

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

When Salem wished to build a bridge,
They said it must be steal,
And when Polk demanded a concrete
Then there was a squeal;
Down to the legislature next they go
To put us in a gunny,
But they forget
That we, you bet,
Can spend our own good money.

No Salem gink can get our cash
By resorting to a trick,
For tho men may pass such laws,
Not all of them will stick;
Our judge will sit on the safety valve
And a watch dog on the steeple,
No Salem lunk
Can work the bunk
On a kindly neighbor people.

You don't have to be a history worm
Or a person of education,
To know that G. Washington
Was father of our nation;
His birthday might slip right by,
And some of us would let it,
But to the banks
We give our thanks
They never do forget it.

The snow came falling down in heaps,
Enough no doubt for sleighing
When farmers were thinking that
It would soon be time for haying;
And Sadie Shucks had to fall,
All her wardrobe messing,
What she said
When she hit her head,
We leave to you for guessing.

GOLDEN WEDDING CELEBRATED

On the evening of the 21st of February, 1867, Joseph A. Craven and Miss Priscilla R. Meyer were united in the bonds of matrimony at the home of Judge Fulkerson four miles beyond Dixie. The judge was step-grandfather of the bride. The groom was a young Missourian, from Ray county, who had crossed the plains in 1865. They settled down on what is now the Craven homestead southeast of Monmouth which, by the way, was the birthplace of Mrs. Craven. As for Mr. Craven he has clung to the same farm and the same wife ever since and on Wednesday evening at their home in this city they held a modest celebration to observe the golden wedding. There were present their sons, J. R.

Craven of Dallas, W. E. Craven of Independence and A. H. Craven of Monmouth and their daughter, Mrs. Lora Butler and their families. Other children not present were Jasper Craven of Soquel, Cal., and Mrs. Sadie Lippert of San Francisco. Three grandchildren were present: Dean, son of W. E.; June, daughter of A. H. and Elwyn, son of J. R.

An impromptu charivari was staged by Dr. Bowersox and Walter Brown who discoursed in melodious fashion on tin cans.

Mrs. Maurice Butler rendered several solos and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The old couple received several useful and appropriate gifts.—Monmouth Herald.

ATTEMPT AT COERCION

A bill, introduced by the Marion county delegation, the purpose of which is to force Polk county to build a steel bridge over the Willamette, has been passed, and it is not likely that the governor will veto it. Crudely stated, the bill provides that when two county courts cannot agree upon the material, site or have any other difference regarding the building of an inter-county bridge, the point in dispute is left to the state highway commission for adjustment. In this particular case, Marion insists that the bridge be built of steel and Polk county wants concrete. The highway commission favors steel, hence the bill. If the highway commission had been favorable to concrete, no such bill would have been introduced. It is a wonder that a majority of the members of the legislature would vote for such a disreputable attempt at coercion.

Those acquainted with Judge Kirkpatrick know that his fight for a concrete bridge has only been of a kindergarten nature compared to what it will be in the future and the judge will have the support of ninety per cent of the people of Polk county. In fact they would say, "Well done, Judge," if he should say to the Marion county bunch of steel cohorts, "Polk county has thought it over and has concluded that we want no bridge over the Willamette at Salem. We will not contribute a cent to building one. We will hold no more meetings or conferences with you. Your tactics have been too much like rough-necks to suit us."

POLK COUNTY PRUNES

Sixteen hundred acres of producing prune land in Polk county gave a total of 3,500,000 pounds of dried prunes in 1916. This was the largest crop ever produced in the county, and it is conservatively valued at \$210,000.00. This crop gave wage earners of the county \$80,000 in cash during the past year.

According to figures compiled by a prominent prune raiser of Dallas, the average crop of prunes (dried) was 2125 pounds to the acre, or in green fruit about 6200 pounds to the acre, worth \$127.50. The harvesting of Polk's crop cost \$31.60 per acre, cultivation \$10 per acre and taxes \$3 per acre. Figuring the value on an average of \$500 per acre the interest at 6 per cent amounts to \$30 per acre, leaving an average net profit of \$52.90 for the growers in 1916, and the actual profits after paying all labor costs for the handling of the crop were \$84,640.

CHANGING CROPS

It is estimated that at least 500 acres in this vicinity will be planted to sugar beets this year, peppermint at least 150 acres and potatoes and onions many acres more. About half of the acreage to be used for beets, peppermint, potatoes and onions this year was planted to hops last year. In Polk county complete, it is estimated that the hop acreage will be decreased over 700 acres.

J. W. KIRKLAND 89

J. W. Kirkland reached the age of 89 last Friday and duly celebrated the occasion. He was dined by relatives and was greatly encouraged to not think of quitting for twenty years yet. This he promised to do. Congratulations.

GIRL KILLS SISTER

Vila McManes, aged 8, was accidentally killed by her thirteen year old sister Tuesday evening with a shot gun. The accident occurred at the Percival ranch across the river where the J. C. McManes family was living. The girl attempted to extract a shell from a gun, which the father had used during the morning to hunt rabbits, and in some inaccountable manner, the gun was discharged. The sister, who was standing directly in front of the gun, received the full charge in the face. She was horribly mutilated. Mrs. McManes was also badly injured. No coroner's inquest was held because it was plain to be seen that the shooting was accidental.

The McManes family lived in Independence last fall at the corner of C and Railroad streets.

T. E. C. CELEBRATES

The Tuesday Evening Club remembered the Father of its Country last night by giving the following program which was greatly enjoyed by those present.

Piano solo, Vera Brunk.
Song, "America".
Reading, Crissie Bramberg.
Recitation, Lena South.
Song, Beatrice Bramberg.
Recitation, Lemuel Barnett.
Recitation, Vernon Howard.
Piano solo, Laura Baker.
Dialogue, Vera Brunk, Mary Howard, Chas. E. Frazier, Chum Howard, Willard Ingermanson.
Duet—Laura and Mary Howard.

Shadow Pantomime
Song, "Star Spangled Banner".

BUSINESS CHANGE

A deal will be made today in which Ray Collins will take over the interests of Eley Fluke in the firm of Fleke & Johnson. Mr. Collins has been head clerk in the store for several months and will prove a valuable addition to the business. Mr. Fluke will go to Walla Walla, Wash., where he has secured a good position.

HONOR MISS WILLARD

Mrs. W. H. Parks entertained the W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon, the birthday anniversary of Frances E. Willard being observed by appropriate readings, songs and speeches by the members and visitors. There was a short business meeting. After the meeting closed, the hostess served a very dainty luncheon.

SMALL GIRL'S ACT

A strange case is reported from Albany. The Presbyterian church of that city has been set afire twice. After an investigation it was learned that a small girl was responsible for both fires. She started them for the purpose of creating excitement in one part of the building so she could steal money from the collection box in another part.

RED HEADS

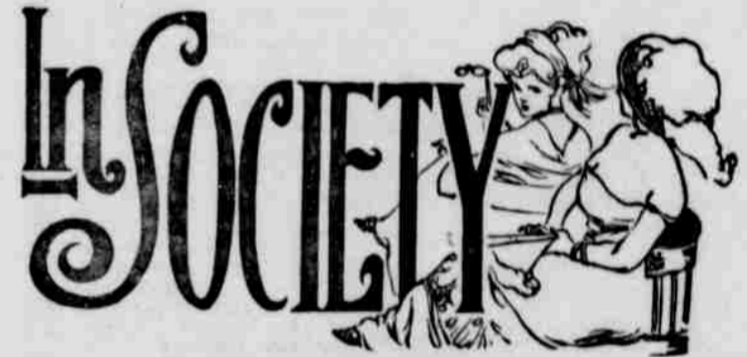
The Monmouth Herald thinks the state normal there has about all the auburn-haired damsels in Oregon. The O. A. C. could send two or three hundred over there and would have so many left they would not be missed.—Benton County Courier.

DIED

Jesse Buffum, aged 25, died suddenly last Saturday from hemorrhage of the lungs. He is survived by a wife, father, three brothers and a sister. Interment was made at Amity.

JOHN KNEW HOW MANY WELLS THERE WERE AND STOPPED THE ARGUMENT

We've had a snake story, a mouse story and now Sam tells us what he calls a real story. There is an old well on the lot once occupied by a hotel on the corner of C and Second streets. Once upon a time, so Sam says, John Bohannon and a fellow called "Fadeaway" Kelly were returning from a carom party late at night. As they passed the well, they were startled to hear a woman crying, "Help me out! Help me out!" It didn't take John long to find out that the woman was in the well but Kelly declared there were three wells and three women and was so positive about it that he insisted upon arguing. They debated for three hours about how many wells and women there were until finally John got mad, pushed Kelly into the well with the woman, filled up the hole with dirt and went home. That was how Kelly got his name—he just faded away, so to speak. To this day John has not mentioned the incident to a living soul, and this happened many years ago before the state went "dry".



BY VIRGINIA SOUTHERN

While last week's social functions were characterized by sentiment and romance, this week's entertaining has been more of a patriotic nature. Washington's birthday has beautifully introduced the Colonial period and presented an opportunity for the display of powdered coiffures, beauty patches and typical Colonial costumes.

The most noteworthy event of the week was the large Colonial Card Carnival given by the Civic League at the Moose Hall last evening, and the substantial support given the undertaking proved most gratifying.

COLONIAL CARD CARNIVAL

The Washington's birthday brought forth a snow storm, more than one hundred people responded to their invitations to the Colonial Card Carnival at the Moose Hall to pay homage to the Father of His Country and at the same time swell the Civic League funds for sweet charity's sake. The spacious hall was most effectively decorated with national banners. Large flags were draped on the walls, while three rows of smaller ones were stretched across the full length of the building. Numerous flags waved from the chandeliers and hundreds and hundreds of tiny flags were festooned from the chandeliers to the corners of the rooms. Portraits of George and Martha Washington with a tiny hatchet here and there added an historic interest to the event.

Mrs. W. H. Walker, as George Washington, was handsome and stately in a gay waistcoat worn with the picturesque Colonial coat, with lace frills at the neck and sleeves, sattie breeches, silver buckled pumps and powdered wig. Mrs. Clyde Ecker represented Lady Washington and was costumed in a dainty gown fashioned after the Colonial days, bits of real lace, a powdered coiffure and beauty patches completed the quaint

costume. Mr. Walker and Mrs. Ecker welcomed the guests and furnished them with their 500 score cards. Tables were designated by cherry blocks from which miniature flags waved.

During the evening, Mrs. Claire Irvine sang "Long Live America," and J. G. McIntosh sang "Let There Be Peace". Both musicians were enthusiastically recalled. Mrs. McIntosh was their accompanist.

At the close of the games, Mrs. Swope held ladies' high score and was presented with a jar of cherries, topped with a tiny cherry tree. Pearl Hedges won gentlemen's high score and received a large gilded hatchet fashioned after the one that played havoc with the historical cherry tree.

A luncheon, consisting of Independence sandwiches, cherries, Martha Washington cakes and Bunker Hill coffee was served by the committee in charge.

Covey's orchestra furnished music for the event and their meritorious program was heartily received, and added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

Mrs. Sherman Hays was the general chairman of the committee in charge and to her untiring energy and skillful management and ability to work out details with a charming effect, the success of the entire function is largely due.

NEEDLECRAFTERS.

The busy workers of the Needlecraft gathered at the hospitable home of Mrs. E. Burton last Thursday afternoon and engaged in bits of needlework while jolly repartee made the hours pass quickly by. Light refreshments were served by Mrs. Burton and her daughter, Miss Florence.

OWLS PLAY.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Kirkland

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3.)

He Simply Had to Get Out

"MULLIGER," whispered Mrs. Tawny, "I hear something moving in the next room. It must be a burglar."
"Heh?" said Mulliger Tawny sleepily. "Nonsense! There's nothing in this house to attract a burglar."
"I know that as well as you do, you shiftless wretch, but the burglar don't know it!" hissed Mrs. Tawny. "Oh, there's a man with a dark lantern!"
"Let me at him!" cried Mulliger Tawny. And in one round he had the masked intruder by the throat.
"I surrender!" gasped the housebreaker.



Had Him by the Throat.

"Take him out to a policeman!" cried Mrs. Tawny from under the bedclothes. And after holding the burglar by the power of his eye as he hastily dressed Mulliger led him from the room.

Once outside, the burglar tore off his mask and laughed great, round laughs, "Oh, oh, oh!" Then he and Mulliger repaired arm in arm to the club and draw poker. It was the first night's vacation that poor Mulliger Tawny had had in two months. Detroit Free Press.