

SCENIC

Mrs. Alice Wolters and children, of Auburn, Wash., are visiting her sister Mrs. B. C. Altman.

Fred Suckow and family and Miss Ruth Langer, of Sandy Ridge, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Duncan.

D. D. Jack, who works for the Western Union Telegraph company, spent the week-end and Labor day with home folks. Mrs. H. B. Lincoln and daughter Bertice, of the Western Union force was also a guest of Mrs. Jack.

Genevieve and Richard McElroy returned to their home in Portland after spending the summer with Mrs. D. D. Jack.

Edward Blanchard, of Portland, spent Sunday, with his sister, Mrs. J. F. Smith.

Mrs. Smith, Sr., of Portland, also spent Sunday and Labor day with her son, J. F. Smith and family.

KELSO

The Kelso school will begin Sept. 16 instead of Sept. 9 as was stated before.

A piano recital will be given by Miss Hilda Byer's pupils on Saturday evening, Sept. 7, at the home of Mrs. Ned Nelson. All are cordially invited to attend. In case of rain the recital will be postponed for another week as it will be held on the lawn.

Gilbert Eri burned his slashing Sunday night. Some fifteen men had been summoned to help, but as the fire was well under control all they had to do was to enjoy a general good time and a fine repast at midnight.

Mrs. J. Lind and daughter Ruth have gone to pick hops.

The Red Cross auxiliary will meet each Wednesday, all day, in R. Jonsrud's brown cottage. The work under way consists of fifteen dresses for Belgian children. Come and do your bit.

Father Benoit and Nightcaps

Seated in the priest's garden adjoining the little church in the village of V—were the cure, Father Benoit his niece Marie and Sergeant Antoine, of the American Expeditionary forces. The sergeant held Marie's plump little hand in his big fist. What brave men they are, these allies from the other side of the Atlantic. But there was now some warrant for this boldness on the part of the sergeant and for the yielding on the part of the priest's niece. They are lovers betrothed, and are waiting for the war to be over.

"Father Benoit, who I am I hope, soon to call my uncle, will you be pleased," said the sergeant, "to tell me why this village, as I was told yesterday, has been called Le Village des Bonnets des Nuits? (the Village of Night Caps.)

"It is a singular name, is it not?" said Father Benoit. "A good friend of mine, a benefactor to all this community, Dr. Max Chomet, who lived here several years ago, is responsible for it. We portray our lady of the republic with a Phrygian bonnet, a red bonnet with a rosette at one side. Our liberty cap is a most ancient headwear. It comes to us through many centuries from the earliest Greeks. Ah, how long it was in coming. To you in America it came first. Perhaps, as you had the earlier, you had the better pattern.

No Night Cap for Columbia.

"The bonnet of the lady of our republic, our own Columbia, is not," said the sergeant, "a night cap, for she wears it through all the twenty-four hours.

"Yes," said Father Benoit, "and a most becoming coiffure it is. No other nation than France and America wears it. America and France are sisters. They have the same hair-dresser. Madame Campaux had arranged for a new sign for her restaurant. After all these years 'The Golden Lion' was to be driven away and its place given to 'The Cotton Night Cap.' But the coming of the boche changed all that.

"The women of the village," the cure continued, "have long been known for their wealth of hair, beautiful and glossy. Years ago hair buyers used to come into the valley, from boche land most of them, and paying what our simple folk thought a good price, carried off the resplendent tresses of our women. These marauders were driven away, let us hope never to return. I told our women from the pulpit that they were committing a sin to sell the radiant adornment le bon Dieu had given them, a possession in which they were favored above all women.

"I pictured to them in as vivid colors as I could Joan of Arc—it was at Domremy, not far from here, where she was born; where a poor peasant girl she tended sheep—yes, I pictured the maid with her shining tresses falling down on her shoulders, a shower of golden glory.

No Doubt in His Mind.

"Do you believe my uncle," asked Marie, "that Joan really talked with the angels?"

"There is no doubt in my mind, my dear, none whatever, but that angels directed and controlled the conduct of Joan of Arc, the most wonderful girl of eighteen years this world has ever known. And she was as we are, French. Let us be proud of that. I believe that today in France, mark me, I say in France there are a few persons almost good enough to hold converse with angels."

"Before the war, continued Father Benoit, "nothing ever happened in our village. Here we are in this narrow valley, where the wind comes down cooled from the snow-covered mountains. It is a peculiar wind, but as a general rule the people here make a good guess as to its coming and no discomfort comes to them. If a stranger should be passing through and should turn his head over his shoulder to look at something this wind would catch him and hold him in that position for two or three hours."

"Oh," said the sergeant, "it would have been fine if the boches had gone through at such a time. Perhaps a whole boche battalion might have twisted their heads to get a look at a pretty girl's ankle, and it would have been hours before they could have responded to the command, 'Eyes front!'"

"When the boches went through here last February," Father Benoit resumed, "they looted the village for all the copper they could find, pots, pans and kettles. Many of these had been heirlooms in families for three or more generations. Some of our housewives hastily planted these precious relics in their gardens and one may well imagine their feelings when they saw the boches going about plunging rapiers and bayonets here and there prospecting for the hidden metals.

"They did not get my copper, fast."

Mother Margot had hidden that under the altar. But they carried off the candlesticks—thinking they were of silver—which they were not. They were quite as eager in their search for rubber. Our women tucked up their hair with combs of that material and our small girls wore rubber combs that went more than half-way around their heads."

"Our girls in the United States," said the sergeant, "once wore those half circle rubber combs—but that was a long time ago, when I was a small boy. They have gone out of fashion years and years ago."

"In this modest community," said Father Benoit, "nothing ever goes out of fashion. It is lucky for a poor people that we are, that we do not try to follow fashion's whims and changes—which out in the world I am told are as frequent as the changes of the moon.

Dug for Buried Utensils.

"The boches now and then had to dig for the copper utensils which they needed to make into shells, but they had no such trouble with the rubber. That was in sight and they snatched rubber combs from every head that wore them. You will now see that our small girls wear their hair in plaited queues down their backs and the women bring their tresses together in a knot at the back of the head. Thus they are learning to adjust themselves to the changes brought about by the barbarous boche."

"But," said Sergeant Antoine, "you were to tell us about Dr. Chomet and how the village came to have the name of the Village of Night Caps."

"The doctor," said Father Benoit, "was a man who took note of things. He saw that the colds with which we were visited came to us in the night. He reasoned that our heads were not sufficiently protected, especially in the erratic weather that comes to this valley in the spring, in the early summer and in the autumn. So he prescribed night caps. Not a woman paid any attention to this prescription. But when he said that the night cap would preserve the beauty of their hair—ah, that was different. All the women, young and old, began making night caps.

All Making Nightcaps.

"The making of these nightcaps awakened in our women an artistic taste or sense of beauty that had never before been suspected. They were all cotton nightcaps, too—the doctor had been particular to name that material. They were embroidered in all sorts of arabesque figures. Some of them glowed in color like the canvas of our modern French painters.

"There was a nightcap sewing society with a good membership. There was not a family in the village that did not have more than one change in nightcaps when washday came around. It was suggested by one of the women that the old men who yet remained in the village should have nightcaps. Not to preserve their hair, for of that article they had little remaining and that little not worth saving, but to warm their devoted heads. So they made me a number of nightcaps, one, indeed, for each night in the week, beginning with a plainer one for each night as the week advanced.

"One night have thought that these triumphs of the needlework of the women of the village of V—should have escaped the boches. What use could those heathen have for a cotton nightcap? Ah, my sergeant, we may learn something new of these marauders every day—pirates of the seas, killers of women and children on sea and land. Above all else they wanted cotton nightcaps. And they took them. They ransacked cupboards, chests and drawers. They confiscated hundreds of cotton nightcaps, adorned and unadorned. My seven went with the others.

For Guano.

"I doubt if a cotton nightcap may be found today in this village. What did they want of them? They wanted to transform them into guano."

At this moment a young man and a young woman entered the garden. The young man was Father Benoit's nephew, Lucien.

"And here," said Lucien, "is my Red Cross nurse, from Baton Rouge, in America. We were married this morning."

"Yes," said Sergeant Antoine, as he took the young woman by the hand, his face glowing with pleasure. "I know the lady; she is my sister Toinette."

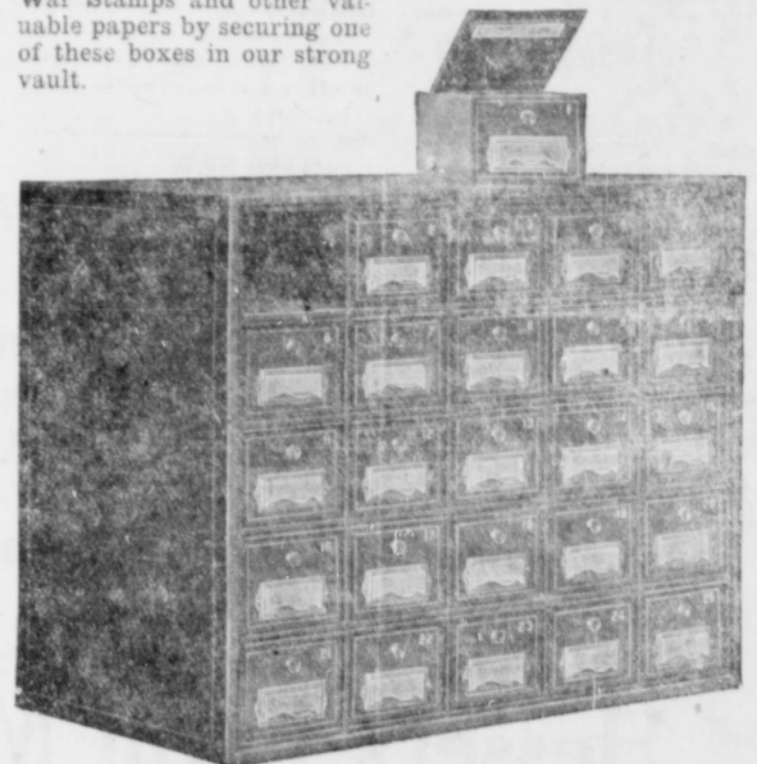
"And now, my uncle," said Lucien, "I am an ace. On Wednesday before the sun was fairly up I brought down three more boches and I should have got them if they had all the wings of the seraphim."

"Yes, yes," said Father Benoit, "and now we may go in to break

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POWELL VALLEY

The Red Cross auxiliary will meet at the Powell Valley schoolhouse on Saturday afternoon, September 7, to begin the sewing for Belgian children. Any wishing to take work home must be at the meeting to get it and to receive instructions.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Swedish Mission church will meet at the home of Mrs. Carl Carlstedt next Thursday afternoon, September 5. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Ray Elliott came home Monday from the Bremerton navy yard for a visit with his father, A. B. Elliott.

TROUTDALE

The Eastern Multnomah Pioneer association will meet on Wednesday, September 4, in all-day session, at Columbia grange hall on the Columbia highway. A basket picnic will be enjoyed at noon. All pioneers are welcome.

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LYNCH PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION DATE SET

The Lynch Parent-Teacher association will hold the first meeting of the school year at the schoolhouse on Friday evening, September 6, at the schoolhouse, at 8 o'clock. All who are interested in the welfare of the children and the advancement of the school are urged to be present. Besides a business session, work of the school children for the fair will be discussed.

Cash Prizes for Clippings.

The Multnomah county fair board has offered a cash prize to the boy or girl of Multnomah county who saves the greatest number of clippings from The Oregonian which have reference to the Multnomah county fair. Paid advertisements of the fair will be included in the list of clippings. The contest began yesterday and closes September 26.

September 12 will be the date for again greasing the skids for the kaiser.

Give up your luxuries so that the kaiser may be made to give up his ambition.

The most overworked word in the English language just now is "sure." For evidence read the soldiers' letters.

Tailoring

For men and women—cleaning, pressing and repairing done well. Peter Lenard, Powell street.

Wished the Spikes Also.

The wife of a thrifty Western farmer had worked very, very hard for many, many years, depriving herself not only of all luxuries, but of many comforts. "Foolishness," she had termed such things. But the mail-order catalogue in which father was interested had caught her eye—or was it her neighbor's new bonnet? Some charge had come over her ideas of what constituted "foolishness," and she astonished father one morning by announcing she was going to town to buy a hat.

Arriving at a millinery store she surprised the clerk who came forward to wait on her by asking: "I want to know who's runnin' this here joint?"

"I am at present," the clerk responded.

"Well, what I want to know is, if I buy a fine hat here, will you throw in the spikes?"—Indianapolis Star.

One more year and they will be taking the word "neutral" from the dictionaries.

There's going to be a heavy tax on chewing gum. All those wads under the chair seats can be used again.

A New York broker must pay his wife \$700 a month while the divorce is pending. And he may be getting off cheap at that.

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