

Local and Personal

Zook the Painter, will hang your paper.

G. T. McKinney gave Toledo a visit last Friday, returning home Saturday. He went over to look at some land.

We had written up the visit of the stork to the home of William Riddell Jr. and wife, for last week, but somehow the copy was left hanging on the hook, however, that didn't disconcert the stork as he left his bunch of joy and Mr. and Mrs. Riddell are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy.

Eighth Grade Examinations.

Following are the names of the pupils who successfully completed the eighth grade examinations, held May 12th and 13th.

Besides these who were successful many failed in only one or two subjects and will write on the subjects at the June examination and if successful will be granted a diploma at that time:

Dist. No. 1, Zena—Dora B. Davis, Carl Bales, Roy E. Barker.

Dist. No. 2, Dallas—Willis McDaniel, Dovie Odom, Lena Allen, Merle Hall, Jean Byers, Clarence Farnham, Zula Heistand, Harold C. Miller, Stanley Bashaw, Pauline Coad, Virgil Ballentyne, Goldie Vaughn, Laird Woods, Ray Percival, Ernest Farnham, Gladys Martin, Melvin Culter, Wayne Barham, Violet Smith, George Fuller.

Dist. No. 3, Smithfield—Frank Freisen, Merle Myer.

Dist. No. 4, Eola—Bryan Ferguson, Ethel Mae Brunk.

Dist. No. 5, Peedee—Earsel Stow.

Dist. No. 7, Bridgeport—Wiley Gardner, Alma Hoppe, Ethel Lee.

Dist. No. 8, Lewisville—Zera Smith.

Dist. No. 9, Ballston—Rhoda Ottenger, Marie Short, Edna Conner, Lawrence Fudge.

Dist. No. 10, Salt Creek—Loretta Roberts, Martha Villwock, Meda Thieses.

Dist. No. 13, Monmouth—Velma Heffley, Ethel Harris, Lulu Peterson, Edna M. Parkes, Zaidie Putman, Esther Harris, Elva Alice Lucas.

Dist. No. 21, Perrydale—James Jones, Wanda Keyt, Lester White.

Dist. No. 24, Cochran—Robert Thompson.

Dist. No. 26, Rickreall—Vivian Crowley.

Dist. No. 28, Elkins—Ivan Laughary.

Dist. No. 29, Independence—Beth Ketchum, Jean Ketchum, John Marvin Richardson, Dora Reeves, Cora Smith, Vale Hiltibrand, Joseph Eaton.

Dist. No. 31, Brush College—Bertha M. Oliver, Averil Harris, Otto F. Kubin.

Dist. No. 35, Spring Valley—Dorothea Zinser, Vivian Stratton.

Dist. No. 37, Harmony—Madie Blair, Myrtle Walker, Dan Blair.

Dist. No. 38, Upper Salt Creek—Rollie Brown.

Dist. No. 41, North Dallas—Hattie Haynes, Dora Hayes.

Dist. No. 42, Enterprise—Goldie Bissell.

Dist. No. 45, Etna—Esther Edgar, Lois Gay.

Dist. No. 47, Greenwood—Myrtle Brown, Ralph Martin, Norman Brown, Roy Martin.

Dist. No. 49, Sunnyslope—Len Fishback.

Dist. No. 57, Falls City—Alexandra Zorin, Maggie Russell, Edith Leek, Annie Duren, Lloyd Ellis, Mabel Boughy.

Dist. No. 64, Highland—Gail D. Alexander.

Dist. No. 67, Mistletoe—Edna Livengood, Grace Bogynska.

Among the Solomon Island Cannibals.

At Langa-Langa, ashore, on the manufactured island, which you cannot see for the houses, surrounded by hundreds of unblushing naked men, women and children, we wandered about and saw the sights. We had our revolvers strapped on, and the boat's crew, fully armed, lay at the oars, stern in; but the lesson of the man-of-war was too recent for us to apprehend trouble. We walked about everywhere and saw everything, until at last we approached a large tree-trunk that served as a bridge across a shallow estuary. The blacks formed a wall in front of us and refused to let us pass. We wanted to know why we were stopped. The blacks said we could go on. We misunderstood and started. Again we were stopped. Explanations became more definite. Captain Jansen and I, being men, could go on. But no Mary was allowed to wade around that bridge, much less cross it. "Mary" is beche de mer for woman. Charmian was a Mary. To her the bridge was taboo, which is the native for taboo. Ah, how my chest expanded. At last my manhood was vindicated. In truth I belonged to the lordly sex. Charmian could trapse along at our heels, but we were men, men, and we could go right over that bridge while she would have to go around by whale-boat.—Jack London, in the June Pacific Monthly.

HURRIED THE WORK.

Peculiar Experience of a Turkish Literary Man.

Once upon a time a certain Turkish literary man living in Constantinople arranged to translate for a daily newspaper a novel then popular in England. Each day he rendered a sufficient part of it into the Turkish language to fill the space reserved for it. One day his peaceful home was entered by the police, who peremptorily arrested the man of letters and dragged him off to prison. No explanation was given for his arrest. The novel reflected in no way against the politics of the state, and he had broken no laws. He was not even given time to bid farewell to his family, but he was commanded to bring the work under translation with him. Arrived at the prison, he was given pleasant quarters, good food and drink and sternly commanded to complete his task. So for several days the frightened translator worked arduously.

When the work was done he was, to his astonishment, instantly liberated and presented with a large sum of money. Upon further inquiry as to his treatment it was explained that the sultan had become interested in the story as it appeared from day to day and was too impatient to wait for the end. He wanted to read all the rest of it at once! Truly, there are certain advantages in being a sultan.

STRANGERS IN BERLIN.

Their Comings and Goings Always Known to the Police.

"I had no idea that they kept such an espionage over strangers in Berlin until a friend of mine had occasion to look up some one there," said a traveler. "We had come up from Vienna, and as my friend was in the diplomatic service we called at the embassy."

"While there he happened to think of another friend, an American, who had gone to Berlin about three years before to represent an American concern and wondered how he could get a trace of him."

"Nothing is easier," said the embassy secretary. "Just wait a moment."

"He wrote a note and handed it to a messenger."

"We shall know all about your friend within fifteen minutes," he said to us.

"Sure enough, within that time the messenger reappeared with an answer. From it the secretary read that So-and-so had arrived in Berlin on such a date three years previous, that he lived at a certain address, that he had gone the week before to a little town in the interior, but that he was expected back within three days."

"Well, he turned up on the day the police said he would be back, and we had dinner with him."—Detroit Free Press.

Violent delights have violent ends and in their triumph die like fire and powder, which as they kiss consume.—Shakespeare.

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