

Local and Personal

Too much "pi" cut our news columns short short this week.

One of J. W. Richardson's boys of Independence is suffering from appendicitis. The lad has been taken to Corvallis for treatment.

Another Dry Good Store.

Monmouth is to have another store or rather one of her business institutions will add on another department in the near future, the addition being a dry good department added onto the G. A. Muscott business.

Messrs. G. A. Muscott and Henry Portwood will be the proprietors and they will operate in the rooms now occupied by Mr. Muscott's grocery business and the drug store, with a passway opened between the two rooms.

The arrangement will necessitate the moving of the Perkins Pharmacy into the room now occupied by Chase Bros. furniture business and the new store will be opened up just as soon as the furniture business is closed out and the room vacated.

We understand that goods to the amount of \$7,000 worth are already here awaiting the time when the changes can be effected.

Result of Piano Vote

The result of the Chase Brothers Piano Contest is shown in the following list of names with their accompanying figures, which give the result of the ballot up to Wednesday evening, May 3.

Ruby Frame	304200
Mrs. L. Mason	272475
Mrs. E. Yeater	251885
Ruth Muelock	205500
Myrtle Withrow	194495
Ira Fishback	105644
Mrs. Mary Nott	104210
Mrs. Wm. Jones	82100
Lillian Bagert	71925
Hazel Lorence	60940
Clara Brant	57730
Lorraine Haley	51123
Dora Zook	46380
Ethel Lucas	44915
Erma Parker	41695
Mrs. J. M. Tedrow	38270
Marie Morlan	26525
Florence Burton	23110
Fay Shipley	21830
Lidia Powell	21720
Harold Haley	16315
Lora Craven	14525
Agnes Clark	12340
Erma Brown	11230
Gladys Parker	9360
Willa Fuller	8960
Mrs. J. E. Smith	8075
Stella Chute	6730
Minnie Winder	5750
Edith Wolverson	5070
Vern Gibson	4125
Mrs. F. Y. Mulkey	3750
Esther Moreland	2425
Amy Chaney	2100
Francis Quisenberry	1370
Mrs. R. W. Coulter	750

CAIN STILL SURVIVES.

One Historic Villain Who Has Not Been Placed Upon a Pedestal.

It is the fashion now to pull down the idols of the past and set up new and hitherto comparatively unknown ones in their places, to rehabilitate the degraded and to reverse the decisions and the decrees of history. Speculation and criticism seek out dark spots and drag new heroes into light, while those who stand in the light of fame are scrutinized so closely that they seem but common things after all. If we go on at this rate much further we shall not have a villain left, nor a beauty, nor a hero.

Helen was an old hag past sixty at the beginning of the Trojan war. Judas is already on his feet. Nero is absolved from his murders. Henry VIII. has become a noble, free hearted spirit, and, as for his wives, the new version is, "Served them right." William Tell has vanished into the darkness of myths. Eugene Aram is a sentimentalist who could not help himself. No one but maniacs in their fits of madness is now guilty of murder.

Almost no villain is left us except Cain, and let us grapple him with hooks of steel. Let no man try to take Cain from us.—Story's "Conversations in a Studio."

Luck Did It

By RUTH GRAHAM

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Johnny O'Neil and Kitty Bowers were two young things who loved each other and wished to marry. But Johnny, who was but twenty years old, had nothing laid up, and Kitty's father didn't purpose to support his daughter and her husband too. So he forbade the match. Philip Bowers was a farmer who prided himself on having made himself comfortable by hard work and good judgment.

"You've got to begin," he said to his would be son-in-law, "the way I began. I was a farm hand, and of every dollar I earned I saved a half. When I got a small lump together I loaned it at a big interest till I'd got enough together to buy this farm, part cash and part mortgage. I had to live close to pay the mortgage, but I did it, and now I'm prosperous."

"Didn't luck have anything to do with it?" asked Johnny.

"Not a bit. Never had any luck in my life. What I've got I've made in spite of luck."

Johnny asked Kit to meet him out on a projecting corner of her father's farm to talk matters over. They chose this spot because it was far from the house and they were not liable to interruption there. It was an unproductive piece of ground that had been tacked on to the farm in order to sell it.

Johnny and Kit looked at the situation and saw no comfort in it. John had no one to help him, and Kit knew her father too well to expect any help from him.

There was not \$20 to be scraped together between the two. Kit said she would wait, but John, who was an impatient fellow, didn't wish to wait. He said that to go about the problem of life as Mr. Bowers proposed would be impossible to a man of his disposition. He told Kit that he would go out into the world and do what he could. She could wait for him or not, as she chose. If he had any luck he would come back and claim her; if not, she might marry some one else in case she got a good offer.

Kit bade him goodby with streaming eyes and went home, while he stood looking after her. When she reached a point where she would pass from his view she turned, threw him a kiss, which he returned, and then she disappeared.

The only consolation Johnny had was his pipe. He took it out of his pocket, filled it and sat down on the ground for a smoke. It was one of those warm sultry days that sometimes come just before the collapse of summer. Johnny sunk lower and lower on the ground till at last he was sprawled at full length. Then he turned on his side with his nose not two inches above the earth.

"Some one," he said to himself, "must have spilled kerosene here. I can smell it." He put his nose flat down on the surface and sniffed. The odor was unmistakable. He moved a short distance, sniffed again and got the same odor. After testing several locations he found that the odor was strongest where he had first smelled it, but it was so scattered that it could not have come from the overturning of a can of kerosene. Johnny had discovered coal oil on Mr. Bower's ground.

That night he returned with a spade and dug a hole where he had first detected the odor. The deeper he dug the more perceptible the odor. When he was satisfied he filled the hole, obliterated the marks of it and went away.

A few days later Farmer Griggs, owning land adjoining the Bowers farm, dickered with Bowers for the corner of the farm on which John and Kitty had parted and bought it for a song. It was deeded to Griggs, who deeded it to John O'Neil and a man he had induced to advance the money for its purchase. One morning Mr. Bowers saw preparations for boring on the property he had sold. He was much interested. All day he could hear the noise of the boring. Then there was a stopping of the work for two months, at the end of which time it was recommenced. After several of these stops, covering a period of nearly a year, Mr. Bowers heard something that astonished him. Rushing out to where the men were boring, he saw a stream of oil shooting up toward the sky.

Bowers was much disgruntled that some one had discovered oil on his property and had got it from him for a paltry sum. He tried to find out who were the lucky parties, but failed. Meanwhile the Eagle Oil company was organized, but the well was soon sold out to the Universal Oil company and was merged into its extensive properties.

One day Johnny O'Neil appeared at the Bowers farm dressed in city clothes and with all appearance of prosperity. Indeed, he drove up in a

\$7,500 automobile. He said he came for Kitty and after a showing of his assets to her father had no difficulty in getting her. Just before the young man's departure Mr. Bowers asked:

"How did you do it, Johnny?"

"Luck," replied Johnny as he was whirled away. After Johnny and Kit were married Mr. Bowers made another attempt to discover how Johnny had made his fortune. He received no more explicit reply than before. John knew the old man would never forgive him for getting the better of him.

My Sympathetic Friend

By SUSAN YOUNG PALMER

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My father and mother both died when I was so young that I have no remembrance of them, and I was sent to an orphan asylum. When I was eighteen the matron one morning called me into her room and said to me:

"You have been very useful to us here since you passed out of childhood, but I am expected by the managers to get on without help. You are now old enough to be self supporting and must either work for yourself alone or in a home. I occasionally receive a letter from some man desiring one of our grown girls for a wife. I had one of these letters this morning from a young man in the west, who says that he has a good farm on which he lives alone, and he wishes me to send him some one for a helpmeet whom I can recommend, and he has forwarded letters recommending him. Let me know if you wish the position."

The matron was used to condensing everything she said just as she had spoken these words. She was a good woman, but was so intimately connected with the world's troubles that she could not give much attention to those of any one person. She turned to other duties, and I left her to go to my room to think.

The result of my tearful deliberations was that I was a few days later handed a ticket and what money I would need on the journey and took a train for the west. My leaving was telegraphed to my future husband, who was to meet me at the station, marry me and drive me twenty miles to his farm. I had no money with which to return or go anywhere else in case he should prove disagreeable. Indeed, I felt as though I had been pitched over a precipice.

The train had left Chicago and we were bowling along toward the Mississippi. I noticed a young man sitting near me who was looking at me. I thought, sympathetically, I must have shown my dependency in my face, for his own reflected it or, rather, bespoke commiseration. Presently he came over to me and said, with an encouraging smile:

"You look troubled. Is there anything I can do or say to make you feel happier?"

There was that in his honest face and eyes that invited confidence. I told him my story. He listened to it attentively and respectfully and when I had finished said:

"Has it occurred to you that the man who is to marry you is in the same position with regard to you that you are with regard to him?"

"I never thought of that."

"And do you know that many so called love matches turn out very unhappily?"

"I supposed," I replied, "that it was the forced marriages such as the one I am about to make that are failures."

"There is no truer saying than that marriage is a lottery. I think you have a better chance in yours than those people who, blinded by love, see no fault until a number of them are plainly visible after marriage. Un-biased persons have recommended this man to you and you to him. You both trust to them instead of your own judgment blinded by love. The chances are largely in your favor."

"What you say," I replied, "sounds encouraging, but it seems to me that I would rather begin with love even if I must end with disappointment."

"Spoken like a woman," he rejoined. "And I would rather begin without love and end with love."

What a treasure are these people who have the faculty of lifting the cloud that hangs over us and showing us the sun shining behind. This young man seemed to have only an ordinary education, but any deficiency was made up by common sense. Then, too, it was easy to see that he had a kind heart. He was constantly looking at me out of those sympathetic eyes of his, which said, "Poor child, how I pity you!" He was with me most of the morning and all the afternoon. He soon ceased to talk about my trouble, leading me into other paths, though he told me many instances of persons who had made marriage a matter of business and found it a



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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of A. J. Haley, clerk of school district No. 13, Polk County, Oregon, until 2 o'clock P. M. on the 15th day of May 1911, for the erection of an eight room brick School Building to be erected in Monmouth, Oregon.

Plans and specifications for the same may be had of F. A. Legg, Architect, Salem, Oregon, or of A. J. Haley, clerk of school district No. 13, Monmouth, Oregon, or of H. C. Seymour, county school superintendent, Dallas, Oregon.

Right reserved to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Directors
Dated this 27th day of April, 1911.

A. J. HALEY, Clerk.

SALE OF SCHOOL BONDS.

Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern, that the undersigned will receive bids up to May 29th, 1911, at the hour of 1 o'clock P. M. of said day, for the entire issue of Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000.00) or any part thereof, of School Bonds to be issued by School District No. 13 of Polk County, Oregon, said Bonds to draw interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semiannually, to run for a period of twenty years from date of issue and be payable after ten years at the option of said School District.

All bids must be securely sealed, directed to the County Treasurer at Dallas in said County and State, and be plainly marked on outside, "Bid for School Bonds" and be accompanied by certified check for 5 per cent of amount bid.

The Directors of said District reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, this 1st day of May 1911.

TRACY STAATS,
County Treasurer, Polk County Oregon.

matter of affection.

My lover—I was certainly thinking the word, mockery that it was—had written that my train would land me in the night at the last principal town on my route, and I was to remain there, taking another train the next morning. When I parted with my newly made friend I relapsed into the same miserable condition as before. But I was tired, and that night, though I went to sleep in tears, I got a fairly good rest. This and a bright morning kept me up the next day till I approached the last station, where I was to meet "my lover," when it was all I could do to resist a temptation to throw myself from the train. I permitted every one to go out before me and wished there were more of them. Then when alone I nerved myself for the ordeal and left the car.

My lover was there waiting for me, extending his hand to assist me down the steps.

A sudden wonder mixed with a wild fluttering of my heart caused me to pause. Was I in a dream or was I waking from sleep? The man waiting to hand me down was my sympathetic friend.

Intellect annuls fate. So far as a man thinks, he is free.—Emerson.

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

L. C. HOOVER, Pastor.

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock
Evening service at 7:00 o'clock
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

W. A. WOOD, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11. - a. m.
Evening Service at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

W. W. DAVIS, Pastor.

Preaching Service, 11:00 a. m.
" " 8:00 p. m.
Sunday School, 10:00 a. m.
B. Y. P. Union, at 6:30

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.



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