

Local and Personal.

Zook, the paper hanger will do your painting.

C. W. Henkle, undertaker from Independence, gave Monmouth a visit, Monday.

Change of time schedule went into effect on the Southern Pacific line last Sunday.

Tom Bolden and wife of Corvallis visited friends in Monmouth a couple of days last week returning home on Friday.

C. H. Herren and family and A. N. Helleck and family left Wednesday for the seashore at Newport. They drove over and will spend a few days on the beach.

An Enjoyable Evening

On Saturday evening, July 16 Miss Meldora Jackson invited a number of her young friends especially her pupils to her home. This occasion and social gathering was in honor of Miss Blanche Clark, daughter of Prof. A. L. Clark and wife, who left a short time ago for Portland.

Games were played, among which was the question game, the one getting the most points receiving a beautiful bouquet of Sweet Peas. Miss Elva Lucas attended to the awarding of these prizes. At the last ice cream was served.

This party given by Miss Jackson, was one of the most enjoyable events anticipated by the young people this year. Those present were: Loette Shore, Elva Lucas, Lucient Arant, Frances Quisenberry, Clem McKinney, Oak Wood, Blanche Clark, Marie Moreland, Paul Cross, Clares Powell, Sumner Ostrom, Getrude Heffley, Gladys Putnam, Ivan Wood, Ruth Murdock, Miss Leona Jackson and Mrs. Cornwell.

Monmouth Heights.

Jess Allen is building an addition to his barn.

Will Mack painted Dan Calbreath's house Monday.

Geo. Bennett made a business trip to Portland last week.

A. J. Shipley made a business trip to Perrydale Saturday.

Miss Lavina Clinton is visiting relatives at Airlie this week.

John Walker is assisting Paul Riley with John Stump's hay.

Mrs. Minnie Mack was a business visitor at the County Seat Wednesday.

Mrs. Guy Thompson of Albany called on her sister Mrs. Alice Walker Saturday.

Lee Egleston of Elkins helped his grandfather, Mr. Bosley with his hay the past week.

Ed Fuller of Monmouth has been hauling wood for C. Lorence from Herman Wunders place.

Mrs. Mansford Crowley and daughter Elsie of the Luckiamute were in our vicinity Saturday.

Miss Susie Sullivan of McTimmonds Valley visited with Misses Elda and Millie Clark Monday.

Jay Clark who is employed by A. D. Elder and Geo. Sullivan of Monmouth spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Martha Addison after spending a week at the Fishback home returned to her home at Newberg Friday.

Miss Fern Johnson, who has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. Vernie Ogle and family of Lewisville, returned home the past week.

Miss Fay Shipley of Corvallis, who has been visiting relatives and friends here, went to Brownsville Saturday, to see her sister Linnie who is on the sick list.

Stuck on the Country

Mr. A. J. Evans, of Toledo, Ohio, has been visiting Mr. H. B. Viers out at Mountain View orchards. Mr. Evans is in the shoe business and has traveled extensively all over the United States. He said: "I am simply infatuated with your country. I never saw anything like it. Just as soon as I can arrange my affairs so as to allow of it, you can be certain that you will be able to count me as a resident of this part of Oregon. It is perhaps better for you that your delightful climate has not been more widely advertised, for if people knew there was such a change from the heat and cold prevalent in the eastern states, they would fall over themselves to secure homes here. In my short stay you seem to have all the advantages of any country and no particular disadvantage. I am convinced that a great future lies before this section and that ere long your hills and valleys will support thousands in luxury and contentment, where they now support hundreds."—Polk County Itemizer.

Why Mark Twain Quit Virginia City

Mark neither made money nor fame with the Comstockers. While his work was remarkable, there were so many more urgent things to attract attention that they had no eye or ear for literature. Homicides of almost daily occurrence, tragic accidents, sensations in mining developments, surging stock markets, as Sam Davis put it, smothered the lesser affairs of the ledge. But, he continues, "one day a thing happened that changed the whole tenor of the life of the man who is now recognized as the dean of the worlds humorists.

"Clemen was standing on the corner of C and Union streets, when a mangy dog came up and rubbed its itching side against Clemen's leg.

"Sam did not move; he merely looked down and drawled out: "Well, if I've become a scratching post for Steve Gillis' dog, I'd better hit the trail."

He was as good as his word and that night left for San Francisco. His fame as a rising humorist had already preceded him, for his work was known to Bret Harte, Noah Brooks, F. C. Ewer, Prentice Mulford and others, and Rollin Daggett had sung his praises beforehand. So he was gladly welcomed into the little coterie of literary Bohemians, who were conducting the Golden Era, and who had just launched, under the pilotage of Charles Henry Webb, the Californian.—George Wharton James, in August Pacific Monthly.

The Weather.

For most of us the weather is still one of those minor unaccountable powers, too capricious to be either quite divine or quite devilish, whom our savage ancestors used no doubt to placate with offerings. We no longer do that, partly because we have learned to distinguish between religion and superstition, partly because we do not believe that the weather would care for any offerings of ours. But still we keep that primitive lingering idea of the weather as something with personality enough to make us angry with it, and we still get some satisfaction from telling it what we think of it. The poets pay their tribute to good weather and talk about the sun and the rain and the wind as if they had a wonderful and beautiful life of their own, and their poetry makes us love sun and rain and wind as if they were indeed living creatures. But there are many prosaic people who would despise such poetry for its unreality and yet who personify bad weather just as much as the poets personify good; to whom the rain, when they have no umbrella, is as much an enemy as the cloud was a friend to Shelley. We can all abuse bad weather so well that it is a pity we cannot learn to praise good weather better.—London Times.



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