

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

VOL. 4

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1916

NO. 47

THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

Our good folks Fourthed around,
Saw a cherry queen exalted,
They lit the crackers for the kids
And no great harm resulted;
H. Hirschberg is a feeling fine,
Came a letter to him giving
The soldiers' cheers,
It brought the tears,
And made him glad he's living.

Ben Swope is in the public eye,
He may be sent to Salem,
City dads tax medicine shows,
If they don't pay, they'll jail'em;
Odd Fellows, Rebekahs met last night,
And installed their bosses,
After martial beat,
Then they eat,
Without no frowns nor crosses.

The Pill Box is back again
And so is Virginia Southern,
The preachers hoisted up the flag
And talked country to the brothern;
Many hike for Newport soon
To get the ocean breezes,
Unless it gets hot,
Some more--a lot,
They'll shiver in the freezes.

ROBERT H. KNOX

The funeral of R. H. Knox was held at the home in Springfield last Sunday, with interment in a Eugene cemetery. Owing to the distance, the Independence people, intimate friends of the deceased, could not attend. Mr. Knox lived in this city for twenty years, during most of which time he was engaged in business. He gained a large acquaintanceship and every acquaintance was a friend. Last winter he purchased a grocery store in Springfield, where he moved, but Independence still claimed him as its own. Of late years he had been troubled with his heart and it was feared that he would be called suddenly which proved to be the case. To Mrs. Knox and the adopted son and daughter surviving, the people of this city extend their most heartfelt sympathy and mourn with them.

Robert H. Knox was born in Oromocto, New Brunswick, Canada, November 8, 1855. When a young man he went to Michigan, where he spent two years, after which he engaged in stock raising in Malheur county for six years. He then returned to Canada and in 1891 was married to Miss Allington, of Gagetown, New Brunswick. Mr. and Mrs. Knox returned to Michigan and resided there for some time, after which the husband again entered the grocery business, this time at Great Falls, Montana. Here he remained two years.

In 1894 they came to Salem and in October of the same year settled in Independence, where for 17 years he was a successful grocer. Failing health caused him to dispose of his business interests and he retired for four years. In January of this year he moved to Springfield, where he had purchased a grocery store.

Says the Springfield News: The funeral was held at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from the Methodist church. Dr. Charles Dunsmore, of Independence, made a few remarks, after which the Masons had charge of the services. Interment was made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery at Eugene. A street car and more than a dozen automobiles were required to take over the friends who attended the funeral from here. There was a profusion of beautiful flowers, mostly roses.

Mr. Knox had been a member of A. F. and A. M. for years, and at the time of his death lacked but one degree of being a Shriner. He was also a member of the Woodmen of the World and of the "2500" at Albany.

In the comparatively short time Mr. Knox has been a resident of this place, he has made a large number of friends, who have appreciated his straight forward, business methods and his public spiritedness. We all feel that his passing away is a distinct loss to this community and it is regretted exceedingly.

SHORT CROP

Hop buyers report the acreage short this year, many growers having plowed up their yards.—Jefferson Review.

Local growers are almost unanimous in the belief that the 1916 hop crop will be light—much below that of last year.—Aurora Observer.

The Monitor always leads.

RECRUITS WANTED

Camp Withycombe, Portland, Oregon, July 1, 1916.

Postmaster, Independence, Oregon. Seven hundred recruits required at once to ship to border to fill vacancies Third Infantry, Oregon National Guards. Men, between ages of eighteen and thirty-five should apply in person without delay to United States mustering officer, in Clackamas, Oregon. Please give this information to the local newspapers and post in conspicuous place. Will thank you to co-operate with us in this movement.

Williams, Mustering officer for the State of Oregon.

HIRSCHBERG THANKED

The following letter is greatly appreciated:

Camp Withycombe, June 26—Good friend Joe: We have just received word of your kindness and thoughtfulness in starting a company fund for us. Be assured that every man deeply appreciates this and if called upon for active service, Company L will make a showing to merit the patriotism of Polk county. We gave three cheers for Herman Hirschberg this morning, and every man wants to meet you when we return.

THE BOYS OF COMPANY L
By Herman Hawkins.

SUSIE FENNEL HURT

Mrs. Susie Fennel Pipes, well known Oregon musician, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fennel, of Independence, was seriously injured and her husband and daughter and five others badly bruised in an automobile accident in Portland Wednesday morning. When Mrs. Pipes was hurled from her seat at the steering wheel, her foot caught in the tonneau car, and as the machine plowed into a telephone pole, her head was battered along over the pavement. Taken to a hospital, it was found that she had a contusion of the brain. She will recover.

THE FOURTH

Independence was nearly deserted Tuesday, most of the residents going to Salem for the celebration. Many of those who had automobiles spent the day in travel or went to the hills for a picnic.

Buena Vista had a dandy time with a large crowd attending.

IN EMBRYO

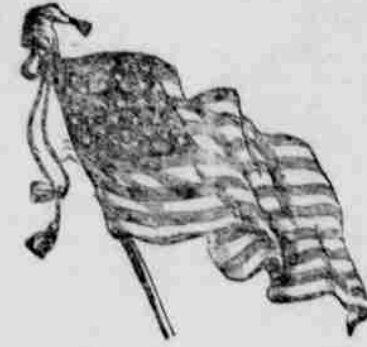
There is much favorable sentiment for two "big days" in Independence a few weeks hence. Bands, balloon ascensions, ball-games, minor sports, and speaking by political orators—Democratic and Republican.

HAD A PICNIC

On Monday evening of this week, the young men of the Christian church entertained the young ladies at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvi Lochridge. At the business meeting it was decided that the two classes would unite and go to Vita Springs for a picnic on the 4th. A dainty luncheon was served, after which all departed to meet again in two weeks. The evening was much enjoyed by all.—Contributed.

Odd Fellows and Rebekahs held a joint installation last night.

WAR CLOUD VANISHING



Conciliatory notes of Carranza, first chief of the Mexican republic, have dispelled the war clouds and a peaceful settlement of the Mexican difficulty is not only possible but probable.

The haughty and arrogant Carranza having become mild and subdued, a mutual agreement may be forthcoming in which the interests and honor of each will be satisfied.

With the danger of war at home remote all eyes are turned to Europe where the Allies have commenced their great drive against Germany and Austria, English, French, Italians and Russians attacking simultaneously.

SWOPE FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Independence, Ore., July 3, '16. To the Editor of the Independence Monitor:

Dear Editor: Referring to the article in last week's issue of your paper, suggesting my nomination for representative from Polk county, on the Republican ticket, in case Captain Stafrin should by any reason, become disqualified to continue as the Republican candidate for such office, I wish to say, that, while sincerely thanking you for the kind and generous expressions contained in said article, I am not a candidate for such nomination in any event and do not wish to be considered as in any way seeking said office in case a vacancy should occur.

I trust events will so shape themselves that Captain Stafrin will continue to be the Republican nominee for Representative

from this county, as I believe he is eminently qualified for the position, and will reflect credit upon the county as our representative.

Moreover, Captain Stafrin has shown his high quality of citizenship, his patriotism and loyalty to our country by forsaking his home, and the loved ones there, his business and political aspirations, to go forth to uphold the honor of "Old Glory," and the protection of the lives of his fellow countrymen along the northern frontier of Mexico, and therefore he stands today in our eyes a patriot and a hero, and it is my fervent desire, if it can be legally done, he continue as our candidate for representative from Polk county.

Again thanking you for your kind regards, I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

B. F. SWOPE

It is almost a certainty that Captain Stafrin will decline the nomination, in which case, if Mr. Swope is tendered the place, it is not likely that he would decline the honor.

DAIRYING SHOULD BE PROMOTED

In the dairy industry the Western Oregon farmer has a sure way to sell all he can produce. It may be that the price of dairy products is not as high at some times as at others, but the fact remains that there is always a market of some kind. It is never necessary to haul cream or butter home and throw it away because it cannot be sold.

and better methods of handling the dairy farm offer almost limitless possibilities for cutting down the cost of production, and every cent that is cut from the production cost is a cent in addition to the profits. The Willamette valley should not for a moment permit a flagging of interest in the dairying industry. It cannot afford to.—Eugene Register.

Better cows, better feed crops

BOTH WERE TRYING

"WELL, sir," exclaimed the millionaire, "what do you want?"
"I've come again to ask you for your daughter."
"Haven't I told you six times over on as many different days that it is out of the question?"
"If I seem to be unduly persistent you, sir, are to blame."
"I" shouted the indignant man.
"There," said the man who loved his daughter as he pointed to a motto over the banker's desk, "is my excuse for coming day after day. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. Do you not believe in that sentiment?"
After he had scratched his head awhile the mean plutocrat said:
"Yes, I believe in that. I haven't succeeded yet in making you understand that my daughter shall not become the wife of a fool, but I am going to keep on trying till I do. Good morning!"—Exchange.

A Lady of Distinction

MY sleeves have been flimsy and flowing;
I've worn my skirts hobble and flare;
I've fastened waists "coming" and "going";
I've worn some extraneous hair,
Worn petticoats full—and not any;
I've followed the fashion in hair,
My crimes have been frequent and many,
But I never have sported white spots.
—Providence Journal.

Aunt Tilda

She Tells About Deacon Absolute



LD Aunt Tilda sat in her chair in the cabin doorway and soliloquized:
"For twelve years Deacon Absolute Huckleberry of our church has been spoken of as one of the pillars and has been held up as a shining example of goodness and honesty, but now it has all come out."

"Hu! De deacon has alius bin a pore man, but now and den he made a dollar or so by workin' fur a naybur, and wid what he raised in his own garden he and Aunt Della managed to scrub along. De deacon didn't git tired of bein' good, but he got tired of bein' pore, and Satan come to his cabin and had a talk wid him."

"Hu! Dat ole boy of a Satan softly plinted out de way dat good things might be had fur de askin', an' de ole man listened an' fell fur it. Yes, sah; yes, sah! Dat ole man who shouts o' loud at prayer meetin' dat you kin hear him half a mile away he listens an' he smiles an' he falls fur it."

"Hu! One mornin' three months ago he starts out wid his Sunday clothes on an' a satchel in his hand, an' he tells eberybody dat he is gwine ober to de town of Sweetwater, which is twenty miles away. He is gwine ober dar to see his mudder, who am about to perish of ole age."

"Hu! De deacon was gone seven days. When he comes home he don't say whether his mudder had perished or not, but de nex' mornin', when his feet had got rested, he starts out fur de grocery, an' when he gits dar he says to Mr. Brown, de grocer:
"Sah, I will be buyin' bout ten dollars' worth o' groceries just de same as any white man, an' I want de best goods at de lowest prices."

"But I can't sell you the goods on trust, deacon," replies de grocer.
"Whereupon de deacon takes out a handful o' greenbacks an' lays 'em on de counter, an' Mr. Brown he was mighty high paralyzed at de sight of so much of de long green comin' to dis town. He jumps about like a grasshopper, an' by an' by he sends de groceries home in a basket, carried by a white boy."

"Hu! Didn't ole Deacon Huckleberry feel proud dat day! He got sugar, tea, coffee, oatmeal, condensed milk, butter and some other tings, an' he stops into de butcher's an' softly inquires:
"Mr. Graves, has you got a nice side o' bacon to sell me fur cash down?"
"An' de butcher says he has, an' de deacon carries off ten pounds of slich golden bacon dat even de cows followed him to git a bit of it. All dat luxury an' he a pore man! Was it any wonder dat most of us reckoned de day of judgment was nigh at hand?"

"Hu! Den de deacon he buy a lot of furniture, an' when dat furniture was carried into his house an' Aunt Della was tole dat it was all her werry own she sot down in de middle o' de fob wid slich a jar dot it busted out a winder pane."

"Hu! Befo' de Lawd but it nigh gib de hull town de measles. But it was a sen-sation dat couldn't last fureber. A man who was libin' at Pinehill cum ober to our town on bizness, an' arter talkin' fur awhile wid one of our merchants he sez, sez he:
"By de way, how does dat new church buildin' git on?"
"I ain't heard o' no new church buildin'," was de answer.
"Why, dat one fur de col'd folks?"

"And in 'bout ten minits it was known all ober town dat de good Deacon Huckleberry had bin gwine roum' de country sollicitin' subscriptions fur a new buildin' which was neber to be built an' puttin' de money in his own pocket. It am said dat he got nigh \$300 dat way. When de parson got arter him de ole man laid it all off to Satan an' cried like a baby, but he didn't offer to gin up what money he had left. Dar am talk of bouncin' him out of de church, but I reckon it will all end in smoke. However, next time I am sittin' close to de deacon at prayer meetin' an' he begins to boller an' yell an' pounds on de bench befo' him I am gwine to tap him on de shoulder an' whisper in his ear:
"Cut out dat yellin', deacon, or de Lawd may hear you an' want to know 'bout dat subscription money!"

M. QUAD.

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"Listened and fell for it"