MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Dad's Frisco Acquaintances

The only two Independence fellows we know nearly everybody in Frisco." know of who have been in California recently are K. C. Eldridge and Ross Nelson, but neither has a daughter.

said to his daughter, "Hold my suit case, dear, there's a man in here I know." They "I could do it when I was a youngster, but claim, "Hasten that glad day!"

walked another block again it was, "Hold lately there's cricks in my carbulator, spavmy suit case, dear, there's a man in here I ins in my diffidential and corns in my sewer We must wear'em now or never, know," And then they walked on to the pipe." Despite his age, Mr. Barnett corner and Dad once more said, "Hold my can still climb a telephone pole like a fish. Dad's Frisco Acquaintances suit case, dear, there's a man in here I know." When he came from the building identity of the individual concerned in this this time the little girl looked up into her story but thus far have been unsuccessful. father's face and said, "Dad, you must cal study of the dandelion pest, reports

Scratches Out of the Cat Business

Anyway, an Oregon man took his 9-year- can scrach out a living otherwise and will Eventually some ingenious soul will disold daughter with him to San Francisco a not go into the cat business as intended, and cover that a good brand of home made beer and other men's togs so long this summer few days ago. After arriving at the Ferry requests that Bill Scott and Sam Carmack can be made out of dandelions, then the that when they put on dresses, they walk station they started up town and when come and get their cats they brought him. lawns will look as if there were more hogs just like a woman. about two blocks from the depot, the man "I'm getting too old to skin a cat," said in town than people.

Bucking the Dandelion Trust

Clyde Williams, who has made pharmathat progress is being made toward its eradication. This Spring he started in with 422 on his lawn and after three months William Buster Barnett has concluded he labor the number has been reduced to 418.

Yes, we knew that somebody would ex-

state paid back.

OUR GREAT TASK

By Herbert Hoover.

If you could stand in the middle of

Europe today and survey the land to

its borders, you would discover its

whole population of 400,000,000 human

beings short of food. Millions of peo-

ple in Poland, Finland, Serbia, Ar-

menia and Russia are dying of starva-

tion and other millions are suffering

from too little food. Our Allies and

the neutrals are living on the barest

margins that will support life and

This, the most appalling and dread-

man militarism. The Germans them-

people they have overrun, leaving

them in desolation. If the war were to cease tomorrow, the toll of actual

dead from starvation within the Ger-

man lines would double or treble the

5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of men who have been actually killed by Germany and

her allies in arms. The 10,000,000 peo-ple in occupied Belgium and Northern

France would have died of starvation

had it not been for us and the Allies.

to stand ready for any demands upon

us by the Allies. It is of no purpose

to us to send millions of our best to

France if we fail to maintain the

strength of their men, women and

children on our lines of communica-

tion. This United States is the last

reservoir of men, the last reservoir of

ships, the last reservoir of munitions

and the last reservoir of food upon

which the Allied world must depend

if German, is to be defeated and if

Now is the time to eat and to pre-

serve home grown products. Perish

able fruits are coming on the market,

the gardens are making available daily

supplies of food that will take the

place of the commercial canned ar-

ticles that are needed for shipment

able for home capning purposes and

the supply is good at the present time.

The home garden and the canning of

its products means more this year

than it ever did before because it will

play a very important part in keeping

the fighting forces supplied with the

kind of food they need at the time

America expects every civilian to

do his or her duty in the same spirit

as she expects each soldier when the

command comes, "TO GO OVER THE

TOP" without turning to see if his

We have often quoted that old

verse, "Gather your roses while. ye

may," and we can well now change it

to "gather your vegetables," for by so

"We stand behind our boys in

France and we will not call it a sacri-

fice but a privilege to do our bit to-

Conserve, reserve and preserve all

of these fine fruits and vegetables

that are now within your reach; you

SWOPE & SWOPE

LAWYERS

I. O. O. F. Building

Oregon

will need them the coming winter.

ward feeding them Over There."-

doing we can accomplish great good.

we are to be free men.

they need it most.

neighbor had gone first.

Emma V. Milliken.

Independence,

We must build our food resources

strength.

The Rhyming Summarist

That is, patches on our pants, Tho they show most conspicuous And big as ele-phants; Only one shirt now is working And sockless we are going,

So back up ten Or twenty when We were young and beauing.

Fashion Note

Some of the girls have worn overalls

Homer Wood says that Leonard Wood is not his sister.

Must Come To It

(Continued from Page 2.) mountain streams, but if the state would back the under-

taking it could be made a success, the value of the country greatly increased and every dollar invested by the

This isn't a socialistic dream. It is a proposition for the state to do in a smaller scale what the nation has done at Roosevelt dam in Arizona, what it has done at Zuni in New Mexico, what it is doing in Alaska and elsewhere.

It's too big an undertaking for private capital to take a

chance on now with the present rural populaton of the

If there were a way of getting Oregon's real big men in

the legislature and keeping them there, there might be a

chance for some great things for the state in the way of

irrigation and development of our wonderful water pow-

ers, but there is little hope with the calibre we send.

********************* The Men of Forty Mile

Malemute Kid Leaves the Main Question Unanswered

By JACK LONDON

Copyright by Jack London

tle dreamed of what it would lead to. Neither did Lon come. Just after clearin' the tail of CFane when he affirmed that anchor ice was even more so, nor did Bettles as he instantly disagreed, declar-ing the very existence of such a form to be a bugaboo.

"An' ye'd be tellin' me this," cried Lon, "after the years ye've spint in the land! An' we eatin' out the same pot this many's the day!"

"But the thing's agin reason," insisted Bettles. "Look you, water's warmer than ice"-

"An' little the difference once ye break through." "Still it's warmer, because it ain't

froze. An' you say it freezes on the bottom?" "Only the anchor ice, David; only the anchor ice. An' have ye niver drifted along, the water clear as glass, whin suddin, belike a cloud over the sun, the mushy ice comes bubblin' up

to bind it's drapin' the river like a first snowfall?" "Unh hunh, more'n once when I took a doze at the steerin' oar. But it allus come out the nighest side channel an'

an' up till from bank to bank an' bind

not bubblin' up an' up." "But with niver a wink at the helm?" "No, nor you. It's agin reason. I'll

leave it to any man!"

circie au the stove, but the fight was on between himself and Lon McFane. "Reason or no reason, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye. Last fall a year gone

'twas Sitka Charley an' meself saw the sight, droppin' down the riffle ye'll remember below Fort Reliance. An' regular fall weather it was-the glint o' the sun on the golden larch an' the quakin' aspens, an' the glister of light on ivery ripple, an' beyand the winter an' the blue haze o' the north comin' down hand in hand. It's well ye know the same, with a fringe to the river an' the ice formin' thick in the eddies. an' a snap an' sparkle to the air, an' ye a-feelin' it through all yer blood, a-takin' new lease of life with ivery suck of it. 'Tis then, me boy, the world grows small an' the wandtherlust lays ye by the heels.

"But it's meself as wandthers. As I was sayin', we a-paddlin', with niver a sign of ice, barrin' that by the eddies, when the Injin lifts his paddle an' sings out: 'Lon McFane, look ye below! So have I heard, but niver thought to see!' As ye know, Sitka Charley, like meself, niver drew first breath in the land. So the sight was new. Then we drifted, with a head over ayther side, peerin' down through the sparkly water, for the world like the days I spint with the pearlers, watchin' the coral banks a-growin' the

Lon nodded.

"But you'd better git a more likely caliber. Mine'll rip holes through you the size of walnuts."

"Niver fear. It's me own slugs smell their way with soft noses, an' they'll spread like flapjacks against the comin' out beyand. An' when'll I have the pleasure of waitin' on ye? The water hole's a strikin' locality."

'Tain't bad. Jest be there in an hour, an' you won't set long on my

comin'.' Both men mittened and left the post, their ears closed to the remonstrances of their comrades. It was such a little thing, yet with such men little things. nourished by quick tempers and stubborn natures, soon blossomed into big things. Besides, the art of burning to bedrock still lay in the womb of the future, and the men of Forty Mile, shut in by the long arctic winter, grew high stomached with overeating and enforced idleness and became as irritable as do the bees in the fall of the year when the hives are overstocked

There was no law in the land. The mounted police was also a thing of the Each man measured an offense and meted out the punishment.

THEN Big Jim Belden ventured | same as so many gardens under the the apparently innocuous sea. There it was, the anchor ice, proposition that much ice clingin' an' clusterin' to ivery rock, was "rather pecooliar" he lit- after the manner of the white coral. "But the best of the sight was to

> the riffle the water turns quick the circles, as when the graylin' rise in the spring or there's a splatter of wet from the sky. 'Twas the anchor ice comin' up. To the right, to the lift, as far as iver a man cud see, the water was covered with the same. An' like so much porridge it was, slickin' along 'the bark of the canoe, stickin' like glue to the paddles. It's many's the time I shot the selfsame riffle before, an' it's many's the time after, but niver a wink of the same have I seen. "Twas the sight of a lifetime."

"Do tell!" dryly commented Bettles. "D' ye think I'd b'lieve such a yarn? I'd ruther say the glister of light'd gone to your eyes an' the snap of the air to your tongue."

'Twas me own eyes that beheld it, an' if Sitka Charley was here he'd be the lad to back me.'

"But facts is facts, an' they ain't no gittin' round 'em. It ain't in the nature of things for the water furtherest away from the air to freeze first."

"But me own eyes" "Don't git het up over it," admonished Bettles as the quick Celtic anger began to mount. "Then yer not after belavin' me?"

"Sence you're so blamed forehanded about it, no. I'd b'lieve nature first an' facts."

"Is it the lie ye'd be givin' me?" threatened Lon. "Ye'd better be askin' that Siwash wife of yours. I'll lave it to her, for the truth I spake."

Bettles flared up in sudden wrath. The Irishman had unwittingly wounded him, for his wife was the half breed daughter of a Russian fur trader, married to him in the Greek mission of Nulato, a thousand miles or so down the Yukon, thus being of much higher caste than the common Siwash, or native, wife. It was a mere northland nuance, which none but the northland adventurer may understand. "I reckon you kin take it that way,"

was his deliberate affirmation.

The next instant Lon McFane had stretched him on the floor, the circle was broken up, and half a dozen men had stepped between.

Bettles came to his feet, wiping the blood from his mouth., "It hain't new, this takin' an' payin' of blows, an' don't you never think that this will be squared."

"An' niver in me life did I take the lie from mortal man," was the retort courteous. "An' it's an avil day I'll not be to hand waitin' an' willin' to help ye lift yer debts, barrin' no manner of way."

"Still got that 38-55?" masmuch as it affected himself. Kare-

ly had combined action been necessary, and never in all the dreary history of the camp had the eighth article of the Decalo, se been violated.

Big Jim Belden called an impromptu meeting. Scruff Mackenzie was placed as temporary chairman and a messenger dispatched to solicit Father Roubeau's good offices. Their position was paradoxical, and they knew it. By the right of might could they interfere to prevent the duel, yet such action, while in direct line with their wishes, went counter to their opinions. While their rough hewn, obsolete ethics recognized the individual prerogative of wiping out blow with blow, they could not bear to think of two good comrades such as Bettles and McFane meeting in deadly battle. Deeming the man who would not fight on provocation a dastard, when brought to the test it

seemed wrong that he should fight. But a scurry of moccasins and loud cries, rounded off with a pistol shot, interrupted the discussion. Then the storm doors opened and Malemute Kid entered, a smoking Colt's in his hand and a merry light in his eye.

"I got him." He replaced the empty shell and added, "Your dog, Scruff." "Yellow Fang?" Mackenzie asked.



The Next Instant Lon McFane Stretched Him on the Floor.

him." "Come out and take a look."

"No: the lop eared one."

"That's all right, after all. Guess he's got 'em too. Yellow Fang came back this morning and took a chunk out of him and came near to making a widower of me. Made a rush for Zarińska, but she whisked her skirts in his face and escaped with the loss of the same and a good roll in the Then he took to the woods snow. again. Hope he don't come back. Lost any yourself?"

"One, the best one of the pack-Shookum. Started amuck this morning, but didn't get very far. Ran foul of Sitka Charley's team, and they scattered him all over the street. And now two of them are loose and raging mad. So you see he got his work in. The dog census will be small in the spring if we don't do something."

'And the man census too." "How's that? Whose in trouble now?"

"Oh, Bettles and Lon McFane had an argument, and they'll be down by the water hole in a few minutes to settle it."

The incident was repeated for his benefit, and Malemute Kid, accustomed to an obedience which his fellow men never failed to render, took charge of the affair. His quickly formulated plan was explained, and they promised to follow his lead implicitly.

"So you see," he concluded, "we do not actually take away their privilege of fighting. And yet I don't believe they'll fight when they see the beauty of the scheme. Life's a game and men the gamblers. They'll stake their whole pile on the one chance in a thousand. Take away that one chance and they won't play."

He turned to the man in charge of the post. "Storekeeper, weigh out three fathoms of your best half inch

"We'll establish a precedent which will last the men of Forty Mile to the end of time," he prophesied. Then he coiled the rope about his arm and led his followers out of doors, just in time to meet the principals.

'What danged right'd he to fetch my wife in?" thundered Bettles to the soothing overtures of a friend. 'Twa'n't called for," he concluded decisively. "'Twa'n't called for," he reiterated again and again, pacing up and down and waiting for Lon Mc-

Fane. And Lon McFane-his face was hot

and tongue rapid as he naunted in-"The devil! Nothing the matter with surrection in the face of the church. "Then, father," he cried, "it's with an alsy heart I'll roll in me flamy blankets, the broad of me back on a bed of coals. Niver shall it be said Lon Mc-Fane took a lie 'twixt the teeth without iver liftin' a hand! An' I'll not ask a blessin'. The years have been wild, but it's the heart was in the

> right place." "But it's not the heart, Lon," interposed Father Roubeau; "It's pride that bids you forth to slay your fellow man."

> "Yer Frinch," Lon replied, and then, turning to leave him, "An' will ye say a mass if the luck is against me?

But the priest smiled, thrust his moccasined feet to the fore and went out upon the white breast of the silent river. A packed trail the width of a sixteen inch sled led out to the water hole. On either side lay the deep, soft abroad. Sugar has been made availsnow. The men trod in single file without conversation, and the black

stoled priest in their midst gave to the function the solemn aspect of a funeral. It was a warm winter's day for Forty Mile-a day in which the sky, filled with heaviness, drew closer to the earth, and the mercury sought the unwonted level of 20 below. But there was no cheer in the warmth. There was little air in the upper strata, and the clouds hung motionless, giving sullen promise of an early snowfall. And the earth, unresponsive, made no preparation, content in its hibernation.

When the water hole was reached Bettles, having evidently reviewed the quarrel during the silent walk, burst out in a final "'Twa'n't called for," while Lon McFane kept grim silence. Indignation so choked him that he could not speak.

Yet deep down, whenever their own wrongs were not uppermost, both men wondered at their comrades. They had expected opposition, and this tacit acquiescence hurt them. It seemed more was due them from the men they had been so close with, and they felt a vague sense of wrong, rebelling at the thought of so many of their brothers coming out, as on a gala occasion, without one word of protest, to see them shoot each other down. It appeared their worth had diminished in the eyes of the community. The pro-

ceedings puzzled them. "Back to back, David. An' will it be fifty paces to the man or double the quantity?"

(Continued Friday.)

KINGS VALLEY

(Too late for last week.) Mrs. Tip Maxfield visited Tuesday with his daughter, Mrs. Nettie Price.

Henry Chambers and Lyman Maxfield were Corvallis visitors Tues-

Tip Maxfield went to Wren Tuesday with a load of wool.

Mrs. Link Allen and Mrs. T. J. Allen motored to Corvallis Wednes-

ful thing that has come to humanity J. P. Logan was a Corvallis visisince the dawn of civilization, is to tor Thursday.

me the outstanding creation of Ger-Chester Chambers and Miss Marks were married at Monmouth Wedselves are not the worst sufferers. They are extorting at the cannon's mouth the harvests and cattle of the

Mrs. Mary Senger visited Tuesday vith her sister, Mrs. Nellie Smith.

The farmers are quite busy mak-

Mrs. Penn and daughter were at the store Wednesday.

Mrs. Bert Read of Corvallis is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Maxfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Maxfield were Corvallis visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Ivah Christensen and children visited with Mrs, Tip Maxfield Saturday afternoon.

WIGRICH ITEMS

(Too late for last week.)

The Red Cross entertainment at Wigrich July 11. Everybody come. A good time for all.

Mrs. Oscar Moore is confined to her home with the la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Porterfield and family in company with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Turner and family went wild blackberrying on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lichty and Cecil Ensminger and Mr. and Mrs. Doc Black of Buena Vista were calling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Chown on Sunday.

Max Goldman

Deals in

HIDES PELTS WOOL FURS MOHAIR CASCARA BARK VEAL PORK BEEF POULTRY BUTTER EGGS FARM PRODUCE WOOD WOOD GROCERIES SHOES FURNISHINGS DRY GOODS

CASH OR TRADE