

LOW FARES
for
ROUND TRIPS TO



CALIFORNIA AND CALIFORNIA
To Eastern Cities

Write or ask any Oregon Electric Agent
for details about Circle or Direct Tours.

\$30 Round Trip

MEALS AND BERTH INCLUDED

From Albany, Salem or Portland
to San Francisco and Return

OREGON ELECTRIC, NORTH BANK ROAD

AND THE PALATIAL

Steamships "Great Northern" and "Northern Pacific"

From Salem to Omaha, St. Paul, Kansas City or St. Joseph
and back, \$61.50; Chicago, \$74.00; St. Louis, \$72.70.
Direct Routes. Many other places in proportion.

Ask for special fares East via San Francisco and San Diego, with
ten-day stopover privilege to see the Expositions.
Circle trips to Salt Lake.

CLATSOP BEACH QUICKEST REACHED FOR
WEEK-END OR SEASON VACATIONS.

R. H. CROZIER, A. G. P. A., J. W. RITCHIE, Agt., Salem.
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THE INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL BANK
Established 1889

A Successful Business Career of Twenty Five Years

INTEREST PAID ON
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**FLIES WON'T BITE
COWS WON'T KICK
IF
WOOD-LARK FLY REPELLENT
(TRADE MARK)
IS USED. EASILY APPLIED
SAVES TIME · TEMPER · MILK · MONEY.**
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THE RED CROSS PHARMACY**

Meals served at all hours The Best Meal—the Best Service

Regular Dinner 25c

The Palace Cafe

E. J. FOWLER, Prop.

EVERYTHING SERVED TO SUIT THE CUSTOMER

Located on South Side of C St.

Next door to Blake & Johnson's

11crt. Main 25c

The Monitor For News
All the Time

Try INDEPENDENCE First

THE
SOCIAL
CANTER

By Botts Collick, Horse Editor

If you have tears, prepare to shed
them now.—Shakespeare.

Owing to the absence of Virginia Southern, who is still washing her feet in the Pacific ocean, the horse editor has been placed in charge of her department for this week. Being somewhat ignorant of the prevailing pastime in the social world, he started out the first of the week to call upon the ladies who trot in her best society with his nose for news accompanying.

Unfortunately, he found none of them at home. That is, drumming on the front door failed to get a response and he tried several back doors with the same result. Peculiar too, but as he stepped upon the porches, curtains and blinds were pulled down. At one place he distinctly heard one lady say in a stage whisper, "who is the female?" Not being a female, he was much encouraged but the alarm at the door was unanswered. At these places where the curtains were not pulled down soon enough, he discovered that kimonas are the prevailing style. At the back doors, observation leads him to declare that the usual spring cleaning has been delayed.

MISS LONG AND MR. SHORT WED

The marriage of Miss Lettie Long and Mr. Sidie Short took place at high five, Rev. S. Pious Podd officiating. Miss Fanny Farr was bridesmaid and Mr. Clarence Close best man. The bride's father gave her away. He said it was the proudest moment of his life and one he had looked forward to with much joy for twenty-four years or since his daughter was eighteen. The bride was gowned in a crape de cinnamon colored fluffed crocheted cotton creation and over her shoulders was flung an American flag. Owing to the non-arrival of the bridesmaid's wardrobe, she was not dressed at all. The groom wore the usual sign of mourning and walked bravely to the altar. The bride has been a member of our younger set for the past twenty-six years, and once took lessons on the mandolin. The groom has a local reputation as he has always insisted upon looking at three of a kind when he held two pair. The happy couple departed for East Independence on a motorcycle and as soon as they get back will be at home if the groom succeeds in renting a house and the number of presents received makes it possible.

GLEEFULLY ENTERTAINS

Mrs. Jackson Wad Highjinks entertained in a most excruciating manner Sunday night. There were forty invited guests present and six came that were not invited. The kitchen was sweetly smothered with oak leaves and lettuce so arranged that the words, "Ce monde est plein de fous" were formed. The bed in the front room was covered with the guests' hats, otherwise there were no decorations. Each guest was requested to write a poem about the rose. Miss Tillie Toddle was awarded the prize, a delicious baby cap all laticed in pink cheese cloth. Miss Toddle's poem was as follows:

A lovely rose I'll place
Upon some man's breast,
Then he will induce me,
To share his little nest.

Courses at the dinner were dispensed with and the twenty-seven salads were placed upon the table all at one time. Every guest was given a card on which

was printed these words, "go to it" and they responded most promiscuously. After the refreshments, so charmingly served, the guests hurriedly departed as it was supper time and they were all hungry.

HITTING THE HIGH PLACES

The musical feature of the week was the recital by Miss Caroline Evangeline Scream, pupil of Prof. Philander Z. Longhair. Miss Scream's voice is full of beauty and Independence will hear much of her whether it desires to do so or not. Every number was encored, a number of Miss Scream's relatives thoughtfully seeing to that. There was one unfortunate occurrence during the evening. While Miss Scream was pulling along smoothly in the upper ops, she unconsciously commenced to soar higher and higher and before her instructor could draw her attention, she had passed high C and was singing eight octaves above any music that was ever written. Prof. Longhair was fearful lest she had strained her voice, but he tried her out after the program was completed and she was still in tune.

The
White Terror

A Story With
a Purpose

(continued from page 1)

After bottle of Sacc-Ozone. How the three little children played around on the bare, uncarpeted floor and were practically uncared for owing to the poverty of the parents.

Arriving at the little three room shack which he called "home," he found his wife in a half fainting condition in bed. She was coughing perhaps even more violently than when he left in the morning. Quickly he went to a table and picked up a bottle of Sacc-Ozone. This would cure her, the newspaper advertisements said. This was the fifth bottle he had purchased. She gulped down a table spoonful of the "famous cure." Her coughing continued. Her face grew deathly pale. The children gathered around the bedside and began to cry.

Doyle reached for the Sacc-Ozone bottle. The bottle was empty. Wildly he rushed out of the house to the nearest drug store for another bottle of the precious "cure." Even as wildly he rushed back. He bent over the form on the bed, holding forth a table spoonful of the mixture. Then suddenly he drew back. A strange change had occurred during his absence. He seized the shriveled wrist, he put his ear to her heart. Too late! His toll worn helpmate was dead!

Doyle sobbed uncontrolledly; then with a crazed lunge he seized the bottle of Sacc-Ozone and threw it crashingly to the floor.

"That's what killed her!" he shrieked. "That's what killed her! And think of it! I worked for eighteen years in the place where the stuff is made! I guess this is the vengeance of God brought down on my head for doing it!"

CHAPTER III.

Copartners For the Public Good.
THE Daily Clarion was becoming the most widely talked of newspaper in the state. Brand and Cole improved the paper vastly, using half tone cuts and engaging special writers. They planned an elaborate exposé of Sacc-Ozone and Multikuroi, and the day the first article of the campaign appeared Boyd sternly demanded of Duncan how his arrangement with Editor Cole had been violated.

"Why," the patent medicine king shouted excitedly, "this attack is ten times worse than the first one! It says that my factory, where Sacc-Ozone is made, by its unhealthy conditions breeds the very diseases that the medicine is claimed to cure and that Sacc-Ozone does not cure it at all. Think of that cursed statement! It says that I buy more opium than any one else in America. It tells about that fool Doyle that you discharged, and there is an affidavit signed by him that says our employees have to drink whisky during working hours because the bad air tires them. He swears that there isn't a ventilator in the building. There are two. They are in my private office."

"I'll fix that Cole," snarled Duncan. "I'll destroy him or else he will destroy us."

"Come with me," said Boyd. "We will go over to the Clarion office now. And they did so.

Their reception was not altogether cordial. Cole was at his desk when the last people arrived. They went right in

REVIVAL MEETING



The good work goes on with increasing interest. Seven persons have been baptized and 46 have come forward for the purpose of reorganizing.

There will be services every evening thruout this week and next, closing Aug. 22. Great sermons are being delivered.

All are welcome to attend. Remember 8 P. M. is the time and the Christian church is the place.

past the office boy without signing to send in their cards.

"You cheap faker!" cried Duncan.

"You'll suffer for this!" Boyd stood at one side, and his strong face wore a grim, determined smile.

Cole looked up from his work. "How can I suffer when I don't own the paper?"

Boyd and Duncan exchanged a surprised glance.

Duncan went on: "You don't? How's that?"

"I've sold out."

"Who to?"

"The office boy."

Brand, who was standing outside the managing editor's door, doubled up in merriment.

Boyd stiffened and flushed in his anger at the answer.

Duncan, by his side, glowered at Cole and retorted:

"High, Smarty. Smarty gave a party and nobody came. Well, we're here at your party, Mr. Smarty, and you'll live to wish that you had never started on this line of yellow journal vandalism. Who owns this miserable rag?"

He waved a copy of the day's Clarion in the editor's face.

Cole did not budge an inch. He turned his face away from Duncan and resumed writing an editorial for the next day's paper.

Brand and the Clarion had combined their fight on Boyd with a spirited campaign to prevent tuberculosis, and they were receiving most valuable co-operation from the Everytown Anti-tuberculosis society. As a coincidence, when Boyd and Duncan called, the editorial he was writing was one commending the society for its work. It had conducted a hearing before the mayor and recommended that the city establish a tuberculosis sanatorium.

The men swung away to the door, and Brand dodged into an adjoining office.

The editor turned and called after his visitors:

"I can't tell you who owns the Clarion because I don't know my office boy's last name. I think his first name is Willie."

The pair snorted in their contempt for Cole and his wit and stormed into the elevator vowing vengeance on their foe.

"It's a case of the devil take the hindmost," grunted Duncan, "and we

will be the last to see him."

They stepped into the elevator and

the doors closed behind them.

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Sunday Excursion

Willamina to Newport
and return

SUNDAY, AUGUST 15th

\$2.50
Round Trip

This is the annual excursion from Willamina, Sheridan, Dallas, Monmouth Independence and intermediate points to Newport and return.

Special Train Schedule

Leave Willamina	5:00 A.M.	Leave Monmouth	6:35 A.M.
" Sheridan	5:20 "	" Independence	6:05 "
" Broadmead	5:40 "	" Parker	7:05 "
" Perrydale	5:45 "	" Suver	7:15 "
" Dallas	5:15 "	" Wellsdale	7:22 "
Leave Corvallis	8:05	Arrive at Newport	12:15 P.M.

RETURNING

LEAVE NEWPORT 6:00 P. M. CORVALLIS 10:25 A. M.

ARRIVE WILLAMINA 1:10 A. M.

Train will stop both going and returning at all intermediate points.

Six Hours Fun at the Beach

Music, boating, deep-sea fishing, surf bathing, roller skating, etc.

Ask nearest Agent for full particulars.

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John M. Scott, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

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Brisket 10c	Pork Steak 14c	Stew 15c
Roast 15c	Loin 17½c	Chops 17½c
Short Ribs 12½c	Ham 17½c	Loin 17½c
Steak 17c	Roast 15c	
MUTTON	LARD	
Stew 10c	Bull 15c	
Chops 12½	Bucke 7	
Leg 15c	Weinies 15c	Minced Ham 15c
Goat Meat 5c	Forequarter Goat 4c	

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Monitor Ads Get The Business.