

Saturday, August 8th at 2:00 O'Clock IS THE OPENING OF Independence's First Exclusive Music Store

A Full Line of Sheet Music, Talking Machines, Records,
Pianos, Player Pianos and Roll Music will be carried at all times.

Columbia Graphanolas, \$25 to \$500. Pianos, \$250 to \$1200

Including the Steinway and Webber and others.

PLAYER PIANOS, \$450 to \$2000

Your credit is good in the purchase of a Graphanola, Piano or Player Piano. Make a small payment down and enjoy the benefit of your instrument while paying for it. Get a talking machine with records of the latest dances and learn the Onestep, Hesitation, Maxixe and Tango.

SHEET MUSIC, 20c per Copy, Two for 35c, Six for \$1.00

C STREET IN
MONITOR BUILDING

J. S. COOPER JR.

LOCAL NEWS

Phone in the news.

M. Suver of Salem was a visitor in the city Monday.

A good pair of reading glasses for \$1.00 at O. A. Kreamer's.

Elmer Addison and Belton Owen returned Monday from a trip to Newport.

Miss Ella Robinson of Conkey & Walker's store has a weeks vacation.

Did you know you could buy a silk hat for the summer at Conkey & Walker's for 50 cents?

49 tickets were sold in Independence Sunday for Newport because of the special excursion.

For Sale—A No. 1 cow, gives five or six gallons of milk a day. Enquire of R. J. Taylor or the Monitor office.

Rollie Coffee and John Carmickle of Monmouth have gone to the southern part of the state on a hunting trip.

Mrs. L. L. Whiteaker, Mrs. George Whiteaker and daughters Ethel and Verna, went to Newport Monday for two weeks of comfort.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Parker of Vancouver Barracks, Wash., spent the week end with Mrs. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Cooper.

It is reported that there will be a baseball game at the high school grounds next Sunday. The game will be between two local teams, composed of "has-beens" and "would like to bes."

His One Failing

An Odd Episode In a City Belle's Summer Campaign In the Woods.

By ELLIOT WALKER
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"I'll get Tinker to take you out, I guess," said old Sackett. "He's just come in."

"Is he a good, safe man?" asked Mrs. Cranby.

"Who—Tinker? Safe? Well, he's supposed to be safe—safe as they make 'em round here," responded the hotel keeper. "He's been up in the woods with a party for two weeks—got back this mornin'. Best guide on the lakes for a young feller. Quiet, good looking, and knows his business—youd'll like him, marm. He'll work around the house till another party picks him up—maybe a day or two or a week. You're lucky to get him—I don't know as he'll go out. He's cranky some times."

The Cranbys had just come up to the Strick Lakes, that well known chain where the lower one affords good hotel accommodations, fair general society and poor fishing and the upper ones divide into wilderness with its accompaniments according to distance.

"It was too bad that papa had to get that disgusting telegram which called him back to nasty old Wall street just as he was comfortably settled. How mean and inconsiderate for those people to fall at such a time!"

So said Ethel, who, with her mother and sister, lamented the trying circumstances in various degrees of impotent wrath.

"He will be back soon. In a week, probably," explained Mrs. Cranby. "Meanwhile we must enjoy ourselves as best we may. It is too bad, though. What shall we do for amusement? It's a dull place."

"Let's have a picnic tomorrow," cried Harriet, the second shining light in the galaxy of daughters. "That'll be fun."

Her elixir years had not dulled her appreciation of the love of freedom, that the woods and waters appealed to her strongly.

Ruth and Maria, the junior hopefuls, whose respective ages of fifteen and thirteen were as yet undimmed by the tarnish of society, gave glad accord to the proposition. To them a picnic meant many thoughts of mild adventure, as well as a variety of refreshments, which alone was worthy of their approving consideration.

Ethel, whose twenty summers had brought to her much beauty of face and form and a rather undue portion of masculine adoration, poolpoohed

the picnic idea at first. Finally she graciously yielded, thereby receiving much thankful acclamation from Ruth and Maria.

"I won't row five women, Sackett—you can put that down," observed Mr. Tinker when he was approached. "I'm willing to take two. Let 'em have a couple of bouts, and the Injun can row one. Five females in a boat isn't safe."

Tinker had considerable fault to find, and he did it loudly, addressing his remarks to the hotel man, who was on hand to see them off.

"Why don't you keep your old tubs in some kind of shape, Sackett? I'm ashamed to take a lady out in this one—it's all fish scum!" he cried.

"He's a mite sour this mornin'," whispered Sackett to Ethel. "I don't mind him. Usually he don't say but little. Fine looking feller when he's dressed up. Knows a lot too."

The girl was gazing at the active figure in the boat, swabbing away with an old rag of a sponge.

"I think I'll go in Mr. Tinker's boat," she said very audibly.

The man looked up, and their eyes met. "Stuck a stunt?" thought Tinker. "He looks like a nobleman in disguise," mused Ethel. "I'll take Maria with me," she called, "and then the children won't get fooling."

The "Injun," who was only a tall, tanned Yankee with strongly pronounced features, accepted all burdens willingly and grinned as he started with his load.

"Where are you going, Tinker?" he asked as that gentleman drew away from him.

"Over to Boney point," answered Tinker. "Got any fornicators?"

"Ain't," replied the Injun. "Got a whole new plug."

"How long will it take to row to the point?" asked Ethel.

"Half an hour," was the short answer.

The pretty girl in the stern gazed reflectively across the lake. She wondered how much she could accomplish in half an hour.

She brought her eyes back to the face of Tinker. He was looking straight at her with an expression of respectful admiration, and his bright brown eyes sought hers for a moment and then dropped.

The girl had smiled into them, a quick "I like you!" smile, and the guide's cheeks burned through the tan.

His features were in almost childish look of pleasure and embarrassment.

Ethel smiled softly at some interest he thought. Could she have read the mind of Tinker she would not have smiled.

"Trying to flirt with the guide, eh?" he was thinking. "Well, let her go it. I'll just lend her on. I'm nothing but a poor, unsophisticated countryman, but good looking enough for that beauty to try to upset. I'll have some fun out of it myself. I haven't rowed pretty girls around this old pond for six years for nothing. She evidently thinks I never saw a girl before. I guess she is vinner than she looks."

Tinker stopped rowing long enough to pull off his gray slouch hat and drop it at his feet. Then he dipped his brown hand in the lake and rubbed his hair vigorously with the cold water.

"There," he remarked; "that feels good."

"Mr. Tinker," observed Maria, "you are quite a beautiful looking man. Isn't he, Ethel?"

The guide looked at Ethel and smiled—a very pleasant, indulgent smile.

"Hush, Maria," said her sister reprovingly, with a quick blush. "You mustn't be personal in your remarks."

"You look like a picture of young St. John," went on Maria in an absorbed tone. "We have it."

"I feel honored," laughed Tinker. "I know the picture of which you speak. In the old days—he suddenly became very serious and bent to his work, styling a little as if at some sad remembrance—no matter," he added softly.

Ethel was now consumed with curiosity, and her eyes inquired of his as he looked up. He shook his head.

"Not now," he said.

The picnic was a great success. Ruth and the Injun appeared to have formed ties of the closest interest. It subsequently turned out that these two had possessed themselves of sundry delicacies from the basket, the Injun's pocket being a convenient repository.

"I'm sure they put in more cake," said Tinker, "and I told them particularly about the apples. They must have forgotten."

It was all very beautiful in the fresh, sweet air, with the wild sounds of birds and little waves. The more conducive to a nap for Mrs. Cranby and small explorations for Harriet and the little girls.

Tinker rowed Ethel along the shore and up into the cool shade of Moose creek, where the fine old reeds and the limpid water combined to form a picture which would have gladdened the heart of a painter in water color. The very air seemed to invite confidence and to induce low toned and very earnest conversation. The Injun smoked and lounged, and the fair afternoon was soon over.

"Have a nice time yesterday?" observed Mr. Sackett to the eldest Miss Cranby as she sat on the piazza the next morning trying to read.

"Lovely," responded the young lady dreamily. "Oh, Mr. Sackett!"

"Yes?" said her host interrogatively.

"Isn't that young man—that one you called Tinker—ain't he quite superior to most of the men about here? He talks very nicely—I mean uses such good language—went on the girl, hestating a little. 'He was not born here, was he?'"

"Ethel," ejaculated the old man. "Oh, well! Let's see! Yes, he does talk first rate—he's a quick feller. He got some education when he was younger, and he's smart. Remembers everything! He can talk all right. Likes fun, but he's real solemn and steady most all ways."

"Yes, he was telling me," said Ethel absently.

"What was he telling you?" asked Sackett.

He gazed at the pretty, confident face and smiled quietly.

"Did he tell you about his uncle," he went on, without waiting for a reply, "and his college days—the unjust charge and how he bore it all to shield another—how he ran away and was now livin' in this desolate country, away from everybody, where he could feel free and independent?"

"Ah, you know about him, too?" cried the girl.

"Yes, I know about him," answered the hotel keeper. "Did he tell you about thoughts and ambitions and things—how he hoped to go to the city and begin over and succeed? Maybe he asked you to be his friend?"

Ethel nodded.

"I think he will succeed," she said. "He seems so determined and strong. I shall be glad to be his friend."

"Did he tell you," resumed Sackett, with great solemnity, "that he had a wife and two kids over in Brushview, four miles east of here?"

"Mr. Sackett!" cried the girl, jumping up in consternation. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say—that's right," answered her host, "and that's the only true thing in the whole story—the rest is all lies. He's told that tale before. Yes, he's got a nice little woman and two boys that he thinks the world of, and he's a good guide and a good feller. I've never known him to lie, except about this one thing. Wonder why he does it?"

His keen eyes resumed. Ethel almost as fast as he, peered into them as if trying to read his thoughts. Then she burst out laughing.

"That's right!" exclaimed Sackett. "You're a sensible young lady. Gracious, but your face was red, and your eyes blazed for a minute!"

"Where is he?" asked Ethel. "I want to see him!"

"He's gone," said the landlord. "He went up the lakes with a party early this mornin'. I don't expect him back any more."

"He'll be mine to then," said the girl. "Can you, Mr. Sackett, tell him I have a message from him? Tell him that I'm his real friend, and tell him that I don't think I will, either."

"I don't think I will, either," said the old man.

The hotel keeper, who endures her pumpkin humor or contented else to console her, the next afternoon, when she speaks, the tops with sugar just before putting them in.

"Ain't I the prettiest girl ever kissed?" "You are! I expect it!"

"I expect your apology."

All Alone.

Back, 1916. Published by you keep a secret about. No more than you can't tell by the New York Globe.

THE PILL BOX

CHANCE TO SEE A FIGHT

There are two English and two German warships now on the Pacific coast. We have cabled the two war ministers in Europe to allow the vessels to come to Newport and fight it out. The Southern Pacific will annul all their train service in Oregon so that they can take all the people to Newport on the day of the fight. Now nothing remains but to wait for the arrival of the vessels. P. S. It was impossible to get them to come to Independence as the river is too low and neither country would allow their ships to fight where the men might wade ashore and take to the woods in case they were getting licked.

The Pill Box has received a communication wanting to know what an emergency clause is. Well, an emergency clause is a thingemijig originally intended to be used only in case of war, famine, epidemic, the devil, or high water, but in this day any city

council is liable to use it to sprinkle a lawn, shoot a dog, or remove a bird's nest.

DREAMING

I was on my pallet dreaming, with the moonlight o'er me streaming, when before me, eye-balls gleaming, loomed a dreadful monster fly; and as o'er my cot he towered, like a dragon he glowered, while with awful fear I cowered and prepared myself to die. Then as all my veins ran water and I felt my reason totter, he addressed me: "Mr. Swatter, is it hot enough for you?"

Speaking of hot weather reminds us that once upon a time when it was about as hot as it is now a young man and a young lady kind of melted into one and it took a divorce court and two lawyers to get them separated.

How would you like to be in Europe?

Neither would we.

Sunny Slope

Frank Clarke of Monmouth was in our neighborhood Monday.

George Rhodes of near Independence visited friends here Sunday.

Mrs. Jesse Johnson of the Luckiamute visited Mrs. George Heck Friday.

George C. Hesebro of The Dalles was here on business the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Fishback of near Independence visited with relatives here Sunday.

Chas. Holman was in Monmouth one day the past week on business.

Len Fishback received a gold medal recently from the county superintendent of Yamhill county, as he was successful in the Declamation contest held in McMinnville.

Mrs. Geo. Swearingen was

shopping in Monmouth Friday.

Mrs. Lafa Johnson and daughter Fern visited relatives near Independence Thursday.

William Yeater of the Luckiamute was in Sunny Slope Monday.

Clyde Timmie and family of Salem are living with her parents, Wm. Bogzynska Sr. and wife.

Mrs. J. B. Stump and son, Johnny, are Independence traders Monday.

Miss Ina Fishback went to Carlton Wednesday from which place she will go by car with friends to Tillamook and different beaches.

HOME FOR SALE

Good seven room house with two lots well located in Independence. Price, \$2200, half cash and half on five years' time. R. J. Taylor.