

**REX**

Born on Friday, June 9, an eight pound girl to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brickley in Portland. Mrs. Brickley is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strait.

Mrs. H. E. Walker returned from her trip in the east last Thursday evening. She brought her great-granddaughter with her.

Mrs. Bertha Johnson and Mrs. Johnson from Sherwood were recent visitors at the home of Mrs. Elmer Wright.

Miss Margaret Garland went to Canby Friday morning where she will work a short time.

Chas. Payoc, a friend of Paul Lewis, was a visitor in Rex a few days. He is on his way to Corvallis.

The young people's Sunday school class met at the home of Mrs. Peters last Saturday night. They had a very enjoyable evening.

Monty Brickell has the typhoid fever again. We hope he will be well soon. He has the sympathy of his many friends.

Mrs. Hilma Reynolds and Miss Alice Boulton walked from Portland Saturday night and arrived at the home of Frank Doree about 3 o'clock Sunday morning very tired.

A surprise party was given at the home of Mrs. John Simmers Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Ed Bacon, it being her birthday.

Eldon Winters, of Balston, the son of A. J. Winters, is visiting relatives and friends around Rex.

Mrs. A. M. Clark, of Portland, Mrs. J. C. Davis, of West Chehalis, and Dr. A. M. Davis, of Newberg, were Sunday visitors at John Winter's home.

**WEST CHEHALEM**

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Butt, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hollingsworth and daughter, Miss Esther, were callers Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Calkins.

The band boys made quite a success Saturday evening at Mountain Top with their concert and minstrel show.

The members of the Sunday school are looking forward to a jolly good time Friday, June 23,

when they will have a picnic at Lovers' Lane. An invitation is extended to all who wish to attend.

Mrs. Alice Clark, of Portland, spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. Joanna Davis.

The many friends of Clifford Noble are glad to know that he is improving after having a severe attack of appendicitis.

Mrs. Matthew Patten and children, Mable and Fred, are over from Forest Grove visiting at the Patten farm.

The Brisbine and Boatman families have purchased a new Ford.

M. S. Shrock visited the farmers in this community last week in the interest of silos.

Wm. Brisbine and wife called at the home of A. A. Noble and family Sunday afternoon.

**FERNWOOD AND VICINITY**

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Hobson, of Newberg, were visitors at the T. E. Hobson home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant went to Portland last week. Mrs. Bryant returned Friday but Mr. Bryant expects to be away for some time.

A Sunday school was organized last week and will be held each Sunday morning in the hall, beginning with next Sunday. Everyone is cordially invited to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bradshaw and children, of Portland, were up Sunday afternoon visiting with Mrs. Bradshaw's aunt, Mrs. H. C. Ross. Their little daughter, Page, will remain for a week or so.

A large number of the young people of this neighborhood took in the boat races at Butteville last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Casper Gettman made a business trip to Portland Saturday.

At the annual school meeting held Monday evening Claude Fairbank was elected director and W. A. Parrish was re-elected clerk.

Wilbur Jones and Otto Ornduff, of Chehalis Mountain, were callers at Dave Jones' Sunday.

Elva Parrish, who has been visiting with her uncle, R. O.

Bristow, on Parrott Mountain, returned Saturday evening.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Condeau is able to be around again.

Miss Grace Riley, who has been teaching near McMinnville, is home for her summer vacation.

Miss Goldie Everest, of Newberg, was a visitor at the Powell home Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Jessie and Mae McLeod, Newberg, were visitors in this neighborhood Saturday and Sunday.

**SERVICES AT NEWBERG CHURCHES**

**CHRISTIAN**

Bible school at 9:45 a. m., Lester Jones, superintendent.

11 a. m.—Sermon, "Burden Bearing."

7 p. m.—C. E. prayer meeting.

7 p. m.—Intermediate-Junior Endeavor, led by C. W. Sloan.

8 p. m.—Sermon; "The Conversion of the Philippian Jailor."

**PRESBYTERIAN**

No preaching service Sunday, June 25th, either morning or evening.

9:45 a. m.—Sabbath school.

7 p. m.—Y. P. S. C. E.

**In Greater Need**

One of the stories told by Spencer Leigh Hughes in his speech in the House of Commons one night tickled everybody. It is the story of the small boy who was watching the Speaker's procession as it wended its way through the lobby. First came the Speaker, then the chaplain, and next the other officers.

"Who, father, is that gentleman?" said the small boy, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son," said the father, "is the chaplain of the House."

"Does he pray for the members?" asked the small boy.

The father thought a minute and then said: "No, my son; when he goes into the House he looks around and sees the members sitting there and then he prays for the country."—From "Mirth and Merriment," in The People's Home Journal for July.

Graphic and the Semi-Weekly Journal, one year, \$2.

**SEEING AMERICA AT LAST.**

Try "Going Abroad at Home" and Learn to Know Your Country.

I tried "going abroad at home" last summer. I found it well worth while and very rich in profitable returns of interest and picturesque-ness. One need not venture far afield to find sights of supreme interest. The American who is not thrilled by the noble buildings of our national military academy and the superb scenic background at West Point had better give up hope of being thrilled by any of the splendid sights of this grand world of ours. West Point is one of the great sights not only of America, but of the world. Historically, its appeal is strong and eminently dramatic.

Another place holding a rich reward for those who turn aside from the beaten track to visit is Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

Travelers who have never traveled in the land which owes so much to Jefferson tell us that there is no variety in the United States—that one town is very like another—hopelessly American, monotonously prosperous and hideously unpicturesque. Such a critic has never been to the town of Taos or to the ancient metropolis of Acoma. Both of these wonder places are in our southwestern wonderland—New Mexico. Both are Indian pueblos, yet each is unique. Taos represents the highest type of piled up communal dwelling. Acoma approaches the acme of picturesqueness in situation and surroundings.

The world admits that our United States is rich in scenic splendor. Supreme among earth's spectacles of grandeur is the unspeakably sublime Grand canyon of the Colorado. Supreme in beauty is the valley of valleys that we call Yosemite. The wonders of the Yellowstone are without rival in the world. The hugest trees that nature ever nursed lift their millennium crowned heads in California's great forests. There is in California an almost unknown, untraveled Alpine region, rivaling in beauty and grandeur the most famed regions of Switzerland. We have been told all this hundreds of times, but we do not heed. We continue "just goin' somewhere," we do not practice the art of travel in America. We do not try to go "abroad at home."

A quarter of a century of travel has shown me the wonders of nearly all the world. The spell of foreign travel has always been upon me—the impelling motive of my life and work—and yet now I have realized a tardy determination to "see America at last."—Burton Holmes in Leslie's.

**"The Loss of the Royal George."**

The poet Cowper's story as set forth in the verses we all know on "The Loss of the Royal George" is fiction from beginning to end.

The Royal George sank simply and solely because the ship was rotten, owing to the neglect of the authorities during sixteen years of peace time while the Royal George was lying in harbor to keep her in a seaworthy state. It came about, in fact, quite suddenly and was the result of a great piece of the ship's bottom dropping bodily out.—London Mail.

**Japan's Devilfish.**

In Japan devilfish weighing up to 200 pounds are sometimes caught. These fish are amphibious. They are often seen wabbling on their tentacles, like giant spiders, in search of patches of sweet potatoes. The natives kill them with clubs. In the water they are caught in jars lowered to the bottom, which the octopus enters, thinking them a good retreat from which to catch his food.

**The Yellow Day.**

In 1881 in the northeastern United States a dry fog lasted from Sept. 1 to Sept. 10, culminating on Sept. 6 in the "yellow day." Its limits were determined as between 40 and 45 degrees of latitude and between 87 and 97 longitude. This was caused by forest fires in Michigan, with contributions from fires in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Canada.

**Lost His Nerve.**

"Father, did Mr. Fluddub call on you today?"  
"Yes, my dear."  
"And did he have anything to say?"  
"Yes, he said it was lovely weather we've been having."  
And that is why she married another man.—Kansas City Journal.

**Handicapped.**

"I see old Van Gelt has given that worthless son-in-law of his a job in his office. What's the idea? The fellow certainly can't be of any use there."  
"No, but as long as he has to keep office hours he has less time to spend his father-in-law's money."—Exchange.



**Your Vacation Days**

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**Tillamook County Beaches Are Calling**

*Are You Going Down This Summer?*

**Many Beach Resorts:**  
Neah-Kah-Nie  
Classic Ridge  
Manhattan  
Rockaway  
Oceanlake  
Tillamook Bay  
Manzanita  
Garibaldi  
Lake Lytle  
Elmore Park  
Barview  
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**Many Attractions:**  
Bathing in the Surf  
Fishing  
Boating  
Golf and Tennis  
Clam digging  
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**Low Round Trip Fares**

Are on sale daily from Southern Pacific stations to Tillamook Beach resorts. Return limit Sept. 30th. Ask local agent for further information or write for booklet "Tillamook Beaches."

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent  
PORTLAND, OREGON

**SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES**

**THIRST TAMES WILD BEASTS.**

Savage Brutes Respect Each Other's Right to Drinking Water.

Just as one dog will respect another dog's bone so even the fiercest forest beasts have their unwritten laws and their little conventions.

One common idea which has found its way into scores of books of adventure is that the lion and tiger take advantage of the faintest call of thirst to get a supper—that is to say, they go down to the water pool, the only one for miles around, take a good drink themselves and then lie in wait for some gazelle or giraffe or deer coming there for a like purpose in order to spring upon the poor creature while in the act of drinking and make a meal of it.

Yet this is a libelous estimate of wild beast character. The fact is that there is a sort of trace of the water hole in jungle and forest. As far as killing is concerned the drinking place is out of bounds. There is an invisible notice board on its banks which says, "Live and Let Live," and it is implicitly obeyed.

There is an order of precedence. The rhinoceros gets first drink. He is the Dreadnought of the forest jungle. Then comes that old ironclad elephant.

When he has lowered the tide mark and made the water more like coffee than anything else the big pussy cats stroll down to quench their ardent tongues—the lions, the leopards in Africa, the tigers in India, the jaguars and panthers in South America.

Meanwhile the shy animals—the giraffes, deer, spring-boks and even the buffaloes, although they are a match for a lion—stand in the background and wait till the carnivora have done. But the latter never prevent their approach to the water or waylay them on their retirement. And that is better manners—eye, and better morals—than many men show.—Pearson's.

**INDIA'S FAMOUS ROAD.**

It Was the World's Greatest Highway Before Rome Was Born.

Search where you will, you will find no highway in the whole world so romantic as the Grand Trunk road of India.

A stately avenue of three roads in one—the center of hard metal, the roads on each side ankle deep in silvery dust—fringed by double rows of trees, it runs for 1,400 miles through the vast northern plain which skirts the Himalayas, from Calcutta to far Peshawar, which keeps sentinal at the gate of Afghanistan.

From horizon to horizon it stretches like a broad white ribbon, as seemingly straight as if traced by a rigid ruler. And dotted along its entire length are hundreds of serais (wayside rest houses), each with its arched and turreted gateway, its spacious inclosure, in which humans share shelter with oxen, camels and goats, and its central well of sparkling water.

For 3,000 years the Himalayas have looked down on this road and seen it as they see it today. It was the world's greatest highway before Rome was cradled, when the aboriginal Indians drove their cattle over the very spot where the motorcar dashes today.

Alexander the Great led his Greeks along it to the conquest of northern India, and Buddha himself took his daily walks along it centuries before Christ was cradled.

It has seen a hundred generations come and go, a score of dynasties rise and fall. And yet today it is to the eye exactly the same as in the long gone years when Nineveh was a proud city.—New York Journal.

**Drying an Umbrella.**

An umbrella should never be opened in order to dry it, as the ribs get sprung, and it will never roll up neatly and tightly after once dried in this manner. Doing this will also spoil the cover by straining the weave unnaturally. The correct way to dry an umbrella is to stand it on the handle that the water may run off at the points instead of gathering at the ferrule and thus rotting the material.

**Selecting a Husband.**

I would warn maidens of marriageable age to exercise due caution in the selection of husbands. Choose a real man, not the kind that slaps himself on the wrist and wants to be called Jack instead of John and insists on addressing you as Margaret instead of Maggie or Christina instead of Tiny. Get a man whose masculine actions entitle him to wear trousers.—Zim in Cartoons Magazine.

**Fifteen Cent Lunches.**

A cashier in a Newspaper row lunch room told me that the average Bostonian spends but 15 cents for his lunch. The fifteen cent key on the cash register is worn smooth and the number "15" entirely rubbed off. Other keys on the machine show little sign of wear.—Boston Post.

**Delicacy.**

A woman went into a country bakery one hot, sultry summer day. "I'll have some of that nice currant cake," said she to the baker. "That ain't no currant cake, lady," said he, waving his arm gently to and fro over the delicacy.—New York Post.



**The Factory Behind the Food**

More than forty different kinds of corn flakes were prepared experimentally before New Post Toasties were finally developed to perfection. As a distinguishing feature, note the tiny bubbles on each flake—raised by the quick, intense heat of a new, patented process of manufacture.

New Post Toasties are the first corn flakes with a self-developed flavour—the full, true flavour of choice white Indian Corn—unlike common "corn flakes" that depend largely on cream and sugar for their palatability.

Try a handful dry—this simple test will demonstrate the delicious new flavour. But the flakes are usually served with cream or rich milk.

New Post Toasties do not "chaff" or crumble in the package, and they "stand up" when cream or milk is added. They're untouched by human hands and put up in moisture-proof packages to preserve their oven freshness until served.

Try some of the

**New Post Toasties**

At your grocers now.