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finest auto bad gasoline and you get poor speed, feed the best man alive on improper food and you see a human wreck. You owe it to yourself for your health's sake to feed your stomach with the finest groceries get them at

FLUKE and JOHNSON

SOIL SURVEY NORTH OF TOWN

Government Has One of Three U. S. Surveys in what is Known as Salem Area

Independence to Derive Benefit from the Survey

Soils, Grains, Grasses, Fruits, Etc., to be Studied Under Best Government Experts

A considerable portion of Polk county lying north of Independence is included in the soil survey being carried on by the government. The survey of this section is officially known as the Salem area but crosses the Willamette and covers a considerable portion of Polk county. The Salem Statesman commenting upon this says "J. Chapin, who for more than a year has held the position of agronomist at the western Washington experiment station at Puyallup, Washington, has arrived in Salem to take charge of the land survey which has been established here and which is to be maintained by the farm management department of the United States department of agriculture. The work of Mr. Chapin in this part of the valley will be in cooperation with the Oregon Agricultural college and the Salem Board of Trade.

The work of Mr. Chapin will be in Marion and Polk counties in the territory immediately around Salem. It will be carried on in the interests of agricultural development along more permanent and profitable lines than at present. The Salem survey is one of three that have been established by the government in the north west. One survey is located in the Wallowa valley of this state, where the manager works in cooperation with the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation company and the Oregon Agricultural college. The other is located in Blaine county, Idaho, with headquarters at Sand Point, the manager working in conjunction with the University of Idaho and with the people of the county assisting in the payment of his salary.

Idaho, Oregon and Washington comprise one district. The district leader of the farm management and field study demonstration which are carried on throughout the district is Byron Hunter of Walla-Walla, who is at present in Salem, having accompanied Mr. Chapin to his new field of work. Mr. Chapin will acquaint himself as rapidly as possible with the general agricultural conditions of the locality, study the various types of soils, the crops that have been found to be best adapted and the types of farming that have been most successful on each type of soil. He will spend his entire time in the interests of improved farming in the section, studying the methods and practices of the most successful farmers who are following the various types of farming. He will visit the farmers on their farms, study their plans and aid them in formulating better plans.

The manager will study in detail the methods of the farmers in preparing their land for seeding, the method of cultivation, the kind of fertilizer used, the kinds of seed, how it is selected and kept, how the crop is gathered and disposed of. He will study the "live stock" on the various farms and the methods of handling the stock. He will study every phase of all the farms he visits so that he may know what methods, equipment systems are best for the locality and at all times wherever he goes he will give the farmers the benefit of the information he gets. He will also give the farmers the benefit of the results of the scientific investigations conducted by the various experiment stations and the U. S. department

ment of agriculture relating to all kinds of farm practice. Further, the agriculturalist will study the agricultural tendencies and possibilities of the locality, and study the relations of the agriculture of the county to that of the neighboring counties and the state. He will study market conditions, means of transportation and shipping facilities.

By the time he has become acquainted with each farmer in the locality together with the type of farming he is conducting and the methods and practices that he uses, he should have acquired a knowledge of the agriculture of that locality which will enable him quickly to analyze the situation on any farm he may visit, detect the defects in the cropping systems and general management and at the same time note any improvements that may exist over methods in common use.

Such a study will enable him to advise the farmers in the establishment of better cropping systems on their farms, in the intelligent selection of better live stock, better seed and better markets. He becomes an agricultural adviser to the farmers of that section and his opportunities for broad study of general conditions enable him to understand better than anyone else the direction in which the agriculture of that locality should be directed. His work among the farmers not only enables him to know the best practices which will result in the greatest yield of crops per acre and the greatest financial returns to the farm, but he works toward the organization of the local people into associations for the general improvement of their financial, educational and social conditions.

Mr. Chapin, who has been chosen manager of the work here, is not new in the valley, having at one time assisted in the operation of a 2700 acre stock and dairy farm near Dallas. He was reared on a Kansas farm where he had experience with live stock as well as agriculture. It was when he was eighteen years of age that he came to Dallas. As a youngster in Polk county he became well acquainted with the farmers living around Dallas through hiring out to them with his moving machines when the hay harvest season came on. During the winter months of his period Mr. Chapin attended and taught at La Crosse academy.

MOTOCYCLIST

Kills Himself and Many Others

Newark, N. J.—Eddie Haska, of Waco, Tex., holder of several world records for motorcycle racing, plunged over the rail of the course of the Newark Motordrome into a crowd here, causing the death of six persons, including himself, while six are dying and 13 are badly injured. Five thousand spectators were witnessing the flash of a four-mile free-for-all race when the daring young rider, doing 90 miles an hour, took his fatal plunge. He was pitched head first 50 feet into the air. His body was shapeless when it was picked up, almost at the feet of his wife, seated in the bleachers.

Kin of Norsemen Lost in 1412 Found. Seattle, Wash.—Vilhjalmar Stefansson, after passing more than four years in Arctic exploration, returned to Seattle by steamer from Nome, Alaska, and told of his probable discovery of the descendants of the Scandinavian colonists of Greenland, who were last heard of in 1412.

Government Control of Prices Will Master the Trusts

By C. R. VAN HISE, President of University of Wisconsin and World Famous Economist

THERE IS NO USE IN TINKERING THE SHERMAN LAW OR ANY OTHER STATUTE DEALING WITH OUR ECONOMIC PROBLEMS IN THE MANNER THE POLITICIANS ARE TRYING TO DO THE TASK IS UTTERLY HOPELESS.

CONCENTRATION, CO-OPERATION and CONTROL have too strongly fastened themselves upon our ENTIRE INDUSTRIAL, FINANCIAL and ECONOMIC LIFE longer to be resisted. This may mean the trust, but what of it? CONCENTRATION and CO-OPERATION already are here.

CONTROL-GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF PRICES-IS COMING FAST. WE CAN'T ESCAPE IT. WHEN THE LAST STAGE OF THE NEW REGIME OF WHAT MAY BE CALLED "THE THREE C'S"—THAT IS, CONTROL—SHALL HAVE HAD ITS FULL PLAY NEARLY EVERY ECONOMIC ILL FROM WHICH WE ARE NOW SUFFERING WILL BE CURED.

REGULATE the trust by FIXING its PRICE, by LIMITING its POWER and CURBING the INTEREST EARNING POWER of its CAPITAL, then you will have it MASTERED.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

HEROES OF A NIGHT

Some startling facts were brought out in the long drawn British investigation of the Titanic disaster.

For instance, as we know, some passengers—mostly of the first cabin—were saved; all the officers except two were saved; a few seamen—used as oarsmen for the boats—were saved.

But—All the engineers save one, all the stokers and coal passers went down. And yet these men of all those aboard best knew the peril of the ship. And not one of them made an effort to get away. Every one, save one engineer, died at his post.

You remember the thrilling story of how the band went down, playing up to the last final plunge. The story was exaggerated and has been denied. However that may be—

The splendid men who made the wheels go round did stay by the stricken vessel to the last. They shoveled the coal to keep the pumps and the lights going; they tended the machines—and drowned at their posts.

Nothing spectacular about that. Yet these heroes of the night, engineers in overalls, with grimy hands, stokers and coal passers with black faces and half naked bodies, these modest workers, faced certain death for four mortal hours without flinching.

Not a mother's son of them was a coward. Nobody wrote poems about them, their pictures were not in the papers, and nobody cared to inquire particularly how they died.

Plenty of description about the "gallant" captain on the bridge in his spotless uniform and gold lace, fresh ly summoned from a champagne dinner with Owner Ismay and other notables.

Plenty of praise for the brave Astor and the noble Stead and Captain Butt, worthy of record.

Plenty of tears shed over the pathetic figure of Isidor Straus and his faithful wife, notable in its heroism and unforgettable in its beauty of devotion.

But—The greasy engineer, the stoker in the depths, the naked, sweaty tinner bent to his coal shovel, who must stay and drown like rats in a hole—who sings their praise?

What snobs we mortals be!

THE UNDERTOW
What's the matter with you?
Somehow you cannot do your work as it ought to be done and as rapidly as it ought to be done and you may lose your job.

Maybe it's the undertow.
You know what the undertow of the sea is—a current beneath the surface whose direction you cannot tell.

Many have been drowned by disregarding the watery undertow, and many have failed to do their stunt because of the mental undertow.

Perhaps you have been using only your top thoughts at your work, while the undertow has been sweeping you elsewhere.

It is this way:
You give to your task only such thoughts as you think are necessary, while at the same time you are thinking of your dinner, or of your sweet heart, or what not.

It is the undertow.
You say you can think of two things at the same time. But can you do justice to either? If you divide your thoughts you weaken them.

Thinking is concentration.
Fancy how much force you could exert if you would combine the exact current of your thoughts with all of the undercurrent!

The secret of doing things successfully is to hitch up your mental faculties as a team.
Beware of the undertow.
Focus your thoughts.
Gather up all the forces of your mind, just as the athlete gathers up all the forces of his body to do a feat, and they launch the entire combination on the work in hand.

No, it is not easy.
Especially at first. It becomes easier as you habituate yourself to mental team-work. Train your faculties. The forceful mind does a great task as easily as a weak mind does a smaller task.
Tiresome?
To be sure—at first.
But if you get anywhere you must

learn the secret of focusing your thoughts.
Beware of the undertow.

THE LAW OF NONUSE.

Working hard?
Encountering obstacles?
Fortunate you! You are fulfilling the law of development, which requires that you must use what you have and grow strong or lose what you have and grow weak.

There's the hermit crab.
The hermit crab is too lazy to grow a shell for itself. It loafs around until it finds the cast-off shell of some mollusk and takes possession. Of course it follows that the hermit crab is a feeble creature compared with the crabs that live the bustling life.

It is the law of nonuse.
There's the plant parasite. The parasite dodder, like the shiftless husband who is supported by his washwoman wife, clings to something else, says the juices of the other plants and has neither root nor leaf. Classed humanly, the parasite is a vagabond.

Don't be a hermit crab.
Nor a vagabond parasite.
Be a man!

To be a man you must do the work of a man, suffer the hardships of manhood, develop the faculties of a man. There is no other way. If you want physical power you must use your muscles in overcoming resistance; if you want character you must use your will in overcoming resistance.

The hand of desire is upstream.
Only the strong swim down. They are strong because they go up against the current. The weak drift down to the wide sea of nowhere.

The easy job makes the easy man.
The most pitiful spectacle is that of men and women who get up in the morning dependent upon the day turning up entertainment until bedtime. They are parasites, hermit crabs.

Be something a man must do something.
Some of our naturalists tell of the birds on a certain island that, because of the absence of snakes and vermin, quit roosting in the trees and lived on the ground. Years passed and the wing muscles of the birds grew flabby and useless, so that finally they lost the power to fly.

It is so of humans.
The lazy man gradually loses his power to do and be. It is the law of nonuse.

If you are doing things in this big world—whether little or big things, it matters not—if you are a worker and not a sthirker, happy you!

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Thirsty and hungry, the prodigal emerged from the door of a tax car. The village was his own town, whence without warning he had gone away a year previous. The wanderlust had overcome him. Headstrong, impetuous, obsessed with the desire to see strange sights, he ran away from home in the far country where he had gone he began to be in great want.

Sometimes he worked as a waiter in a cheap restaurant; sometimes he spent his nights in the pool rooms. He earned but little money and spent it.

Finally he came to himself.
He had gone to the verge of vagabondage. His appearance was against him. He looked—and felt—like a tramp. Lonesome, miserable, homeless, he said, "I will arise and go to my mother's house." The tramp's father was dead.

It was an hour before the dawn.
The ground was thinly covered with snow, which chilled his feet through the worn soles of his poor shoes. Shivering, he approached his mother's cottage on the outskirts of the town.

What would mother say?
He had written but once. Maybe mother was dead? Anxiety almost overcame him. In a rush of emotion shame, remorse and humiliation possessed him.

How forgetful he had been!
Tears filled his eyes as he noted the smoke from the kitchen fire. Doubtless mother was there or she was dead!

He opened the kitchen door, fearful, hoping, yet dreading what might be. And there was mother! Her arms were outstretched to him, and she was smiling through her tears.

"My boy!"
There was no fatted calf or feasting yet the prodigal, sitting at the kitchen table opposite mother, with the hot cakes and coffee, had the greatest banquet of his life.

Her boy!
You will never get down so low that mother will not welcome you. Father may disown you and spurn you from the door, but mother—never!
Remorseful because of his cruel forgetfulness, his wanderings over, the prodigal had learned his lesson—
At mother's expense!

THE MELLORIST.

Which are you—an optimist, a pessimist or a mellorist?

The optimist believes in the ultimate outcome of good. Which is a reasonable and satisfying belief? But—

Many optimists go further and try to make themselves and their fellows believe that all is right with the world. This sort of optimism asks you to smile because there is nothing anywhere to be miserable about.

Which is mere soothing slirup.
And the pessimist? The pessimist sees only the sunny side. He refuses to smile at all. He is like the old woman who always felt bad when she felt good for fear she might feel bad. In his view everything is going to the eternal bow-wow.

Now—
There is a sort of honest pessimism that is more or less worthy of praise. It is the pessimism that is deeply concerned about the real evil that is in the world and cries out against it. He who notes the wrong conditions and tries to wake up his fellows to a realization of these conditions is—if I may use the term—a good kind of pessimist.

However—
As between the optimist who bids you smile and smile, regardless of what may be, and the pessimist who scowls and scolds because all things are bad, what view shall we take?

Why not be a mellorist?
The mellorist says to the optimist, "All things are not good." He says to the pessimist, "All things are not bad." Says the mellorist: "Things are good, bad and indifferent. Let us not deceive ourselves. Let us face things as they are. And, above all," says the mellorist—

"Let us help to make things better!"
It is easy to sit down and smile and declare that all's well with the world. Also it is easy to find fault with all things and to declare that tendencies are toward evil, and evil only.

The optimist may smile to his heart's content—and get nowhere.
The pessimist may growl and chide to his heart's content—and effect nothing.

But the mellorist does not smile when there is nothing to smile about, nor does he scold when scolding will do no good. He puts his shoulder to the wheel and helps.
Why not be a mellorist?

A Reporter's Revenge.

The late Mr. Bram Stoker, Sir Henry Irving's secretary, friend and biographer, while traveling from Chicago to Detroit with a Lyceum company, declined to accede to the request of a reporter who wanted to board the company's special train in order that he might write a description of Irving on his deathbed. Nevertheless the article appeared, and thus the reporter revengefully described Mr. Stoker: "An individual called Bram Stoker, who seems to occupy some anomalous position between a secretary and a valet, whose manifest duties are to see that there is mustard in sandwiches and to take the dogs for a run, and who unites in his own person every vulgarity of the English speaking race!"—London Telegraph.

All a Trick.
The other day a woman and a boy came into a shop to buy a hat. After a time the woman was fitted to one. Looking in the glass, she said to the youngster:
"How do I look in this hat?"
"Like a thief," promptly responded the boy.

The woman angrily darted toward him, but the boy fled from the shop. The shopkeeper laughed and thought it all very funny until their long absence made her realize that she had been robbed. Then she stopped laughing.—London Telegraph.

The Lost Golf Ball.
"Once in Scotland," said a professional golfer player, "I saw a lost ball cause a great commotion. Over there, you know, a lost ball means a lost hole. Two professionals were playing, and one of them lost a ball in the tall grass. He searched for it a long time. Nearly half an hour passed. His opponent kept urging him to admit that the ball was lost and to forego a hole, but this the other refused to do. And finally, with a triumphant laugh, he poisoned down, fumbled in the weeds and rose with a ball in his hand.
"Here's my ball. I've found my ball!" he shouted.
"Yes a liar," said the other professional, "for I've got it here in my pocket."

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