

# THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

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Independence, Oregon, Friday, Jan. 31, 1913.

## When Woodrow Wilson and W. J. Bryan Talked It Over



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THIS interesting picture was snapped at Trenton, N. J., upon the occasion of William J. Bryan's much talked of visit to President Woodrow Wilson. The distinguished couple were on their way to lunch and were talking of Governor Wilson's recent vacation in Bermuda after their three hour conference over cabinet possibilities and proposed legislation. Governor Wilson (on the left) is talking his possible secretary of state all about the good time he had during his month's rest.

### DR. C. L. ALSBURG



Dr. Carl L. Alsburg, successor to Dr. Wiley as government pure food expert.

#### Brief News of the week

Ottawa, Iowa, has adopted the commission form of government by a vote of 1351 to 1275.

Human ashes were mailed by parcel post at the St. Louis postoffice for Edwardsville, Ill., where they will be buried in the grave that was dug for Frederick Naumann.

The question of increased insurance rates imposed by the Royal Arcanum, fought so bitterly by a few of its members, will be taken to the supreme court of the United States.

The lowest temperature of the late cold snap in California was recorded at Yuanaa (San Luis Obispo county), in the Santa Lucia range, where the thermometer registered eight degrees below zero.

During the course of the inquiry being made into the Putnam Rubber scandal in London, it has been admitted that 30,000 natives have been murdered during the last 12 years by officials of one company.

Proposed increases of about 10 per cent in the freight rates on news print paper from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, to destinations in the United States, were suspended by the Interstate Commerce commission from January 11 to July 11.

Clashes between pickets and the police continue to mark the progress of the garment makers' strike in New

York. Leaders of the waist and dress-makers unions declared that the members of those organizations had voted to go on strike.

While the allies and powers are bickering over the cessation of Adrianople, the people of that city are starving and the town is at its last gasp. Military authorities have seized all food in the place and are making only one distribution, comprising a half ration, daily.

A commercial panic with many failures is threatened by the czar's ukase expelling the remaining Jews from the city of Kioff by the end of the Russian year. These Jews number 164 merchants with their families, do a business of \$25,000,000 a year and have current liabilities of \$12,500,000.

#### People in the News

President Taft has renominated Charles P. Neill to be commissioner of labor.

Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, of California, was elected by the Interstate Commerce commission to serve as its chairman for the year beginning January 13. He succeeded Commissioner Charles A. Prouty.

Ball bonds in the sum of \$240,000 for the release of Olaf A. Tretmoe and Eugene Clancy, the convicted dynamite conspirators sentenced to six years in the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., were filed at San Francisco before the United States commissioner.

New York.—Complete plans for continuation of the progressive party for a fight to secure control of the government, and of the next campaign were announced here. Leaders of the party from every section of the country were in session for two days, and it was announced that permanent headquarters had been established, that a publicity bureau would be opened and that the party would have complete organization within a reasonable period.

"The first objective," says the report of the conference, as made public, "is the organization of the progressive party in every county and congressional district throughout the country with the purpose of having county tickets nominated for the election of 1914 and of making an effective far-reaching congressional campaign in that year. Emphasis is laid upon the purpose of the party to have a candidate in every congressional district in the country in the next congressional election."

Chicago.—"Big business," its right to growth and its duties to the country, were discussed by President-elect Wilson in a speech before the Commercial club of Chicago.

Among Governor Wilson's audience were bank presidents, railroad presidents and heads of great business enterprises.

"I don't care how big a business grows, provided it grows big in contact with keen competition," he said.

"The future business of the United States does not depend upon the government, but upon the business men of the United States."

Wilson said four things must be done either by the business men voluntarily or under the "whip of law."

These four things were:

"Natural resources must be conserved and also used for the common good."

"Raw materials must be put at the disposal of every person in the United States on equal terms."

"Banking credit must be put on terms of equality to all."

"Business must be free of every form or of every kind of monopoly."

Renewal of War Seems Probable

London.—Diplomacy still is busy seeking a solution for the Balkan dead lock. Fears that the peace conference will end in failure and that the allies will take up arms again are stronger than at any time since the plenipotentiaries came to London.

And I will not permit you to sacrifice a lifetime of comfort with husband and children for me. To be near you and not possess you would be a wretched existence for me. No. As soon as my wound permits I shall go away, perhaps to America, where they tell me that even such as I may earn enough to prevent his being a burden on any one."

"Louis, my life henceforth is yours. I shall take care of you and if necessary work for you. But that will not be necessary. My husband has left me a competency, enough to live the simple life to which we have been accustomed from our childhood. I have done my duty toward him so long as he lived, and now that he is dead what was his is mine, and I am sure he would not grudge me the comfort of sharing it with you."

Nadler made no reply. He was thinking of the words spoken by the soldier on the field of battle. "But now, since I am about to die, all that has gone from me. I am even willing that my wife should be happy with him."

He recalled, too, the look on the man's face when he saw the flask containing that which would quench the horrible thirst and give him a little strength to bear his sufferings. And he rejoiced that he had conquered his own craving and bestowed the boon on his comrade.

Marya came often to see the maimed soldier, and while she rejoiced that she might minister to him he found in the ministrations of one he loved and who loved him a solace for his misfortune. His wound healed slowly, and since they were separated in their homes, her attendance upon him was inconvenient and difficult. In order that she might do more for him it was deemed better that they should be married and live under one roof.

Some shook their heads at a widow of but a few months should marry, but older persons approved of the plan, and the pair were made one.

And now to return to the soldier lying on the battlefield, who had accepted his comrade's last drink. The same rescue party who had succeeded his wounded comrade, thinking him dead, passed on. Another party, accompanied by a medical officer, came, and the surgeon, placing his ear over the soldier's heart, found that it still beat. He ordered a restorative and the man removed to a hospital.

There the soldier was revived, and when he had come to a condition to be questioned, an officer who was taking the names of the wounded asked his name.

The soldier hesitated. A faraway look was in his eyes, but the officer had no time to heed it.

"Your name?" he repeated impatiently.

"August Hehn,"

The officer passed on, not knowing that the patient had not given the name that belonged to him.

Hehn, as he appeared on the hospital list, lay for weeks hovering between life and death. At last, pale and emaciated, he was discharged, not only from the hospital but from the army, and tottered toward his home. On the road he fell in with another discharged soldier limping along with his foot and hand bound up, and the two journeyed together.

"I am going home," said the man to Hehn, "to my dear wife. I have done my duty by my country and have earned a reunion with her I love."

"I, too, am going home to find—I expect—my wife with a former lover. I have doubtless been reported among the dead, since I gave a false name at the hospital."

"And what will you do if you find the case as you expect?"

"God knows," replied Hehn.

When their paths separated the soldier said to Hehn: "Goodby. I hope that you will find that your wife has loved you and remained true to you."

"Goodby," was the reply. "I am prepared for the worst."

"Will you kill him?"

"I don't know."

Hehn tottered on, stopping at times by the way to gather a little strength or perhaps because he dreaded to know what he feared. He could not but envy the comrade who had gone on to the woman of whose affections he had no doubt. And so one evening as dusk was falling he approached the village wherein was his home. He waited on the outskirts until the inhabitants were all within doors, then went on and, coming to his own house, looked in through a window.

A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, but there was no one in the room. Presently a woman entered. A cold chill came over the watcher's heart, for there was no sign of mourning in her apparel. She put some logs on the fire, then drew an easy chair up before it. Leaving her apartment, she presently returned, her hand on the arm of a man walking by means of crutches.

The soldier without uttered a stifled cry.

The maimed man was the who had given him his last drink—the drink he was mad for, the drink that saved his life.

Recently a ship arrived at an American port on whose passenger list was the name of August Hehn. In Montenegro, his wife, who supposes him dead, is waiting for the man she believes to be her dead husband's bones.

other of war's wrecks, he was received thankfully that he had returned at all by those who were near and dear to him. He would sit by the fireplace telling his friends of the battles in which he had fought and the privations he had endured.

One day a young widow who had lost her husband in the war came from a neighboring village to see Nadler. As she entered the room his eyes lighted, and he exclaimed:

"Marya!"

"Louis!"

She approached the maimed man, who started to rise from his chair, but she hurried to him and gently prevented him from getting up. Sinking on her knees beside him, she suffered him to draw her closer to him.

"Alas," he said, "you are now free, but I—I am a worthless cripple. You will doubtless marry again, for you are young and comely, and again I shall suffer the pain of seeing you pass to the possession of another."

"I will never inflict that upon you again."

"And I will not permit you to sacrifice a lifetime of comfort with husband and children for me. To be near you and not possess you would be a wretched existence for me. No. As soon as my wound permits I shall go away, perhaps to America, where they tell me that even such as I may earn enough to prevent his being a burden on any one."

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that they owe their happiness to the sacrifice of a little brandy on the field of battle.

**Bees Faster Than Pigeons.**

It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hives would reach home in less time than a pigeon winged at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.

**A Bible Rich in Color.**

A publisher's letter bag often holds queer communications, but not many suggestions are more remarkable than one received at the Oxford University Press in the following terms:

"Why not make an India paper Bible, the paper of a bright purple color with gold capitals and silver words or jet black india paper with orange or very bright yellow letters, or bright orange or yellow india paper with large black faced type . . . with certain particular words in purple, red or bright blue?"

No medieval breviary ever had such a riot of gaudy hues.—London Standard.

**Blood Temperature of Athletes.**

There have been made at the London College hospital some curious observations on the blood temperature of athletes. The normal blood temperature of man is about 98.11 degrees F. A young man after a run of 200 yards showed a temperature of 100.76 degrees, another a temperature of 100.94 degrees and a third a temperature of 102.2 degrees after a run of half a mile. A mile run produced an internal temperature of 102.8 degrees with one athlete and 103.6 degrees with another. After a three mile run one young man had a temperature of 105 degrees, but this runner's normal blood temperature was 101 degrees in perfect health.—Harper's.

**The Warm Turned.**

"How much are your six room apartments?" asked the tired young wife seeking new quarters.

"Fifty-five dollars—one on the sixth, one on the third," replied the landlord, moving toward the elevator. He stopped suddenly.

"Got any children?" he asked. "Five dollars more for children."

"How about dogs?" And the affronted young mother glared.

"Nuthin' extra for dogs, but you have to keep 'em on a leash."

"I'll keep the baby on a leash for \$5 a month, but I wouldn't live here with a dog," and she snounced out.—New York Herald.

**AS YOU SOW YOU REAP.**

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed; Hold up to earth the torch divine; Be what thou prayest to be made; Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure; Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and mow And find a harvest home of light.

—Bonar.

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