

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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NO. 3

THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

You can see them coming in
 With stove and pan and ticking.
 Looks as if the old durn state
 Will help us in the picking;
 By train, auto, horse pulled rigs
 Or anything that's runny,
 Ten thousand hands
 In family bands
 Are here to get the money.

Last year John and Mary met,
 When both were airing bedding,
 And just as soon as hops were picked,
 They had a joyful wedding;
 Back again they've come this year,
 Just as happy maybe,
 John will pick
 Unless he's sick
 While Mary tends the baby.

The famous maiden who in glee,
 Puts in the leaves and all the tops,
 She is back again we see
 And will assist to pick the hops;
 Hired and fired a dozen times
 From yard to yard she tosses,
 But with a wink,
 A goo-goo blink,
 She captures all the bosses.

This maiden with her winning way,
 Gave all a cheerful greeting,
 She's not particular who she sees
 Or gives a slap in meeting;
 The city council welcomed her
 With Damon as the talker.
 And spying him,
 With much vim,
 She kissed our mayor, Walker.

SCHOOL OPENS SEPT. 25

The fall semester of the Independence schools is scheduled to begin September 25; with only one change already made in the corps of High School teachers, with one vacancy yet to fill. Miss Beryl L. Holt of Salem has been elected to a position in the High School and the Domestic Science teacher has not yet been elected.

Theo. A. Ellestad, as Manual Training teacher, and Miss Mable Stevens, as teacher of Literature, have been retained as co-workers with last year's superintendent.

The grade teachers include: Misses Marie Myers, of Portland; Bessie Graham, of Monmouth; Laura B. Wagoner, of Lebanon; Lora Chute, of Jefferson; Nellie Keyt, of Perrydale; Mary Whitman, of Independence; Edna Venator, of Portland.

Miss Bertha Clark, of Salem, who was elected to a grade position, has resigned to accept a position in the State Library. This grade is yet to be supplied with an instructor.

HELP EACH OTHER.

With the reaching of Independence by the Valley and Siletz railroad and the constant enlargement of the Normal the prospects of increase in importance to Independence and Monmouth loom larger and nearer. There is no reason why each town should not help the other until they assume an important place among the cities of the west side of the Willamette valley. Cordial feelings between the two towns should be encouraged and anything one can do for the other should be done. — Monmouth Herald.

FOUND DEAD.

The body of John Lee, who disappeared from his home six miles north of Independence nearly two weeks ago, was found by his brother Sunday afternoon in an oat field near the house. He had evidently committed suicide for his throat was cut and a blood-stained knife was found near the body.

Lee was a bachelor, 48 years old, and had been in ill health for some time. With his brother Robert he had resided on the old homestead for 32 years.

PAVING THE ROAD.

The paving of three miles of the public road north of Independence is going on. Just at this particular time there is ten times as much travel on this road as ordinarily, and it is very inconvenient to the public, but the work could not be done any sooner and for that reason there should be no complaint.

SCANDALOUS.

"Mr. Editor—I'm the maiden, who in picking hops, put in the leaves and all the tops; now what I wish to say, when I got in the other day, a lot of your old nuffed heads told me that their wives were dead."

WILL MARRY.

A wedding that is soon to take place is that of Miss Bernice Small, assistant postmaster at Turner, and Mr. Laurence Roberts of Independence.

HUGHES CLUB.

A petition was circulated in Independence this week for the purpose of forming a Hughes Club.

PICKING SEASON ON

Another hop picking season is upon us. Nearly all the yards will commence Saturday or the first of the coming week. Special trains will be run from Portland Saturday and Sunday. The Wigrich has 500 too many registered for picking and are turning their surplus over to other yards. Some of the growers are still short on pickers but it is thought there will be enough extras come in within the next three days to fill up at every yard.

The fuggles are being picked this week and are turning out well. Many of the growers are of the opinion that the crop in this locality will not come up to the bulk of last year and that the Oregon crop this year will fall short of last year by many thousands.

The situation from the selling point does not look very promising at the present time but it is the general expectation that a fair price will eventually be secured.

IT'S SETTLED NOW.

It remained for Sheriff John Orr to find a solution of the La-Creole-Rickreall controversy that has been waging so warm for several weeks, and we are not surprised that it was necessary for the sheriff to interfere. While over to Grand Ronde on official business last week Mr. Orr interviewed an Indian squaw described as "most a hundred years old." After buying the old girl a dime's worth of candy the sheriff asked her which was the original name of the beautiful stream which flows through Dallas-LaCreole or Rickreall. "Some white men call 'em La-Creole and some call 'em Rickreall," said the old woman, "but I dun him all time call 'em Chau Chim Chau!" — Dallas Itemizer.

SAW BOYS AT FRONT.

Fred Collins, of near Independence, and who was for a time with Smith & Sisson, returned here last week from a trip to California and Mexico. He was at Imperial Beach and saw the boys encamped. He says they are all looking well and were glad to see friends from the old home. At all appearances the camp is being built and arranged so as to be permanent and it would not be surprising to see the bulk of the company remain at the border for several months yet. Mr. Collins was at Ti Juana and enjoyed a Mexican carnival or fête there. — McMinnville News-Reporter.

NEEDLECRAFTERS.

Mrs. Verd Hill entertained the Needlecrafters at her suburban home last Thursday afternoon. The members passed the hours busily engaged in hand-work. The hostess completed the delightful session with a refreshing luncheon.

SHOOTS SELF.

W. A. Keay of McMinnville, well known in Polk county, shot himself yesterday morning. He was found dead in his office by his partner. Business worry was probably the cause.

PLEASED.

The Independence delegation that attended the wedding of Miss Coos Bay and Mr. Eugene Lane at Marshfield last week say that it was a great trip and that they had a very enjoyable time.

PERILOUS TIME MAY BE AVERTED

Congress may pass an 8-hour law which will apply to railroads and thus prevent the nationwide strike of trainmen called to begin at 7 A. M. Monday morning.

The strike, such as proposed, would be a national calamity, only exceeded in seriousness by a rebellion of strength. However, it can be assumed that the American people would not stand such a condition of affairs very long, but would arise in their wrath and put an end to the chaos by some means and perhaps those means would not be very polite.

LETTER FROM MRS. FRYER-CAMPBELL

The following excerpts from a letter written by Mrs. Mildred Campbell, who is now in London, to her father, T. J. Fryer, will interest many readers:

"I wish I was there to some of those good cherries and fruit. The berries are lovely here. In London, the other day, I saw gooseberries as large as pullets' eggs. They were not sour and we could eat them like apples. I believe they were grown in Switzerland or France.

"There is a big review on Monday by Gen. Sam Hughes. Then they are all off for the front again, 25,000 of them now.

"I don't know what just what I'll do yet when Tom goes. He won't have any time off for three months; then only seven days unless he is wounded in the meantime. I may get into some kind of work before long. They want nurses, but there is so much red tape about everything that it is very discouraging. They seem to think that everyone is a spy or something until they prove they are not. However, I will know before long what I will do. Sure if it were not for Tom, I would rather be back home.

"Some of Tom's sergeants were up in Scotland. One of them sent me several pounds of Scotch sweet butter; another sent me some Devonshire cream. It comes in cans. It is almost as thick as butter, but it is just pure cream. An-

other sent me some Scotch short bread. So I guess they all like Tom.

"I do dread see Tom going now, for I fully realize all the danger he is in. See where a Canadian doctor was killed in today's paper. I heard from Reg [Dr. Campbell]. He is all right so far.

"We are only four hours from the front line trench in France from here.

"I was out to see field maneuvers yesterday. It was very interesting to see them make the charge; especially the Scotch regiments with the bagpipes playing. They are the only musical instruments allowed in a charge. The pipe band do not play together. One piper goes with each company and they play as they run to charge.

"Tom has a horse he rides before they get to the trenches, so he won't have to walk all of the time.

"Fryer is a very common name here. So many officers in the British army by that name. I saw about a Capt. E. C. Fryer, and a Lt. C. P. Fryer, and this morning there is a Lt. T. J. F., so they take in all your initials. See where a Mary F. was killed in London. The other day I looked in the London telephone directory and there were hundreds of Fryers in it in London.

"Are my letters to you being censored? Be sure and tell me."

HIS ELECTION DOUBTS

They Seemed to Have a Solid Foundation

It was the owner of a Kentucky backwoods cabin who stood at his gate smoking when a stranger came along on horseback, and after a salutation, he said:

"I am sort o' looking up the voters in this district to see how they stand. I suppose you have made up your mind how you will vote this fall."

"You haven't given it enough thought, eh?"

"I have given it a heap of thought, but I doubt if there will be any election around here this fall."

"Oh, but there is certain to be," said the stranger. "The law says you must have an election at certain times."

"Yes, I know she does," drawled the farmer. "but I reckon something is gwine to happen to prevent."

"What can happen?" was asked.

"Well, now, I will explain. There is Kurnel Ford livin' about two miles away. He has the meanest, oneriest dawg in this state. Here is me living right here. I have a dawg just as mean and onery as his. When 'lection day comes we go to town to vote. He takes his dawg with him, and I take mine.

"Just before the polls open these dawgs see each other and they begin to walk around and growl and dare each other to fight. By and by they pitch into each other, and after a minute the kurnel pitches into me, and I pitch into him."

"Then everybody begins to pitch into everybody else, and they foot so hard and so many got hurted that there can't be no 'lection."

"But if the colonel should leave his dog at home?" queried the stranger.

"But he won't, you see. The kurnel is just as onery as his dawg."

"But if you should leave your dog at home?"

"But I won't. You see, I am just as onery as Kurnel Ford, and we shall be right thar with our onery dawgs. That's why I doubt if we shall have any 'lection. If the Lawd should arrange it that the kurnel's onery dawg should have his back broke by a fallen tree or that my onery dawg should be bugged to death by a bar everything would be lovely and 'lection would go off like grease, but I doubt whether it will be that way. I reckon to consider that will be several funerals instead of any 'lection, and our fine old party will get snowed under about seven feet deep."

"But that is all nonsense," said the visitor, "all pure nonsense, and at a most serious time too."

"Nonsense!" drawled the farmer. "Well, stranger, you just happen along here next 'lection day, and I reckon you'll see some of the durndest, liveliest nonsense what you ever sot eyes on. It'll be wuth' pinnin' a long way to see!"

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A Stranger Came Along.

WHEN sultry summer days begin
 And memories come crowding
 I'd like to go a-fishing in
 The old "crick."

BUT when the spots are dappled
 And the sunbeams I must pick
 I leave an honest in my back.
 The old "crick."

Philadelphia, Pa.

FLORAL NOVELTIES

A WELL-known architect up Westchester way was standing before one of his newly completed creations. Its windows, plentifully sprinkled with diamonds at 11 in the morning, turned to him and said:

"It's grand! And I've just decided not to employ a hand-saw anywhere. I know just what I want myself. Banked up right against the porch there I want a real thick red-wood post. What is that name? You know, those bright red flowers that look so dandy—yes, now, I have it—salsola!"

The architect was staggered for a moment, but soon recovered and came back enthusiastically.

"The very thing!" he agreed. "And right in front a nice row of salsolias!" — Saturday Evening Post.

MATRIMONIAL

IN future years, the girls agree,
 Men can no longer shirk.
 Each will get a salary
 For doing household work.

WHILE, surely, help just now is cheap,
 Things look dark, we agree
 Young men, the rates may upward
 leap.
 You'd better marry now.
 — St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Nothing to Boast About

ON a sunny day in May Mrs. O'Toole went shopping in the village. As she strolled along, her heart light and joyous, she caught sight of a notice conspicuously displayed in a cottage window.

It bore the announcement:

"WASHING AND IRONING DONE"

Mrs. O'Toole read it through several times. Then she drew herself up haughtily and sniffed.

"Shun," said she, "that ain't anything to boast about! It's myself as had me washin' and ironin' done and put away afore yesterday, but I don't hang out no braggin' sign about it!"