

THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Independence, Oregon, Friday, July 7, 1916

Some think that a war with Mexico would be a picnic. Quoting Sherman partially, it would be a h--- of a picnic.

Mr. Hawley's secretary is back from Washington and he will again pretend that Mr. Hawley has been of some value to his constituents.

Mr. Hughes' campaign managers are claiming that he will receive seventy five percent of the Progressive vote. He may, but to win he will have to get more than that.

Out of the difficulty between the United States and Mexico, peace may come; not peace at any price but peace with honor which is much preferred to a peace gained by conquest and the sacrifice of many lives.

The leading boosters for the Columbia river naval base are acting as if were more interested in the "pork" that would be coming than the "protection" sought. Fighting the Oregon senators will not get them any where.

"I have constantly to remind myself that I am not the servant of those who wish to enhance the value of their Mexican investments; that I am the servant of the rank and file of the people of the United States."

There is a lot of food for thought in these words of the President:



Among the world's great story tellers, those gifted, entertaining fellows, Rex Beach is stacking high; and I am always in my glory when I have got a new Beach story; it suits me more than pie. Red blood in all his yarns; something his characters are living, breathing, not dummies made of wood; strong men, square headed, of writing, of heron and eagle, of life—it's always in the good. And Rex, when he is busy working, his trusty old typewriter jorking until it busts a spoke, to have his inspirations quickened keeps all the air around him thickened with rich Tuxedo smoke. Say, have you noticed, gentle readers, how many famous men and leaders explain Tuxedo's worth? As man's great solace they expound it, and that's because they all have found it the best there is on earth.



REX BEACH
Famous story teller, says:
"I have smoked Tuxedo to sub-Ancient, at Panama, and everywhere, and I smoke another kind."

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ELECTING A PRESIDENT



George Washington
Elected
First
President
in
1789.

WASHINGTON.

THE first presidents were chosen by electors who were chosen by the legislatures of the various states. The person having the majority of these electors was declared president. The person having the next greatest number was declared vice president.

The first election took place on Jan. 7, 1789. In the states that had ratified the constitution. The electors chose the president on Feb. 4, 1789. The vote, counted on April 6, 1789, was:

George Washington, 69; John Adams, 34; Samuel Huntington, 2; John Jay, 9; John Hancock, 4; R. H. Harrison, 6; George Clinton, 3; John Rutledge, 6; John Milton, 2; James Armstrong, 1; Edward Telfair, 1; Benjamin Litchin, 1. Ten states voted, but there is no record of the popular vote.

In the election of 1792 Washington received 132 votes and Adams 77.

(Watch for the election of Adams in 1796 in our next issue.)

CHURCHES

CHRISTIAN

F. Claude Stephens, Pastor

Service for Lord's Day, July 9. Bible School at 10 a. m. Divine worship 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p. m. Evening Evangelistic services 8:00. Strangers are requested to come and get acquainted. All are welcome to these services.

METHODIST

W. C. STEWART, Pastor.

The Services at the First Methodist church for next Sunday will be full of interest all the day. Sunday School 10 A. M. Lesson, "Thessalonian Christians." The pastor will preach at 11. Topic, "The Kingdom of Heaven." Popular Service at 8 P. M. Over 300 people were present last Sunday evening. The pastor begins a series of services on "The Voyage of Life." This evening the topic will be "Setting Sail."

BAPTIST

W. S. STEWART, Pastor.

Sunday School at 10. Preaching at 11. B. Y. P. U. at 7:00. Preaching at 8:00. Another sermon on the war. Subject "The Meaning of the New English Offensive." All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN

Dr. Dunsmore will preach in Calvary Presbyterian on Sunday morning, but there will not be any evening service. A most cordial invitation is extended to the general public to attend the morning service. Special vocal music will be rendered.

THE PILL BOX

NO. 26
WOTTS COLLICK, Editor-in-chief SUSIE SNOTT, Editorial Associate HEN HALTER, Rural Expert

EDITORIAL

The Pill Box is back, but appears in a condensed form owing to the high cost of living.

A THOUGHT THAT WILL BECOME FAMOUS
Corns are not cured in a single day, you have to take time to soak 'em.

ROOM AT JOHNSONVILLE LAST WEEK
Troy Turner went to Johnsonville Tuesday with the cream. — Fir Grove special to the Dallas Itemizer.
Wilbur Bush took the cream to Johnsonville last Friday. — Pedee special to the Dallas Itemizer.

BARRED BECAUSE OF HER SEX
I want to be a soldier
And with the soldiers be,
But being just a female,
There is no chance for me.

SEPARATED FROM ITS LOVED ONES
A black and blue cat came strolling into the Pill Box office and commenced to purr around just as if we were some of its folks and while we all were framing an abbi, the cat sniffed two or

Was It the Guardian Angel?

By F. A. MITCHEL

Percival and Arnold Stewart, brothers, enlisted when the pan-European war broke out in a regiment of infantry and crossed the channel into Belgium. That was when the Germans were driving the allies southward, and it was expected that they would drive right through Paris.

One evening, when the Germans were pushing the allies toward Lille, the regiment with which the Stewart brothers served made a stand. The Stewarts were in the same company and fought shoulder to shoulder. Percival was two years older than Arnold and kept an eye on his brother, dreading every instant to see him fall to the ground. Presently, true enough, what he feared came to pass. Arnold fell, literally torn to pieces by a bursting shell.

Maddened at the sight, Percival pushed forward, but the stand of the British was only a temporary one, and the order was given to fall back. The young soldier, exasperated at not being permitted to wreak his vengeance on those who had killed his brother, refused to retreat and, retreating behind, continued to fire at the enemy. But presently, seeing blood on one of his hands, he knew that he had been hit and followed his comrades.

By this time darkness had fallen, and Stewart saw the retreating British line through the gloaming. They were to make a hasty retreat this time, for the French were being pushed back rapidly, and the British, who were on their flank, had a greater distance than they to go to keep the alignment. Percival was marching some 500 yards behind them. The enemy on that part of the field had thrown forward skirmishers to harass their retreat.

Percival trudged along, following the men ahead of him, at times trying to catch up with them. He had been shot in the arm, but fortunately the artery had not been cut, for in this case he would have bled to death. His mind was on the brother he had lost, and neither his condition nor his surroundings engaged his attention.

Stragglers were hurrying past him, and he was passing stragglers. The former were in better condition than he, and the latter were mostly more severely wounded. But there was one who neither seemed to gain nor lose on Percival. He was in Percival's rear and a couple of yards behind him. How Percival became conscious of the man's presence he did not know, for he heard no sound coming from his follower. He was simply conscious that some one was behind him. Turning, he saw through the darkness what appeared to be a person. Whether he was old or young, soldier or citizen, Stewart could not tell. He only knew that some one was there.

The soldier trudged on, or, rather, staggered on, for by this time he was very weak from loss of blood. Now and again a bullet whistled past him, sent by some skirmisher, but none came dangerously near him. Twice during the retreat he looked back and both times saw his shadow in the same relative position as before. Once when he turned a flash from a distant cannon slightly increased his vision, and he saw the person behind him a trifle more clearly.

For an instant there was a flash of joy in his heart, for from the glimpse he got of the person's face it seemed to be that of his brother, Arnold. But he had seen his brother blown to atoms, and he knew this could not be. Nevertheless, from the time of this instantaneous view he became impressed that there was some connection between this figure and Arnold.

(continued on page 3)

It's the uniform unvarying heat of a good oil stove, and the perfect control, that keeps the juices in—that preserves the savory goodness of the meat—and gives that even brownness all over.

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