THE POLK C

Admitted to the se

THURSDA

V.

SUBSCRIPTION { Itemizer, one ye
With Weekly Or
With Oregon W

'PHONES: BELL { Office,
Reside

Patronize One Another for

Nowata is the name of a new t
in Oklahoma. It is naturally a
town.

"Who are the three greatest r
way men in the country?" asks a
respondent. They are E. H. Ha
man.

Some judge says of Taft: "He
touched nothing he has not streng
ened." How about that poor ho
he broke down?

It does not seem just right for b
of the leading candidates for
presidency to keep favoring public
at a time when they are joining
cret societies.

Prohibition Candidate Chafin s
if he is elected he will use the army
enforce prohibition. Why this sli
of the navy, which is better equipp
for making a water fight?

Organized labor is asked to suppo
Taft because he went to Japan a
pursuaded them not to fight us. T
laboring men on the Pacific coast w
never thank him for any such int
vention.

Now comes Taft with a promise
a special session of congress to revi
the tariff. Seems to us we have hea
before of these ante-election promis
from the republicans, some of the
right here in Oregon, and found o
how little they amounted to.

Frank H. Hitchcock is re arded
the Washington newspaper men
the monumentally silent man. B
fore the campaign is over Mr. Hitc
cock will discover that the newspap
men will talk for him unless he loo
ens up a bit and talks for himself.

It is an every day occurence now
hear of some man who has decided
vote for the man for president wh
has always aligned himself again
the trusts and for the peoples be
interests—Wm. J. Bryan. There hav
been no halfway measures about M
Bryan's candidacy, he is accepting n
corporation money, nor trying to kee
in with both sides of the question.

Rev. H. C. Morrison, the evangelis
and editor of the Pentecostal Herald
is sending out circulars asking th
voters to repudiate William H. Taft a
he repudiates Jesus Christ. He say
that the republican nominee denie
that Jesus Christ was the Son of God
and says that every minister of the
gospel and laymen of the faith, and
every mother who loves the Lord, and
every Sabbath school teacher in the
nation, ought to rise up and march t
the polls on election day, singing, "Al
Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and
give Mr. Taft a rebuke that will go

B. F. JONES
Attorney-at-Law
INDEPENDENCE, OR.
Probate work a specialty.

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Admitted to the second class of mail matter.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27, 1908.

V. P. FISKE.

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COME

NOT A MILITARY HERO WORSHIPER.

[Original.]

When the Spanish-American war came on Milton Forester was a lieutenant in the national guard. He received a captaincy in the volunteers and marched away with his regiment amid the plaudits of the throngs who lined the streets. There was one face at an upper window which absorbed all the young soldier's attention, the face of his fiancee, Mary Mills. The look of pride in him and love for him that beamed in her eyes might have exhilarated another, but Forester was a peculiarly sensitive man—a man to dread a possible failure. He knew there were certain men whose constitutional makeups unfitted them to be soldiers, and no man can tell whether he is one of these till he comes to face shot and shell. He dreaded lest he might prove unworthy. Should he falter under the terrible strain of battle he would never see Mary again.

Forester thought too much of this. It is well for one to realize obligations he has taken upon himself, but he should not permit himself to brood over the matter. Forester worried all the way to Florida, from Florida to Cuba and during the campaign until the final fighting, which was the first time he was under fire.

It was during this contest about Santiago that his regiment was ordered forward in the face of a terrible fire. One's first fight is the most trying of all. It is then that the soldier for the first time hears the ugly stinging sound of bullets, the rattle of machine guns and the screech of shells, to all of which there is the background of incessant roar of cannon. Forester looked a little pale, but pressed resolutely on.

All of a sudden he became conscious of a dizzy, nauseating sensation, his foot struck something—or he thought it did—and he pitched forward. The regiment pushed on. Another line of battle came up and was pressing forward when Forester was awakened, as it were, by the sound of a voice. Nathan Burge, an old and tried friend, had seen him, recognized him and stopped to succor him.

"Nate," said Forester, "I've fallen out of the ranks. I hadn't the physical ability to go on. Write to Mary Mills and tell her that I'll never see her again. She has loved a coward!"

"Hi, you, there! Move on!" cried an officer who was marching in rear to drive on stragglers. Without a word Burge hurried forward, leaving his friend to his own regrets.

When the fight was over Burge sought Forester, but, not finding him, supposed that he had hidden his shame by desertion. He waited for a time, thinking that the coward might turn up, but he did not. Burge's regiment was ordered to the coast at the close of the war and was one of the first to embark for home. When he reached Montauk Point the first person he met was Mary Mills. She had come as a nurse. She inquired eagerly for her lover.

Burge prevaricated. He could not bear to deliver the message with which he had been charged. But Mary, with a woman's quick eye where love is concerned, saw that he was concealing something and assumed that her fiance had been killed. Burge would much rather have broken such news to her than that he had turned out a coward. At last he told her the truth. Mary Mills went home bowed down with grief.

The next morning she heard one of her sisters reading from newspaper dispatches from Santiago. She was about to leave the room, dreading lest she should hear that her lover had been ordered before a court martial to be tried for cowardice, when his name was mentioned, but in a different way from what she had expected:

Milton Forester, wounded in the stomach. Operated upon and expected to recover. Promoted to be captain, vice John Kellogg, killed.

Forester after being left by Burge tried to rise. His object was to push forward with a view to getting himself killed. But he found himself too weak to rise. At that moment a surgeon with an ambulance corps came hurrying on, making hasty examinations of the wounded lying on the field. Coming to Forester, he saw blood on his clothing, tore open his coat and said:

"A bad wound."

"I? Wounded?"

"Yes; in the stomach."

"Thank God!"

The surgeon looked at him with a puzzled expression, but there was no time for words, and after ordering a rescue party to take him to a hospital pushed on.

When the boys of '61 were shot in the stomach there was nothing left for them but to pass the dark portal. Not so in the Cuban war. By that time such progress had been made in surgery that Forester's stomach was laid bare, the wound sewed up, the stomach put back in place, and in time the patient was as well as ever. As soon as it was safe he was put on a transport and sent north. When as a convalescent he walked slowly down the gangway to the dock his friend Burge and his fiancee, Mary Mills, were there to meet him.

"What did you mean," said the former, "by putting up a job on me like that?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Nate. I once asked my father, who commanded a battery in the civil war, how he felt on going into a fight. He said it made him sick at his stomach. I felt sick, and I didn't know I'd been struck."

Mrs. Mary Mills Forester, now a matron of thirty-two, says she believes there is a good deal of humbug about "the fearless heroes of war."

MERRICK AUGER.

His Correspondent.

[Original.]

In the olden times, when things were not all ready made by millions, Joseph Sanger stepped into a store where a variety of things were kept on sale. There were embroidered articles for women, fancy articles for household use and lounging articles for men. The latter consisted of dressing gowns, smoking jackets, slippers and such other paraphernalia.

"I'm a bachelor," said the young man—"a lone, lorn bachelor. I am obliged to spend a great deal of time in my room, and I may as well be comfortable. What have you in the line of wearing apparel for such use?"

The shopkeeper squared himself and surveyed his customer with calculation in his eyes. "Yes; I think they will fit you," he said at last. "The very thing—a smoking jacket, cap and slippers, brand new, beautifully embroidered. I got them in only yesterday, but I will sell the lot very cheap." He produced the articles. The young man tried them on, and they fitted him fairly well.

"You say they are new?" he asked.

"They look shop worn."

"Such things are made by fine ladies in indigent circumstances, who usually spend a great deal of time on them. I dare say they were a year or more in making. That accounts for their appearance."

Sanger bought the things for a song, took them home and the same evening put them on. As he saw himself in a mirror he thought them very becoming and a great bargain. Lighting a cigar, he sat down in his easy chair, feeling very comfortable. But notwithstanding that he was in fine apparel he was miserable. Who can be happy with nothing but walls to talk to? Thrusting his hands into the pocket of the jacket, he ran one of them against a bit of paper. Withdrawing it he read:

The maker of this jacket would like to correspond with the purchaser with a view to matrimony.

"Well, now, I like that!" mused Sanger. "That woman has a long head. She knew there were even chances the things would fall into the hands of a bachelor, that the bachelor would wear them in a room all alone and want a wife. My dear, I'll go you."

He wrote a note and mailed it. It came back with postmen's notes scribbled all over it: "Try here. Try there. Try everywhere." Sanger, disappointed, threw it on his dressing case. But the next evening on returning from business it was missing. The maid told him that the postman had asked for it, having found a party to whom it might belong. A few days later a note written on fine paper and bearing a crest was laid on a table in his room. He opened it and read:

Since placing the note in the article you describe prosperity has come to me. Nevertheless I shall be delighted to find a man who has in him the elements of a good husband.

There was no mention of the writer's age. When Sanger replied, which he did at once, he said that his age was twenty-six. Before going any further in the matter he would like to know the lady's age. There was no reply to this, and, fearing that she might be sensitive about her age, he wrote again, giving the old quotation "with loving hearts age makes no difference."

Then came an epistle stating that the age of the lady who had placed the paper in the smoking jacket was forty-two. Sanger was much disappointed and forthwith committed the note to the wastebasket. He was not in need of marrying a fortune and did not propose on any account to marry a woman eighteen years his senior.

Meanwhile a lady acquaintance told him that she wished to introduce him to a young friend of hers. Sanger consented and met an attractive girl of eighteen, with whom he proceeded straightway to fall in love. His passion being reciprocated, an engagement ensued. When he was feeling the happiest a note came from his correspondent stating that she had looked up his record, was satisfied with it and was ready to make his acquaintance. Sanger paid no attention to the note. Presently he received another, stating that if he thought he could trifle in that way with unprotected women he was mistaken. The courts would do her justice.

Sanger was troubled. It appeared that he had been drawn into a trap by a woman for blackmail. She had his letters, though there was no offer of marriage in them, so he might as well write one or two more, trying to fix the matter up. The replies he got puzzled him. They seemed to have been written rather by a young girl than a middle aged woman. Indeed, there was something very unsophisticated in them. He finally determined to meet her and find out just what kind of an enemy he was fencing with.

He made an appointment to meet at a certain spot in the park. As he was about to keep it along came a letter from his fiancee asking him to come to her at that very hour. This was unfortunate, but he resolved to ignore the request. He went to the park.

As he approached the rendezvous whom should he see but his fiancee herself. He halted, but, having been seen by her, he approached. She stood laughing at him. When she had driven him to the verge of anger she explained.

Twenty years agone her mother wrote the note he had found in his dressing gown. His reply had fallen into her hands, and she had been his correspondent. She had secured the introduction and had since been amusing herself by continuing the correspondence.

ROSALIE WHITING.

Among the Hottentots (Hottentoten in German) the kangaroos (Beutelratte) are found in great numbers. Many of them wander over the country free and unmolested; others, less fortunate, are taken by hunters and put into cages (Kotter) provided with covers (Lattengitter) to keep out the rain. These cages are called in German Lattengitterwetterkotter, and the kangaroo after his imprisonment takes the name of Lattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte. One day an assassin (Attentater) was arrested who had killed a Hottentot woman, Hottentotmutter, the mother of two stupid and stuttering children in Straettertrottel. This woman in the German language is entitled Hottentotenstraettertrottelmutter, and her assassin takes the name Hottentotenstraettermuttertaeter. The murderer was confined in a kangaroo's cage — Beutelrattenlattengitterwetterkotter—when a few days later he escaped, but fortunately he was recaptured by a Hottentot, who presented himself at the mayor's office with beaming face.

The Worm.

Teacher (to class)—Did you know, children, that the beautiful silk dresses every of ladies come from little worms?

Bessie (excitedly)—Yes'm. That's our papas.—Harper's Weekly.

But It Wasn't Fiction.

"I'd like to read tonight," quoth he,
"Some wild and thrilling tale,
To have my hair stand up on end
And have my face turn pale."

His wife thrust quick into his hand
(She lived to do his will)
A sheet. He fainted as he scanned
Her last dressmaking bill.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Imagination.

"He is a man of great imagination, isn't he?"

"I should say so! He has been keeping the books of a mining corporation."—New York Life.

Vain Butterfly.

How different is Madge from the little hand mirror
In which she's so often found peeking,
For Madge always speaks without ever reflecting;
The mirror reflects without speaking.
—Philadelphia Press.

Great Scheme.

Tommy—Chee! Wy wasn't you ter school terday?

Johnny—I washed me face, an' teacher thought I wuz sick an' sent me home.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Life's Realities.

Oh, happy time! Afloat upon the stream,
They drift in leafy coves where lilies gleam
Thus happy would they float forevermore,
But some one wants the boat at half past four.
—Judge.

If You're a Good Loser.

"There is a chasm between me and society. What is the best way for me to cross it?"

"Bridge."—Baltimore American.

The Autocrat.

Take what the iceman brings your way
Without complaint, e'en though 'tis small,
For if you make him cross today
Tomorrow he won't come at all.
—Boston Post.

A Serious Loss.

"I hear young Mrs. Hasty's temper broke up her home."

"Yes, and most of the crockery."—Baltimore American.

As the World Goes.

To show the world how it should go
Takes some men but a day,
But the average man's life is too short
To make it go his way.
—Houston Post.

At the Bridge Club.

"They say Mrs. Gulpin is at death's door."

"Oh, oh! And she is such a beautiful player!"—Smart Set.

Johnny's Definition.

Said teacher, "What's a skeleton?"
"I know," said Johnny Goff;
"It's a man that has his insides out
And has his outsides off."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Condemned by Age.

"You didn't laugh at my story. Wasn't it a good one?"

"No. The good die young."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Continuous.

The weary model gets no rest;
Her life o'errun with woes is.
She poses all the day with zest
And all the night reposes.
—Judge.

Enough Said.

"Are you a member of the Sunshine club?"

"No, sir. I sell umbrellas."—Illustrated Bits.

Mostly Talk.

A barking dog, so we are told,
Is seldom known to bite;
Likewise a man who talks a lot
Will run before he'll fight.
—Chicago News.

Well?

"Did the new laundry do your shirts up well?"

"Yep; did 'em up brown."—Cleveland Leader.

Telltale.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Show when boys go swimming
Heedless of command.

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