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Men and Boys
CLOTHING

Conkey & Walker

HATS AND
FURNISHINGS



VIRGINIA S. AT NEWPORT

Monitor's Society Editor Writes of the Pleasures of the Coast Resort

Now that the mid-Summer season is on, Newport seems to be the mecca for Independence vacationists and quite a congenial colony of Independenceites congregates on the beach every afternoon. Many have cottages, while others are pleasantly located in hostleries, and still others have pitched their tents and are rustivating to their own satisfaction.

Salmon trolling is being enjoyed on the Yaquina bay. Many individual catches are being made and chinooks weighing over 30 pounds are being landed.

Owing to a law passed by the last legislature, not requiring a fishing license to fish in the bays and tidal rivers, every one who can avail themselves of a troll and a boat is out for the sport, and this promises to be a leading diversion for some time, for the anglers report exciting tussles in landing them.

Surf bathing on the beach at Nye Creek is popular and large crowds are in the surf every day, although the north wind has prevented the crowds being larger, but when a flood of brilliant sunshine comes the breakers never fail to lure large crowds of bathers. The light house, as usual, draws a large number of people. This year a favorite diversion for the Summer people is to make an all day excursion up the beach, where the light is located, passing part of the time at the lighthouse and a part at Agate Beach, a little resort nearby. The lighthouse is about four miles from Newport and offers a convenient goal for those who enjoy walking. The Punch Bowl, although not so easily accessible, has a charm for the beach folk sufficient to impel them to make the 20-mile trip from Newport, as there are many scenic wonders enroute.

Another popular diversion before the tide comes in is to provide yourself with a pick and dig for rock oysters, which make delicious stews or fries. One realizes a remarkable contrast between the Western Coast here, and some of the Eastern and Southern resorts, as here conditions remain more just as God has chiseled them, for the ingenuity of man has not been so busily engaged to add his share of mechanism to the natural beauty. Taken as a whole the writer considers this more wholesome and restful to the one who is tired and fatigued with business cares and seeking rest from mental and physical exertions.

Not so much care or thought is given to white flannels or immaculate linens here as there, and one is likely to return more strengthened as a result of the rustic freedom. Each incoming boat brings additional Independenceites. The latest arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. DeArmond. Others who are enjoying the cool sea breezes are Mrs. Geo. Whiteaker, Vivian, Velma and Earl Whiteaker, Mrs. L. Crane and daughters Helen and Frances Eaton, Miss Lavilla Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. W. Huff and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hubbard and Mrs. Hubbard Jr., Mrs. Layton Smith, Mrs. Al Whitney and son, Mrs. Frank Pluke, Mrs. Mabel Ground Johnson, Mrs. A. L. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hibbs and daughter, Mrs. Hardy, Rev. and Mrs. Stewart (Methodist), Mr. Bewley, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Drexler, Mr. and Mrs. Marwin and Mr. and Mrs. Olen Whiteaker who are pleasantly located for the summer. Mrs. Clyde Ecker is their guest. Others expected to arrive are Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bohannon, Mrs. Burton and daughter Miss Florence.

V. S.

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Full directions with each bottle. Money back if not satisfied.

RED CROSS PHARMACY

The White Terror

A Story With a Purpose

(continued from page 1)

showed an advance of eight deaths in every 10,000 from pulmonary diseases.

Matthew, when Eleanor told him of a forthcoming visit to friends in Canada, realized what her absence would mean to him—it would leave a void in his life that no one else could fill. He now knew that he loved her.

In spite of the dollars and prestige of family at his command he was the stammering schoolboy all over again as he knelt before the girl and whispered the words of his affection for her.

But the millionaire's son was to get a shock of no mean dimensions.

Eleanor thrust him gently but determinedly away from her.

"No, I will not marry you, Matthew. No, not yet!"

He stood trembling to anxiety and asked in stricken tones:

"Why—why not? Is there another who?"

"There is no other whom I care for," the girl said, advancing to him and placing her hand on his shoulder.

"There is no other, but I will not marry any man who has not made his mark in the world. I want you to be my hero. At present you are nothing but a handsome young man of immense wealth and of expensive education who has no thought of the duty he owes to his fellow beings."

"Yes, but I"—he began to protest.

The girl continued in spite of his interruption.

"Go out and do something big in this great world of men"—she pointed to the door—"go out and do something REAL for Everytown. Create some needed reform in our city. Show the public—and me—that you are a man of ability and action. Then come to me and I will marry you."

Matthew Brand backed slowly away. Then he stepped forward impulsively and kissed the finger tips Eleanor extended to him.

"I will! I will!" he exclaimed tensely. "You will hear from me. You will."



Boyd Was One of the Financial Dictators of the Land.

Business, dear, have given me the inspiration, the incentive, to cease this extravagant, purposeless way of living. I will go out into the world and find a great work to do—and do it."

It was with longing and tenderness in his eyes and in every gesture that Matthew Brand departed from the girl he loved.

"I know he will succeed. I know that he will come back to me with his

promise fulfilled. He must do it," murmured Eleanor as, standing in the drawing room window of her father's home, she drew aside one of the curtains and watched Matthew walk swiftly away.

CHAPTER II. Modern Business.

THE president of the Boyd Chemical company was in a rage of wildest proportions. He walked up and down in his expensively furnished library, muttering vehemently. On the table before him was a copy of the Daily Clarion, the only newspaper of Everytown.

There, in bold display type, on the front page was an article denouncing the Boyd company's widely advertised "sure cure" for consumption. The story related that the medicine did not



Cole's Plant Was Heavily Mortgaged.

cure—a fake—and that the unsanitary conditions in the plant of the giant corporation were practically indescribable. The health and welfare of the employees were neglected in the mad grasping of more dollars for Boyd. You can always replace men and women when they break down and die, argued Boyd, but you can't always replace dollars and stocks and dividend coupons that you have lost.

Boyd seized a telephone and called up his factory manager, Duncan, who, a nervy, unscrupulous man, was just the sort of aid that Boyd believed he needed in his business.

Duncan was not only the manager of the Boyd corporation's factory, but he was the manufacturer's chief political lieutenant. When it came to a piece of "dirty work" in a convention or on election day Duncan had frequently demonstrated his fitness for the job.

"Did you see that scandalous article about our business in the Clarion?" snapped Boyd.

"Sure thing!" answered Duncan. "I was just starting to see you about it."

"Well, there's only one thing to do. Go right over and see that rattle brain editor. Tell him that I will force all of his big advertisers to drop his paper if he doesn't let us alone."

"Suppose I offer him a thousand dollars to stop the attack?" suggested Duncan.

"No," was the answer of Boyd. "That conscientious rat can't be bought. I know him too well. Go do what I told you. Tell him also that we will force the county committee to take away his political advertising."

Two hours later Duncan called on Boyd and showed him a signed statement from Courtney Cole, editor of the Clarion, to the effect that there would be no further attacks on the Boyd corporation. The young editor and proprietor was forced to realize that he would be utterly ruined if he continued the reform campaign. His plant was heavily mortgaged, and he was barely making the paper pay him an income.

"You did a good job!" cried Boyd heartily, slapping Duncan on the back.

"I guess we know a trick or two," responded Duncan. "I made that mutt wriggle like a caterpillar caught on a locust thorn."

The sensation caused by the article exposing the Boyd corporation attracted the attention of Matthew Brand. He could hardly believe that the great millionaire Boyd would tolerate such a state of affairs.

He called on Boyd to find out what the real situation was in his factory.

"Is it possible that your employees live in damp, dark, rickety houses and that disease runs riot among them?" asked Brand.

"No, no, my boy," laughed Boyd easily. "That stuff in the Clarion is pure fake."

"How about the awful conditions in your factory? Is it true that your men work long hours in crowded, poorly lighted rooms, with hardly any sanitary protection; that, for example, their drinking water and wash water both come from the same faucets over ill-smelling sinks; also that your so-called 'cures' are not cures at all?"

Boyd flushed angrily.

"No, no," he cried loudly. "I tell you it's all a lie!"

Still unsatisfied, Brand visited Editor Cole and asked him if his accusations were based on actual facts.

"I want to know all about this," said Brand. "I will aid in the campaign against that medicine very substantially, if you convince me that it is a fake."

(continued on page 4)

Try this Test

Place an aluminum utensil, empty, over a fire and when utensil has become heated throughout, throw into it a pint of ice-water. You will find the utensil unaffected.



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