

THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Independence, Oregon, Friday, June 26, 1914

William E. Purdy of Newberg is running by himself for governor. We have not learned the nature of his grievance.

The Oregon college professor who declined a raise in salary will not establish a precedent that others will follow.

The war cryers feel perfectly safe. In case of war there is no chance in a thousand that they would have to fight.

An Oregon rose has been planted upon the White House grounds and it will be the prettiest one that blooms there.

Will some genius discover a plan in which the number of primary candidates can be reduced with fairness and justice to all and depriving none of an equal chance?

Carranza and Villa have disagreed. No two Mexicans that ever lived could agree for sixty days at a time unless one of them held a gun and the other knew it was loaded.

A democratic paper gleefully exclaims, "the democrats will rule the nation for fifty years." Whoa! Stick in for eight years without getting licked and then talk of adding forty two more to it.

The candidate who goes up and down the state shouting calamity and hard times is going to be defeated. What the people of Oregon want is optimism and boosting, not of the "watered stock" variety but the genuine article.

The following article from the Milwaukee (Wis.) Leader will give you a good tip as to who are the chief "promoters" of a war between the United States and Mexico:

"A German armament firm supplies 'war news' to French papers to secure bigger appropriations in Germany. A Japanese gun works has the correspondent on its payroll. The war scare with the United States, and fill the pockets of its own directors and those of its ally, the American Steel Trust. Such is the war industry of today. Of such stuff are our patriots made. From such material is created the national hatreds that would send millions of workers to be slaughtered to make a steel trust dividend."

It appears from the following editorial in Sunday's Salem Statesman that Mr. Lafferty is causing insomnia among republican and democratic politicians in Portland:

"It would seem unthinkable, but there are some people down at Portland who fear that Lafferty may again nose in and be sent to congress for another term."

Did not Mr. Lafferty say when he threw his hat into the ring as an independent candidate that

"It is my candid opinion that my defeat would postpone for at least ten years a realization of national laws giving to the general public the prosperity and share of wealth produced which it deserves."

Well, very few people like to wait "at least ten years" when they have something coming.

Our good friend and neighbor, the Falls City News, speaking in behalf of the general public, advances the following proposition which may be worthy of considerable consideration by the parties mentioned:

"It would appear to the general public that Wilson and Bryan might very profitably spend a little more of their time in studying the troubles and needs of this country and let the 'greasers' kill off a few more of the 'undesirables.'"

Then after they have scientifically "studied the troubles and needs of the country" and arranged a condition of affairs in which every person in the United States would get three dollars or more a day, they might be persuaded to locate Charlie Ross, find the fellow who hit Billy Patterson and determine the age of Ann.

The Monitor is pleased at any time to learn that our representative in Congress, Mr. Hawley, is doing something good for nation, state, district, man or man and it is with joy that we print the following extract from the Congressional Record of June 11:

"Mr. MANN. The truth is, Mr. Chairman, since we are asked to have the General Government go into a combat with fleas on the Pacific coast, with body lice at Garrettsville, and bed bugs at Vera Cruz, and now dogfish in the Atlantic Ocean, we have entered upon quite a wide scope of work."

[Laughter.]

"Mr. HAWLEY. We will have to do a lot of scratching." [Laughter.]

Should Mr. Hawley determine to venture further into the field of humor and thus contribute to the good of man by creating laughter, we wish him success and should he succeed Mark Twain or Bill Nye in the estimation of the American people we will be the first to pin an Oregon rose upon his breast and declare, "Well Done."

Under the caption, "Shall Illinois Democracy Commit Suicide", Mr. Bryan says in the June Commoner:

"Mr. Sullivan is a relic of a past political era—a survival of the edious and odious days when plundering gained political ascendancy through public officials. He is commander-in-chief of such of the forces of evil as have taken up their political residence in the democratic party. He is the exponent of that favor-seeking, privilege-hunting group of which representatives are to be found in every large city, a group that has no political convictions and can be expected to support only those officials through whom the public can be overreached. The democratic party cannot stand for this, and to make Sullivan the representative of the party for such an office as United States senator would be to confer judgment in advance and invite contemptuous repudiation at the polls."

The repudiation by party leaders of undesirables like Sullivan is to be commended. We suppose that should Sullivan get the nomination, a lot of democrats and republicans in Illinois would vote for him because they are members of "de gang" but any decent man would have to hold his nose while doing it.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

On the Fourth of July

By JOHN Y. LARNED

It was predicted when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated on July 4, 1776, that the anniversary of the day would be celebrated with the firing of cannon and such explosive demonstrations of joy. The prediction has been fulfilled to the present day, but during the past quarter century the old Independence day passed away forever. The day is now most fittingly celebrated by recalling the struggle which made good the assertion of the American people. Here is a story of the Revolution.

New Jersey was the principal battleground of the Revolution. The region between New York and Philadelphia was a great deal of the time a battlefield. The British occupied New York city and, for a portion of the time, Philadelphia. Washington stationed himself on the heights of Morristown, between the two cities, but much nearer New York than Philadelphia. Over the lower ground, from Trenton to Jersey City, couriers were galloping, spies were lurking and a stray soldier wearing the red or the blue was moving on some errand.

Some five miles southwest of Newark, where the city of Orange now stands, was the residence of a Tory named Wardle. His daughter, Virginia, had two suitors, the one a British, the other an American officer. Edgar Plimpton, the redcoat, was with General Howe at New York, and since the army of occupation had little to do the young Englishman made frequent excursions to visit the lady he loved, while Alan Trowbridge, who was at Morristown, rode in the opposite direction and about the same distance on a similar errand.

Either one of these officers was liable to fall into the hands of some reconnoitering or foraging party of the side against which he fought. Then, too, it was quite possible that they might meet at the Wardle mansion.

One night (it was the Fourth of July, by the way) Lieutenant Trowbridge, descending the Orange mountain, galloped through the valley between him and the Wardles and drew up before the gate. Without waiting to be admitted he stalked into the house, to find Miss Virginia in the drawing room. She was evidently much perturbed. Trowbridge asked her if he had come inopportunistly, if he had not better leave, but to all such questions she gave unsatisfactory replies. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of his visit she appeared ill at ease, and he found himself obliged to do nearly all the talking, the young lady confining herself to monosyllables.

Trowbridge knew of the attentions of Captain Plimpton and had come to her to ask her to decide between himself and the Britisher. He began a little speech he had arranged to that effect, but Virginia, showing signs of still greater embarrassment, endeavored to check him. He persisted and just as he finished with the words "decide now between him and me" a closet door opened and his rival stepped forth in the dress of a citizen.

"If this matter is to be settled here," he said, "I prefer not to be placed in the position of eavesdropper. Rather I would hear my doom openly."

"How comes it, captain," said Trowbridge, "that you are so near the American lines and not in uniform? Are you aware that if caught as you are you are liable to be treated as a spy?"

He had no sooner spoken the words than there was the sound of horses' hoofs without and through the window they could see a dozen Continental troopers at the gate. An officer dismounted and coming up to the door which stood open walked into the hall. Looking into the living room he saw the two men and the girl. To Trowbridge, in whom he recognized a patriot officer, he said:

"Pardon me, sir, for entering unannounced, but I have been told that a British spy was in this neighborhood and since this house is occupied by no notorious Tories I am likely to find him here."

"There is no spy on these premises," replied Trowbridge. "I give you my word for that."

The officer looked suspiciously at Plimpton. "I fear," he said, "that I shall have to ask this gentleman to give an account of himself."

Plimpton was about to speak—to declare his identity—when Trowbridge stopped him.

"I have vouched for the gentleman," he said. "That should be enough."

"Who is he?"

"I have told you that he is not a spy."

"Nevertheless I must satisfy myself of that."

"Leave this house, sir."

"On what authority?"

"By order of the commander in chief. I am Lieutenant Trowbridge of his staff."

"Pardon me, lieutenant," said the officer, and, turning, he rejoined his troopers, and they all rode away.

Then followed an impressive tableau. Virginia, turning to Captain Plimpton, took his hand in both of hers, looking him steadfastly in the eyes. Then she turned, and, throwing her arms about Trowbridge, her head fell on his breast.

"I do not blame you," said the captain. "I only regret that I might not at least have been given an opportunity to do so noble an action."

Without another word he left the house and never saw Virginia Wardle again.

A SNIFF OF CHLOROFORM

By M. QUAD

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The Kincardine bank was one of the oldest and strongest banking institutions in New England, though situated and doing business in a town of 2,000 inhabitants. It made loans to hundreds of farmers, and it did business with many shipbuilders and shipowners along the New England coast. Many and many a time, as assistant cashier, I have seen \$10,000,000 stacked in our vault and have tossed packages of \$50,000 about as if they had no more value than so much old paper. I say we did a large business, but yet our building was a humble one and our methods as primitive as might be found in a country store. We had a brick vault with iron doors, but the latest sort of cracksmen would have dug his way into it in an hour with a crowbar. Outside of the vault was an old fashioned bolt headed safe, which locked with a key only. It had a strong, massive lock, but the lock could have been picked in a quarter of an hour and two ounces of powder poured into the keyhole and exploded would have torn the door off. It will surprise you when I say that sums of money as large as \$75,000 were often left in that old safe over night. My uncle, James Gordon Kincardine, who died a few years ago, was to blame for our way of doing business. He was a set man. He hated innovations.

I was twenty-three years old when a place was given me as assistant cashier. I had been in the bank almost two years when the rooms overhead were vacated and rented to a traveling doctor for a month.

On the 12th of a certain October, when he had been our tenant for two months, he came into the bank at the noon hour, a time I was always alone, to get change for a bill. Thereafter, until the climax came, he dropped in almost every noon. He never attempted to come behind the counter, though the door sometimes stood open, but on several occasions I went out to him. His calls after the first three weeks were for the purpose of manipulating a swelling on my jaw, and I always passed outside the counter and sat down on a chair. On the 8th of November, which was cold and dismal, we had in the Kincardine bank exactly \$328,250 in currency. On the next day there was to be a big withdrawal to pay the hands at a mill, and some \$50,000 was to go to certain Boston banks by express. I hadn't been left alone for over five minutes when Dr. Jordan came in to attend me. As he worked at my jaw he gradually turned my head to the left, so that I no longer saw him or the door. He asked me to repeat a story I had told him a few days ago, and I was doing so when the door opened. I did not stop my talk, and I could not turn my head. The man who came in did not speak, but he must have passed the doctor a sponge saturated with chloroform. I got the odor of the stuff at once and was wondering what it was when my neck was gripped by the doctor's left hand, and with the right he thrust the sponge into my face. I think I tried to rise up and fight the sponge away, but am not clear about it. I do distinctly remember, however, of hearing the doctor say:

"Now, then, lock the doors, and I'll soon have the money in the bags!" It was an hour later when I heard faraway voices and after a struggle opened my eyes and found the bank full of people. Up to that time no one had discovered anything wrong, except with me. They had found me lying on the floor and supposed I was in a fit, though all detected the presence of chloroform. My first words were to ask them to look for the money. Of the \$328,250 not a shilling remained. Safe and vault had been plundered to the last penny! When astonishment passed away I was charged with having robbed the bank. It was not a fair thing for an uncle to do, but James Gordon Kincardine, to his everlasting shame, was for having me locked up at once.

It was a long hour before we got the tangle straightened out, and that hour lost my uncle every dollar he had in the world. The robbers had a start of an hour and a half, and the only cute thing they did was to make a half circle around the town and mislead pursuit for a day. My uncle had detectives almost by the dozen, and the majority of them tried much harder to convict me than to overhurl the robbers. I was questioned and cross questioned until bored to death, and for a change they would threaten me. Some thought I had buried the money somewhere, as if one could go at high noon and do such a job, and the sleuth of all sleuths was sure that I had stood in with the two men and was to get my share of the proceeds.

For years and years I was a suspected person, and few men dared to own my friendship. Even when men no longer dared suspect they talked of me in connection with the robbery and asserted that I was next door to a fool that I did not suspect and checkmate. I have given you a true and honest account of the whole circumstance, and so matter what your version may be, I feel the better for having written it out. I contend that my uncle's foolish and reckless system was all to blame, and in this I know that all bankers and their employees will agree with me and absolve me from all blame.

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