

Lester Pettijohn, wife and children returned Monday evening of this week from a six weeks' outing in the West, taking in the National Park and other points of interest. He had a nice visit with Geo. F. Seeman and family, of Kaycee, Wyo. He said he met a man at Basin, Wyo., who wanted to be remembered to everybody in Oregon and vicinity—he goes by the name of Smith M. Stout—bless his old heart. There are no better men anywhere than Smith. Cory Pettijohn, a brother of Lester's, and his wife and daughter, who went out the same time, stayed for a longer visit. They made the trip by auto and report the roads good in some places and tough in other places.

J. H. Fiches and H. E. Gilbert, of Maitland, were in Oregon, on business, Wednesday of this week, and made us a pleasant call. This was Hank's first visit to Oregon in 15 years. They extended an invitation for every one to go up to the fair Aug. 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27, and nearly all of us will try and go up.

It is with keenest sorrow that we announce the death of Mrs. Pocahontas Moore, the dear mother of our fellow townsman, Ralph C. Moore, which occurred at her home in St. Joseph, Thursday last, July 28, and she was laid away, Sunday, July 31. She was 67 years of age, and leaves four daughters and two sons. Obituary next week.

We call your attention to the advertisement of the Maitland Fair, Race Meeting and Round-Up elsewhere in this issue. The dates are August 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27. Fine Harness and Running Races every day. It will be to your interest to read this and see the many attractions and specialties that have been secured for this meeting. There will be something doing all the time, and at night, too—no charge being made at night for admission. For further information or particulars, call or address, G. F. DeFord, Secretary, Maitland, Mo.

Foster & Castle have removed their harness shop from the Chris Fuhrman building into the T. L. Price building, west side of the public square, where they extend a cordial invitation to their many friends and customers to call and see them. They are more centrally located now, and will keep on hand a larger stock of Harness, Horse Equipment of All Kinds, Wagons, Etc., and at the lowest living prices. Repair work a specialty. Prompt attention and good service. Shoe repairing also a specialty. Come and see us.

Daniel Dreher and son, Maurice, Harold and Daniel Dreher, sons of Fred Dreher, who left here last Saturday to visit his father, John Dreher and family, of Vermillion, Kansas, returned Monday evening of this week, accompanied by his nephew, John Dreher, Jr., who will visit his uncles, Daniel, Fred, Bert, and his aunt, Mrs. George Webster and husband, and his numerous cousins. They report the country pretty dry as far west as Seneca.

Forbes Items.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Worley, who has been on the sick list, is better.

Mrs. Al Munyon and daughters, Grace Burrier and Iva Munyon, of Forest City, and Mary Fields, of Forbes, spent Monday with Mrs. Jim Guyer.

Andrew Gore and Marie Waggoner spent Sunday evening at the A. J. McAfee home.

C. F. Kelfer spent Tuesday in St. Joseph.

Mrs. Lillie Sipes, Mrs. Mollie Sipes and son, Marcella, spent Monday of last week with Mrs. Bill Guyer.

Mrs. Sue Kelley has been a very sick woman for the past two weeks, and was taken to a hospital in St. Joseph, Monday, where she will take treatment.

Fred Carter and Lester Bowers were Forest City visitors, last week.

John Whitmore spent a few days in St. Joseph, the first of last week.

Miss Bessie Cannon has been visiting this summer at Stewartville, Mo.

Mrs. A. J. McAfee and daughters, Thelma and Elizabeth; Misses Mollie, Marie and Murel Cotten, all spent Thursday evening with Mrs. S. G. Kieffer.

Mrs. Ed Scroggins, of Forest City, spent Wednesday of last week with her sister, Mrs. Belle Gillenwater.

Mrs. Jane Baker returned home, Tuesday evening, from Colorado, where she has been visiting for the past month.

Harry and Clay Adams purchased a new tractor, one day, last week.

Mrs. George Morgan and children, of St. Joseph, spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Josie Harper, last Harper.

Misses Mollie and Marie Cotton and Edna Guyer spent Friday evening with Mrs. Mollie Sipes.

Mrs. Ed Cotten and daughter, Murel, spent Saturday with Mrs. Elmer Wales.

John Cotten, of Forest City, was in Forbes, one day, last week.

Alma Gillenwater spent Saturday evening with Miss Lillian Sipes.

John McAfee has been on the sick list, but is somewhat better, this week.

Mrs. Flora Gibbs, who is in a hospital, at St. Joseph, is reported as getting along nicely.

Bill Guyer was shopping in St. Joseph, Saturday.

Mrs. S. E. Taylor, Mrs. Ed Cotten and Mrs. John Whitmore, all spent Sunday evening with Mrs. Edith Bowers.

Miss Cora Jones has so improved as to be able to return to her home.

Mrs. George C. Kaucher and daughter, Frances, of Memphis, Tenn., after a two weeks' visit with her mother, Mrs. Frances I. Dungan, and other relatives, left for her home, Friday of last week.

Rev. A. D. Seelig and wife, of Savannah, accompanied by Mrs. Seelig's mother, Mrs. Eliza Cummins, of this city, left this week for Colorado Springs, Colo., where they will spend a few weeks.

Edith's Little Flirtation

By HAZEL SMITH.

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Monsieur Rambouche? You mean that disgusting little Frenchman whom we all hated so at Bar Harbor last summer? He called himself the count of something or other, didn't he, and claimed that the wrong branch of the family had got hold of the title? So he has settled down in America and become naturalized, has he? And he really had money of his own and was not a fortune-hunter? Well, of course that does put his persecution of Edith Moore upon a different level, and it may be, as you say, that he loved her and not her fortune—only he certainly took a queer method of showing his affection, not to speak of her being already engaged to George Turner. And he's married whom? Edith Moore's sister? Well, that surely is news, and now since you don't seem to know all the circumstances about last summer I'll enlighten you in turn.

You know I always stayed at a quiet, old-fashioned place up in Mount Desert. And I'd met Edith Moore and her sister Edsie each summer since they were little bits of things, so that when she whispered to me the news of her engagement to George I was mightily well pleased. And George came up for his vacation a day or two later and I tell you it made me glad to see how happy they were.

Monsieur Rambouche was staying at the same place. You remember how he used to vent his spleen on America! It was good enough to live in for a while and to spend a holiday in, but as for being a citizen! He tried me a little, but I couldn't exactly resent a man standing up for his own country, though why should he come here and then make fun of us?

What made me angry was when he attacked American women. The women of his land, according to him, were paragons of virtue, and we must believe those wicked plays and novels. When they were married they stayed at home, and helped their husbands at their offices as well, and before marriage they made their mothers and fathers and brothers, and sisters lives happy. And as for flirting—why, hadn't France had to take over the English word because there wasn't any for it in French?

Monsieur seemed to be pretty fond of Miss Edith all the same, and I believe she really liked the little fellow, for all she used to laugh at him. Anytime when George came up he went round scowling and muttering, and George and Edith had no end of fun out of him. Then George had to go back, but he promised to run up again for the week-end a while later. And so Monsieur Rambouche got his day after all.

Now it's a singular fact, my dear, the way our women's tastes run. Actually, after George had gone back to New York Edith entered upon quite a platonic flirtation with Monsieur Rambouche. I suppose she felt that, loving George, and therefore being perfectly secure against a change of heart, she might as well make the most of her last days of liberty. But those Frenchmen certainly know how to make love. And so—well, one evening I was told that Monsieur had been seen depositing a little piece of hair in a locker. I suppose they have a different code in France. Now that you tell me Monsieur actually has money of his own I can acquit him of the grosser crime. Perhaps he was sincerely in love with her and showed it in his own fashion. But, anyway, the upshot was, he told her that unless she married him he would write to George, enclosing the memento, and then there would be pretty price to pay.

He did write to George, and sent him the hair, and told him he was a coward and that he and Miss Edith had made him a laughing-stock, and if George would come over to France with him he would show him how gentlemen settled such matters in his own country.

Of course, in Monsieur's mind that settled everything between George and Edith. And Monsieur, not dreaming that George would come, was taking the air upon the beach when George Turner and Edith came strolling along, arm in arm.

At the sight of them Monsieur almost fainted. Then he stood up bravely and began to denounce Edith in unmeasured language, while she smiled scornfully at him and clung to George's arm.

"You little fool," said George, when he had finished; "we don't fight girls in this country."

"You don't understand," he stammered. "She gave me her hair, you lady who is engaged to marry you! Don't you understand now? She is false, like all American women. Bien! If she does that before marriage what will she do after? She is a flirt."

"See here, Monsieur Rambouche," said George, taking him by the arm. "I'm going to overlook all this because of your disgusting ignorance. In this country, my friend, it is a girl's privilege to flirt, whether she's engaged or not. It's expected of her. Now, if you'll come back to the hotel, I'll buy you something cool to drink. You look as though you needed it."

And so you say Monsieur has become naturalized now. Dear me! I suppose the shock of this intelligence upset all his preconceived ideas. Yes, I knew they were good friends, but I didn't know he had married Miss Edith. But in strict confidence, dear, I wonder just what George did say to Edith at seaward.

The Moving Picture Holdup

By MURIEL BLAIR.

(Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

The journey across the desert is not a distracting one, and any diversion is gladly welcomed, so that, when the flashily dressed man stood up at the end of the Pullman and began to address the passengers, everybody went forward and gathered around him, laughing and chaffing. They thought he was going to offer something for sale.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the flashily dressed man, "I am going to repeat to you what I have just said to the passengers in the next coach. When we reach Bad Water, in ten minutes or so, a moving picture man will be upon the platform to take some pictures representing a holdup. I ask of you, fellow-passengers, to feign alarm, and if one or two of the ladies will pretend to faint it will help things along."

Everybody began laughing and eagerly awaited the stop at Bad Water. This was the fourth day of the transcontinental journey, and the passengers were on very good terms with one another. They began to discuss train robberies.

"I'll never give up a cent," exclaimed a stout, perspiring drummer, wiping the all-day dust from his features. "Well, as for me, I know I should just faint," answered a demure young lady. "And before I fainted I'd just hand over everything I had."

"No with me around, you couldn't do it," answered the drummer gallantly.

The other passengers did not commit themselves, for at that moment the train began to slow down and there appeared the irrefragable fact from which the station took its name. Then the little train came to a halt, and a moment later a car full of men, wearing cowboys' hats and masks, with pistols stuck all around their waists, rushed forward across the tracks. One jumped into the engine cab and held his pistol to the forehead of the engineer. The mail van was next attacked, where two men made their way into the foremost of the coaches.

Upon the platform a moving picture operator had set up his instrument and was busily reeling off the film, the passengers, interested in the scene, gathered around him.

"Now, ladies; now, gentlemen," interposed the flashily dressed man in tones of remonstrance, "won't you please go back into the coaches and be robbed? You're interfering with the operator. It spoils the reality of the pictures, your standing around here as though nothing had happened. People will think the picture's a fake, and it's going to be exhibited in all the leading cities of America. Won't you go back?"

Two or three did turn back toward the coaches in a half-hearted way, but the rest remained obdurate. A pistol shot rang out, followed by a woman's scream for help.

"You told me it was fun," shrieked a woman's voice. "I won't give you my rings, I won't, I tell you. There, take them, then. And that's every penny I have in the world."

"It's Big Ike and his gang," somebody screamed. "It's real enough! My God, it's all real!"

Then the flashily dressed man came dashing out of his coach, a smoking pistol in his hand. He was followed by two of the gang.

"Hands up, you silly sheep," he yelled. "Hands up or I fire. Now, then, back into the cars. One at a time, please. You'll keep them above your heads while Ike goes through you."

Sheep, he had called them, and like sheep they obeyed. The first to do so was the commercial traveler. There was a look of terror on his red face, and he held his arms erect as ramrods.

Only one traveler remained upon the platform. It was the demure young lady who had been discussing her course of action in the event of a real hold-up. Instead of fainting she stamped her foot violently and actually shook her fist in the flashily dressed man's face.

"I won't put my hands up and I won't give you a cent. And I've got ninety dollars inside my waist and I defy you to take it, you coward. There!"

Upon the platform the operator was still grinding off his films. The flashily dressed man approached the young lady, took off his hat, and made her a bow.

"Madam, you are the only non among the lot," he said. "Pray keep your money as a tribute to your courage!"

The passengers had all fled in when the wheels of the train began to move. The flashily dressed man stood on the step and leered at them.

"Sorry to frighten you all, ladies and gents," he said. "If you'd obliged me as I asked of you to do, I wouldn't have had to scare you. We ain't bandits; we're just moving picture people; but we had to get the picture and as you wouldn't help us—why, we just had to help ourselves. Good-bye."

When they had resumed their places there was quite a long silence. Then the drummer spoke.

"I knew it wasn't real," he said. "If I'd thought it was I'd have acted different."

He smiled at the demure young lady. But she was reading a textbook on the Montessori method of teaching the young, and she never looked up at him between Bad Water and San Francisco.

OREGON CHAUTAUQUA Aug. 10 - 15.

THE GREAT CLIMAX SCENE FROM THE FAMOUS PLAY, "FRIENDLY ENEMIES."



There has been no patriotic play quite so successful as "Friendly Enemies." Its message is true Americanism, convincing and persuasive. It is a play that everybody should hear. In the above scene through the love

for his son, aided by the sympathetic understanding of his wife, and the constant pleadings of his life-long friend, Henry Block, Karl Pfeiffer himself, sees the great patriotic truth of Americanism.

After seeing the play, President Wilson arose in his box and said: "I hope that the spirit of this delightful play will soon grip the nation." It is gratifying to know that the play has been secured for our Chautauqua

AN ELOQUENT JAPANESE



Yuzuki Minakuchi has been on the Chautauqua platform since 1915. He lectures on "The Border Land." Japan is of more interest to America than probably any other country. Are we to be friends or jealous foes? Mr. Minakuchi's lecture will be unusually interesting.

Mr. Minakuchi was educated in the universities of Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia, and at Yale.

BRIDE SCOURGES HER MATE

Girls of Native Tribe of Portuguese West Africa Enjoy Their Last Hours of Freedom.

The marriage market is a recognized institution among the Konyama people of southwestern Africa. They belong to the Bantu race, and the Ovambo tribe, inhabiting a little-known district of South Angola, Portuguese West Africa.

The marriage festivities, called Efundura, are divided into three stages, the first taking place in sowing time, and the last two during the autumn harvest season. The marriageable girls dance before the whole tribe, and the men select their mates, but wait until the third stage before naming them. After the second stage, in which the dancing by the girls has continued for two days and nights, the prospective bride has a dried palm leaf tied around her wrist by her prospective husband. He then hoists her on his shoulder, and carries her away about 20 yards. He puts her down, and female attendants give her two sticks with which to whip the man as he runs away. After this incident the brides all return to their kraals, cover themselves with white ashes, and go all over the country. During this trip they do pretty much as they like. They sing and dance and extort gifts from any men who have courted them. They also pounce on any man who assaults them, and unite in beating him with clubs.

Refers to Rail Bird.

The saying "thin as a rail" does not refer to a fence rail, as is commonly supposed, but to the bird known as a rail. The rails, of which there are several species in this country, live in marshes and have extremely compressed bodies so that they may thread their way between reeds and rushes.

Greeks Originated Ostracism.

Ostracism was a ceremony and a political move, as well as a banishment in its original workings. The word comes from the Greek "ostron," meaning the shell of an oyster. The shells were used as ballots. Ostracism was rather a compliment, as it took 6,000 votes to remove a man by ostracism, and anyone being important enough to arouse the desire of that many to having him expelled for a period of 10 years must have been of more than usual importance.

A GROUP OF CANADIAN ARTISTS.



When the Misses Marietta La Bell, entertainer, Ada Richardson, lyric soprano, and Helen Hunt, violinist, and Mr. W. H. Lesage, pianist, appear at our Chautauqua, we shall be hearing four of the outstanding musical and entertainment artists of our neighboring Canada. All come highly praised following successes in the concert fields in both Canada and the United States.

COMBINE MUSICIANSHIP AND CHARM.



The Five Violin Girls with Hazel Beckwith, entertainer, give a musical revue at the Chautauqua. They play such standard overtures as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Oberon." They give numerous bright, sparkling, airy numbers. Miss Beckwith is an excellent entertainer and plays saxophone and piano. The company has been produced by Mr. Thurlow Linnear, well-known composer and director.

A CANADIAN SINGER.



Miss Ada Richardson, one of the leading sopranos of Canada, is a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of music, the musical department of the University of Toronto. She has been soloist in several of the most prominent churches in Toronto, and has achieved notable success on the concert platform in Toronto and other Canadian cities. She is now making a concert tour in this country and will be at our Chautauqua.

FAMOUS TRAVELER COMING



Julian B. Arnold is the son of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of the "Light of Asia," and other notable works. With his father, who occupied many important posts under the British government, he became the intimate friend of the men and women who have made the history of the world during the past fifty years. He has traveled on four continents and lived in twenty-five countries. He helped outfit Sir Henry M. Stanley. He lectures at our Chautauqua on "Palms and Temples."

Dream Bells.

Bells in a dream are said to be favorable. If you are in love their chiming is stated to be a sign of a happy marriage. If you are in business they are believed to denote success.

Bible Figures.

The total number of verses in the Bible is 51,172. Other figures are: Letters, 3,595,490; words, 173,740; chapters, 1,189; books, 65. The two central verses are 32 and 33 in Psalm 137:11.

OREGON CHAUTAUQUA Aug. 10 - 15

Old Irish Maps. In the library of Trinity college, Dublin, are maps of each county in Ireland, drawn by hand on vellum in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.