

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

Howdy, nineteen hundred and seventeen,
 We're mighty glad you're here,
 While 1916 was an eventful time,
 It was a bloody one we fear;
 Men across the great big pond
 Have met their end defying
 And in this place,
 It won't erase,
 Some women have been dyeing.
 A new mayor sits upon our throne
 With one or two new fathers,
 This bunch for a year at least,
 Will handle all our bothers;
 Being all well tempered men
 And not much used to fussing,
 They will stand
 On every hand
 A goodly share of cussing.
 New Year's resolutions have been made
 And already have been broken,
 Men are smoking like a stove
 And swear words daily spoken;
 But Oregon by the ballot box
 Has stopped the glasses clinking,
 So all can say
 From New Year's Day,
 "I can swear off on drinking."
 "Sadie, dear, what have you done
 To make yourself some better?"
 (Sadie, despite her pious ways
 Fears old Nick will get her;)
 "No ukulele will I ever ting,"
 Replied the little lady,
 Which if true
 Makes no one blue,
 We throw a kiss to Sadie.

The Sycamore Log

MOSSES DOLT, farmer, had not dreamed anything for months that he could remember, but he awoke on a certain morning and said to his wife:

"Maria, I had a dream last night, and it was about a box of money, and that dream was so vivid that I believe I can go right to the hollow sycamore log where I found the box. If it wasn't five miles away and I am so drowsy, busy I'd go today."

"There, there," said his wife. "Eat your breakfast and get out into the field. We ain't the kind that have luck when we dream about it."

As the day wore on Moses became ashamed of his dream and said no more about it. The next morning, however, it was the same thing over again.

"Say, Maria, I'll be switched if I didn't dream that same dream over again. I went to that sycamore log and looked into the hollow end of it, and there was a tin box. What would a tin box be doing there unless it was full of money?"

"It's a little singular about you dreamin' the dream twice over, but I s'pose other folks have done the same thing. Better get to work."

Nothing more was said about it. Moses went right at it on the third night and dreamed that same old dream over again. He was going to tell his wife about it, but he happened to think she might change her mind with being a little off in his head, so he kept quiet.

The dream didn't occur the fourth night, but Moses went over to the house of the justice of the peace and told him of the three dreams and asked him what he thought about them.

"It's kinder curious," was the answer, "but maybe it's a sort of gift offered to you to help you straighten up your old accounts."

"What old accounts?" was asked.

"Why, when your father died he was owing me \$50 for a horse. I never said anything to you about it because you was always rather hard up, but if you find that money I shall expect the principal and interest."

"An' dog my cats, squar, if I don't pay you every cent of it I'm a sheep!"

Half an hour later Moses was making his way through the woods. He kept on for a good five miles, and then he came upon a half ruined old log house in the woods. Just before he reached the house he saw a big sycamore log on the ground, and he took off his hat and gave it two or three swings. Fortune had led him directly to the spot as if a line had been surveyed. He went down to the log, and he found the sweet coating out on his forehead in his earnestness. He had to make several attempts to get down on his knees and peer into the hollow.

"It's here! It's here! The box is here!" cried Moses as he caught sight of it and in a minute more he had it in his arms.

It was a good big dead box and was locked with a padlock. Such was his excitement that he ran for half a mile before stopping for breath, and then he hustled home and rushed his boy off for the justice of the peace, and he came on the run. Then Moses pried open the lid of the box. There was oil silk to keep out the dampness and then money—packages after packages of money—that is, there were six packages of \$10,000 each. Up went hands in astonishment, and mouths and eyes came open. For a long minute not a word was spoken. Then the justice reached for a package and began to thumb the bills over and closely scan them. He continued this work for five minutes and then laid aside the package and went out of the house without a word.

Then Moses picked up package after package, looked at them closely and exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "Counterfeit! Every darned dollar of it!"

"Moses, your little play spell is over," broke in his wife. "It's gone to be bright moonlight tonight, and you can get in two hours' work this evening to make up for lost time."

And Moses hasn't dreamed another dream since. M. QUAD.

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"It's here! It's here!"

MOORE IS MAYOR

A. C. Moore now presides over the destinies of the city of Independence as mayor and M. W. Mix has taken his seat as a councilman. They are the only two new faces at the city hall so far. W. E. Craven, councilman-elect, has yet failed to qualify, and the selection of all appointive officers has been postponed until Jan. 17. Councilman Fletcher has been out of town for some time and it is not known when he will return.

Considerable pressure is being brought to bear upon W. E. Craven to induce him to qualify as councilman, but he has not harkened to the plea. If he fails to "come thru," the council will fill the vacancy. It is reported that at least two of the councilmen are for Peter Kurre for the place. Mr. Kurre stands like a stone wall for economy and would be heard from if given the job.

For marshal, there at least seven candidates: Andy Tupper, John Feagles, W. B. Barnett, Willis Rickman, D. D. Davis, F. R. Arrell and Henry Mott. There may be others in the field before Jan. 17, otherwise one of the first four named will be selected.

For city treasurer there are at least two candidates.

CITY COMMITTEES

Street—Fletcher, Mix, Craven.
 Ordinance—Damon, Sloper.
 Finance—Fletcher, Mix, Health—Mix, Craven, Damon.
 Police—Craven, Damon, Sloper.
 Fire & Water—Sloper, Fletcher.

The failure of W. E. Craven to qualify accounts for the vacancy on several committees.

BID 1916 FAREWELL

Last Sunday night Prof. F. G. Boughton of McMinnville College preached to a large audience in the Baptist church at the regular evening service. After the service the congregation adjourned to the basement where the congregations of the other churches joined them. A very interesting and entertaining program was given under the direction of Rev. Stewart. Readings were given by Rev. F. C. Stephens, Mr. Bingman, and Mr. J. McCoy. O. A. Macy rendered a solo. After the program coffee and sandwiches were served by the ladies of the various churches. Mrs. Simonton, as president of the ladies of the Baptist church, was in charge of the refreshments, which everyone enjoyed very much.

At 11:15 the people again wended their way upstairs where the Watch Night Service was held. Rousing songs were sung by the congregation, which numbered a good many over a hundred. Rev. Stephens led in prayer, and then Miss Nellie Bramberg sang in her delightful way a beautiful solo accompanied by Miss Laura Baker. Rev. Boughton took charge for the last half hour, and gave a very thoughtful and a very practical sermon on "How to Keep New Year Resolutions." After the Happy New Years were said the congregation went home saying that the service would be long remembered for its good-fellowship, and its spirituality. C.

For the 47th time, it is announced that the Salem bridge will be closed.

PLEA OF INSANITY

M. H. McCall, who shot and killed a barber by the name of Shaner in Portland Christmas day, will plead insanity when placed on trial. Attorneys retained for his defense have already commenced to gather evidence. Independence will be thrown into the spotlight during the trial and presumably a number of people from here will be called as witnesses. As far as local sentiment is concerned, nearly everyone who knew "Mac" believes he was "not right in the head."

McCall thinks that it's perfectly proper to kill anybody that needs killing but as this idea is not shared by courts and juries, he reluctantly is forced to make an insanity plea rather than self-defense.

BUDGET ENDORSED

The county budget meeting was held at the county court house in Dallas last Friday morning. The only effort made to economize was by a resolution abolishing the office of county roadmaster. It was voted down, 30 to 22. One or two, who attended the meeting with the hope that enough others, who believe in economy, might be present so that some much needed pruning might be done, found none there and became spectators only. County Judge Kirkpatrick told the gathering that in order to build the Salem bridge, he doubted if there would be any money left for other bridges, or for new roads or road improvements.

BEETS AND CORN

A number of farmers in this vicinity are considering planting sugar beets this year, which from all reports appears to be a profitable industry. There will also be more corn planted this year.

PERT PARAGRAPHS

Mr. Bryan thinks the water wagon is the band wagon.—Brooklyn Times.

Compulsory military training is popular among those above the age of liability.—Wall Street Journal.

Colonel Roosevelt is planning a trip to the Fiji Islands to visit extinct volcanoes. Birds of a feather will flock together.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

A SLAUGHTER

Slaughter resides at Salem, a mild kind of a man, president of the State Butter and Cheese Makers' Association. His namesake is running Europe just now.—Albany Democrat.

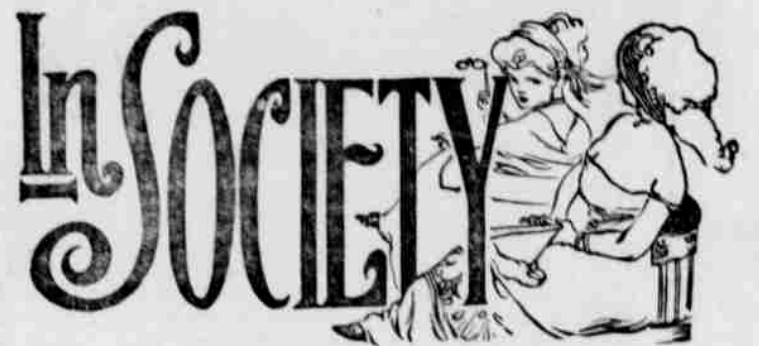
Mr. Slaughter is a former resident of Independence.

\$87520 WANTED

An appropriation of \$87520 is asked for the Normal for the next two years. Of this amount, \$60,000 is for securing a training school, presumably at Independence.

DISRUPTING A COLLEGE

One half of the study course of the college at McMinnville has been abolished. The president announces that after New Year's cigarettes will be banished. Now if they would cut out basketball there would be nothing left.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.



BY VIRGINIA SOUTHERN

Let us greet the New Year gladly,
 Though we miss the old one sadly;
 Let us hope for bright skies o'er us;
 Let our dreams be ever fair;
 Let us banish care and sorrow;
 Hope for gladness on the morrow;
 Let us build for days before us
 Brighter castles in the air.

The friendly and hospitable custom of keeping "open house" on New Year's, which is so generally observed in the Southland would be a delightful innovation for Independence. Friends assemble at various houses during the day and while sipping a cup of tea or indulging in some beverage and cakes, greetings of the season are exchanged and resolutions made which if followed would sometimes lead us to dizzy heights.

With the closing of the holiday season milady's fickle fancy turns in search of the next bright star looming on the social horizon, and while no definite announcement has been made this coming event promises to vie in brilliancy with the already smart functions of the season.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

A happy event of the week was the pretty birthday dinner given at the L. Claggett home last Monday, for Mrs. Claggett in celebration of her 78th birthday. A group of life long friends gathered around the festal board to add cheer to the happy little lady who "sees no evil, hears no evil and does no evil." And tho' for years she has been physically delicate, she always pushes forward with a beaming countenance and a thankful and cheerful spirit. For this event Mrs. Young, who is a connoisseur of all things culinary, had prepared a delectable feast. The table was centered with a huge birthday cake, and vases of pastel shaded chry-

santhemums were effectively used. The house was gaily decked with Christmas greens, and a Christmas tree laden with birthday gifts was a spectacular feature. The holiday spirit was continued at the Claggett home last Wednesday evening when Mrs. Young entertained informally at cards for her guest, Mrs. Julia Dowty of Centralia, Wash.

CHRISTMAS BALL

When the Merrimakers issued 200 invitations for a smart dancing party to be given at the opera house Dec. 28, devotees of dancing rejoiced over another outlet for their cherished diversion. The ball room was transformed into a fairy bower for the event. The decorations were planned with an eye to the beautiful. The walls and ceiling were latticed with yellow and white streamers, and the whole enhanced with a beautiful winter forest. Christmas trees glittering with tinsel and novelties were arranged about the hall, making an appropriate and effective foil for the gaily attired dancers, the ensemble producing a pleasing and colorful panorama.

Groups of Merrimakers looked to the pleasures of their guests as they indulged joyously in the diversion. The grand march was led by Mrs. R. R. DeArmond and Harold Fitchard, the participants forming the letter "M." During the evening Miss Beth Ketchum, who is a clever aesthetic dancer, gave several artistic interpretations.

Cooling beverages were served to the revelers during the dancing hours. Patronesses of the delightful event included Mesdames P. M. Kirkland, S. B. Walker, G. W. Conkey, E. E. Paddock, K. C. Eldridge and E. Burton.

Driving a Bargain

A DRUMMER tells an amusing story of a trade he witnessed in a small Indiana town. A man with a wagon load of brooms was dickering with the proprietor of the grocery store, who was anxious to buy his entire stock and pay half in cash and half in merchandise out of the store. The broom man wanted the money. At last the grocer offered half in cash and half in goods at cost.

With some reluctance the broomman closed the trade. There were twenty dozen brooms at 20 cents a broom, in all \$40. The man was paid his \$24 in cash, and the brooms were unloaded and stacked up in the grocer's big front window.

"Now," said the grocer, with a wave of his hand, "just make your own selection from anything in my store at cost, \$24 worth."

The man stood first on one foot, then on the other and thought. Then he said, "Waal, I believe I'll just take \$24 worth of brooms at cost."—Christian Herald.

Verifying His Statement

LET Mr. and Mrs. Smiley were giving their annual party, and Mr. Smiley was making his usual speech.

"For forty years have my good wife and I traveled hand in hand down life's thorny path," he said. "In all those years not one single harsh, nasty, unkind word has passed our lips. Isn't that true, mother?"

Mother had quietly fallen asleep on the sofa, and as he laid his hand carelessly on her shoulder she snorted defiantly and said sharply:

"Get up yourself and light the fire, Sam. I lit it last, and I'll see you far enough before I'll do it this morning, you— Oh, oh, I—I—why, I must have dropped off to sleep!"

"And I think you'd better have stayed asleep, you old fool!" blazed Samuel into her ear.—London Tit-Bits

