

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

Soon the Baptist clan will monarch all,
And loudly blow its whistles,
The choir will sing its very best,
And clergy expound the 'pistles;
A larger church has just been built,
All hail to their local curate,
Young men and dears,
Give three loud cheers
For your preacher, Walter Stewart.
Newport life would sure be fine,
If there were no frigid friskers,
When J. S. Cooper returned this week,
He found sea shells in his whiskers;
Hops are hopping on the vines,
With no little lice a tickling,
So Mary Jane,
If it don't rain,
Will soon be found a picking.
Independence folks who took a chance,
Got nothing in the drawing,
Some of the girlies' bathing suits
Are brief but very awing;
A man has been troubled much,
He asks that the spoons skedaddle,
So some maws
And yes the paws,
Should bear down upon the paddle.

When Satan Came

And Moses Reformed



It was when every one in the village of Calfax said that Moses Brewster was one of the most hustling young men in the place. He was a house painter by trade, and he was at work before sunrise and seldom quit his labors before that luminary had gone out of sight. There were those who predicted that within a year Moses would be eating chicken potpie four times a week. In due time Moses ceased to hustle long enough to get married. He married Priscilla Holmes, an average girl who had been brought up by a step-mother ever since she was three years old and had been so dominated that she had little or no will of her own. If she was told to do this or that she did it. If she got a cuff on the ear she went away to weep by herself.

At any rate, they were married, and the last cuff she received on the ear was bestowed on the morning of her bridal day.

If Moses hadn't found a wife so docile and obedient and gentle minded, if he had found a wife who would talk back and argue and storm around once in awhile, he might have continued to be a hustler. As it was, he took advantage of her disposition, and they had not been married more than a year when he was doing very little toward the support of the family, while she was working by the day for the neighbors.

Things kept going from bad to worse for a couple of years until Moses became a drunkard. Then the sympathetic neighbors took a hand. They decided to force Mrs. Brewster to reform her husband.

One summer's night when the over-tired wife sat on the back steps of her house and Moses was filling up as usual at two or three saloons things suddenly happened. Out of the darkness of the back yard suddenly appeared old Mr. Satan and three or four of his assistants. There were horns and hoofs and spike tails, and there was a smell of burning brimstone in the air.

"Who—who-are you?" asked the woman in a quivering voice. "I am Satan, and these are my satellites," replied the old boss as he rattled his hoofs together, "and we have come for your husband. We are going to escort him to the hottest corner in my dominions and there let him roast, roast, roast!"

Mrs. Brewster was terrified, but on her pleadings Satan and his minions left when she promised to forsweep her husband into decency. He came home drunk, as usual, and rolled into bed. When he awoke next day his wife stood beside his bedside, and she held a horsewhip in her hand.

"Moses," she said, "I have got to give you a licking. I have promised Satan that I would do it, and do it I will, although it may break my heart. If I don't lick you, you will be taken to the bad place and roasted alive. You may holler and holler, but I will have to put on the whip just the same."

"Don't you do it, Priscilla!" he cried out.

But Priscilla did it. She whipped and whipped until she had to rest her arm. Moses cringed and cried for mercy, but no mercy was shown. He was given half an hour and then lashed again. This continued during the day till Moses in agony gasped out that he would swear to work six days a week all the rest of his natural life. He was given three or four cuts to bind the bargain and then released. There were tears in his eyes, but none in hers when she helped him from his bed.

Moses didn't seek revenge. When he could walk about again he sought work to read. He became once more the hustler of the village. The news got around that his wife had licked him into it, but nothing was said to humiliate him, and nothing had ever been said to his wife to make her doubt that old Satan came that evening in person. Husband and wife are getting along as well as any one, thank you, and they never refer to unpleasant episodes.

M. QUAD.

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If it takes this long to plan the Salem bridge, how long will it take to build it after it is commenced?

GOOD FIRE

North Independence continues to improve in appearance. Last Saturday night, another shack, which was not inhabited, burned down. The north side will eventually become the best residence section of the city, and an occasional fire helps to hasten that day.

HOP NOTES

According to a survey of conditions in the hop fields of the Willamette valley, this year's crop will probably be equal to the highest yields ever recorded. With almost an entire absence of lice and mold, the prospects could not be better for a bumper crop. The period from now until picking begins, the first week in September, might bring some unfavorable, unforeseen condition, but growers are not expecting anything to happen to prevent a record yield from every hop producing district.—Portland Telegram.

CHANCE MISSED

Editor Monitor—In a paper that I get from back east, I notice that in some places they are hiring experts to help the farmers farm scientifically. I wonder why our Oregon reformers ever let them do it first. They must have been asleep to let a chance like that slip to give some more lazy bucks good fat jobs." Farmer Bill.

LARGE CROWD ATTENDS

Up to and including Tuesday night, 105 Independence people had witnessed the "Birth of a Nation." Those in attendance on Wednesday would probably make the total over 150. No similar attraction in a neighboring town ever drew as large a crowd from Independence.

The manager of the Grand opera house, in Salem certainly found out the worth of Monitor advertising and he will see that other attractions coming to the theatre during the winter season are brought to the attention of Independence people.

NO CONGESTION

The V. & S. railroad bridge and the county bridge over the Lucklamute will not be "congested." The matter has been settled by moving the county bridge 300 feet to the east of its present location, the railroad company contributing \$1,350 so that the change might be made.

BETTER MAIL FACILITIES

The semi-weekly mail from Salem to Dallas and other points west of the river, has been changed to a tri-weekly mail, leaving Salem every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.—Portland Oregonian, July 25, 1916.

BAPTIST WEEK

The program of the dedication services of the First Baptist church, which takes place August 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13, is published in this Monitor. Addresses will be made each evening by well known speakers and from beginning to end the enthusiasm and attendance will be great. The addition to the church was secured only by lots of hard work and hustle by the pastor Rev. W. S. Stewart, and members of the church and they have reason to feel proud of what they have accomplished.

RECALLERS BUSY

The recall promoters are about ready to commence the circulation of the petitions for the recall of the county court. Extravagance is charged, principally because of the Independence road improvement. Mose Manston, nominated against Wells, has declined and become "neutral" the Observer says. As Mr. Manston's nomination for the regular term was brought about principally thru the efforts of the faction now engaged in the recall business, there are many who think that Mose should have staid by his friends.

PAVING OPPOSED

Menmouth, in its effort to pave several blocks of its Main street, is meeting with considerable opposition. That legal steps will be taken to prevent the proposed improvement is evident. Thomas Boulden, in a notice to the public, says that "provided the honorable mayor and city council pave Main street and change the boundary of said street, we will make our best endeavor to see that said city council pay for the same out of their own purse or provide some other way of paying for said improvement outside of collecting it from the abutting property owners."

CORRECTION

Last week's Monitor mentioned that James Hanna had purchased an interest in a garage, but inadvertently put him in at the wrong place. Mr. Hanna is now part owner of the Skinner garage and not the one belonging to H. L. Fitchard.

ASKS FOR RELIEF

An Independence citizen desires the Monitor to state without mentioning any names, that he seriously objects to two kid couples staging love scenes on his front porch every night from 11 p. m. to 2 a. m. and leaving cigarette stubs, gum wrappers, and paper sacks scattered promiscuously around. He suggests that if their love has reached that point where mama's slipper and papa's boot will not cure it and they are so hopelessly in to it that nothing but matrimony will get them out of it, and if they must have a trysting place until the happy hour arrives that his front porch be vacated during the remainder of the silly season and a schedule arranged so that other citizens share the suffering. For next week he suggests the following apportionment: Sunday night, W. B. Barnett's porch; Monday night, W. E. Craven's; Tuesday night, J. S. Bohannon's; Wednesday night, J. S. Cooper's; Thursday night, E. E. Paddock's; Friday night, O. D. Butler's and Saturday night, Verd Hill's.

THANKS

The Southern Pacific donated two cars of granite for the school grounds and Monday the officers of the parent-teachers' association received a letter from D. W. Campbell, Assistant General Manager, which read: "I wish to thank you for the thoughtful action taken by the association, and to assure you it gave this company much pleasure to assist in making the school grounds more attractive."

DEDICATION SERVICES OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF INDEPENDENCE, AUGUST 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13

SUNDAY MORNING

Sermon, Rev. O. C. Wright
Superintendent of Baptist Missions of Oregon.

SUNDAY EVENING

Dedication Service, Sermon by Rev. O. C. Wright
MONDAY—OLD FOLK'S NIGHT.

"The Christian Hope," Rev. G. F. Holt
Pastor of First Baptist church of Albany.

TUESDAY—YOUNG PEOPLE'S NIGHT
Address, Mrs. E. Burton
President of Oregon B. Y. P. U.

After the service a reception will be held in the basement by the Tuesday Evening Club.

WEDNESDAY—PRAYER MEETING NIGHT

"The Spiritual Mission of the Church," Prof. F. G. Boughton
Member of McMinnville College Faculty.

THURSDAY—YOUNG MEN'S NIGHT

"Little Lives vs. Big Lives," Rev. Geo. E. Young
Pastor of First Baptist church of Albany
Agoga Class in charge of service.

FRIDAY—CHURCH MEMBER'S NIGHT

Address, Rev. E. Burton
Pastor of First Baptist church of Corvallis

After the service a reception will be held in the basement by the ladies of the church.

SATURDAY

The Annual Sunday School and Church Picnic.

SUNDAY MORNING

"Social Christianity," Rev. W. S. Stewart

SUNDAY EVENING

Gospel Sermon, Prof. J. Sherman Wallace
Member of McMinnville College Faculty
After the sermon, the baptistry will be dedicated and believer's baptism administered.

The public is cordially invited to attend all of the services connected with the dedication of our church. This is to be a week of intellectual uplift, for the promotion of good fellowship, and for the deepening of our spiritual fervor.

The morning services will begin at eleven and the evening services at eight. At every service some talented singer will render a musical number.

HURRAH FOR DEAN WALKER

Invitations have been received announcing the marriage of Miss Virginia Adell Petersen and Mr. Dean H. Walker at the Grace Episcopal church in Astoria on Tuesday evening, August 15, 1916.



SPECIAL EXTRA U. S. A. SUNRISE EDITION

DESERVED HIS FATE.

ABOUT two weeks ago an eastern man by the name of French arrived here to travel in a silver mine. He didn't give what sort of a ride it was as long as he could get out a prospectus, organize a company and float his shares on the gullible public. Some one sold him an acre of land on Hill Williams mountain, and Mr. French went up there to make a map of it and was killed by a bear.

We trust that he died happy, and we also congratulate the public whom he would have swindled.

THE BOYS CAN SHOOT.

As a test of the marksmanship in this town we put on a pig hat the other day and started down Apache Avenue. Before we had gone two blocks the hat was shot off our head with bullets, leaving only the rim on our hair.

It was quick, neat work, and we heartily congratulate each of the townsfolk who had a crack at the hat.

LEFT BY REQUEST.

As a courtesy of the vigilance committee we had solve the mysterious disappearance of a man named Dan Kicker.

Mr. Kicker is headed for Utah. He left here, as he assured him he would long if he didn't.

Our wife was not his way, and after a little thinking he decided to go. He will eventually be hung in Utah before he is four weeks older, but that is none of our lookout.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

COLONEL DAWSON, who lives on the Red Clay road, is a good hearted man, but a crank.

We said that to our last issue, and he at once stopped his paper and threatened to shoot us.

We rode out to his home yesterday and had it out with him—that is, we drove him under cover, fired twenty-six bullets around his ears and received his surrender and a new subscription.

We have to do this twice a year, but we do it cheerfully and should be real sorry to hear of the colonel's death.

OUR POLITICAL POLICY.

It was our intention to run for the presidency this year, but, as no one else seemed to have intentions that way, we had to give up the idea.

Never mind, however, there are years to come.

WE DEFY HIM.

While we were on our way home from a card party the other night at midnight some one fired six shots at us from ambush.

Not a bullet came within a foot of us, and for this reason we believe that the snail was our esteemed contemporary.

He never has and never will be able to shoot for snails. Every time he tries it he only throws away good lead.

He doesn't sit up nights to get a pop at us. We'll stand before him at thirty feet any day at high noon and let him plunk away all he wants to.

M. QUAD.

Time for the Poison Oak Club to meet and initiate new members.