs whettin' fur
It's dull as it can be."

The parson took the carving knife,
And to the back yard went.
Then, o'er a grindstone standing there,
Laboriously he bent.

And Dinah seeing now her chance
To raise a mighty breeze,
She darted out upon the porch
And fell down on her knees—
And rolled her eyes, and moaned and
groaned,
Between each gasping breath;
Then grabbed that stranger sitting there
And scared him ha'f to death.

"Why Auntie! What's the matter?"
He cried in great alarm.
"Has anyone attempted
To do you any harm?"

"Massa, I hates to tell you;
But den, you aut tu no it.
An' get awa' fum heah as quick
As ebber you can go it."

"My Massa luse his min' sumtime
An' den he try to kill
Ebbrybody dat he see;
Indeed, dat's what he will."

"He got a spell dis minit, Sah;
He whettin' a great big nife;
An' he comin' heah to kill you;
Run, Massa, fur yo' life!"

It took him but a leap or two
To reach the fence and jump it;
And then it was a sight to see
That guy begin to "hump it."

Aunt Dinah then let out a yell
Which brought her startled master.
But made that stranger hump himself
And "hit the grit" still faster.

"O, Massa! Massa!" Dinah cried;
"Dat man dun stole de chicken;
An' yon' he go, a-makin' traks,
And runnin' lak de dickens."

With carving knife still in his hand,
The parson quickly followed.
"Don't kill 'im, please don't kill de man,"
Aunt Dinah loudly hollered.

"Stop there! You scoundrel! Stop! I
say!"
The angry parson cried.
"I'll kill you, if I catch you,
Confound your theiving hide!"

And when the stranger heard that,
He then began to "June,"
His coat tail straightened out behind
And played a farewell tune.

The parson stumbled, and he fell
Into the mud ker-flop;
That settled him, and brought him
To a very sudden stop.

The stranger made his get-away,
Much faster than he came.
The parson, all besmeared with mud,
Came limping back, quite lame.

He found Aunt Dinah in a faint,
And thought that she would die,
But she was only "possuming"
In order to "get by."

It took great nerve to do it,
But Dinah played the game,
She ate her master's chicken,
Then "got by" just the same.

When Dinah ate that chicken,
She risked a mighty danger.
But she winked her eye, when she "got
by."
And the blame fell on the stranger.

How long and far that stranger ran,
We have no way of knowing,
The last we ever heard of him,
They said he still was going.

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