

# INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

VOL. 5 INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1916 NO. 7

## THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

Our new bridge has broken down,  
It cracked right thru the middle  
And so we must wait in patience  
While courts and builders fiddle;  
Some are saying the cement man  
Didn't know how to mix it.  
That will do to tell  
But then—oh, well,  
Who the deuce will fix it?

Again the Civic Improvement League  
Is meeting in its glory,  
We love to see the ladies work,  
But that's another story;  
Its members are a strenuous bunch,  
No duty ever shirking.  
While men fuss,  
Loaf and cuss,  
The women folks are working.

School days are here again,  
And judging by the looks,  
The kids are getting ready now  
To open up their books;  
Little John is in the dumps,  
His big brother is remarking,  
Johnnie's sad  
But brother's glad  
For the teacher he is sparking.

What about the justice race,  
Are Bob and Elmer going?  
It seems to be a tame affair  
With neither man a blowing;  
The mornings sure are getting cool,  
There can be no winter stopping,  
So the best that you  
Can up and do  
Is to start your Christmas shopping.

## I. C. L. MEETS

The first meeting of the Independence Civic League was held in the Moose Club rooms last Tuesday afternoon with a splendid membership present. An important feature of the meeting was the opening address by the president, Miss Elizabeth Cosper. Plans for the year were discussed and a partial program for the several meetings was read and much interest was manifested in the work already accomplished by the executive board of the League.

A committee appointed to make plans for a luncheon during the stock sale included Mesdames O. D. Butler, J. E. Hubbard and Sherman Hayes.

Mesdames P. M. Kirkland, Claude Skinner and Clyde Ecker were appointed a committee to make plans for a Parent-Teachers' reception to be given some time in October.

Mesdames Geo. Conkey, L. Crane and J. S. Cooper were named as a committee to arrange for a musicale to be given by prominent musicians Oct. 25.

With the president, Mrs. K. C. Eldridge will represent the local club at Seaside where the state federation convenes Oct. 9-12. Mesdames J. S. Cooper and O. D. Butler were elected alternates.

At the conclusion of the meeting Miss Cosper read interesting side-lights from the last national federation meeting in Chicago.

## "CIVILIZATION"

"Civilization," the greatest production ever seen in Independence, was exhibited to a S. R. O. house Wednesday night and a large crowd was present in the afternoon. Masterpieces of this class are few. "Civilization" is a demand for peace and shows the direful results of a military policy in government.

The managers of the theatre are to be congratulated for securing this production and the patronage will justify them in booking many "high grades" in the future.

## THEN AND NOW

An item in the 25 year old column of yesterday's Oregonian mentions the fact that the harvest in the Willamette valley is over and that the total yield is placed at 7,500,000 bushels. It would be interesting reading if the yield this year was known, just for comparison. — Salem Capital-Journal.

## REFUSED 12c

The hop market is firm and it appears to be a foregone conclusion that a fair if not a good price will be obtained. A number of offers of twelve cents in this section were not taken. The 1916 yield at the Wigrich was 2000 bales smaller than last year.

## WEST SIDE HIGHWAY

A number of Independence good road boosters attended a meeting in McMinnville last Saturday night, called for the purpose of promoting the west side highway from Portland to Eugene. It was voted to form a permanent organization.

## CAMPAIGN TO START

The political campaign will open in Independence on Oct. 5 when Hon. Milt Miller will speak in behalf of the Democrats. The Republicans are planning on a meeting Oct. 10.

## OUR BROKEN BRIDGE

At the present time of writing nobody seems to know whether the concrete bridge which gave way last week, will be rebuilt in whole or in part, or whether the contractors or county will have to foot the bill. But it is certain that in a few days, the rainy season will commence and a temporary road now going thru an alley will become impassible and all traffic from the north will have to be diverted several miles in order to enter Independence. So the people of this city are much concerned over the situation and are urging that the speed limit laws be annulled and somebody get busy.

It seems to be the general opinion that the broken structure will have to be torn down and that none of the bridge can be saved. Others claim that much of the structure can be utilized and a hundred theories have been advanced how it could be fixed.

The Nonmouth Herald this week has the following pertinent comment:

"The same thing caused the Independence bridge disaster that has caused trouble in countless ways in other places. Some one was careless. A few minutes careless work applied at the right point undid the good work of a much longer time."

"The worst part of the Independence bridge blunder is that it gives foundation for people to criticize who have heretofore attacked the project along sectional lines. The 'I told you so' chorus is busy and the music it produces sounds like the collision of a sledge with a sheet of boiler iron."

The Dallas Itemizer says:

"The Itemizer has in the past consistently refrained from advocating or supporting in any way the recall of any public official. If, however, it develops that the taxpayers of the county are to suffer loss because of the collapse of the Independence bridge, it is time that the recall be invoked against the two county commissioners through whose apparent negligence and lack of business methods this condition of affairs has come to pass."

## MARRIED

Adrian J. Dixon and Mrs. Verna Linn, well known young people of Independence were married in Dallas last Saturday afternoon by Rev. G. H. Bennett. Their many friends wish them much happiness.

Miss Etta Stonehocker and Arthur Elkins, popular young people of Buena Vista, were married Sunday at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Oren Wall officiating. Only relatives were present. The happy young couple will live at Buena Vista.

## ASSOCIATION SUES

The Oregon Hop Growers' Association has commenced legal action against Oscar Dick and G. M. Opsund, two of its members, to restrain them from selling their crops to dealers. Suit against other members is also likely.

## ONE CENT SALE

The Williams Drug Co. announces its second great one cent sale of Rexall drugs and sundries on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. Two for the price of one plus one cent.

## THE GOOD WORK OF A GOOD WOMAN

It was announced this week that Mrs. Lucinda Baldwin had given \$10,000 to the McMinnville College, her second gift to this institution. Several years ago she gave \$5,000. This college is a Baptist school, of which church she is a member.

Mrs. Lucinda Baldwin is one of the world's best women. Of strong mind and character, kind, grateful, a friend to all, and always ready to extend a helping hand to those who by misfortune or poverty have been denied an equal chance. She is not rich as the world counts riches but what little she has is freely given if it will make the world brighter and better. Her own church in Independence, she has mothered thru many trying circumstances and carried it over many financial crises. It is no wonder that the Baptists love her and that there is always a prayer for her in every Baptist heart.

## Mr. Bowser's Catnip

He Gets a Load From the Country

By M. QUAD

WHEN Mr. Bowser came home to dinner the other evening Mrs. Bowser had something to tell him and she began at once.

"Mr. Bowser, our cat is running mad. She has been acting the strangest you ever saw. She has run about the back yard as if dogs were after her. She has run upstairs and down and uttered yowls to make your hair stand up. I've had three or four neighbors in here and every one tells me that we ought to turn her over to the police and have her shot. She ran into the library half an hour ago and I shut the doors on her. I wish you would do something before dinner."

"Let her alone till afterward," he replied. "She probably has got a fit of some kind and I think I can bring her out of it."

When the Bowsers went up to the sitting room he took a look into the library. The cat was indulging in a sort of war dance in the middle of the floor and he had to close the door quickly as she made for him. He said he would go over to the drug store and see if he could get some remedy. He went over and stated the case and the druggist replied:

"Not one cat in a thousand ever runs mad. I'll tell you what I think ails your cat. At this season of the year every cat is wild about catnip. It is a tonic for them. If they don't get it they are liable to fits. I have got packages of catnip, but the plant is old and dry. You had better send the boy out into the country to buy you a bundle. Most of the farmers raise it, and when you get it home your cat will go for it like fun."

Mr. Bowser returned home and repeated what the druggist had said, and added:

"I remember now how our cats use to act when they wanted catnip. I am not very busy at the office now and I'll go out into the country myself tomorrow. We will leave the cat right where she is and set a dish of water and some food in the room."

Mr. Bowser was up and had his breakfast an hour earlier than usual. He looked into the library before he went and found the cat in about the same condition.

"It'll be back in the afternoon some time," he said to Mrs. Bowser, "and I'll give our darned old cat a feast that will last her five years."

He took the suburban car and rode seven miles. When he got off he made straight for a farmhouse in view. There was an old farmer splitting wood and every time he brought the ax down he uttered a vigorous "ha!"



BROKE INTO A RUN.

"How are you ye, stranger?" saluted the farmer. "What might you be and what do you want?"

"My name is Bowser," replied the owner of it, "and I am looking for some catnip."

"I thought you might want to buy a farm and mine is for sale. But come to think of it, I never saw a bald headed farmer yet. Why don't you try some home medicine on your scalp and raise a crop of hair?"

"I came here for catnip, sir," replied Mr. Bowser with great dignity.

"Oh, yes. Well, I've got a heap of it back of the house. Your cat is gettin' hungry for it, I reckon. You are a darned good man to come out here on account of your cat. Come on in. I'll sell you all the catnip you want for ten cents."

Mr. Bowser produced the money and the farmer had soon got a whole armful of the plant. He went into the house and returned with a big sheet of paper and a ball of twine and soon had a nice package to place under Mr. Bowser's arm.

Nothing happened to that catnip until Mr. Bowser got off the car to walk the three blocks to his home. Mr. Bowser had scarcely left the car when a stray cat came running toward him. He had scarcely noticed her when a second cat came and then a third and fourth, and, just as the fifth came up, a pedestrian said to him:

"Old man, you best get catnip in that bundle. You had better get out of here."

(Continued on page 4)

## The Arizona Kicker

"ALWAYS ON THE JUMP"

SPECIAL EXTRA U. S. A. SUNRISE EDITION

### HUMAN VILLAINY.

FARMER Johnson brought us in a peck of sweet apples for baking the other day, but by mistake left them at the office of the Gazette.

The human hyena who runs that sheet knew well enough that they were for us, but he gobbled onto them and sent them to his home.

Could human villainy go further?

### GOT OFF EASY.

Nearly three years ago we told Judge Wakefield, who dropped in here from Missouri, that he hadn't struck the right town and ought to keep right on walking.

We didn't feel bad because he didn't subscribe for the Kicker, but the way he wore his elbows out on the various bars and his firm attitude before free lunch counters was agin him.

He also made himself very disagreeable in other ways, and our advice was given in a brotherly way.

He refused to heed it, however, and the other night the boys put a rope peckle on him and pulled him up and let him down until he expressed great willingness to move on.

He will probably have a sore throat all winter, but he can console himself that it is no worse.

We watch things pretty closely in this town, and we never fail to catch the drift of public opinion.

When we come out in leaded brevier and advise a man to look for another pasture, there's nothing funny about it.

It's a very serious business, and the rope is hanging on a peg behind us.

### A WARM WELCOME.

WE received word the other day from Colonel John Fairbanks, who is running a cactus farm about twenty miles west of this town, that he would try and come in some time within a fortnight and shoot us full of lead.

The colonel seems to have got riled because we blasted his political ambition by proving that he sold himself to both parties last year and ought to be rode out of Arizona on a three cornered rail.

We shall be home every day in the week for the next month, and the colonel needn't mind knocking on the door when he calls.

He may just walk right in and begin popping away, and if he downs us no one in the office will do anything to prevent his getting away.

We can feel our private graveyard aching and yawning for another victim.

We did feel like going off on a little jaunt for a few days, but we gladly give it up.

Business before pleasure.

### MUST MEND HIS WAYS.

Right now it may be well to say a few words to Hank White, who acts as bouncer for the Red Dog saloon.

He has tried to kill three or four men in the last four weeks, and we believe him to be the party who fired a dead rabbit through our bedroom window one night last week.

Unless he makes a great change in his conduct the boys will get up a surprise party on him soon, and those little affairs are never pulled off without some one getting hurt.

M. QUAD.

## THE SLANG OF YESTERYEAR

WHERE is the slang of yesteryear? Those words and phrases gay That formerly assailed our ears Are seldom heard today.

"Shoo, dy; don't bother me."  
"Johnny, get your gun."  
"Ah, there—stay there."  
"Well, how are you, son?"

"HOLD your horses, cully."  
"Don't you get too fly."  
"Over the left." "You're a duds."  
"Wait till the clouds roll by."

Alex, the slang of yesteryear, Emphatic, choice and terse, Like much that's old, "gives up the ghost." Displaced by something worse! —Boston Globe.