

# AN INVESTMENT IN LOVE

It Was a Complicated Business.

By EUGENE A. VOGT

Glenwish Johnson sat in the private office of the Acme-Johnson Grocery company, of which commanding establishment he was president and practically sole owner.

Curtis, the confidential young man of Johnson's own business rearing, was with him, as usual, at this hour—4 o'clock—to receive his superior's final instructions for the day.

"Well," concluded Mr. Johnson in that key tone the meaning of which some knew better than Curtis, "that's settled. If that Marden note is not paid tomorrow you go ahead and foreclose the mortgage. This presumes an old friendship and that sort of rot will not go. I've renewed it once, and I'm tired of it."

Curtis smiled and nodded as he shut down the top of his chief's desk. The latter had turned to go, but stopped suddenly.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I almost forgot. My little girl is twenty-one today." The diplomatic Curtis merely smiled his congratulations. "Hand me my private check book, Curt," ordered Johnson. "I'll take it home with me."

Emil, the porter of Charles Thran's leaf tobacco establishment on Water street, New York, was the first member of that firm's force to gasp as Edna, Glenwish Johnson's daughter, alighted from her electric car and impulsively entered his part of the house.

"I should like to see Miss Grace Marden, Mr. Thran's stenographer," she said sweetly.

"Right in there, lady," he said, pointing toward the inner office.

"Hello, Edna," came Thran's voice, cheery and cordial. "What on earth brings you way down to Water street?"

"I came down to see Grace on business, Mr. Thran. You don't mind let me speak to her in private for a few minutes?"

Thran patted the girl's cheek with the familiarity of a very old friend and ceremoniously bowed himself out of his own office, softly closing the door behind him. Presently, however, the door of the private office opened and Edna stood at the threshold, her face rather pale and her pose unsteady.

"Please come in, Mr. Thran," she pleaded tremulously.

Mr. Thran re-entered his sanctum only to find that his troubles had just begun. His young stenographer was huddled in her chair staringly near the verge of tears.

"I can't do a thing with her, Mr. Thran," began Edna fiercely. "I do wish you would make her do it; I can't."

"What is it, Edna?" he inquired, with real concern.

"The whole thing is a muddle in this: Mr. Marden, this foolish girl's father, owes papa \$5,000, and if it isn't paid before 3 o'clock today papa says he will foreclose the mortgage or something, and Grace and Uncle Billy John Marden will be homeless. Now, I was twenty-one yesterday, and papa gave me a check for \$5,000 as a birthday gift. I was so happy about it, knowing that it would just cover the amount Uncle John owes papa, and now Grace—Grace—she won't take it. Please make her take it, Mr. Thran."

"Please, Mr. Thran," now came appealingly from the other girl, "please do not try to make me do this thing. God knows I appreciate Edna's motives, and I love her all the more for her kindly intentions. But I cannot take this money from her."

"Edna," he said very tenderly, "you are a very kind, dear girl, and I am proud to know you. But you do not understand, my dear. I am truly very sorry for both of you."

Johnson would gladly have paid the two thousand himself, but was afraid of that man Curtis. After twelve years of patient work to make a real business man out of his young confidential man Johnson did not dare to make so sentimental a proposition.

So he had carefully planned it all, had presented Edna with the check and an admission to invest it as she saw fit, and then discreetly apprised her of Marden's indebtedness to him and the inevitable consequences of a failure to meet the note the next day.

Johnson only heard of the misadventure of his plan at about 2 o'clock that afternoon. Rushing to his private office from Johnson at that hour, he found his daughter on the verge of tears, with the check in her hand.

"Oh, papa, Grace won't take the check, won't let me help her—me, her best friend."

He turned to his daughter, smiling grimly. The girl placed the piece of paper she had been holding in his hands.

"Come along with me, dearie. You do not have to ask Grace Marden or any one else to pay that note. All you need do is to go over to the bank and pay it. But as my check is not certified and, besides, you have never been inside of a real commercial bank I'll go with you if you will let me."

Edna rewarded her father with a grateful hug and kiss, and they reversed the other offices. Glen Johnson, accompanied by his daughter, walked authoritatively up to the note

in a window of one of New York's banking institutions.

"How do you do, Mr. Johnson?" greeted the man behind the bars respectfully.

"All right," responded the other cordially. "You have a note here for collection, \$5,000, John Marden, maker, to my order. This lady wishes to pay it. Want me to certify it?"

The note teller scrutinized the check "Oh," remarked Smith, still smiling amusedly, "the check is all right, of course, but I can't take it. The note has been paid, Mr. Johnson."

"Paid?"

"Most unusual thing about this collection," returned the teller. "It seems everybody wants to pay it. You are the third party to attempt to do so. It wasn't more than ten minutes ago that Miss Grace Marden came in to pay it. She presented a certified check signed by Charles Thran."

"Oh, Mr. Thran?" interposed Edna gleefully. "So he paid it himself. Isn't that noble of him?"

"Mr. Thran's intentions were good," proceeded the teller, "but he was too late by at least half an hour; but, of course, and here the teller risked a sly wink at Edna's father, "you know who really paid it, Mr. Johnson."

"I!" exploded the latter. "Do you think I came over here with my daughter to make a fool of myself?"

"I—I—really, I beg your pardon," stammered Smith. "But naturally I thought you knew when your own Mr. Curtis paid the note."

"It's all right, Mr. Smith," muttered Johnson, stroking his brow. "Come, Edna, let us go."

Johnson was still nervously clutching his daughter's hand as they passed through the outer office of the Acme-Johnson Grocery company.

Just before he entered the girl into the private office he ordered the office boy to send in Mr. Curtis at once. The culprit entered with his usual placid air.

"Hear anything about the Marden note?" asked Johnson leadingly.

"Yes, sir," replied Curtis dryly. "The note has been paid."

"Oh, it has, has it?" asked the chief sarcastically. "How do you know that since you haven't been to the bank today?"

The smile on the confidential young man's face was serene.

"I've been at the bank, Mr. Johnson," he said calmly. "I went there for the purpose of paying the Marden note."

"And you paid it?"

"You paid it," repeated Johnson, flustered by the other's nonchalance. "We know you paid it, but why? You—in heaven's name! Why did you pay it? There is something behind all this, and I want to know it."

"There is a great deal behind it, Mr. Johnson," admitted Curtis cheerfully. "My life's happiness is behind it. Grace Marden has promised to become my wife."

"And you thought you would do a very wise thing by paying her father's note?" demanded Johnson.

"I thought so," replied the young man with just the slightest note of doubt in his voice. The elder man turned abruptly to his desk.

"I am sure," soothed his daughter, "that you are to be congratulated, Mr. Curtis. And your paying the note was a very noble act."

"Thank you," replied Curtis sheepishly as he took the dainty hand she had extended.

Ungraciously and ungratefully, he wished the radiant young woman showering him with appreciation would suffer him to get away—better yet—would depart herself and leave him to have it out with her imperious, heartless father alone.

But suddenly Johnson rose to his feet. The young assistant's worried expression gave way to a triumphant grin at sight of the changed countenance of his chief, for the good, old halting gleam shone in those eyes once more. Johnson handed the young man a check he had written.

"Now, listen here, Curt," he said sternly. Curtis knew the tone and hearkened attentively. "This is an order, and if it isn't carried out to the letter I'll fire you." Johnson's gray eyes softened as he continued: "Curt, you have put your good self in a fix. Billy John's daughter is too proud to stand for what you have just done. Don't I know the girl? Now, boy, you go over to the bank and stop that fool deal you just made. Now, you listen to me!" as Curtis made a gesture of protest. "Listen to sense, will you, even if you are in love! You go over to the bank and do as I say. Then you come back here with that admirable note. And then it's my note. I'll write Marden a letter, agreeing to extend that infernal note of his another four months. I'll tell him—er—any thing—changed or mind or something. Well, never mind what I tell him; that's one of your business nor, turning to his daughter, who had laughed snubly, "one of yours either, madam. That saves the girl's pride and relieves the old man's anxiety. Now, listen to me you two—two—well, never mind!" for Edna had laughed reverently again. "I want you to know this much. I pay the \$5,000—do you get that? I—Glenwish Johnson—and no other living man, or woman either! Now, Curt, scoot!"

Curtis having "scooted," father and daughter faced each other with a new and better understanding.

"I am so proud of you," she murmured. Glen Johnson caught the tears in her voice as he saw them on her cheeks.

"You mustn't cry about it, girlie," he said tenderly.

But she did cry about it while her happy father held her very close to his breast, for he knew that every tear she shed was a token of her new love and a reverence for himself.

# LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Items of Interest Gathered in and About Town

Phone in the news.

Dr. Lowe (himself) March 20th.

Dr. R. E. Duganne dentist, National Bank building, Crex Rugs and Matting, Moore & Walker.

Mrs. Lucy L. Whiteaker returned from Mesa, Wash, Wednesday.

Mrs. Harry Mix is with her parents at Philomath for a few days.

W. G. Sherman of Ocean View was visiting friends in this city Monday.

J. R. N. Bell of Corvallis visited in Independence and Monmouth Tuesday.

W. E. Gilbert returned Wednesday from a business visit at Kellogg, Idaho.

Mrs. E. L. Ketchum and Miss Ada have gone to California for a month's visit.

Frank Miller is out again after a three weeks illness with mumps and malaria.

Save money, time and weight; rent our electric carpet cleaner, Moore & Walker.

E. E. Addington and family moved across the river in Marion county last Monday.

W. O. Cook of Eugene spent a few days this week with his sister Mrs. J. Dornis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Jones of Monmouth were Independence visitors Wednesday.

Mrs. Goodman arrived Saturday evening from Portland to visit her sister, Mrs. J. S. Cooper.

J. S. Bohannon, who has been wintering in California, returned to Independence this week.

Pillows, Comforters and Blankets, Moore & Walker, the Home Furnishers, Independence, O.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hurd were here from Salem Sunday, guests of Mrs. Hurd's brother, Ben C. Crow.

Mrs. Van Dornsife arrived from Cornelius Wednesday and will visit for a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. J. Dornis.

Roy Collins and Henry Crabtree left Independence Wednesday morning for Eastern Oregon, in the vicinity of Bend, where they will file on claims.

Thomas Fennell, who recently was operated upon for gall stones, is again in a Portland hospital suffering from the same complaint. An examination will be held today and if any stones can be located, another operation will be necessary.

Mrs. N. F. Gillispie returned Sunday morning from Amity, where she went to attend a meeting of the "Twenty Year Club," so called because only those having lived in Oregon for twenty years are eligible to be members. Mrs. Gillispie reports a most enjoyable time.

George Rowe is making himself at home in Salem this week.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a bazaar on Easter Saturday, April 3.

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

A cross walk has been built from Judge Henkle's corner to the Baptist church.

The Monitor hears that Dr. Clarence Henkle is planning to locate in Independence.

Plenty of paint is being spread this week on several business houses and residences.

Just received—new line of Colonial Velvet, Carlton Axminster and Empire Tapestry Rugs.

Moore & Walker.

Auto Truck For Sale or Trade—See Denny Bros. at Second Hand Store, Independence, Oregon. 29

The city council held a matinee yesterday afternoon and finished such work as was started Wednesday night.

The Independence Athletic Club met the Rickreal H. S. team in basketball Wednesday night at Rickreal, the latter team winning by a score of 25 to 16.

The manual training department of the high school has built and placed a "shoot-the-chutes" on the public school grounds, which is proving a great amusement for the youngsters.

Mrs. James Cooper and Dr. H. C. Dunsmore have been selected by the county superintendent to have charge of the Independence exhibits at the county fair this fall.

A contract has been let for the repairing of the roof and north window of the high school building, in order that the rainfall within the building will not equal that on the outside.

Mrs. E. C. Birtchet is making the race for one of the Portland Telegram's prize autos and all who would like to see Independence win one of the prizes should rally to her support.

Among the coming attractions are two home talent productions that will be sure to please. A play for the benefit of the Civic Improvement League is scheduled for the last week in March, which will be followed by a musical operetta in the interest of the school library.

Salem Capital Journal: Mrs. L. M. Porterfield, wife of the well known and very prominent farmer of Independence departed for her home from the Salem hospital this morning on the high road to recovery, after having undergone a serious surgical operation about two weeks ago.

Let us frame that picture for you. Moore & Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Currier have gone to the Coos Bay section where they will find a location.

## MONMOUTH

Monmouth has a new meat market.

On Feb. 24th a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Morlan.

Mrs. Sarah Mulkey has returned to Monmouth to reside.

The officers of the Monmouth Creamery had a meeting Saturday and made plans for the manufacture of cheese.

The Civic Club has voted to join the federation.

John Riddell and Mrs. E. C. Staats will secure exhibits for the county fair this year.

Wood, Gravel and Sediment, delivered. 13th F. E. Rider.

Wanted—Fruit trees to spray. 20c each. 25 George Govro.

## Baby Chicks For Sale

From Single Comb White Leghorn and S. L. Wyandott, from egg laying Strains, day old chicks and eggs for hatching. We will take orders now for later delivery. Rose Lawn Poultry Yards, Independence, Ore Phone 5921, Main.

## SPRING MILLINERY

Our Formal Opening will occur Saturday, March 6. You will profit by a visit to our large and attractive display of Tailored, Dress and Pattern Hats and Smart Millinery for all occasions at

The Leader, McCall & Hanna.

Spartans Kept in Trim. The ancient Spartans paid so much attention to the rearing of men as cattle dealers in this country and England in modern times do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body.

Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military exercise and the service of Sparta were soundly whipped.

In one particular instance, that of Naucles, the son of Polytus, the offender was brought before the Ephori and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unwarlike fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a son of Lacedaemon.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Napoleonic Famine Scare. Britain was on the verge of a bread famine during the Napoleonic wars, and in 1800 a law was enacted prohibiting the sale of bread till it had been out of the oven at least twenty-four hours. "Food was so scarce and dear," writes F. W. Hackwood, "that a portion of the population refused to starve in silence, and rioting broke out in many parts of England. A royal grant of £500 was made to one Thomas Toden to enable him to prosecute a discovery made by him of a 'paste' as a substitute for wheat flour. The unfortunate women fighting Great Britain's battle of the high seas had to subsist on biscuits so badly made that when the vessels were knocked out there often remained nothing but empty shells." A plentiful harvest the following year saved the situation.—London Standard.

"Decimation." A popular error which recurs with unvarying regularity whenever military engagements are reported is the use of the word "decimated" to imply a crushing defeat or something approaching annihilation. Yet as a moment's consideration of the real meaning of the word suffices to show, the word is so used quite erroneously. "Decimation" means the destruction of one-tenth part of the force involved, and the loss of one in ten, though scientifically serious, certainly does not mean anything like that wholesale destruction usually meant when "decimation" is talked of. Losses of one in three or one in four have been sustained by forces which still maintained their cohesion and discipline.—Westminster Gazette.

Economy and Saving. A sort of paradox is the fact that thousands of people who make no effort to save a dollar when times are likely prosperous will develop and practice economy when work and opportunity are less plentiful. The best way, of course, is to try and save at least a little all the time, putting by a larger amount when earnings are at their height. As a nation we are not taught that economy, which makes France the banker of the world and whose accumulations come not from vast exports of natural resources, but from the combined small savings, consistently continued year after year, by the French people as a whole.

The French save partly because it has become hereditary and chiefly because the children are brought up that way and are taught the dignity of accumulation. We, on the contrary, in a spirit of false pride, are inclined to scorn the necessity of saving, as though it were something of which to be ashamed. If our present experiences shall teach us their it will be a strengthening of a great national weakness.—H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Domestic Harmony. Louise—Does Howard get along happily with his wife? Julia—Yes. Some of his opinions coincide with hers and the others he keeps silent about.—Life.

All Around Him. "I'm looking for spots." "You ought to have my job for a while," commented the weary floor-walker.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# Millinery Opening

I will show a most complete line of Millinery, both in Street, Dress and Pattern Hats, on : : : :

## March the 13th

You can't afford to miss this opening as it will be larger and better than ever before and the prices right.

## THE C STREET MILLINERY PARLORS.



# Family Power Washer

Put the clothes in the machine, close the lid and machine is in gear. Open lid and machine is out of gear. There is no shaft running through dasher or dolly to stick into the clothes and tear them. Wringer swings between washing and rinsing tubs and is controlled by handy foot pedals. Wringer has reversible drain board so clothes can be wrung from any tub on the platform without shifting tubs. Most of the machinery is underneath the platform. All cogs, gears, and chains are entirely enclosed or completely shielded—no danger to operator or clothes. Machine tub is constructed of thoroughly seasoned cypress wood. This wood is especially adaptable to washing machines, as it grows in the swamps and is not affected by weather changes. Stand or platform is made of solid, straight grained wood, properly seasoned so that it will not warp. The wood platform makes the nicest washing machine platform, as it does not rust, is easy to keep clean, and will not harm the daintiest fabrics should they come in contact with it. You are invited to come and see the "Meadows Family" in action. It will only take a few minutes to show it to you.

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