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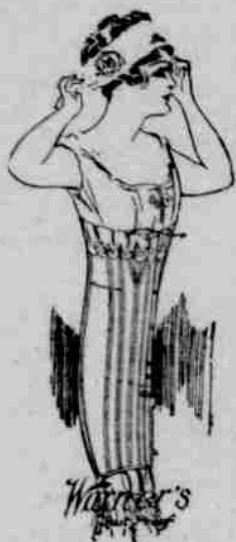
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THE PROPOSED RECALL

Having been approached by the reactionists to become a candidate for county judge in the recall movement, which is proposed by this faction, Mr. U. S. Grant declines to become identified with the undertaking, and in so doing expresses his confidence in the present administration. And this feeling is not alone with Mr. Grant. In so far as The Observer is able to learn, public sentiment is largely against the proposed recall movement. Nevertheless, if dissatisfaction exists to such an extent that life is made miserable for any considerable portion of the community, it might not be unwholesome to present the matter to the taxpayers of the county for their decision. Majority rule is the fundamental principle of American government, and a vote on the issue that is now agitating the minds of the dissatisfied ones might have a consoling effect. —Dallas Observer.

There is talk of a recall of the county judge and the two county commissioners. That there is considerable dissatisfaction with these officials throughout the county is apparent. Especially is this true as regards their road policy and expenditures. The writer, not having made a study of the financial situation of the county, nor being an expert at road-building, is not in a position to say whether or not this criticism is merited. Therefore the Itemizer, for the present, at least, is neutral. Whether we shall remain so throughout the recall campaign remains to be determined by our convictions after both sides of the controversy have been thoroughly threshed out.

Before casting their votes to recall the officials named, or even signing a petition for election for that purpose, there are a few things which the people of Polk county would like to know and are entitled to know. They would be assured that the men who are to succeed the present judge and commissioners are more competent to handle the affairs of the county. They would like to be assured that, granting that fact, the new officials would be more fair and equitable in the distribution of road funds. They would like to know that genuine economy would be practiced and honest effort made to reduce taxation without an impairment of service. They would like to know if there are "interests" back of the recall, as well as if there are "interests" opposed to it. In fact, the voters will want FACTS, not theories of insinuations. —Dallas Itemizer.

Trouble for the county court has been brewing for many moons. It appears that the county judge incurred the displeasure of certain men and they have been zealously watching for an opportunity to raise his scalplock. From what can be gathered it seems that certain localities where they have in the past been receiving more than their share of the road funds are jealous of the Falls City district through which the new road to the Coast is being built. Be it remembered, however, that the Falls City district levied a special tax for this purpose and has shared least in the road money in the past and is certainly entitled to use her own money. Just what other "breeches" of the peace or judicial etiquette the Judge and his fellow servitors have been guilty of we are not informed, but if this is the extent of his delinquencies it will avail but little in this community. —Falls City News.

Couldn't Faze Her.

"Some one played a dirty trick on Widow Jenkins."

"Zass?"

"Yes. They turned out the lights in the church at her third wedding and then gave her the laugh when she found her way up to the pulpit in the dark." —Michigan Garzoyle.

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

(continued from page 1)

SECOND EPISODE.

In London Town.

It was a merry night in the cafe of the Hotel Hanson, in London. The hour when, under the law, the lights should be dimmed, had passed. After theater parties were at the height of gaiety, and many soldiers were there to enjoy the last hours of ease and freedom. Suddenly a loud exclamation was heard:

"The cowardly beggar, he sure should be making merry and drinking wine, but he's thinking about some girl miles and miles away, I know."

Two variety performers, girls of a vivacious type, turned toward the table at which Michael Maloney sat. They had cost Michael many dollars, and consequently were looking for new fields to conquer, fearing that he might have no more. They saw Paddy Rooney gazing steadfastly, even mournfully, at a metal mounted object, while the orchestra played a tune which was then becoming widely popular because of the war.

Marie, newly elevated from the position of chorus girl to show girl at the Gaiety, jumped quietly to her feet and tiptoed to the table where the sad faced young soldier sat. Seizing the article which he held in his hand, she glanced at it momentarily and then brandished it aloft in a bejeweled hand before the occupants of the adjoining table. They saw in a glided frame the photograph of a buxom young maiden, black haired and black eyed, who was immediately known to Michael Maloney, the jovial host of the evening, to be none other than Molly Molloy.

"The wrath of the saints be on ye!" shouted Patrick as the treasured memento of Molly's loveliness left his hands. Springing to his feet, he turned and saw that the hated Michael Maloney had risen from the nearby table and was standing with a dripping glass of champagne in his hand.

"He's a—homosick—lady," blurted out Maloney. "He's a—worryin'—he's about to go—I let—behold—"

In the loud guffaw which followed Paddy started in wild rage across to the table behind which Maloney was standing. But Marie was quicker than he. She darted toward him and threw her arm about him, at the same time pressing the photograph into his hand. Paddy pushed her from him and placed the precious reminder of days past in his pocket.

"I meant no harm," the girl said. Paddy started to surge forward again at the scornful Maloney, when the orchestra began playing once more, and the audience joined in singing these words:

"It's a long way to Tipperary; it's a long way to go."

"It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know; Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester square."

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there."

Paddy lifted and bowed his head. He drew from his pocket the picture of Molly and struggled to keep back the tears that welled into his eyes.

Then Maloney's companions laughed in their glee as Paddy Rooney sank into his chair to listen to the last strains of the song that was ringing in his ears.

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there."

But a few minutes had passed after the music had ceased when a portentous commotion occurred in the cafe.



"I MEANT NO HARM," SHE SAID.

A high commissioned officer of the British army was seen making his way through the smoky, drink scented room.

"Men of the British defense," the officer snapped with trained precision in front of the tables where sat Maloney, Rooney and other uniformed followers of King George. "You are to report at once to the command of Colonel Cartwright at the southwest entrance to Hyde park. Tomorrow at noon you will be entrained to go to Dover and from which port you will cross the channel to Calais."

Michael Maloney's party broke up speedily, and its members walked out, complaining at the summary procedure of the British authorities.

Through another doorway Patrick Rooney walked out alone and transversed the darksome sidewalks of the Strand.

Paddy was in a dangerous mood. His drawn lips, set jaws and twitching fingers would have shown that to any one who had been able to photograph him by means of a flashlight that night as he hurried to the encampment at Hyde park with the thought of Michael Maloney and of Molly Molloy spurring his brain into action.

And Michael Maloney whispered to himself as he sank into grateful slumber in his tent but a few yards away: "I'll win and wed Molly Molloy if I live through this war, and that's all I want to live for."

THIRD EPISODE.

On the Firing Line.

FOR days the allies had been pushing toward the banks of the river Aisne, where a decisive conflict with the combined Teutons and Austrians was certain to occur. Infantry and cavalry by the hundred thousands filed through ruined, deserted villages day and night. Light and heavy field artillery lumbered and grumbled and groaned over the mudholes and the ruts marking the highways. Miles of commissary wagons and armored automobiles equipped with bloodthirsty mitrailleuses, spitting hundreds of steel nosed messengers of death a minute, wended their way up hill and down valley, here and again passing through plumed lines of Belgian refugees. Ragged, starving old men and women and ragged, starving little children they were, miserable remnants of a nation swept remorselessly into the human scrap heap by the grim panoply of war.

Creaking trucks carrying aeroplanes and hydroplanes for the aviation corps; others bearing huge boats for use in building pontoon bridges; load after load of fodder for the horses; ambulances bearing the wounded to places of shelter and care; groups of stern looking officers with their decorations won in gory conflict; swarthy men from the African tropics and the hymn singing warriors from northern Scotland's icy mountains—all these were parts of that vast onward moving assemblage on which depended the fate of nations and races and world governments.

And atoms in it all were Patrick Rooney and Michael Maloney, stalwarts of the first line in the Tipperary guards. Colonel Downs commandant.

Finally came the night before the battle of the Bridge of Napoleon III. The orders were to assault the German trenches at 5 a. m. Around the campfires of the guards all were merry except Paddy Rooney. The men of his company, led in the slugging by Michael, sent reverberating through the surrounding forest the strains of the song he loved so well:

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there."

He could stand it no longer. Pacing his knapsack on his knees, he sat in the flickering campfire light and wrote to Molly. Mike Maloney, noticing this action, tiptoed toward Paddy and, reaching forward, snatched the half finished letter from the latter's hand. Triumphant Mike dashed back and while several of the soldiers held Paddy, Mike read aloud the roughly scribbled words:

"Dearest Molly—Very soon we sure will have the biggest battle of the war. I don't know whether I will come out of it alive or not, so, my sweetheart, I write to say goodbye in case—"

Laughter and jeers and taunts at Paddy enraged him. His face livid in the fiery glow from blazing logs, he tore himself free and rushed madly at Mike.

"D—n you!" he shrieked.

The men clinched, then broke the clinch and hammered one another unmercifully.

"What's this?" a stern voice suddenly pierced through the night.

The men stopped fighting. The spectators fell back before the commandant, Colonel Downs.

"Boys," the old colonel said quietly, "save your strength for the enemy. Don't waste it on brother Irishmen. Now be ready. We march at daybreak."

The battle of the Bridge of Napoleon III, crossing the river Aisne will go down in history as one of the costliest, bitterest engagements of all time. The Germans held the approaches to the structure as well as those to other arches over the picturesque stream. The line of battle was approximately twenty miles long. British aviators had discovered the location of the German trenches, in which were concealed infantry, sharpshooters and machine guns. On the flanks the Teutons were guarded by 42 centimeter guns, the special machines of death which battered into shapeless heaps of brick, marble and stone the cathedrals, public buildings, costly palaces and humble homes of Rheims, Antwerp, Louvain, Alost, Senlis, Neupont, Verdun and a dozen other localities.

The allies covered the advance of their infantry and cavalry with well timed, well directed artillery fire, and the Tipperary guards soon found themselves past the trenches and a chief factor in the fight for the control of the bridge. The German fire was like a rain of death. Men fell on all sides. Many wounded dropped into the water and were drowned.

Rooney, having penetrated to the middle of the structure, seized a deserted gatling gun, and, lying flat on its stomach, directed a withering fire into the very faces of the foe. They fell back gradually. New courage seized the hearts of the guards. They charged with fixed bayonets, and the German center was broken. Their great battle line, twenty miles long, was cut in two through its very middle.

(continued on page 4)

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