

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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NO. 1

THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

The North Town fuss in on again,
The line is not in place,
But here's a way to settle it,
Let two men run a race;
Lalliberte in a bathing suit
And Hubbard of the city nine
Let them run
At pop of gun,
The winner picking the legal line.

The V. & S. is drawing near,
Its at the city gates,
We hoped and yearned for many moons
And sobbed at many waits;
Two preachers, they will talk of war
And make Sunday evening buzz,
We bet that they
Both will say,
What Sherman said it was.

Dean Walker, he is married now,
Happy with a mate,
Independence girls who wanted him,
Alas, they spoke too late;
Hirschberg says there'll be no strike
On the little Eye and Em,
The boys they know
That their boss Joe,
Would do a lot for them.

The farmer with the wheat to sell
Can say that he is rich,
A number of faces in this town
Are sporting barber's itch.
If a shark tries to bite
Our sweet maids in the water,
We hope the cop
Will make her stop
And very roughly swat her.

MRS. BEVENS DIES.

Mrs. Mary E. Bevins died suddenly Sunday night, at the home of her son, William, in Buena Vista, of heart failure, at the age of 63.

The death of this popular woman coming so unexpectedly, greatly shocked the community in which she lived and the sorrow shown by all, testified to the great esteem in which she was held.

The funeral services took place at the Buena Vista M. E. Rev. O. Wall officiating.

She is survived by two sons, W. E. and W. R., and five brothers, George Thomas, and John Wells, of Buena Vista, Richard Wells, of San Francisco, and W. L. Wells, of Halsey, and two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Collins, of Dallas, and Mrs. Emma Brown, of Buena Vista.

Mary S. Bevins, daughter of G. A. and Henrietta L. Wells, was born in Clackamas county, Oregon, Oct. 20, 1853. Her father and mother were among the early settlers of Oregon, coming across the plains from Illinois to make their home in this country. When but 12 years of age she came with them to the community of Buena Vista, near or within which place she has lived most of her life.

In 1869 she was united in marriage to Willard E. Bevins, who was also a resident of Polk county. They immediately began housekeeping on a farm near Suver, where they lived for some time. From this place they moved to a farm which they purchased for a permanent home, about two miles north and a half-mile east of Buena Vista. With the exception of one year in which they resided in Independence, the remainder of their married life was spent there.

To this union were born three children: Etta May, who died in infancy; Willard Eston and William Russell Bevins, both of whom live in the Buena Vista community.

On September 2, 1909, her husband passed on to his heavenly reward. Though the beautiful home ties were severed by death, yet the mother, in cheerful christian spirit, bore her sorrows tenderly and with courage and optimism performed her waiting tasks, following her path of duty often with feelings of loneliness to the end. Some months after her husband's death the home place was sold and she moved with her son, W. R. Bevins, to Buena Vista, where she has since continued to reside.

When 12 years of age she was converted and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. She was always loyal to her church and lived a devoted christian life. Her life was a living example of true consecration and practical benevolence. It might have been said of her as was spoken of the Master, to whom her life was given, "that she went about doing good." She was always thinking and doing the kind things. Though simple in habits and manners of living, yet she nourished her life upon the deep and hidden things that make for strength and greatness of character.

HOP NOTES

There is a possibility that the picking of fuggles will begin a week from today, but it is more safe to say that it will begin on August 28th.

Hops throughout Oregon are reported in excellent condition. Early estimates of 110,000 bales for the state are regarded as conservative figures. The California crop is estimated at 110,000 bales, also, which is 7,000 less than the 1915 crop. The Washington crop will probably be as large as last year—about 35,000 bales. Picking has begun in California. Picking will probably begin here a few days later than usual.—Aurora Observer.

MARRIED

Two hearts were made happy Sunday afternoon, when Pastor Stephens was summoned to the call of Miss Fay Wettenberger, of this city, and Russell L. Stanton, of Umatilla county, at a place most fitting, for the pledge that made the two lives one. The ceremony took place on the J. R. Cooper farm, just south of the Willamette, in Marion county. May many joys attend them.

WORK NEAR CITY

Grading for the Valley & Siletz railroad is being done just outside the city limits. A crew is also working this way from the Luckiamute river and as the graded is in the valley, and level, it will not take them long to complete it. Two bridges will have to be built over Ash creek.

BAPTIST WEEK ENDS

The Baptist church dedication services were brought to a close Sunday night, and while the speaker of the evening, Prof. J. Sherman Wallace, of McMinnville, did not arrive until nine o'clock, owing to a late train, the time between eight and nine o'clock was very acceptably occupied by song service, prayers, and testimonials, and no one in the large audience went away. Upon his arrival, Prof. Wallace soon warmed up to his subject and greatly interested his hearers.

Last Friday evening was "Church Members' Night," and after an address by Rev. E. Burton, of Corvallis, the basement was visited, where the good ladies of the church served refreshments. The largest crowd of the week was present Friday night.

The Baptists have reason to be proud of the success of the week's work.

FOR BETTER BABIES

A "Better Babies Contest" is to be a feature of the coming county fair. The physicians of the county will give their services free of charge and will examine all babies brought to them that will be entered in the contest. Babies between the ages of twelve months and forty-eight months are eligible.

MAY RE-COVER PAVING

The city council at its regular meeting, Monday night discussed the matter of recovering the pavement on Main street and that portion on Monmouth and C streets, between Main and the S. P. tracks. It is only a question of time until this recovering will have to be done, as the paving on the above mentioned streets is getting in bad shape.

CITY BAKERY EXPANDS

An addition is being built on the rear of the City Bakery, which will be occupied by a new oven, which has arrived. The oven is one of the latest makes, and it is especially noted for its sanitary features. With two large ovens, the Independence bakery will be one of the best equipped shops in the state, outside of Portland.

WHOLE CLAN GOES

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Craven; Mrs. Laura Craven, of Monmouth, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Craven, of Dallas, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Craven and son, of Independence, comprised a family party that went to Cascadia, Saturday night. The J. R.'s and the W. E.'s returned Monday night, leaving the others to remain a week.

Monmouth Herald—It is estimated that two thousand people congregated on a street corner at Independence, on a recent Saturday, to witness a medicine show.

The Monitor always leads.

EVIDENCE OF BETTER CONDITIONS

The postal receipts in Independence have increased \$90 over any previous July which is one of the best evidences we have of better business conditions.

BOWSER'S CALLOW DAYS

He Hates to Be Reminded of Them

By M. QUAD

WHEN Mr. Bowser sat down to dinner the other evening he said: "I don't know whether I can eat anything or not. I saw a sight this afternoon that upset me. A young jackass went down to the basement of the building next door to the office and hung himself. It was a clear case of suicide for disappointed love. He wrote a letter to that effect."

"The poor boy," sighed Mrs. Bowser.

"The poor idiot, you mean," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Oh, some very sensible young men have done the same thing on that account and lots of others will. When a young man is disappointed in love the world seems a dreary blank to him. You forget, Mr. Bowser, that in the days when you might be called a callow youth you were a great deal like other callow youths."

"Never! Never!" he emphatically replied. "I was just as sensible on the question of love as I am now. I wrote no sonnets to the moon. I wrote nothing about the sighing evening breeze, and no one called me a softy."

"Just wait a minute," said Mrs. Bowser as she started upstairs. She was gone about five minutes and returned with a package of old letters, and as she sat down he gruffly queried:

"What have those old letters to do with the case?"

"They are some of your old letters, and I prize them very highly for the sentiments they contain. I merely want to show you that you were like most of the young men in the days gone by. Here is the poem you wrote me. I want you to listen carefully to it."

"Oh, my Sarah dear, I shed the tear
As the night wind sighs around,
And all is blank and dark and damp
And my heart is sad and drear."

"It don't rime exactly to a carpenter's rule," said Mrs. Bowser, "but it shows the state of your heart. It also shows that you shed tears. It also shows that



"THREW YOU OVER THE FENCE."

you were in that state of mind where you thought of suicide. Let me read an extract from one of your letters. Listen to this:

"Oh, Sarah, my love, while I know that I am not fit to button your shoe, if you should go back on me there would be no other recourse for me than to hang or shoot myself."

"I never, never wrote such boosh!" almost howled Mr. Bowser as he got up and pranced around the floor.

"It's your writing, and it is folly to deny it. You wrote it because we had some words, and I told you that you need not mind calling again at my father's house. And here is another beautiful thing. Listen."

"I wandered in the forest dell yesterday, and as I sat beside the babbling brook it bubbled of you. It told me that you were everything a man could seek for, and I fairly loved that brook for telling me so."

"By thunder, but I will leave the house, Mrs. Bowser, if you do not put an end to such foolery. You know I never signed my name to any such mushy stuff as that!"

"But you did, Mr. Bowser. There it is. Here is another letter which I shall preserve to the day of my death. Be quiet while I read."

"I took a walk to the old tree yesterday, and there were whispers in the branches above me. Each one seemed to pronounce your name. Oh, my darling, darling! What would this world be to me if it did not hold you at the same time! You are my sun—my moon—my stars—everything that is pure and beautiful, and should death overtake you I will pray to heaven that I might die too, and thus meet you at the pearly gates of that better land."

"Mrs. Bowser, if I wrote such tomfoolery as that you were crazy for marrying me. You must have known that I was a cracked brain idiot, and I shall go to an asylum tomorrow," responded Mr. Bowser, "though I shall firmly deny that I was ever callow. I can't come home and tell you a bit of news that you don't twist it around some way to have a jab at me."

"No one has a job at you, Mr. Bowser," she replied in soothing tones, "but you should not make such definite statements as you did. I should think you would rather look back on the old days with happiness and pleasure. There were some dark spots, of course, but those you need not recall. Father did not like you, and several times he threw you over the fence when you called, but he came to realize that you were a worthy young man, and he was glad that things turned out as they did."

"What! What!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he flourished his arms. "Your father threw me over the fence like a log of wood! That is the end, Mrs. Bowser! The dead line has been reached. The man that was a callow youth, who sat beside babbling brooks, who wrote darned nonsense, who was thrown over the fence, will now take a walk. If he never returns perhaps you will take comfort in getting out those darned old letters every day and reading them over."

And Mr. Bowser put on his hat and left the house, and he walked beneath the moon, but he did not go to an asylum. He returned after an hour or two and crept softly up to bed.

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THE I. & M. WILL RUN RIGHT ALONG

There will be no strike on the I. & M. It is in a class by itself.

THEY OUGHT TO FEEL RICH

Hanna Bros. will have 5,000 and they are certainly pleased bushels of wheat to sell this fall to see the price hit the top.

The Old Showman

He Tells About a Three Humped Camel

"DID any of you ever see a three humped camel?" asked the old showman, whose traveling days had been over for years, of a group who were prepared to listen to his anecdotes.

"Never!" was the reply in chorus, and one of the listeners added, "And I don't think anybody else ever did."

"But you are wrong," said the old man. "More than half a million people have seen one, and the day may come when another will appear in some sideshow attached to a circus. Let me tell you: I had been a Barker for a show at Coney Island, but I wanted something higher up. I had a good voice and ambition to climb, and I went to a man who had been running a sideshow to a big circus and had done well at it. A sideshow, you know, always carries freaks. After I had looked his freaks over he mentioned the fact that a camel belonging to the regular menagerie and circus had died the night before.

"What have they done with the carcass?" I asked.

"They will drag it away and bury it pretty soon," he replied.

"Don't let them do it," I almost shouted as a sudden inspiration came to me.

"Why, what's up?" he asked in surprise.

"You show freaks, sir, and nothing but human freaks so far. Why not introduce an animal freak? If you will buy an old camel I can use that dead one to make the greatest freak of him ever heard of in the animal kingdom, and I guarantee that he will attract more patronage than your whole show as it is now!"

"He drew me aside," continued the old showman, "and we had a confidential talk. I explained my idea, and he at once fell in with it. He telegraphed to a zoo which had a camel for sale, and in three or four days the beast arrived, and I got busy with the new idea. He had a conspicuous hump, and my plan was to add two more humps to it."

"While waiting for the living camel to come on I had skinned the hump of the dead one and cut off its tail and ears. With the help of a skillful shoemaker the hump of the dead camel was stuffed and so attached to the back of the living one that a close inspection was needed to detect the fraud. This false hump was set far back, and my man then went to work and with pieces of skin taken from the dead camel manufactured a third hump, which was placed between the two others. Then we got the tail and ears beautifully arranged. When we had finished there was a camel before us which had three humps, two tails and four ears. By John, but he was a beauty as a freak. The owner of the sideshow said it was the greatest thing in the freak and fraud line he had ever looked upon, and he had been exhibiting freaks for fifteen years. We allowed no one to approach nearer than ten feet by warning him that the beast was very dangerous, and millions of people flocked to see the freak on our tours."

"This was a long time ago?" queried one of the listeners.

"Yes, forty years ago," answered the old showman.

"I was going to say," continued the other, "that such a fraud could not be palmed off on the public nowadays."

"Well, I don't know about that. There were about as many distrustful people then as now. We carried that fraud about with us for three long years and never had any trouble. At the end of the third year the beast died of shame and old age." M. QUAD



"He Was a Beauty as a Freak."