

LOCAL NEWS

Telephone Main 1621 and tell the news.

Mrs. S. E. Owen was a Salem visitor Saturday.

Lester D. Butler has joined the militia at Dallas.

Mrs. N. L. Butler was a Dallas visitor last Friday.

Miss Constance Whealdon visited in Salem Saturday.

Monmouth will probably celebrate the Fourth of July.

Mrs. F. E. Howard is seriously ill at her home in this city.

S. H. Edwards was a Portland visitor several days last week.

James Putman of Salem was an Independence visitor Sunday.

Mrs. John Orr of Rickreall visited friends in this city Saturday.

The W. M. Hill family will move away from Independence soon.

Harold Robinson, of Corvallis, is here visiting with his uncle, Mr. H. Wood.

Homer Link and wife of Airle visited in the city a day or two this week.

Ross Woods, a Portland hop buyer, was in the city the early part of the week.

Work has been started to drain and widen the Independence-Monmouth road.

George Orrie of The Dalles, was in this city several days the early part of the week.

Mrs. J. S. Cooper, K. C. Eldredge and J. E. Hubbard were in Salem Saturday.

Miss Mary Whitman, a teacher in the Airle schools, visited with friends in Independence Friday.

Orin D. Byers has been re-elected principal of one of the schools in Albany for the coming year.

Have your friends visit you during the Moose carnival, June 3, 4, 5 and 6, and help swell the crowd.

Mrs. M. E. Stansbury returned home Sunday from Portland where she has been for the past ten days.

The pupils of the Falls City schools are selling furniture of their own make and deriving good financial returns.

A blind man, armed with a musical instrument, has been singing "Casey Jones" and other popular hymns on the streets for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bohannon left Saturday for a visit with their daughter, Mrs. Joe King, at The Dalles.

Carl Herrin of Newport, formerly of Independence, last week discovered a new oyster bed in Yaquina Bay which promises to be a very profitable find.

The University of Oregon has published a very nice little booklet entitled, "Choosing a Calling," which will interest any young man or woman. It is free for the asking.

The Southern Pacific Railroad is sending out a number of classy pamphlets, well illustrated, concerning the beach resorts and Oregon in general, all fine to send to the folks back east.

George Norris of Salem visited his daughter, Mrs. Fowler, in Independence this week before going to Harney county where he will cruise four thousand acres.

Billy McAdams was in town Saturday and reports that the Airle ball team, of which he is manager, is cleaning them all up and would tackle the Portland Leaguers.

While Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Henkle were driving their new car on west Monmouth street last Thursday evening, it became unruly and ran into a hedge just on the east side of the bridge. It was a frightful experience that they do not care to have again.

A bunch of Salem young men, who were in Independence last Saturday night for refreshments, started a fight among themselves on C street which resulted in the arrest of two of them who were landed in jail. Friends paid their fine and costs and took them home.

For Attorney General George M. Brown of Roseburg At Republican Primaries May 15

A career of 18 years experience as district attorney in Southern Oregon. Guarantees that if elected, I will administer the duties of the office of Attorney General economically, diligently, courageously, without fear or favor, and that the laws will be applied and upheld with justice to the weak and the strong, the poor and the rich, regardless of class or creed. My record is my platform.

Paid Advertisement

JOHNS For REPUBLICAN Governor

Give this Job to a man who will reduce Taxes and cut down expenses

If you had an interest in a private business you would want it conducted on business principles. You have an interest in the affairs of this State. The State of Oregon is a business institution run for the benefit of the people in it who, in a certain sense, are stockholders in its business interests.



TAXES MUST BE REDUCED!

In the coming primary election, Charles A. Johns, of Portland, will ask the vote of every person who believes the State of Oregon needs to have taxes reduced and expenses cut down. The only way to reduce taxes and cut down expenses is to apply the same principles in running the State that you would apply in running your own business. How many institutions would run along with an increase of operating expenses from year to year? Not many. Well, let's reduce our taxes and cut down our expenses. Charles A. Johns, of Portland, is running on that platform and stands on his platform. Get him on the job! Start thinking about this today!

Will you elect a man who will cut down expenses and reduce taxes, or a politician, as our next Governor? The issue is clear. One will cut down taxes the other will give jobs to his political friends. Which do you want? Paid Advertisement

A MAN TO BEAT HAWLEY

Fred Hollister of North Bend is Democratic Candidate for Congress against Mr. Hawley.

From what the Courier learns regarding Mr. Hollister, he is a man who, if nominated, will give our state a representative a run for his life, and that is the only caliber of a man there is any use in nominating—as we have already learned by experience.

Mr. Hollister stands as high in the Coast Bay Country, is a lawyer of high repute and is a most successful business man. He is a progressive from the ground up; a man who believes Oregon's bound to be the leading Pacific state if it can only be given a chance to develop and he is an out and out advocate for the two undertakings he thinks he will hasten the development—good roads for the entire district and for harbor and waterways improvements. Mr. Hollister is not a politician. He

has never been a candidate or elected to any office but city councilman. He has been a worker and a thinker.

His many admirers have urged him to run, and he is a candidate. If the Democrats will nominate him in the May primaries, there is every reason to think he can defeat Mr. Hawley, our present "dead one" congressman, for there are hundreds of Republicans right here in Clackamas county who will vote for any man who looks good and rings true, in preference to Mr. Hawley—the congressman elected from progressive Oregon but whose work is for stand pat New England.

In the judgment of the Courier Democrats can't go wrong on Hollister. He has a splendid record as an honest man and clean citizen.—From Oregon City Courier.

Political advertisement.



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Pigot regretfully, "to answer that question at present, or to discuss this case with you. I have my report first to make to the chief of your detective bureau. Tomorrow I shall be most happy to tell you all that I can. But for tonight my lips are closed, and as it makes me to seem indiscreet." I could hear behind me the little drawn breath of disappointment at the failure of the direct attack. A voice was heard inquiring loudly for Mooseer Pigot. I recognized that voice, and so did Godfrey, and I saw the cloud of disappointment which fell upon his face. An instant later Godfrey, with Simmons in his wake, followed his way through the group. "Mooseer Pigot!" he cried, and enveloped the Frenchman's slender hand in his great paw and gave it a squeeze which was no doubt painful. "Glad to see you sir. Welcome to our city, as we say over here in America. I certainly hope you can speak English. I'm Commissioner Godfrey, in charge of the detective bureau, and this is Simmons, one of my men." M. Pigot's perfect suavity was not even ruffled.

"I am most pleased to meet you, sir, and you, Monsieur Simmons," he said. "Yes, I speak English, though, as you see, with some difficulty."

"These reporters bothering your life out, I see." And Godfrey glanced about the group, scowling as his eyes met Godfrey's.

"I have but just told them that my first report must be made to you, sir," said Pigot. "I was hoping that we might go ashore at once. I have my papers ready for you."

"All right," agreed Godfrey. "And after I've looked over your papers I'll show you Broadway, and I'll bet you agree with me that it beats anything in gay Paree. Our boat's waiting, and we can start right away. This your bag? Yes? Bring it along, Simmons." And Godfrey started for the stair.

But the attentive steward got ahead of Simmons.

M. Pigot turned to us with a little smile. "Until tomorrow, gentlemen," he said. "I shall be at my hotel and shall be glad to see you—shall we say at 11 o'clock? I am truly sorry that I can tell you nothing tonight."

He shook hands with the pursers, waved his hand to us and joined Godfrey, who was watching these amenities with evident impatience. Together they disappeared down the stair.

"Come on, Lester," Godfrey said. "We might as well be getting back. I can send the boat down again after the other boys," and he turned down the stair.

Godfrey bade me goodby at the dock and hastened away to the office to write his story. As for me, that whiff of salt air had put an unaccustomed edge to my appetite, and I took a cab to a good restaurant, deciding to spend the remainder of the evening there, over a good dinner.

I ambled through the dinner in a fashion so leisurely and trifled so long over coffee and cigarette that it was far past 10 o'clock when I came out into Forty-second street. After an instant's hesitation I decided to walk home and turned back toward Broadway, already filling with the after-theater crowd.

Reaching Madison square, I walked out under the trees, as I almost always do, to have a look at the Flatiron building, white against the sky. Then I glanced up at the Metropolitan tower, higher but far less romantic in appearance, and saw by the big illuminated clock that it was nearly half past 11.

I crossed back over Broadway at last and turned down Twenty-third street in the direction of the Marathons, when, just at the corner I came face to face with three men as they swung around the corner in the same direction, and with a little start, I recognized Godfrey and Simmons, with M. Pigot between them. Evidently Godfrey had been introducing the stranger to a number of typical American drinks—and the result of all this was that Godfrey's legs wobbled perceptibly. As a matter of fact, comparison, I glanced at M. Pigot's, but they seemed in every way normal.

"Hello, Lester," said Simmons in a voice which showed that he had not wholly escaped the influences of the evening's celebration, and even Godfrey condescended to nod, from which I inferred that he was feeling very unusually happy.

"Hello, Simmons," I answered, and, as I turned westward with them, he dropped back and fell into step beside me.

"Pigot is certainly a wonder," he said. "A regular sport—wanted to see everything and taste everything. He says Paris isn't in the same class with this town."

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

"We're going round to the station. Pigot says he's got a sensation up his sleeve for us—it's got something to do with that cabinet."

"With the cabinet?"

"Yes; that shiny thing Godfrey got me to look up in a cell."

"Simmons," I said seriously, "does Godfrey know about this?"

"No," said Simmons, looking a little uncomfortable. "I told Godfrey we ought to phone him to come up, but the chief got mad and told me to mind my own business. Godfrey's been after him, you know, for a long time."

"Suppose I phone him," I suggested. "There'd be no objection to that, would there?"

"I won't object," said Simmons. "and I don't know who else will, since nobody else will know about it. Good night," and he followed his companions into the station.

CHAPTER XV.

The Secret of the Cabinet.

THERE was a drug store at the corner with a public telephone station, and two minutes later I was asking to be connected with the city room at the Record office.

No, said a supercilious voice, Mr. Godfrey was not there; he had left some time before. No, the speaker did not know where he was going, nor when he would be back.

"Look here," I said, "this is important. I want to talk to the city editor—and be quick about it."

There was an instant's astonished silence.

"What name?" asked the voice.

"Lester of Royce & Lester—and you might tell your city editor that Godfrey is a close friend of mine."

The city editor seemed to understand, for I was switched on to him a moment later. But he was scarcely more satisfactory.

"We sent Godfrey up into Westchester to see a man," he said, "on a tip that looked pretty good. He started just as soon as he got his report story written, and he ought to be back almost any time. Is there a message I can give him?"

"Yes. Tell him Pigot is at the Twenty-third street station and that he'd better come up as soon as he can."

"Very good. I'll give him the message the moment he comes in."

In the street again, I paused hesitatingly at the curb, my eyes on the red light of the police station. What was about to happen there? What was the sensation M. Pigot had on his sleeve?

Continued next week

FOR CONGRESS

W. C. HAWLEY

CANDIDATE FOR RENOMINATION

At the Republican Direct Primary on Friday, May 15, 1914.

He has gained a high standing and useful experience in Congress, which is at the service of every locality in the district.

He freely and gladly does all that can be done for every man, woman, and child in the district who makes a request, and has aided thousands.

When Congress is not in session, he spends the time, over the district, learning its needs and the wishes of the people.

Members of the Rivers and Harbors Committee have said that he knows more about the waterways in his district and presents their merits more effectively than any other who appears before them.

Four per cent of the whole amount appropriated in the present Rivers and Harbors bills is for this district.

He has already secured over \$4000,000 for waterways, buildings and other public purposes and will add to that at this session over \$2,000,000 more, which is an average of over \$870,000 per year.

He is just as diligent, persistent and successful in all other matters promoting the welfare of the people and the country.

A vote for him is a vote for a faithful, industrious, honest, able and effective public servant.

Congress being now in session he leaves his candidacy in the hands of the voters, to whom he is profoundly grateful, while he serves their interests in Washington.

He will appreciate all that is said and done in his behalf.

Paid Adv.

For Circuit Judge

Glen O. Holman of Dallas is a man of mature years; of much experience as a practicing lawyer. He is a candidate for the nomination on the republican ticket for the office of Circuit Judge. His motto is, "A day's work when court is in session and justice not technicalities."

Paid advertisement

How would you like 960 acres in Eastern Oregon. R. J. Taylor.

Eastern Oyster Shell	\$1.25 per hundred
Chick Food	2.50 "
Developing Food	2.60 "
Grit	1.00 "

BUY BY THE HUNDRED AND SAVE MONEY
GET OUR PRICE BEFORE YOU SELL YOUR WOOL AND MOHAIR

THE INDEPENDENCE SEED AND FEED STORE
They Have It

Wanted Wool and Mohair

I Pay Highest Market Price for Both at
INDEPENDENCE MONMOUTH

Telephone or write me at Monmouth if you have either to sell

SACKS! SACKS!!

I have a supply of both wool and mohairsacks and fleece twine.

I have these supplies at Nelson's in Independence and at my store

Allen Clark, Monmouth, Oreg.

Pianos

Knabe, Vose & Sons,
Fisher, Bush & Lane.
Hobart M. Cable, Kohler & Campbell. Andrew Kohler.

Player Pianos

These are some of the high grade pianos carried by

The Savage Music House

135 North Liberty St. Salem, Or.

We will take your old piano or organ in exchange on new pianos and give you terms to suit.
Independence headquarters
BEAVER HOTEL

TOWN AND FARM PROPERTY FOR SALE

I have 100 good farms and residences for sale or trade and some of these are fine bargains. Now call and look over our list and let us show you.

I make a specialty of renting your property for you and collecting the rent monthly.

If you have a farm to lease I can lease it for you.

R. J. TAYLOR

The Pioneer Real Estate Man of Polk County

Independence, Oregon

Your Place Might Interest a Customer of Mine