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PRIMARY BUDS DO NOT ALWAYS BLOSSOM

Today is primary election day, the ending of a campaign of bitterness and loaded to the brim with charges that will not be forgotten for the sake of party harmony or success. A candidate who in order to win at the primaries does not conduct a clean campaign is going to suffer at the November election.

Under the primary system the majority party is at a disadvantage. Competition for its nominations become so keen as to extend beyond the place where party success is paramount. Then, relying upon party strength to carry them into office regardless, a number of candidates enter the field who are not qualified or their records are not such as to appeal to the people.

A large number would go back to the old convention plan but a greater number would not. The primary is a permanent institution, and it raises havoc with party discipline as well as party bosses, good, bad and indifferent.

Albeit, primary buds do not always blossom in November.

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

IF JONES IS SATISFIED, ITS ALL RIGHT THEN
(Cedar Rapids Republican.)

A son has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Jones, the father being an Indian.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER PAY

A country paper recently published this item: "The business man of this town who is in the habit of hugging his typewriter had better quit, or we will publish his name." The next day twenty-seven business men called at the office, paid up their subscriptions and left behind them twenty-seven columns of advertisements, and told the editor not to pay any attention to foolish stories.

KANSAS MAN EXPECTS TO TASSEL OUT
(Cedar Vale, Kan., Liner.)

Cecil Jones says he has eaten so much corn bread, mush and corn cakes this spring that he won't be surprised if he begins tasseling out about the last of June.

SUSANNAH'S LIMITED VOCABULARY
(Birmingham Age-Herald.)

Two adjectives Susannah knows,
On these she takes her stand;
No matter how this old world goes,
'Tis either "fierce" or "grand."

BIG CHURCH ROW GOING ON

Rival churches in various communities are having considerable trouble over service flags. The question is, Shall the star go to the church where the soldier attended Sunday school, or to the one where his girl preferred to attend Sunday evening services?

BERT, ALL THE TIME LEARNING SOMETHING

Bert Wilson has been able to learn something out of the war dispatches. He says he knows now where the Pullman Company got all the names for its ears.

THE PERFECT STUDIO
(Ad in Jamestown, Kan., Optimist.)

I will be in Jamestown Saturday, May 4, and will meet all those interested in taking piano lessons. Will be at the Racket Store.

IF YOU ARE BIG ENOUGH TO BE ALL AROUND

It is all right to be an all around man instead of specializing, Jack Blanton thinks, if there is enough of you to go around.

A VERY SERIOUS POEM
(Bob Horn.)

If folks were chickens, I'd like to bet, few hens would lay and none would set.

Women of America

What's the worth of one baby's life?

The time has come when you must put a money value on it.

So much Red Cross money available, so many babies restored.

A little less Red Cross money available, so many babies lost by default.

It's as plain as that.

When you made that first Red Cross investment you had a fairly clear idea that there was plenty to be done and that the Red Cross would make every dollar of money and every minute of time count.

But have you now a clear picture

of what price somebody will have to pay for one delayed dollar or a hundred dollars withheld.

You can't read a casual page of Red Cross reports from anywhere "over there" without endangering the coolness of your decision as to "how much."

An Acrostic

(New York Evening Sun.)

Prepared by long years of endeavor, Entrusted with all we hold dear, Responsible, vigilant ever, Stout hearted, a stranger to fear. He watches and plans and advises; In speech he is forceful and brief; Now join in our prayer as it rises— God save our commander-in-chief!

Giving Paris the "Once Over"

(H. C. Witner in Collier's Weekly)

I know you are just crazy to hear what I thought about Paris, it being the first time I ever seen it. Well, Joe, all I can say is that Paris reminds me of Philadelphia with a bun on! The streets is all called "rues" and the main one is the Rue de la Paix. It's a whole lot like Broadway would be without the electric lights, theaters, hotels and cabarets. Every other place is a restaurant, and the ones in between is cafes.

The people here are so stuck on their home town that they won't even go indoors to eat, but sit right out on the pavement at little tables for all their meals, so's they can keep right on lookin' at dear Paris all the time, not to say the dames which parades up and down.

The girls is pretty near all knock-outs, and none of them is too stuck up to give a guy a pleasant smile and pass the time of day. I must say that anybody which gets lonesome here ain't got no one but himself to blame! The men is all in unction and great little guys. I think us doughboys is mixin' with the French better than anybody else. They go out of their way to make things nice for us and don't luff at us when we try to speak French and call eggs "woofs" instead of whatever it is.

Joe, a Frenchman, is the politest guy on earth. If you go into a place of business here and ask a guy how to get to some certain street and number, he closes down his desk, calls a taxi, stops on the way to buy you a shot of vin ordinaire and delivers you personally right outside the door, the while beggin' your pardon for not gettin' you there sooner! Can you imagine anything like that in New York? You go up to a guy on Broadway and ask him how to get somewhere, and what does he do? He says: "I never heard of it; I'm a stranger here myself!" Am I right, Joe?

I heard a lot of talk about Paris being 'up against it on account of the war, the people all down hearted, and food being as scarce as heat prostrations in Iceland. Joe, that is all the bunk! There is plenty of food here for everybody, and I put away some of the finest steaks I ever seen. If the people is down-hearted, then I'm vice president of Egypt! Joe, they are the gamest nation on earth, and we are proud to be in the lineup over here with 'em. They've had a tough time for four years, and they know they been in a war all right, but that ain't gloomed 'em a little bit. They're as full of pep as a steam drill, and pretty near everything that was runnin' before the war here is still doin' business at the old stand. Why, Joe, one of these French guys could kid the kaiser to death, on the level!

Visits a Region Of Pain

(By Henry J. Allen.)

There is a country out beyond Paris I always will remember as the land of pain. I've just come from several days in its incredible borders. I cannot realize it's the old story out there, yet the only new thing in it is the American lad. I've seen him this week in all sorts of hospitals, taking his medicine with a grit equal to the best stories I've ever heard. I saw it all last summer, but the men were French, English, Canadian, Australian, and I looked at it as a tragedy apart from America.

To us the war meant a thing of ships, munitions, training camps, Liberty loans and Red Cross drives. But tonight the war means to me a thing of broken men, of bright, brave lads, who only yesterday were putting on their uniforms and going to training camps. I wish I could tell you how real it is when you see the stretcher bearers bringing in our own men! I stood Saturday in a ward of a great French hospital I had visited last summer. I remember one day last August stopping to read a creed painted upon the walls of this great ward. It said, "If I advance follow me; if I retreat kill me; if I fall avenge me." It was then a hospital full of Frenchmen from Verdun. I read it and said, "What a brave, wonderful people are the French." Saturday I saw the same sign, but the pallid faces under it were American faces, and I found myself trying to fit the words into the somewhat calm and leisurely atmosphere in which I left them getting ready for war at home.

Whether they yet realize at home we are in for our full share of the blood sacrifice or not, our men are full of the spirit of it here.

What Worries Them

(Macon Ga., Telegraph.)

Of course the German fleet may come out but what bothers the all-highest is the thought it may never come back in again.



When you're on the lookout for submarines, a chew of Real Gravelly helps to pass the long, dark hours.

Whether He's Fighting on Sea or Land Send him a pouch of Real GRAVELLY Chewing Plug

If he doesn't chew yet, he'll slice it up and mix it with his pipe tobacco to give it flavor and improve his smoke. You will send your friend more tobacco comfort and satisfaction in one pouch of Real Gravelly Plug than in half a dozen plugs of ordinary tobacco.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravelly Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best! Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravelly, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELLY

Dealers all around here carry it in 10c pouches. A 3c. stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Seaport of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c. stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelope and give you official directions how to address it.

F. B. GRAVELLY TOBACCO CO., Danville, Va.
The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good
—It is not Real Gravelly without this Protection Seal
Established 1831

Out Where the West Begins

(By Harry N. Burhaus.)

I left Arthur Chapman just a few minutes ago, and during the course of our conversation I said to him, "Art, there are so many different stories about when, where and how you wrote 'Out Where the West Begins' I wish you would tell me the truth about it."

He replied, saying that about seven years ago he was working on the Denver Republican and that he had a poem a day to write for the top of his column headed "Center Shots."

While he did not remember the exact date, he did recall that it was about ten minutes of six and he wanted to catch the six o'clock car for home. While he was trying to figure out something to write, he passed the managing editor's desk and saw an A. P. dispatch which stated that the governors of the Western states, while holding their annual meeting, had fallen into a discussion about where the West begins, some contending for the Allegany Mountains, others the Mississippi, and some the Rockies. It afforded him the suggestion for the choicest bit of Western verse that has ever been written.

He sat down at the typewriter and in a few minutes "Out Where the West Begins" was hanging on the copy hook. He left the office on the run and caught the six o'clock car. "I did not think the poem out of the ordinary," he said, "but the next day a number of my friends said that it was the best thing I had ever done."

Newspapers and magazines all over the United States published the poem. The verses have passed over the Pacific to Australia and Hong-kong, and the Atlantic to the countries of Europe. In all parts of the United States you may find it framed, pinned on walls and pasted in scrap books. Two different composers have put it to music, and it will be sung by Grace La Rue and Kitty Cheatham. It is now being sung at the Indian Princess Red Feather at the army camps, and plans are on foot to make it the national song of one of the large commercial organizations.

Mr. Chapman is managing editor of the Denver Times, in which capacity he is making a great success and still finds time to turn out wonderful copy. He is a thorough Western, big hearted, whole souled and one of the most lovable characters I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

The poem follows:

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the hand clasp's a little stronger,

Out where the smile dwells a little longer,

That's where the West begins;

Out where the sun is a little brighter,

Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,

And the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,

That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,

Out where friendship's a little truer,

That's where the West begins;

Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,

Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,

Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,

That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,

Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,

That's where the West begins;

Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,

Where there's more of giving and less of buying,

And a man makes friends without half trying—

That's where the West begins.

DIFFERENT



Mrs. B.—When you look in your husband's pockets do you ever find letters that he has forgotten to mail?
Mrs. W.—No, but I sometimes find one that he has forgotten to burn.

BETWEEN FRIENDS



Daisy—Listen to Erma reciting the "Wreck of the Hesperus." How terrible it must have been!
Mabel—Yes, and some people can make it more terrible than it was.

SURE THING



Hynson—He must be very wealthy.
Dyson—Why so?
Hynson—Heard him say he ate meat three times a day.

Dig up your dollar for the good Red Cross.

Folks and Foibles

(By Claude Callan.)

Yesterday, when our little son, Woodrow, and the McSpat boy got a fight, the McSpat boy got the best of it, and Martha told him to his face he was a coward. Mrs. McSpat heard her and she came to the door and said a lot of mean things about Woodrow. Martha didn't get very mad, but she told Mrs. McSpat about her boys teaching little Bryan and Woodrow to say swear words. As a result of the trouble Martha and Mrs. McSpat do not speak. When we moved into the neighborhood Mrs. McSpat was real nice to Martha, and Martha said she had never met a sweeter woman. Mrs. McSpat was good to our children and she said she would be glad to keep them for us at any time we wanted to go to a show or anything. "Now, why can't you be nice to Mr. McSpat?" Martha said to us at the time. "You are always saying you wish you had more friends, and yet you never try to make one. Today when you passed Mr. McSpat you just grunted. I feel as if I had known her for years, and if you and Mr. McSpat could be good friends we could visit them often and have them over here. In that way we could enjoy ourselves and get something out of life." Late yesterday afternoon, several hours after the fight and the quarrel, we met Mr. McSpat and both of us laughed about the trouble. It just shows the difference between men and women. He told us that his boy was to blame and we told him that we wanted Woodrow to get a good whipping occasionally. It will be weeks and perhaps months before Martha and Mrs. McSpat will begin speaking again. On the other hand Mr. McSpat is nicer to us than he was before the trouble, and when we left him yesterday we invited him to come over some evening and sit until bedtime. But if he wants any trouble he can get it.

Used to Thrills

(Fort Ontario Can., Post.)

It was during a terrifying bombardment of a front line trench. The cannons were booming, the machine guns crackling, bombs bursting, the rifles racking, and cries of the wounded filling the smoke saturated air. A number of Tommies were awaiting orders. Suddenly one turned to his neighbor, dug him in the ribs, and madly asked, "For God's sake, Bob, scare me—I got the hiccoughs."

Another Huck Finn

(Chicago News.)

Another "original Huck Finn" has turned up; this time in Oregon. He proved it by speaking of Samuel L. Clemens as "Charley." The original Hucks and Tom Sawyers ought to get together and form a society and employ a press agent.

SWOPE & SWOPE
LAWYERS

I. O. O. F. Building
Independence, Oregon

The Independence National Bank

Established 1889

A Successful Business Career of
Twenty-Five Years

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