

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

VOL. 5

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NO. 4

THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

When all was ready for the pick,
 There was a lot of of raining,
 Which riled the growers and pickers up
 And there was much complaining;
 Hear us, Mr. Weather man,
 For the sun we're yelling,
 Now be good
 And if we could
 Be lucky in the selling.

The famous maid of the careless work,
 While the yards were drying,
 Has been acting very bad
 And at times defying;
 She met a grower on the street,
 And it was "Mac" at that,
 So with a grin
 From ear to chin,
 She just kicked off his hat.

Grant McLaughlin's bull got mad
 And he will trade it now
 For fifty chickens, a little pig,
 An auto and a cow;
 A moonlight ceremony was the style,
 When Alberta married Billy.
 Others we could name
 Would do the same,
 If they could find a filly.

Soon the candidates will come around,
 The popular voter greeting,
 Some deserve your support and aid,
 While others need a beating;
 Leaves are falling from the trees,
 It's summer's farewell donger,
 So our lady friends
 At both the ends,
 Must wear their dresses longer.

PICKING COMMENCES

The hop picking season in the Independence district started this week under very disagreeable and discouraging circumstances. It rained every hour and nearly every yard was short on pickers. However, the weather cleared Tuesday and all the yards were able to put their crews to work. The rain coming just at the time it did, will cause some of the crop to mold before it can be picked and dried. The percentage of loss will vary in the different yards from nothing to seventy-five per cent. A few small yards will not be picked at all. The shortage of pickers is more of a detriment than usual because the growers wish to get the crop harvested as quickly as possible and they would all put on more than the usual number if the pickers could be obtained.

Reports from other hop yards in the state indicate a worse condition than prevails here, so it can be accurately assumed that the bulk of the Oregon 1916 crop will come from the Independence district and the total will be astonishingly low compared with 1915.

The market is getting a little stronger and a number of the growers are looking for a fair price.

MARRIED 45 YEARS.

An event that brought supreme happiness to the S. B. Irvine family was the linen shower given at the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Johnson last Sunday to celebrate the forty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Irvine.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine were lured over to the Johnson home to eat dinner and to their surprise when they arrived all their children and grand children were present to receive them and wish them more such anniversaries.

When they were seated around the festal board, a box of handsome linens was presented to the bride and groom of forty-five years ago, and their happiness was so complete, surrounded by their loved ones, that they seemed almost as young as when they went to Hymen's altar together 45 years ago. The children who gladdened their parents on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roy, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hanna, Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Johnson, S. E. Irvine and Miss Gladys Irvine, besides eight grand-children who added their share of merriment to the happy event.

PLENTY OF SHEARS.

Local friends of Orville Butler, prominent pioneer of Monmouth, Or., think they have a good joke on him.

A few weeks ago Mr. Butler visited his son, Dean, at Oak Grove, and assisted in clipping the wings of some obstreperous chickens. When the task was finished he pocketed the family shears and carried them home to Monmouth.

He was the target of many a good natured jest as a result of his absent mindedness, and on his birthday which just passed Mr. Butler received 15 pairs of shears. The packages are still coming in and each new one brings a bright new pair of shears, he wrote to Portland friends.—Portland Oregonian.

SOLDIERS BACK

The Third Oregon, which has been on the Mexican border for several weeks, returned to Camp Withycombe last week and will be mustered out of service.

NO STREET DANCE

Owing to a misunderstanding with the band which was to have furnished the music, there will be no street dance Saturday night.

TEACHER ELECTED.

The Independence school board held a meeting Monday and elected Miss Madaline Rawlings of Albany as domestic science teacher. A vacancy in the grades was not filled. If the school board desires to please most of the patrons, it will give the place to one of the home teachers.

MARRIED

Of especial interest to a host of Independence friends is the marriage of Miss Frances Patterson to Mr. James Martin which was solemnized at the Patterson home in Portland, Saturday, September 2, at 8:30 P. M.

Huge branches of early autumn tinted foliage, combined with masses of golden glow, formed the decoration in the reception rooms, while the hall glowed with bright red dahlias and trailing green ivy, making a beautiful setting for the early autumn nuptials. Prior to the ceremony Mrs. Lottie Hedges McIntosh, an aunt of the bride, sang in her own charming manner "I Love You Truly." When the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by Miss Belle Martin, sister of the groom, pealed forth, the bride entered on the arm of her father, H. R. Patterson, and was met at the nuptial altar by the groom and Dr. D. V. Poling who read the marriage rites as the father gave his only daughter into the keeping of Mr. Martin.

Miss Patterson was born in Independence and is admired by a legion of friends. She is bright, vivacious and attractive. She was stunning in a modish fall going-away suit of wisteria cloth. She wore a corsage bouquet of orchids. A large purple picture hat completed the "becoming" costume.

Mr. Martin is a prosperous insurance adjuster of Portland where the couple will make their home.

Mesdames McIntosh, Davidson and Miss Maude Patterson attended the wedding.

At high noon, Thursday, Sept. 7, 1916, in Salem, Lloyd V. Bell of Corvallis, was united in marriage to Miss Bessie Putnam of Salem, Dr. J. R. N. Bell, father of the groom officiating. After a short wedding journey, they will be at home to their friends on Twelfth street, Corvallis, Ore.

Thomas F. Churchill and Eva Bridges of Independence were married by Judge Hardy in Dallas Saturday morning.

Two hop pickers were made happy Wednesday night when William B. Smith and Alberta Myer, both of Jefferson, were married by Pastor F. C. Stephens. On the Willamette river ferry boat on the marion county side, the ceremony was performed in the moonlight at ten o'clock, passengers and crew acting as witnesses.

COUNTY FAIR

The fall fair season again is at hand in this part of the country, which is a reminder that our own county fair is only a few weeks ahead. Preparations for this annual event have been under way for weeks and the managers of the fair are working hard to make this year's meet another record breaker. They also declare the prospects for carrying out this plan are excellent. The fair itself will be unusually attractive, they say, while there are encouraging indications of public interest, augmented by conditions of good crops and the fact that this is a political year, which always adds interest to public gatherings of this character.

Public aid and co-operation,

SURPRISE PARTY.

A charming and most complete surprise was arranged by Mrs. Hattie Henkle last Friday evening for her daughter, Emma, to remind her that another birthday had rolled around.

Mrs. Henkle invited in twelve girl friends to spend the evening and sent her daughter out. When she returned the lights were turned on and the guests there to meet the hostess who was most gloriously surprised.

The evening was spent with games and relating girlhood experiences. At a contest in rook Miss Leona Hanna was successful in winning the prize, a silver thimble. The girls presented their hostess with a beautiful brooch as a mark of esteem, which will serve also as a going away present as she will leave in a week to begin her school in Corvallis. At the close of the delightful evening Mrs. Henkle served a splendid luncheon to the guests.

ATTACKED BY BULL.

S. E. Stratton was knocked down and rolled by Grant McLaughlin's Jersey bull last Saturday, and had it not been for Mr.

however, can do much to add to the success of the coming county fair, and the management of the latter relies on the people of Polk county to do their part in advertising the fair and thereby help to increase the patronage. All that is necessary is an occasional reminder to friends and acquaintances, and if this plan is followed everyone in this section will soon be talking of the county fair and planning to attend it. The date of the fair is September 19 to 21, and it therefore is time to put forth your efforts in making the biggest fair the county ever held. It has always been one of the best fairs in this part of the state and deserves the aid and patronage of every resident of the county. —Dallas Observer.

McLaughlin, Stratton would probably have been killed. The bull had him down and was viciously pawing and butting him when McLaughlin arrived with a pitchfork and after a hard battle succeeded in driving the mad animal away.

NEW EDITOR.

Lew Cates has sold the Dallas Observer to H. W. Brune, formerly of Idaho, and the new proprietor took possession this week. According to announcement, their will be no change in the policy of the Observer.

STRIKE AVERTED.

Through the efforts of President Wilson, Congress passed an eight hour day law, which is to apply to trainmen, and the strike of railroad employes was called off.

WHERE WALTER GOT IT

Walter L. Toose, Jr., patronized a lady barber shop in Portland recently and the lady tonorialist, referring to Walter's moustache said: "Brushed off or rubbed in, sir?"—Dallas Observer.

The little hair on Walter's lip, the cause of comic friskers, is only just a souvenir of Charley Hughes' whiskers.



SPECIAL EXTRA U. S. A. SUNRISE EDITION

NOTICE TO VISITORS.

IT is falsely reported that no stranger can get entrance to the columns of the editor of the Kicker without being induced by at least three responsible citizens, and, further, that he must be willing to submit to a search of his person.

We wish to correct this false statement. Our office is free to all. When you have climbed seven pairs of stairs and rested a moment to get your wind, just open the door and begin shouting. We always save our guns on the table before us and ready for action. Don't go looking for references, but come looking for us!

THE TROUBLE SIGN.

We have mentioned once or twice the fault we have somehow fallen into of spelling all over a man's boots when we start talking to him. We don't mean anything by it, and all our friends excuse us. However, as we are going down to Florence next week, we wish to prepare the people of that town in advance. Don't notice us when we spit. It is only when we reach for our hind pocket that any one need anticipate trouble.

FALSE RUMOR.

THERE was a rumor about town yesterday that we had shot and killed the manager of the stage line between the gulch and Tucson. There was not a bit of truth in the report. We were headed for his office to see why our annual pass over the line was not forthcoming when we met him, and, after a gentle greeting, he took the pass from his pocket and handed it to us. You can't shoot such a kind hearted man as that. We hope this will settle the rumor mongers.

BROKE FOR THE WOODS.

The editor of the Blue Hill Sentinel came out with an editorial last week in which he said that he once led us around a block by the nose. He also said that we were a man made up of bluff and brag. We rode over to Blue Hill last Wednesday, and when we got within half a mile of the town the Sentinel broke for the woods and went into hiding. We shall slice off one of his ears some day and preserve it in cheap gin. And that is no bluff. M. QUAD.

:: With a Veil and Without ::

SHE'S pretty, and she's also sweet. So runs the tale. On this she always gets a seat Without a veil.

BUT beauty swathed up never jars. The cullus maia. And then she stands upon the cars Without a veil. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

Bowser's "Catterpillar"
 It Gets Him Into Trouble
 By M. QUAD

AFTER dinner the other evening Mr. Bowser suggested a ride on a suburban trolley car. Mrs. Bowser was not eager to go. Mr. Bowser was seemingly good natured, but there was no telling when or where he might raise a row. Not until he had spoken of the matter three times did she consent to go. He was sitting on the front step when she came out all ready to go. He looked her over and exclaimed:

"There is a large sized caterpillar crawling on your skirt!"
 "Thank you, but your pronunciation of the word is new to me. I thought it was caterpillar."
 "Oh, you did, eh? Well, let me inform you that the word has been spelled and pronounced 'catterpillar' ever since I was able to crawl."
 "Then it's funny that the dictionary men haven't found it out," said Mrs. Bowser.
 Mr. Bowser flushed up, swallowed hard and observed:
 "Mrs. Bowser, you take every chance that offers to correct my orthography or grammar. I don't like it, and I tell you so."
 Mrs. Bowser should have laughed the matter off, but there are times when women are impolite and obstinate, and she answered:
 "I always do it for your own good, Mr. Bowser. If you do not spell or pronounce your words as other people do you are apt to make yourself a subject for ridicule and sarcasm."
 "By the jumping frog of Frogtown, I'd like to hear anything ridicule me!" roared Mr. Bowser. "A hundred times a week I could correct you, but I respect your feelings too much. My schoolteachers have always called it catterpillar."



"OLD POP, YOU GO HOME!"
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