

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

VOL. 4

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1916

NO. 52

THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

The Baptist week sure's been great,
 We give them now a great hurrah,
 Better join their yelling crew,
 Rock Salt! Zip! Boom! Bah!
 Boys and girls of pep and vim
 Who mind their father and the maw,
 We wish them well,
 So we yell:
 T. E. C. Rah! Rah! Rah!
 The bridge builders had a strike,
 And most of us are wishing
 For several, half a hundred strikes
 When we take a day at fishing;
 The medicine show has gone away,
 But left plenty for the failing,
 Enough we note
 To float a boat
 For the whole blame town was ailing.
 There is no reason why one should die,
 These earthly ties to sever,
 Why not keep the show right here
 And all live on forever;
 A certain girl called this week,
 My, its really shocking,
 She said, "Hey!
 You may say,
 There's a jigger in my stocking."

1. A yell, even if it be a religious one, doesn't juggle with this style of rhyme and we feel as bad about it as you do.

BAPTISTS DEDICATE

The dedicatory services at the Baptist church have been attended by a large crowd at each meeting and each program has been carried out as announced. From the official dedicatory ceremony on Sunday night, until last night, there has not been a moment in which interest lagged, enthusiasm waned, or the Baptists did not feel proud of the accomplishments of their church. Other than its roll of "old heads" and a bustling and strenuous young preacher, the Tuesday Evening Club, consisting of about sixty young people, forms a most valuable adjunct to the church. Tuesday evening was "Young Folks Night," and it made one young to be there. After listening to one of the most interesting addresses ever delivered in Independence by Mrs. E. Burton, of Corvallis, state president of the B. Y. P. U., a general invitation was extended to the entire audience to visit the basement, which is the Club's den and home. The room was tastefully decorated and made a very pretty picture. Before refreshments were served, Miss Grissie Bramburg, president, gave a history of the club from the time of its beginning to the present, its purposes and its financial success. Miss Bramburg's personality has been an important factor in the upbuilding and the upkeep of the Club.

Tonight is "Church Member's Night," and after the service a reception will be held in the annual Sunday school and church picnic, which will be held at Greenwood. A great time is expected. Sunday morning, the pastor, Rev. W. S. Stewart, will preach at the usual hour. In the evening the concluding number, Prof. J. Snerman Wallace, member of the McMinnville College faculty, will deliver a gospel sermon, which will be followed by the dedication of the baptistry and believer's baptism will be administered.

HOP NOTES

A report has gained circulation that hop picking in the Independence section will not begin until the middle of September. There is nothing in the general condition of the vines to indicate that the picking season will be delayed for any such length of time. A period of hot weather for the remainder of the month would bring most of the yards into picking condition before September 1. Spraying is general this week. It is not thought that there will be much of a shortage in pickers this year. Representatives of the government labor bureau were here last week, conferring with growers and declare they will be able to place a number of workers, if required.

Yamhill county has decreased its hop acreage this year, according to the News-Reporter, saying that 272 acres within a radius of five miles of McMinnville have been taken out, and also that a number of growers around Dayton, Wheatland, and Ballston have plowed up their yards.

DINNER FOR G. A. R.

The W. R. C. will give a dinner to the old soldiers and their families at noon, on Saturday, August 19th.

OBJECT TO PAYMENT

The prospect of paving North Main street by the state, county, and city has run into difficulty. "Some of the property owners along the proposed highway within the city limits, after receiving notice of a levy of \$6 per lot, have concluded that it will infringe upon their rights in the line question now pending in the supreme court, and say they will refuse to pay the same.

A failure to pay this assessment will prevent the paving of the highway within the city limits and an opportunity missed that may never again be given. The paving of the road can be commenced at the city limits, leaving a dirt road for several blocks on North Main street, something that the general public will greatly regret and it is sincerely hoped that the property owners will find a way to pay the assessment and the work be done as proposed.

MONEY IN LOGANS

W. A. Lawton has returned to Independence this week from the loganberry farm of Bruce Cunningham, three miles south of Salem, where he has been employed a foreman since June 20th.

Mr. Cunningham has 45 acres of loganberries and considering that it is the first crop, the yield has been good and the financial returns large. Mr. Cunningham's neighbors laughed at him when he went into the loganberry growing on such a large scale, but they laugh no more. He has demonstrated that this industry is the most profitable one in the Willamette valley and the growing demand and popularity of loganberry juice is going to make it still more profitable. Mr. Cunningham's crop this year will gross him at least \$300 per acre.

A loganberry vineyard resembles a hop yard in many respects and requires as much care and attention.

WORKMEN STRIKE

Men employed on the Main street bridge struck Tuesday and no work was done that day and Wednesday. The exact nature of the grievance could be ascertained.

Part of Tobin & Steven's contracting outfit has been moved to the right-of-way of the V. & S., where work will be commenced at once on the railroad grading.

TWO DAYS PARTY

Mesdames G. W. Conkey, W. H. Walker, and O. D. Butler, entertained on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week, and an account of the same will appear in the society department next week.

THEIR FIRST VISIT TO THE FARM



PHOTOGRAPHING THE FOLKS
"Do you take their clothes off every night?"

A RAILROAD OPPORTUNITY

Newport has raised a large bonus to be given for the construction of a railroad from Newport to Portland, via the Siletz to Sheridan to Portland. A better and shorter route would be to connect with the V. & S. near Hoskins, saving many miles of construction, and connecting with the S. P.

and O. E. at Independence if not desired to build on into Portland.

This appears to be a project that both the commercial interests of Newport and Independence should investigate and ascertain if it would not be more easy to obtain than the longer coast route.

THE ROAD HOG

It is an unwritten law of the road that two vehicles approaching each other along the center of the road shall give way equally, both keeping sufficiently to the right to allow of easy and safe passage. There are many men among the automobile fraternity who hog the center of the road. Usually these men possess heavy cars, and are not especially worried about the results of a smash with a lighter car. Every day we hear about road hogs, swine that rush their cars straight down the middle of the road, giving way not an inch when cars approach from the opposite direction. The cautious man, while mindful of his rights in the matter, will not dispute the road with the fool who risks the lives of many people needlessly. And it is knowledge that the average man will not take chances in forcing the hog to his proper place that gives the hog the inspiration to play

Editor Monitor:—That piece you had in the paper about automobiles on the public road was good. Most of the automobile drivers are very accommodating, especially those who live here, and recognize that the farmer driving the old hoss has equal rights and is willing to give them. Some of the "Blue Bellies" from Portland, who have nothing to do but run around the country, don't think that anybody but themselves has any rights and they look with the same contempt upon a farmer as they do on a Ford. When I get rich enough I am going to build an armored automobile and run it on the roads Sundays hoping to meet all the road hogs in Oregon.—"Farmer Bill."

his fool game. It will require a few casualties on our highways to bring the necessity for action before the public.—Standard Oil Bulletin.

POLITICAL VOMIT

This from a Portland Republican paper:
 Sheridan, Or., Aug. 4—C. C. Lowe, of Dallas, believing that Hughes will be elected, and that this will result in the return of prosperity, has purchased a 130-acre farm from I. T. Patriquin, here, for \$13,000.

This from a Portland Democratic paper:
 Sheridan, Or., Aug. 4—I. T. Patriquin, fearing that Hughes will be elected and that this will result in hard times, has sold his 130-acre farm to C. C. Lowe here, for \$13,000.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Linn county has decided to worry along without a school supervisor and give the county superintendent a chance to expand a little, thus saving taxpayers \$3,000 a year.—Falls

City News.
 But here in Polk, a smaller county, with less rural schools and better roads, we must have a supervisor. Can you beat it?

Brother Gardner He Tells How to Eat a Watermelon

WHEN business at the Lime Kiln club was over Brother Gardner, president, arose and said:

"My friends, de watermillyun belongs to de cull'd people same as de possum an' de peewee. 'Natur' made 'em for him. I began eatin' watermillyun when I was only three y'ars old, an' I has cuddled up to him every y'ar since. I has followed him from his cradle to his grave, an' dar an' only one way to git de best out of him. 'You begin lookin' roun' you pretty nixy in May. You devote your Sunday afternoons to walkin' out in de kentry. You saunter roun' till you catch sight of what am to be a millyun patch. You mark dat spot down in your notebook. If you see any dawgs roun' de house mark them down also.

"Each Sunday arternoon saunter out dat way. By an' by you will notice dat de vines have cum up an' begun to crawl. In a few weeks mo' watermillyuns will begin to appear on de vines. Dar will be a whoppin' big one dat will catch your eye. Neber mind de rest, but keep your eye on dat big one. Note down how fur it is from de fence an' how much time it will take to sneak ober dat fence, grab up dat millyun an' git back again when de proper time arrives.

"You may have to go out dar six or eight times, but it will not be time throwed away. De millyun is now ripe down to de core. De great night cum at last. A black man wid common sense selects a night widout a moon, an' he walks most of de distance on tiptoes.

"You arrive at de spot, you put your two hands on de top rail of de fence, an' you go ober like a shadder. You go crouchin' along till you am beside dat big millyun. Den you reach out an' softly break it loose from its vine, an' you are back ag'in an' ober de fence befo' any one could count twenty. You has brought a sack along. A cull'd man wid a sack on his shoulder may or may not be stopped, but a cull'd man wid a great big watermillyun hung lovingly to his breast am shore to be.

"Your heart am beatin' like a drum as you head fur your cabin, but Providence is wid you. She brings you safe home. Your wife and chill'en am in bed an' asleep, an' dar am no one to interfere wid you when you dig a hole in de back yard an' lower dat millyun later his grave an' river him up. De coolness of de air will cool dat fruit 'nuff. When it am cooled wid ice it loses half its flavor.

"All next day you go roun' in anticipashun. Your mouf waters as you think of de feast ready fur you. Arter supper you remark dat you reckon you will go out an' talk politics fur awhile. You go. You stay out until you know dat de fam'ly has gone to bed. Den you return home an' unkniver dat watermillyun. He am de same glorious millyun. He am lifted out of his grave an' keefully deposited on de back doah steps. Den you take a seat beside him an' produce your jackknife.

"Don't be in a hurry. Lick your chops fur awhile. By an' by, when you feel dat if you wait a minute longer your suspenders am gwine to bust, plunge in de blade of your knife at about de center of de millyun an' bring it roun' to complete de circle. De cracklin' noise wid which de millyun fall inter two ekal parts sends a glorious shiver up your spine an' down your lags. De feast am befo' you—red, ripe, juicy and de best foddin' in de world fur a black man.

"You has provided yourself wid two ounces of ginger, divide it an' sprinkle it on an' let it git two minutes de start of you.

"Den you are ready to commence devourin'. Put your right hand into de right hand half and tear out a chunk of de red core. Den do de same wid your left hand. You has no spoon or plate. Your fingers am good 'nuff. Take a bite from de right hand chunk an' den from de left. Never mind if you do swallow a few seeds or if de juice trickles down an' runs into your shoes. It may take you an hour to devour dat core, but it will be an hour of sich satisfashun as a human bein' seldom finds on this earth.

"When you has finished at last cut dem rinds into bits an' heap 'em up in one glorious pile. You have satisfied your hunger, but dar am no fam'ly to cum. You are sleepin' next mornin' when screams of delight awake you. De wife an' de chill'en have discovered dat mound of watermillyun rinds an' dey has set down fur a feast. Dey devour an' eat, an' by an' by dar am no mo' rinds left. All have perished, core an' all, an' during de rest of de day you go 'bout wid a look of triumph on your face."

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"You Go Crouchin' Along!"

Giving Him Confidence

It was his first campaign, his first political speech, even. Although the county committee had sent him into a rural district to try out his oratorical wings, he was encouraged by the warm welcome of the local committee and the elaborate preparations for the meeting that were evident on all sides. There was even a band that played on the stand in the public square for half an hour before the speech. Finally the great moment arrived. The chairman stepped to the platform rail and addressed the crowd.
 "Fellow citizens," he said, "we have with us today a young man who is destined to make his mark in the ranks of our party. He comes to tell us of the burning issues that confront us, and his fame as an orator has preceded him. He will now address you, and when he has finished the band will call you together again."—Youth's Companion.

Not In That Class

A CLEVELAND young woman has a ten-year-old brother who is wise beyond his years and is likely to crop out in new places at the most unexpected times. The other night the anxious suitor called on his inamorata, arriving at her domicile a little before he was expected. She was not ready to make her appearance, and the duty of entertaining the caller devolved upon the little brother.
 "Well, Bobby," began the young man in an effort to make conversation and at the same time to put his involuntary host at his ease, "does your sister think that I am calling at this house oftener than I am welcome?"
 The child looked keenly at the caller.
 "Nothing doing," he said. "Do you think I'm one of these fresh kids you read about in the funny papers? There ain't going to be no embarrassing answer this time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A perusal of the Monitor's news columns would indicate that the greatest need of Independence at the present hour is a hospital.