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There must be some real good in abolishing the senate or else certain interests would not oppose it so vigorously.

"Half the people of Mexico City will die before I resign," says Huerta. Then the half that are to die had better make their wills at once.

The progressive state chairman is out with the statement that the senatorial fight in Oregon is between Chamberlain and Hanley. For a candidate who "hasn't any show" Booth is doing real well.

Villa's \$500 bath tub is getting to be as famous as Villa himself. Everybody seems to be guessing what he bought it for. The natural conclusion would be that he wants it to bathe in, but so many are sure that he never bathes and wouldn't if he had a chance.

The Oregonian having convinced itself that it has presented enough evidence to remove Secretary of State Bryan from office now has commenced proceedings against Secretary of the Navy Daniels. We suspect, however, that Mr. Daniels like Mr. Bryan will "stick" for some time to come.

There is a disposition among certain democrats to remove Billious Randolph Hearst from the party. This has been tried before but Hearst hung on. It looks as if whether the democratic party sinks or swims, survives or perishes that Billious R. will cling to it like the Old Man of the Sea.

Elbert Hubbard wants another political party organized. As usual, its purpose will be to save the nation from ruin. El, who is the most voluminous and least read writer in the country, should be content with present conditions. He is doing well financially if he doesn't feel ashamed to take the money.

There is one disadvantage in holding the election in November as then the campaign comes in the summer when it is too warm to burn the half ton of printed matter that arrives daily with the request to print, use freely or comment favorably upon. We are paying to have it hauled down to the river and dumped in.

Anarchists and W. I. W. agitators in New York are publicly advocating the use of dynamite to assist them in resistance to law and order. Dynamite is a good "assistant" all right and generally accomplishes what it is intended to do, but most men have moral and religious scruples against its use for killing rich men and public officials.

It has reached the stage that when a man is offered a position under the federal government, he must be investigated. If he is not fed on sterilized milk when a baby, did not play marbles for "keeps" when a boy, was not jilted by a girl during his romantic age and cannot prove by competent witnesses where he got every dollar he ever had, he may be rejected.

Mrs. Joseph R. Knowland has taken the stump in California in the interest of her husband's candidacy for U. S. Senator. In one of her first speeches she said:

"I did not come here to give you any of that suffrage stuff, but I rode in the suffrage parade in Washington, and some of the men must have liked my appearance, for they tried to drag me from the automobile, and said: 'She is some chicken; some aquak.' I want you to like me, too, and to like my husband, and vote for him for the Senate."

Which goes to show that woman is fast getting into the political game, but we cannot help but think, taking Mrs. Knowland's style of language into consideration, that it is rather discouraging.

Farmers in the vicinity of Hoxie, Kansas, took a novel way of getting their grain harvested. It was impossible to secure enough help, even by offering six dollars a day, so they went to town in a body and demanded that every able-bodied man in the town close up shop and come out and help. No shirks or excuses were permitted. Thus it is described:

"There is no one home in Hoxie. Every male in the village more than 10 years old or less than a hundred has been caught in the net of a wheat harvesting draft, and the fields are dotted with the brilliant collection of physicians, lawyers, architects, barbers and merchants. They cannot harvest wheat, but they have got to, and that's why the village is deserted. The wives and sweethearts of the amateur tillers are out in the fields, fanning, feeding and encouraging their favorites, all of whom were exhausted at the very mention of the work before them.

But the harvesting was done, the crop saved and

"The ultimate consumer,
Who in fancy, fact and ruin
Has for years received his package
About midway in the neck.
Has at last let forth a bellow,
And his wheat fields, golden yellow,
Are now worked by those who worked him;
Which is going some, by heck!"

A
NEAT JOB

By JOHN Y. LARNED

"Mr. Birkstead," said my friend Mrs. Iddleston, "I am very much worried about my son."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.
"He is infatuated with a girl I detest."

"Have you grounds for detesting her?"

"There's nothing in her. She's vain, selfish and altogether unlovely. How she has captured Jimmie I can't imagine."

Since I was not interested in Jimmie the information did not especially move me. But I was interested in his mother, who was a widow. Indeed, I had intentions with reference to Mrs. Iddleston and wished I could make her think me as fine a man as this girl had succeeded in making Jim think her a fine woman. I wondered how she did it.

"Now, I know that you, a novelist," continued Mrs. Iddleston, "are one of the inventive kind with plenty of ingenuity and can bring about some situation between Jimmie and this girl to make her appear to him as she appears to any one who sees her through eyes not distorted by the imagination."

"Who is she?" I asked.
"Julia Hilton."

"How can I know her?"

"Jimmie tells me that she's going this summer to Arlington Beach. Why can't you go there, too, for your vacation?"

"I can."

"And you will try to do something for me?"

"On one condition—that if I succeed you will find some other literary man to invent a scheme whereby I may be made to look better in your eyes than I am."

I can vouch for the fact, though I do not expect to be believed, that a widow is capable of blushing, for I detected a faint reddening as she replied, with a bit of bluntness: "You don't need that. Every one knows how clever you are, and I am sure you will succeed in saving my boy."

"If I succeed in showing him the girl exactly as she is I am sure you would not ask me to misrepresent her."

"Certainly not."

I had achieved some recognition on the part of the reading public and was known as an author at the hotel where I stayed, the same in which Miss Hilton stayed, and my literary reputation—for good work or bad, as the case may be—made me something of a lion.

While at the beach I was sending my publisher copy every week except the first. On my return in September I read the final plate proofs of my story, and the book was issued before Christmas.

Soon after its publication I was invited to dine at Mrs. Iddleston's. Jim was present and received me somewhat coolly. We had not been long at table before the subject of my novel was broached. Mrs. Iddleston said some very nice things about it. Jim said nothing till his mother reproached him for being so impolite as not to say something favorable to the author about his work.

I protested: "That's where we authors have a hard time," I said. "People say complimentary things to us about our work, but we get no real criticism—that which of all things we need most."

"Well," said Jim, "I have a personal bone to pick with the author in this case. Several things I said were put in the story word for word."

"You are right," I replied. "Edmond Scerie is a picture of yourself."

"Do you really mean that?" he asked.
"Scerie is a splendid fellow."

"Why do you consider him such?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"It is because you see him as he is—a real living person. You are taken out of yourself to look at yourself."

"But there is one thing about me in the story I don't like. What an ass Scerie was to fall in love with that silly girl."

"The girl was a real character, too."

"What, that thing?"

"What don't you like about her?"

"She hasn't any sense."

"Anything else?"

"One can tell by her talk that she is vain."

"Did her conversation in the story seem flippant to you?"

"I should think so."

"I'm sorry the character doesn't please you. You see, my work is all from models, and any success I have attained is on that account. I don't idealize my models. I paint them just as they are."

"Who is this stupid girl you have pictured?"

"Do you mean to say you don't recognize her?"

"Was she at the beach last summer?"

"Certainly. You were with her at times. It's strange you don't recognize her."

"Well, who was she?"

"A Miss Hilton, who spent the whole summer there."

I turned to Mrs. Iddleston as though tired of the subject and spoke of something else. Her son soon after excused himself and left the room. I had no sooner gone than his mother impulsively put out her hand to me and said: "I'm glad to see you."

Jim didn't marry Mrs. Hilton, and I did marry Jim's mother.

For the Children

Vinson W. McLean
Has a New Playmate.



By American Press Association.

Vinson Walsh McLean, whose features are seen in this picture, the millionaire baby, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLean of Washington and Newport, has recently acquired a new playmate. This person is the son of Dr. Shirley Carter of Warrenton, Va., who is to be the guest of the McLeans for an indefinite period. Both are healthy, happy five-year-olds; but while the millionaire baby is attended by a nursery governess, two nurses each with a diploma from a training school, a nurse maid or two and two able-bodied detectives, the little Virginian has been taught to stand on his own sturdy feet and to ride the blue ribbon animals of the Carter stable with no other bodyguard than one of his father's jockeys.

The boys will spend the summer at Black Point farm, near Newport. Master McLean, if he inherits all he may be expected to inherit, will have about \$150,000,000 and be the richest boy in America. His grandfather, the late Thomas F. Walsh of Colorado, left the youngster about \$100,000,000. From his paternal grandfather, John B. McLean, he will inherit at least half as much.

Throwing the Brick.
Draw two lines fifteen feet apart, then divide the boys into two companies, allowing each player a piece of brick or square wood that can be easily thrown. Each player on one side throws his brick, trying to come as near as possible to the line on the other side. The one farthest from the line sets up his brick on the line and the one nearest standing on the opposite side pitches at it. If he fails to knock it over he sets up his brick and the other boy pitches at it. If he succeeds he picks it up, goes back to the line, pitches it again, near the other brick, hops over it and kicks his brick near that of his companion. Then he must pick up his brick and carry it successively on his head, on each shoulder, on his back, on his breast (walking), in the bend of his knee (hopping), in between his legs (shuffling), each time starting at the line and proceeding to the other brick and knocking it over. Finally he marks a square enclosing the brick and about eighteen inches square, and if he can hop over this, he is declared a winner. If he falls in any one of the "stunts" he must wait his turn, but can then begin at the point where he failed.

A Homemade Toy.
Did you ever see boys walk on stilts? It looks like dangerous sport, but it is not after you have a little practice. In fact, you can take rapid strides with them, as do the shepherds in the desert of Laudes, in the south of France. They can run, jump, hop and dance on them with ease and security. When they stand on the stilts they can watch their flock, their feet being protected from the water during the winter and the hot sands in summer. In addition to the stilts, they use a long staff, which they carry in their hands. This forms the third leg when they require rest.

To make stilts procure two poles about six or seven feet long and nail on a strap of leather about one-third from the bottom of each. Into these the feet are placed, the poles being bent in a proper position by the hands and moved forward by the action of the legs. Some American boys nail on wooden supports for the feet to rest upon instead of the leather straps.

Growing Things.
Oh, I am a child of the country, and I love the fields at noon.
Where the air smells fresh and fragrant and the joy of the day is born,
And carols the cheerful robin in the land across the way.
And the growing things and the birds and I welcome the dawn of day.
—St. Nicholas.

Clearance Sale

By

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