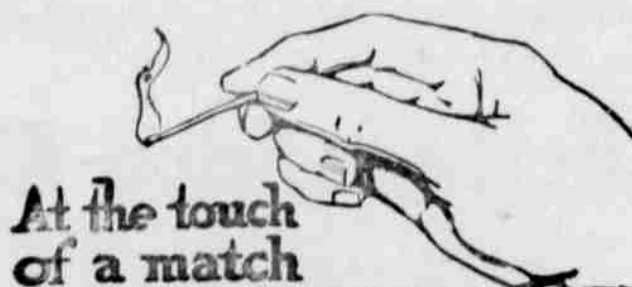




HERE'S something curious about W-B CUT Chewing—it takes less out of your pocket and puts a better chew into your mouth. No big plug sagging your pocket, no big wad sagging your cheek. Half as much of this rich tobacco goes twice as far as ordinary plug. W-B saves your silver and gives you a silver-lining feeling of happiness all over. You can't help from telling your friends about W-B.

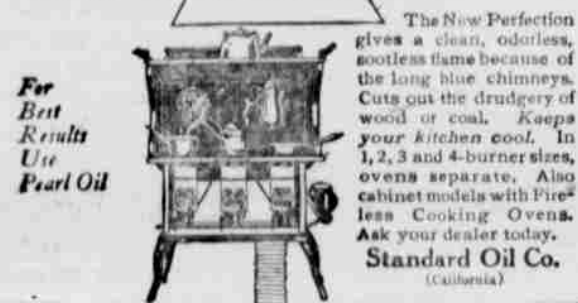
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THE INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Independence, Oregon, Friday, January 12, 1917

I. Aronson, a Portland jeweler, who has been arrested charged with fraudulent advertising by the Portland Ad Club, comes back with the declaration that "it is a case of the pot calling the kettle black" and recalls to memory the famous march of the Portland Ad Club about a year ago. He says:

"The crowd marched thru our streets in 'hot weather attire' namely shirt sleeves, palm leaf fans and straw hats, in a shivering snow storm, depositing thousands of letters to various people in the country, speaking of the wonderful warm climate in the winter, 'showing folks in other parts of the country who see by the moving pictures what can be done in Portland, even in the winter time.' That was about the biggest fake ever pulled off in Oregon. Another stunt was pulled off by having one of the issues of the Saturday Evening Post publish last month, a present day picture of the Portland harbor filled with ships when we all know as a matter of fact that few ships have been in the harbor since the war. An old picture had been used."

If Aronson had represented every brass ring in his store as solid gold and sold every glass as a diamond, he could still learn something about fake advertising from the Portland Ad Club.

There is not a patriotic citizen of the country who will say that General Hugh Scott is a "hot air" merchant in the statement that this country, to be fully prepared, must have 3,000,000 men in the army and half that number at once. —Woodburn Independent.

We are pained to see the excellent Independent mentally corrupted by the exponents of the vicious, every-citizen-carry-a-soldier-on-his-back militarism of which General Scott is one of the leading yellers. Scott is more dangerous to the peace, happiness and prosperity of the country than the anarchist because he has more influence and innocents may be frightened into following after him. It is expected that a number, who greatly profit by war, and, who unfortunately control a large portion of the daily press, would attempt to corrupt public sentiment but when a single member of the free country press is deceived into putting out the poison for them, there is much rejoicing in hell but only weeping in heaven.

One reason given for the exorbitant appropriation for fair purposes in Polk county is that Winnie Braden has been able to capture several blue ribbons. If true, we deny that blue ribbons are worth as much as Polk county is paying for them.

A number of people, who work in Portland, but live in Clackamas county, desire to be annexed to Multnomah county. County lines should be moved whenever it is for the comfort and convenience of any body of citizens.

The legislature is with us again. We hope for the best but fear the worst. Fortunately, our affliction is not of as long a duration as in several other states. The Oregon legislature only stays on the job for forty days.

When Oregon lumber gets to moving, the big drive will commence. There will be enough prosperity to give everybody a liberal share.

Mrs. Bowser's Scheme

And Mr. Bowser Gets Jealous

By M. QUAD



FROM several hints dropped during the last three or four days Mrs. Bowser became satisfied that Mr. Bowser was working up a scheme, and she made up her mind to beat him to it. Therefore, when they had got settled down the other evening she suddenly said:

Mr. Bowser, I have a great scheme on hand which will be sure to make me fame and fortune."

Mr. Bowser gave a start. He always began his schemes that way, but he never heard Mrs. Bowser do it before.

"You know that in this climate we have long, cold winters," she went on. "From November to May we must keep our furnaces going, and the expense is something terrible. The cold comes from the cold waves from the west. If it wasn't for these cold waves we should have almost summer weather here during the seven months of the winter season. You follow me, don't you, Mr. Bowser?"

"I may in time find out what you are getting at," he growled. "I will make it very plain to you, Mr. Bowser. All the cold waves are born on the Rocky mountains, and they head for the east at once. Suppose those blizzards were stopped at the foot of the mountains?"

"But who can stop them—and how?" he asked uneasily.

"If I can get up enough heat to warm up the cold waves the question is solved. The cold waves would turn to warm waves," said Mrs. Bowser. "My scheme is very simple and can be put in practice at a trifling cost. We run a line of poles north and south from Maine to Georgia. We will say it takes 1,000,000 poles. They can be cut and set for about \$3 apiece. That is only the insignificant sum of \$3,000,000."

"What the deuce do you want poles for?" growled Mr. Bowser.

"I want to attach steam pipes to them—six rows of steam pipes. The bottom row will be almost on the ground and the top one eight feet high. These pipes will be attached by hooks, and we will have six rows of them to divide off the east from the west. At each end of the rows we will have a monstrous furnace capable of forcing steam at least 500 miles. I have it all figured out.



The pipes and the work of putting them up will cost only \$15,000,000. The cost of coal per day and the men to tend the furnaces will be about \$100,000 a day. These are trifling things."

"By thunder, woman, you must have lost your head!" was growled.

"I figure," said Mrs. Bowser, "that the steam arising from these pipes will heat the air for half a mile high. Therefore if any blizzard attempts to jump over the pipes it will be dissolved in short order."

Mr. Bowser rose up from his chair and walked back and forth.

"I figure," quietly observed Mrs. Bowser, "that it may cost me \$100,000,000 to put my scheme in operation and run it the first winter. After the first winter the cost will be reduced one-half. I can also furnish steam to heat all the houses within twenty miles of the pipes. Sit down—sit down, Mr. Bowser, and listen to the rest of it."

"All the people who live within fifteen miles of the pipes can let their heads roost upon them every night all winter, and the charge will be only one cent a hen. The Monday wash can be hung on the pipes during the day, and the clothes will dry in an hour. I am quite convinced that if orange trees are set out within ten or fifteen feet of the pipes that fruit can be raised all winter. In three or four years, after I've got this thing in operation, it will be known that Mr. Bowser is my husband, and you will get your share of the honor. It will be a small share, of course, but still enough to make you proud of having such a wife."

Mr. Bowser got red in the face and grunted, and Mrs. Bowser went on:

"You will say that my line of pipes across the country will interrupt travel. I have figured that out. Where they cross railroads the pipes will be set so high that trains can pass under them. At every country crossroads there will be a large elevator to hoist up wagons and horses and gently land them on the other side, and no charge at all will be made for these conveniences. In summer weather, when steam is not wanted, these pipes can be covered with artificial flowers so as to add to the beauty of the scenery. What's the matter, Mr. Bowser? Did you mutter something?"

"Y-e-s. I am thinking of idiot asylums!" was the reply, and Mr. Bowser walked down the hall and put on his overcoat and hat and left the house without another word, while Mrs. Bowser rocked with quiet laughter.

Mr. Bowser went over to the family drug store, bought a stick of licorice and said to the druggist:

"By George, but women are curious critters, ain't they?"

"Well, what is it?" was asked in reply.

Mr. Bowser outlined Mrs. Bowser's scheme and then said:

"Well, what do you think of that tom fool nonsense?"

The druggist had not cracked a smile while listening to the story, and his face was now very serious as he answered:

"Mr. Bowser, if that was your scheme I would say you were the brother of the biggest jackass in America; but as it is Mrs. Bowser's scheme, you tell her that I will take a thousand dollars' worth of stock the day she is ready to begin operations!"

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Kaiser Wilhelm has bestowed 10,000 iron crosses and 5,000,000 wooden crosses.—Boston Transcript.

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