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CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor
NINA B. ECKER, Associate

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Independence, Oregon, Friday, April 7, 1916

The Oregonian played a cruel joke on itself recently by taking a straw vote which indicated by doing a little multiplying that President Wilson would carry Oregon this fall.

T. R. is after the G. O. P. nomination. Most men are assured that. If successful what joy it will bring to those Republicans whom this same T. R. kicked in the face four years ago.

"Stick to the Hog" is the subject of an editorial in the Eugene Guard. This is just part of what is said: "If there is an over-production of hogs in the Northwest, if the market is limited, why the present splendid price for hogs, why the contracts for early summer delivery at even higher prices than are being paid today? It is true that for a short time prices were lower in the Northwest than in the East. It will probably never occur again. The great European war came on suddenly, wheat jumped sky high, eastern growers dumped their hogs on the market by thousands, yes,

by tens of thousands. At the same time Northwest hog growers, swept off their feet by wheat prices, turned their hogs, most of them in an inferior condition, on the market. This surplus glutted the market temporarily. Then the price of hogs began to jump and today every grower in the Northwest who continues in the hog business is reaping his financial reward. The markets of the Northwest are growing day by day; the population is on the jump. Hogs from now on will be in greater demand it is predicted than ever before in the history of the Northwest." Stick to the hog is the advice of the Eugene Guard.

D. W. Griffith

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Some Queer Ones

Hen that sings at sunrise like a canary on a ranch near Berkeley, Cal.

After chewing gum given her in Chicago, woman recovered consciousness in New York minus her \$100.

Kiss from bride was the only fee demanded by New York alderman for marrying Chinese couple, and she paid it.

St. Louis woman who taught parrot to shout "Hurrah for Taft" accused of being insane. Defense is she hated Democrats.

Women students must eat with fingers if they don't stop taking spoons as souvenirs at lunch counter of University of California.

Burglar in Orange, N. J., so badly frightened by woman he fell down two flights of stairs, rammed front door with head and left his revolver.

Men of Goshen (Ind.) must return sober from "wet" town ten miles away or walk, as traction company is prevented by law from carrying them.

When Kansas City wife beater was sentenced to year, court promised liberty to every prisoner in the workhouse who thrashed him during the term.

How many cattle barons, mine owners, oil operators, land speculators and jingo editors do you think there are in the hunt for Villa—that is, with guns over their shoulders, asks the Benton County Courier. Scarier than chickens' teeth, though they are the very fellows that ought to be rounded up and put forward in the front ranks.—Newport News.

If the party with an automobile who nearly run me down on Main street as I was crossing over repeats the act, unless I am totally disabled, he will need the ambulance to finish his trip. This is not intended as a threat, but simply as a matter of business. People not possessing one of these devilish machines do not have to get off the earth, I don't think.—A. W. A., in Albany Democrat.

GUN TOTING DAYS AGAIN ON BORDER

People Are Tense, Alert, Expectant, but Not Afraid.

NEWS SPREAD BY COURIERS

Everybody Ready For Any Emergency. Even the Railroad Brakemen Are Armed—Funston Denies That Censorship Is Imposed to Test Sentiment For the Future.

The Rio Grande and the west Texas border district is tense, expectant, armed and alert, but to say that it is a scene of the Mexican situation is to exaggerate, writes our correspondent there. He sees Americans and Mexicans standing peacefully together on the station platforms. The Mexicans hold aloof and are silent, but appear neither terrified nor menacing. The Americans seize the papers as they are going from the train, eager for the latest news of developments across the line. The Mexicans merely stand there.

Everybody is talking Villa and little else. The Columbus episode has quickened the pulse of the border and worked out a paradox. It has brought a new life to the frontier by bringing back the old. Remington died too soon. He should have seen his south-west today. Men such as he so loved to draw, spurred and booted and with six shooters on their hips, clumped along the station platforms or waved hats from behind a barbed wire fence. It is men of this type who are piloting Pershing's expedition in Mexico.

In the Pullman smoker of the Southern Pacific train speeding toward El Paso the brakeman, C. D. Lassiter, a Texan, flung back his coat and with pride displayed an old single action Colt 44.

"Babies hereabout used to be born with one of those on," he said, "and the fashion's comin' back."

This man's wife was in Columbus the night of the Villa raid, and four bullets pierced her dress. Her brother-in-law was killed.

Went For a Souvenir. "I went down there right afterward," said the brakeman, "and I got a souvenir."

He took something out of his pocket and passed it around for inspection. It was about an inch square, and it was bone—a bit of skull from one of Villa's men.

Close to, yet far from that strip of northern Mexico into which the expeditionary force has thrust its way, the border towns on El Paso south know less of developments across the line than do others in the rest of the country. Without daily newspapers, except those that arrive from El Paso or San Antonio, they hear of events only through cowboy couriers or from train passengers.

General Funston himself, directing the expedition from San Antonio, is nearly 700 miles from the scene of action, a distance that is increasing daily if the columns push westward. Kitchener, in the war office in London, was far closer to the British front in Flanders, and to reach the trenches from England was vastly more simple than traveling from Fort Sam Houston to Columbus, N. M.

General Funston denied the report that in clamping a censorship on news from the front he was feeling out the American public with a view to determining how far the army could go in the future in the matter of exacting journalistic discipline.

General Funston said the censorship would be no more rigid than that imposed at Vera Cruz at the time of the American occupation.

EX-TRAMP A MILLIONAIRE.

His Ambition Once Was to Buy \$1,000,000 Worth of Dr. Steak.

Leslie R. Drake of Central America walked past a Los Angeles (Cal.) park and, pointing at the benches and fountains beneath the trees, said:

"Twenty years ago I sat in that place on a bench, and I had neither a place to sleep nor anything to eat. I was a tramp, and as I sat there looking up at the sky I planned on how many beefsteaks I would buy if I had \$1,000,000."

Mr. Drake neglected to say that, according to Duin's and Bradstreet's he is today rated at more than \$1,000,000, but he did say that now he had enough money to buy all the beefsteaks he would want for the rest of his life.

Mr. Drake has made his fortune in Central America, but he does not advise others that they may hope to do likewise.

Shorn of Beard, He Lost His Reason.

Anguish caused by being shorn of a beard, which had never before felt the razor's edge is believed to have been responsible for William Brodus, twenty-one years old, of Elizabeth, N. J., becoming temporarily deranged to an extent that his father caused his arrest, fearing that he might carry out threats to kill him. Despite his youth, Brodus had cultivated a long jet black beard, which his father insisted be shaved off. When the shorn youth returned a short time later friends failed to recognize him. Then William acted in such a strange manner that he was committed for examination as to his mental condition.



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CHAS. K. SPAULDING LOGGING CO. INDEPENDENCE

TOO MUCH! SECRETARY REDFIELD SAYS

No one ever accused a man with side whiskers with being afflicted with a sense of humor, but when Secretary of Commerce Redfield announced that American rags were of little use to the manufacturers of paper because the "American people wash too much" there was a burst of laughter which ran country wide.

It appears that the raw material for the manufacture of paper is running extremely low—so low that the manufacturers are becoming seriously alarmed. The secretary some time ago issued a call to the country to save its old rags. This call met with considerable response, especially when it was explained that the European war had virtually shut off the importation of rags into this country.

When the first consignments of American rags, principally linens and cottons, reached the manufacturers there was a discordant wail of despair. The product would not do at all, the manufacturers said. They had been used to the rags of Europe, which were filthy and contained much of their original component parts.

"The American rags are too clean," they said. "The American people apparently are addicted to washing their clothes to an extent that destroys the usefulness of the remnants, so far as paper making is concerned."

Secretary Redfield thereupon issued a grave warning that citizens of the United States were washing too much for the good of the paper makers' industry. He followed it later with a call, however, for such material. More than 1,000,000 copies of the announcement have been sent broadcast throughout the United States and will be posted in postoffices and other public places. Chambers of commerce and other commercial organizations also have been enjoined to the crusade.

An Invitation!

We like to see everything look Bright and Snappy. Bring in your Rings, Brooches, Chains, LaValliers, Etc., and we will

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