

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

"I buy my grub," says old man Grunt,
 "And have not a thing to sell,
 But if it was not for daughter's beaux,
 I'd do quite middling well;
 But she has as much as six of them,
 Hanging 'round to win her,
 And every day
 I can say
 There's one or two for dinner."
 A parson at the Baptist church
 Is here to save some souls,
 He talks about the sins of men
 And a better life unfolds;
 Most of us neglect the church
 And others scorn by hissing,
 But bad behaved
 Unless you're saved,
 You don't know what you're missing.
 When back into the past we go
 And in its memories hover,
 Sometimes we yearn and wish again
 To live the old life over;
 If we began to correct mistakes
 That the past uncovers,
 While doing this,
 We couldn't miss
 From making many others.
 A cry to arms in our fair land,
 A love of country brings,
 Who'd think that dark old Russia
 Would ever sluff its kings;
 Spring officially has arrived,
 The same we're glad to greet,
 But weather man
 If you can
 Please turn on some heat.

IN THE LONG AGO

Mrs. J. Dornisfe brought to the Monitor office this week a rare collection of old papers, among them being the New York Herald of Sept. 24, 1881, which contained an account of the death of President Garfield, a Salem Statesman of Feb. 7, 1890, which told of the great flood that year, a Portland Oregonian of May 13, 1899, and a San Francisco Examiner of Sept. 19, 1901, which announced the death of President McKinley. In the old Independence papers there was much to be found that is interesting to those living here today.

The Independence River Side, "independent in everything, neutral in nothing," was a year and 20 weeks old on June 4, 1880, and was edited by G. W. Quivey. The edition of the above date was almost entirely filled with editorials and communications regarding a county seat fight between Independence and Dallas. A committee of five, one of which was J. S. Cooper, certified that they had deposited \$9000 in a Salem bank as a guarantee that Independence would build a court house. Among the advertisers were Ezra Poppleton, "successor to Rosendorf & Hirschberg," merchant; Sloper Bros', feed store and feed stable; Riece Bros. & Whiteaker, hardware; Wm. Wallace, West Side saloon, who gave free lunches, had "all the leading papers for sale" and sold beer at 25c per quart; H. M. Lines, furniture and coffins; Maloney & Wheeler, manufacturers of buggies and wagons, who also advertised that they treated "diseased feet"; D. M. Calbreath, druggist at Buena Vista; and E. T. Henkle, "fashionable barber".

The Independence West Side of Dec. 6, 1889, was published by E. C. Pentland. From it we learned that hops were raised here at that time, for Dove Bros. sold 53,000 pounds at 9c, that a panther had been "making things lively," that R. Shelley was elected mayor and M. Merwin, councilman from the third ward, that Lyman Damon was "recently baptised" being thrown from a horse into the river, that "Joe Hubbard's little Claude now carries a fine watch" and that he "with his dog, Shep, can kill more skunks and eat more sausage than the common run", that a sidewalk was being built in North Independence and that Councilman Merwin was making a fight in the council for sidewalks on C street.

The West Side of Feb. 7, 1890, was all taken up with an account of the flood. The headlines telling us that it was the "highest since 1861", that the Salem bridge was gone, that the streets of Independence were full of row boats on Feb. 4 but that there was no damage in the business section of the town. North Independence, however, was a lake, "Abe Nelson's house being entirely surrounded". Andy Wilson's house was under water. Dave Duvall, J. Dornisfe and Merwin's moved upstairs and D. L. Hedges escaped by six inches.

In the West Side of July 8, 1890, we learn that the Fourth of July was celebrated in "old fashioned style". The parade was a feature. Lyman Damon was grand marshal, Miss Garland Hill, Goddess; Mildred Fryer, Honor; Miss Bessie Butler, central figure in a float; and Miss Ethel Alexander rode a decorated horse cart.

FORGOT THE CHANGE

A man called for a plug of tobacco in one of our stores yesterday and handed the merchant an Irish potato in payment and started to walk out. "Hold on there," said the storekeeper, "Don't you want your change? There's two beans coming to you."—Exchange.

DENIED NEW TRIAL

M. H. McCall was denied a new trial by Judge Kavanaugh in Portland Wednesday. The defense had asked that the verdict be set aside upon the grounds that the prosecuting attorney had prejudiced the jury by stating that McCall's story was a "frame-up" to prove his insanity.

McCall will now be taken to the penitentiary to begin his life sentence. He may be transferred to the asylum if officials conclude he is insane.

YEOMAN "BIG TIME"

The Brotherhood of American Yeomen of Salem will visit the lodge in Independence on Tuesday evening, March 27. A number of candidates will "ride the goat", the team from Salem conducting the ceremonies, after which a banquet will be spread. Musical numbers will be furnished by Covey's orchestra, and others, followed by dancing. A general good time is expected. All Yeomen in town are requested to be present. C.

WISELY STRINGED

The Polk county court has wisely attached some strings to its promise to contribute \$5 a day to the support of a free ferry at Salem. It will pay the \$5 providing that Polk county wins the mandamus suit now pending or if not successful in the mandamus suit will pay the \$5 if the new bridge does not cost Polk county over \$45000.

EXCITES SALEM

Claud Skinner and partner greatly excited Salem Tuesday night when they attempted to secure an anchorage for their ferry on the Marion side. The work was stopped by the police. The Statesman "played up" the story on its first page as if it was as important as a great battle.

Independence beat Dallas in a tug-of-war and no wonder; M. W. Mix, O. D. Butler and Peter Kurre pulled for their home town. Hon. N. L. Butler orated at Lebanon, Mrs. Stansberry entertained the Methodist Ladies' Aid, P. M. Kirkland, druggist, as advertising soda water, Independence had a ladies' band and among the officers installed by the Rebekahs were Mesdames I. Claggett, J. E. Hubbard and E. T. Henkle.

The greatest newspaper Independence ever had was the Sunday Record which was published for a time in 1895. It carried the Associated Press service. Its issue of May 19, 1895, contained the information that Clare Irvine, arrayed in his "new bike costume," peddled to Salem, that O. A. Kremer had gone to Portland to get some gold medals for a bicycle tournament and that the wife of U. S. Hefly "presented him with a charming little daughter". This is the only birth recorded in any of the old Independence papers kept by Mrs. Dornisfe so we cannot reveal of the age of any one.

STATE OF WAR EXISTS

The United States and Germany are now at war, according to government officials. German submarines have sunk several American ships during the past week, without warning which is interpreted to mean that Germany is indifferent to the consequences of such an act. President Wilson called a special session of congress for April 2.

With the United States in the war, Germany will be fighting the world. How long it can hold out against such tremendous odds, time alone will tell, but prospects for peace this summer are very bright.



Homer M. Smith of Independence and Miss Ethel Thompson, formerly of Independence but now of Portland, were married in Vancouver Wednesday. The news was a great surprise to their many friends here who wish them much happiness and prosperity. They will make their home at Tigard.

CLYDE DICK DROWNED

It is with feelings of the deepest grief that we chronicle the death of our dear boy, Clyde Dick, who was drowned at Oak Point, Washington, in the Columbia river, March 17, 1917, aged 25 years. He lived in Independence several years and has many friends here. He leaves a wife, two children and his foster-parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dick, to mourn his death. One by one earth's ties are broken.

As we see our love decay;
 And the hopes so fondly cherished
 Brighten but to pass away.
 One by one our hopes grow brighter
 As we wear the shining shore,
 For we know across the river
 Wait the loved ones gone before. C.

ROWE IS OUT

H. J. Rowe, who last week sold his jewelry store to D. H. Phillips, this week disposed of his electric supplies to H. D. Clements, a brother of Manager Clements of the Oregon Power Co. Mr. Rowe has no definite plans for the future but will probably remain in Independence.



YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Your flag and my flag! And oh,
 how much it holds—
 Your land and my land—secure
 within its folds!
 Your heart and my heart beats
 quicker at the sight;
 Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, red
 and blue and white,
 The one flag—the great flag—the
 flag for me and you—
 Glorifies all else beside—the red,
 white and blue.

Your flag and my flag! and how
 it flies today
 In your land and my land, and
 half a world away!
 Rose-red and blood-red the
 stripes forever gleam;
 Snow-white and soul-white—the
 good forefathers' dream;
 Sky-blue and true-blue, with
 stars to gleam aright—
 The glorified guidon of the day,
 a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag! to every
 star and stripe
 The drum beat as hearts beat
 and fifers shrilly pipel
 Your flag and my flag—a bless-
 ing in the sky;
 Your hope and my hope—it never
 hid a lie;
 Home-land and far-land and half
 the world around,
 Old Glory hears our glad salute
 and ripples to the sound.

—WILBUR D. NESBIT.

JUDGE HOKE

Justice Reigns
in Sandy Bend



WHEN Judge Hoke's court opened at Sandy Bend the other morning it was crowded to its greatest capacity. There were over forty cases to be tried, and as soon as court opened the Judge rose and explained:

"As you all know, a gang of land speculators dropped in here about a month ago, and after a day or two it was reported as follows:

"That we were to have a city government and a police force, that half the saloons and dance halls were to be closed, that any man found with a gun on him was to get fifteen days in jail, that every man must change his shirt at least once a week, that the game of poker could not be played in this town between Saturday at midnight and sunrise on Monday morning."

"To cap the climax, we were to have a railroad and autos were soon to be seen galloping up and down our streets and a number of places were to open where ice cream and soda water were to be on sale."

"We were stunned. From a free frontier town, clinging to its old ways and customs we were to be jumped into the midst of a city, with all its frills and fringes. The blow was so sudden that we became panic stricken. This court was no exception. I sent for a plug hat and a cane and a new necktie to greet the arrival of civilization. I hereby fine myself \$5 and cost for making an ass of myself. And now for the rest of you. This large batch of prisoners has been summoned here for misdemeanor, and none can escape."

"Grizzly Sam, stand up! You have been one of the stoutest men in Sandy Bend for many years, but when you heard this news you immediately traded your cayuse for a new suit of clothes, and you put them on and paraded up and down and said you were ready for the rush. There was no rush. It was all a hoax, and for being taken in and done for you are thereby fined \$5 and cost."

"Tornado Joe, we always admired you for your whiskers. They almost touch your toes. You looked like a patriot and a pirate. Those whiskers were held sacred by all in Sandy Bend. You gave dignity to the town. No matter if you went around with only a shirt on, no one smiled and none dared joke with you. What in thunder did you do when the panic set in? Why, you went and had those whiskers cut off, and for a whole day you had to go round introducing yourself. Such conduct on your part cannot be excused in this town. You are fined \$7 and \$3 cost, and you must pay the fine within one hour or go to jail long enough to grow a new crop of whiskers."

Judge Hoke went on for an hour, administering fine after fine until the end was reached. When the last one had paid his fine and disappeared the Judge remarked to himself:

"This has been a glorious day. There will be no street cars, no police force, no railroads in Sandy Bend for years to come, and if any one thirte for soda water or ice cream cones he will have to ride fifty miles to get the goods. There shall be one spot left in America where the sons and daughters of liberty shall rest without fear that their dreams shall be broken by the ruthless invader."
 M. QUAD.

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Looked Like a Pirate.

A Surprised Dinner Party

IN a recently published book Sir Henry Lucy has a charming story of the late Canon Alinger. The canon was very fond of children and set out one night to attend a party given "by children for children."

"Don't announce me," he said to the servant when he reached the house.

Leaving his coat and hat downstairs, he quietly approached the drawing room door, where the buzz of voices announced the presence of company.

With the idea of giving the youngsters a merry surprise he dropped on his hands and knees and crawled into the room, making strange noises distinctly resembling the neighing of a horse, the barking of a dog and the mewling of a cat.

Aware of a dead silence, he looked up and found the guests, assembled for an 8 o'clock dinner, regarding him with mixed emotions, some thinking he was drunk, others that he was crazy, some with a look of amazement, others with a look of terror.

The canon had made a mistake. The children's party was next door.



Crawled into the Room.