

RAYBELL

Some of our farmers are cutting grain this week.

George Hiller and Dell Barber shipped a car of cattle to Portland, Monday.

Burpell Olson left on Saturday for the logging camp at Deep River, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Diesing, of Portland, spent the week end at the Dell Barber home.

The C. L. Gell family celebrated the Fourth in Portland, Vancouver and Battle Ground.

The Walter Ray family and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Mauzey went to Newberg on the Fourth.

Among the people at Raybell who attended the Red Cross picnic at St. Paul on Sunday, were Mr. and Mrs. John Erwert and family, Mrs. Zenzen and little son Raymond, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ray.

Mr. and Mrs. Chancey Gell and daughter Arleta, Florence Ray, Norman Yeager and Donald McNamara, attended a picnic near Dundee on Sunday, which was gotten up by the Adventist people.

FERNWOOD

Wallace Jones who is working in Raymond, Washington, has been spending a week at home, returned to Raymond on Monday. Wallace is doing double duty, working in the shipyard week days and preaching for the Christian church of Raymond on Sundays. Mr. Martin also of Raymond, who accompanied him went back on Tuesday.

A farewell party was given Wednesday evening in the gym in honor of our boys who were to leave Friday for Fort McDowell, California, to answer the call of the draft. Quite a

crowd was in attendance. Our new service flag was dedicated at this time. It contains eight stars and more must be added in the near future. Those represented at the present time are as follows: Emory Jones, Vernon Groff, Bruno Hemberger, Rodney Hobson, Wm. Burnham, Ed Rasmussen, Grover Livengood, Adlai Livengood. Several of our soldiers relatives and friends accompanied them to McMinnville Friday, thus putting off the hour of parting a little longer.

REX

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morback, of Sherwood, spent Sunday at the James Ferguson home.

Mrs. B. M. Nonken, of Newberg, is spending some time with her niece, Mrs. R. O. Winters.

Miss Gladys Garland visited her sister, Miss Margaret Garland, in Portland the Fourth.

Mrs. Peter Stewart, of Portland, has been spending the week with Mrs. Jack Sawyer helping to harvest the blackcap tip crop.

W. G. Warnack, who spent the winter in Kansas, writes to his friends that Oregon is good enough for him and is returning in a few days.

Ewert Garland, who has been up on his homestead in Northern Montana for several weeks, returned home Thursday. He reports very dry weather and not much of a grain crop.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Roberts welcomed a baby boy to their home July the third. "Grandma" Woodworth made a hurried trip to Portland Saturday evening to appraise the new youngster, and reports that he is the best ever.

Elmer Wright is learning the intricacies of a recently purchased Auburn car. Mr. Hanson, of the Huber Construction Com-

pany, a Chevrolet, and Mr. Leslie, who guides the destinies of a caterpillar tractor on the road work, a new Maxwell.

R. O. Bristow had quite a painful accident Monday afternoon. While cleaning out the well, the windlass broke, letting the bucket down on his head, cutting a deep gash in his head and breaking his nose. Dr. Romig rendered quick assistance, and he is getting along very nicely, although it is no small wonder that the filled bucket did not kill him. Wallace Goodrich and son, Dolph, of Dayton, brother-in-law of Mr. Bristow, drove up Tuesday evening to see how Mr. Bristow was getting along.

MOUNTAIN TOP

Leslie Blanchard has left this community in response to his draft call.

Fred Blanchard, who has recently joined the U. S. Marine Corps, is visiting at home for a few days.

Willie Davis, who is working in the Portland ship yards, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Ziegler on the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Blanchard have returned home from Canada, where they have been for the past few months.

Nick Baron, who formerly resided in this vicinity, has been visiting his Mountain Top friends for a short period.

An Industrial Club meeting was held last Tuesday night at the Burns home and a short program was given. The next meeting will be at Proctor's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Zeigler took an auto drive up the Columbia Highway last Sunday, going as far as Cascade Locks. They returned late in the evening, spending a most enjoyable day.

The picnic at Mountain Top was taken part in by those who did not celebrate at Newberg, although a good many went to town. Those who came from outside the district were the Boyds from Ribbon Ridge. The games, indulged in were foot races, puzzles and several other feats. In the evening a dance took place at the home of Monte Sleeper.

GREAT POETS FOND OF PETS

Byron Formed Attachment for Goose, While Others Exhibited Liking for Hares—Poe's Famous Raven.

Byron once bought a goose and fed it by hand for a month, thinking to get it into prime condition for the table.

But the goose got so fond of the poet and the poet of the goose that when the time came for its execution a reprieve was granted, and the sentence reduced to "petship for life."

Tennyson's pet was an owl. The poet, when a boy at Somersby rectory, could imitate the cries of birds and animals like nature, and one night he heard the cry of a young owl from the window of his bedroom, and answered it so well that the bird actually came and nestled up to him! From that moment it was the household pet. Its fate was a sad one, however, for it was drowned in the well!

Edgar Allan Poe's raven was not an imaginary bird, but a real pet. A big dog was the constant companion of Byron as well as his goose; Scott, too, was always followed by a perfect drove of dogs, of which Maids was by far the most famous. Cowper had his pet hares, whom he has immortalized in song; and the nearest and dearest pet Burns ever had was a sheep.

WHERE HE GOT TRAINING.

Officer—How did you happen to attain such proficiency in bayonet thrusting when you have never had any previous army experience?

Recruit—I got it in a boarding house, reaching the length of the table for a piece of steak.—Life.

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IT'S A PREMATURE MONUMENT

Tall Obelisk Was Raised by the Turks to Commemorate Anticipated Capture of Kut.

Approaching Kut-el-Amara from the south by the River Tigris, the first thing one sees nowadays is a tall obelisk. It stands on ground sacred to no people in the world but the British, Eleanor Franklin Egan writes in the Saturday Evening Post. It stands on the wide, shell-torn and deeply trenched neck of land—base of the peninsula on which the town is built—where for 144 days the shattered remnant of a British army withstood a double siege of constant bombardment and slow starvation.

This obelisk was raised by the Turks to commemorate the surrender of General Townsend and their victory over the British forces that had tried so long and so heroically to relieve him. To me it was an exclamation point to punctuate my own astonishment!

I saw it first in the wonderful lights of early evening—a tall white shaft in a half-circling fringe of palm trees, lifting itself against a background of placid river, which lay in a short, straight stretch to the north, reflecting the colors of the sunset.

Was ever anything quite so premature? It makes one realize, as nothing else could, how confident the Turks and the Germans were that they had the British in Mesopotamia permanently defeated. "Defeated!" It seems incredible that anyone could have imagined it. In the face of things as they have become, that obelisk seems to me to express a kind of whimpering enmity, as though it felt itself strangely inappropriate and would get away if it could to follow its builders on the long trail of retreat to the north. It is a monumental misadventure, the ironic humor of it being unique and a thing in which Englishmen may now rejoice.

BRAVE SONS OF FAR WEST

Boys' Sole Object in Going to War, Like That of Others, Is to "Can the Kaiser."

Maj. E. Alexander Powell, in Scribner's Magazine, says "It has been my good fortune to have marched with many armies, but none of them has given me the thrill of pride which runs up my spine when I see these loose-limbed, brown-faced, clear-eyed sons of the far West go swinging by under the slanting lines of steel.

"They are for the most part serious looking, with a curious set expression about them which makes you feel that, though they realize the immense difficulty of the task for which they are preparing, they intend to see it finished, no matter how long it may take. Just as their fathers carried the frontier of civilization westward from the Mississippi, so these, their sons, are going to push that same frontier from the Rhine.

"But that isn't the way that they would put it. Should you ask them what they are fighting for, they will say nothing about the liberty of small peoples or about making the world safe for democracy. They will assure you that their sole object in going to war is 'to can the kaiser.' And, upon thinking it over, it seems to me that their answer, though somewhat inelegantly phrased, perhaps, expresses the sentiments of all of us."

The Parrot of Amiens.

Possibly for English readers the fame of the Jackdaw of Reims has eclipsed the fame of the Parrot of Amiens. But Vert-Vert was a bird who made history in a small way. He was a monastery parrot renowned for pety until he was sent on a visit, by canal boat, to a nunnery, and acquired a new vocabulary on the way—with terrible results, as can be imagined. The author of his adventures, Jean Baptiste Gresset, a native of Amiens, had to leave a clerical school in consequence of the scandal caused by the poem of which Vert-Vert was the avian hero.—London Chronicle.

Strange Military Badges.

Having helped many a soldier through weary hours in trench and hospital, playing cards are now being pressed into active war service, says the London Chronicle. You may have noticed the new and neat little cloth badges on the sleeve of our men from the front, but possibly have failed to understand the designs. They are nothing but the familiar club, spade, heart and diamond of the playing card. Under the new scheme regiments are divided into packs, each company having its symbol in a certain color to serve as an identification mark.

NIGHT AND DAY IN LONDON

Tollers Work Along Just the Same Through All Hours, Making Munitions of War.

The war seems to have done away with the difference between night and day. The period of rest and the period of exertion seem to have merged themselves into one long period. I look out on the river at two or three in the morning and it is as busy as the river at midday, writes Grace Boynton Monks in the Outlook. Barges are being towed up and down and goods being shipped from the wharves. Huge vans rattle along the road beneath my window and the streets are as full of people at night as they are in the daytime.

At Woolwich arsenal there are two 12-hour shifts and as much work is done by night as by day. The other evening I motored from the Manowry gate of the arsenal to the entrance of the danger buildings and returned just as the night shift was going in to work. The chauffeur had to go at a snail's pace, blowing his horn continually. The broad roads which run between the buildings were crowded from side to side, swarming with workers, principally women. They had to crowd together at the side of the road to make room for the car to pass. These women were going in on a 12-hour night shift—some whose work would be purely mechanical, others who would have difficult operations to perform and many who worked in actual danger.

Those who were going to the buildings from which I had just come knew that unless they took the utmost care there was danger of an explosion, and had a night and a succession of nights and days to look forward to when they would be breathing in yellow powder in spite of veils and all the precautions the government can provide. I knew them by their yellow hair and faces. Occasionally a head in the vast mob of faces nodded to me or a hand waved, for I have many friends among them.

WOULD-BE ECONOMY FOILED

Saving Wife Recalls That She Gave Away Garment Which She Planned on Remodeling.

"Herbert," said Mrs. Pudge, when the tea things were cleared away, "I was thinking about that costume I wore the winter before last."

"Yes, dear," replied Pudge, apprehensively.

"I decided that I could turn it and make a really nice dress of it. The one I've been wearing is dreadfully shabby, you know."

"Turn. Of course, it would turn, dear," agreed Pudge, with some enthusiasm. "You're such a clever little needlewoman. No, I am not flatterer. And, as you say, your other dress is a trifle on the down grade. Why, we'll be able to save money at least by that notion."

Mrs. Pudge shook her head sadly and gullefully.

"There," she remarked, "your memory is just as bad as mine. I'd quite forgotten that I gave the dress to Cousin Lizzie this spring; so I'm afraid that saving scheme must wait. Isn't it a nuisance, Herbert?"

And Herbert gave the ottoman a savage kick and told the clever little woman to stop her chattering.

Administratrix' Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her final account as administratrix of the estate of H. A. Hyde, deceased, in the county court of Yamhill county, Oregon, and that said court has appointed July 20th, 1918, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day as the time for hearing objections to said final account and the settlement thereof.

Therefore, all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to appear at the county court room in the court house at McMinnville, Oregon, at said time, to then and there show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be allowed, said estate finally settled and said administratrix discharged and her bondsmen exonerated.

Dated June 20th, 1918.

Sarah J. Hyde, Administratrix of the estate of H. A. Hyde, deceased.

C. R. Chapin, attorney for estate. 1st in June 20; last July 11

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JULY 20 to 25