

Evangelical Bishop Here Next Month



There is a treat in store for the people of Monmouth in the coming of Bishop Lawrence H. Seager who is to preside at the sessions of the Oregon Conference of the Evangelical Association meeting in the local church May 17th to 20th.

As a pulpit orator, Dr. Seager is in the front rank. As president of Northwestern college he proved his right to a high place among the educators of the country. In October, 1915 he was elected bishop and this is his first trip to the city in that capacity.

All the people of Monmouth will want to hear his addresses on "The Child and the Kingdom" "The Challenge of the Unfinished Task"; also his

address at the opening session of the conference, Thursday morning, May 17.

He will also preach Sunday morning and evening, May 20th. Dr. Seager is in constant demand at conventions and campmeetings. Two other services of special interest during the conference week are the Jubilee banquet at the Hotel Monmouth, Friday evening at 5:30 and the evening service Friday, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Rev. N. Shupp's work in the ministry.

The Honor Guard

The Honor Guard Girls made their first appearance on Thursday, April 19, by rendering a drill at the Patriotic Program held in the Chapel. The drill was a representation of the "Growth of Democracy" in the United States. Four epochs were emphasized, those of "Independence", "Freedom of the Seas", "Union" and the "Extension of Democracy". Something characteristic of each epoch was given. The States were represented by different girls and they marched on the platform in the order in which they came into the Union.

Miss Viola Wolfe took the part of Columbia and carried it out very effectively.

The Honor Guard Girls held their first tea in the gymnasium after the Patriotic Program. The gym was artistically decorated with flags and ten girls entertained the visitors with selections on the ukulele.

Tea was sold for five cents a cup and enough money was made to aid materially in buying supplies for the first aid work.

The girls have been divided in groups and each one is to write to one of our boys at the Barracks, others are to send them cards on their scheduled days.

The first classes were held on Saturday and each girl was in attendance with her pencil and paper eager to take notes and learn all possible from the lectures. The classes are in charge of the local doctors. Mr. Gilmore has a class in agriculture. The local garage is giving instruction in the running and repairing of autos.

Hay for Sale

Two tons of oat hay at \$10 per ton at my barn. A. H. Craven.

Strawberry plants for sale. Everbearing Oregon. 75 cents a hundred. W. J. Miller. 31t4

Clean Up

Agreeable to the proclamation of Governor Withycombe designating the first week of May as "Clean-up Week" for the State of Oregon and that in that week citizens are urged to devote special attention to an organized campaign whose objects shall be cleanliness, beautification and civic improvement, the City Council and Mayor of Monmouth heartily endorse such movement and urge all people of Monmouth to observe the week in "putting our house in order". Gather up and burn all trash about the premises and streets. Straighten up that sagging fence and nail up that loose board. Collect and put at a convenient place on the street all trash that cannot be disposed of by burning; and have this ready for the "trash wagon" by Friday morning.

Dual Optimism! 5 per cent milk at 6 cents per quart. Cream at 15 cents per pint. My quotations to regular customers for the year 1917. All products from my herd. The herd increases in numbers proportionately as your patronage. M. Sacre. Phone 4105. 28tf

Lucien P. Arant has completed his Junior year at the University of Oregon at Eugene, having carried extra work, and has returned to Monmouth to work with his father, A. M. Arant.

Miss Millie Clark has dropped out of high school on account of duties at home.

Full line of Pictorial Review patterns now on sale at the Monmouth pressing parlor.

Mrs. McKinney has moved out of the hotel and has also vacated the Murdock house and with her daughters now occupies the Stitt cottage.

S. H. Hinkle had business in Dallas Monday.

The Queen Of Sheba

She Finally Became Part of a Betrothal Feast

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Susan Tipping peered from her window as Jonas Wilton turned into the path that led to the shipyard. Behind him walked a large gray goose.

"Fanny Lee hates that goose as bitter as I do and maybe worse, but she'll pretend she likes it just to get around him. Widders is cunning critters! I shan't sacrifice my principles to please no man—not even Jonas Wilton. I'll always stand by what I've said—all a goose is fit for is to roast and serve with apple sauce!" Susan Tipping sat and brooded resentfully over a disturbed past in which Jonas Wilton had repeatedly asked her to become his wife, and she had as repeatedly refused as long as the objectionable goose waddled in the background.

When Jonas Wilton faced his housekeeper across the supper table that night excitement was written on his bronzed face and in his shining eyes. "I've got a surprise for you, Miss Tipping," he said mysteriously as he stirred his tea—"a surprise that'll lift you clean out of your shoes, ma'am!"

"Tell me, too," purred the Widow Lee's deep voice from the doorway.

Miss Tipping brought a napkin from the sideboard and resumed her seat with a flourish of lilac colored skirts.

"I've left the yard," announced Mr. Wilton dramatically.

The two women stared at him.

"What's the matter?" gasped Susan at last.

"I'm going away," explained Jonas carelessly. "I've shipped on the Blue Heron with Captain Rink. We are going to China; we won't be back for a year."

"You'll be dreadful seasick. You have never been to sea in your life," faltered Susan.

"Fiddle!" said Fanny Lee sharply. "He won't be sick. He's sailed a skiff on the bay ever since he was a boy. Ain't you, captain?"

Jonas blushed at the newly conferred title and turned a beaming eye on the widow. "There ain't but one thing worries me," he confided hesitantly.

"What's that?" she asked shyly.

"Queen o' Sheba—she's got to stay behind. Captain Rink, he says he can't accommodate no goose." Jonas shifted uneasily as a gleam in

Halleck and Gladstien shipped a car of scrap iron from the local yards this week.

A young son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Stump in Portland recently.

An accidental wire connection played havoc with electric power in Monmouth Friday. The top of one of the poles was burned off.

M. K. Boatman was up from Corvallis on business last week end.

Henry Coats has moved into Mrs. R. H. Simpson's place on Whitman street.

Mrs. Edna McDonald of Eastern Washington visited with her uncle, F. M. Fisher last week.

Dr. Matthis attended a medical meeting at Salem one day last week.

Concrete work of all kinds. A. L. Tollman. 28-6t

I am in the market for any quantity of potatoes. Also have some fresh milch cows for sale. Allen T. Clark. Phone Main 4803. 26tf

Don't fail to see those rugs and Cook stoves at Steven's Second Hand Store Main St. north of lumber yard

Susan's blue eyes showed that she understood the captain's objection.

It was a relief to turn to the Widow Lee's sympathetic face and meet her smile of perfect understanding. "That there goose has been like a—like a"—floundered Jonas pathetically.

"Like a dear friend. I know what it is to part with one's dearest and never set eyes on 'em again. When Robert passed away"—Fanny Lee choked down a rising sob and pressed the fringed napkin to her eyes.

Mr. Wilton looked uncomfortable. "I hope Queen o' Sheba will be all right when I get home," he said, with a furtive glance at Susan's clouded face.

"I shan't take care of the critter," said Miss Tipping decidedly as she prepared to clear the table. "It's bound to follow some one around town. I won't be dogged by no goose!"

It was a tragic moment for Susan Tipping, and her tone was bitter. If Fanny Lee assumed the care of Queen of Sheba it meant that the breach between Jonas and his housekeeper would be irreparable.

The Widow Lee arose to the occasion which had been made for her. "I'll take care of the poor critter, Jonas," she said softly. "She can run around my orchard, and sometimes I'll take her for a walk, same as you did."

"Birds of a feather," floated acidly from Susan's compressed lips as she disappeared in the kitchen and closed the door behind her.

Shortly afterward Susan heard the Widow Lee and Jonas Wilton leave the house by the side door and go around to the shed where Queen of Sheba lived in solitary splendor.

"Good night, Susan," called Fanny sweetly. "We're going to take Queen o' Sheba home!"

"Good night," said Susan, quite as amiably. "Wish you joy of her!"

When Queen of Sheba's noisy clamor had died away Susan finished her work and then went to the west wing of the house, where she lived with a bedridden aunt.

"Aunt M'issy, Jonas has shipped on the Blue Heron with Captain Rink," she said in a matter of fact tone as she tucked the old lady under the covers and turned down the lamp.

"You're a fool, Susan Tipping," shrilled Miss Melissa angrily. "Is he going to take that goose along too?"

"No; Fanny Lee's going to take care of it."

Miss Melissa's dark eyes glared fiercely at her niece. "Go along, do! I ain't got no patience with you at all!" And she cowered beneath her coverlets with little grunts of displeasure.

Four days afterward Jonas sailed away on the Blue Heron. The Widow Lee flaunted the gray goose as a betrothal gift, and Queen of Sheba was generally regarded as the tangible bond that united two loving, separated hearts. As the months wore on and no news came from Jonas there was a strained look in Fanny's eyes and occasionally in the woodshed the gray goose received the castigations she so richly deserved after her predatory descents upon the grass grown lawn.

It was a long year. Aunt Melissa died in the summer and left Susan richer by several thousand dollars, but poorer by one friend less. Susan planned when Jonas came back she would go away and leave the home to him and his waiting bride—and Queen of Sheba.

One cold winter night Fanny Lee brought the gray goose to Susan's door. Her eyes were red, and she wore a black dress and a black veil on her hat.

"I can't bear to see the critter around," she sobbed bitterly. "It reminds me so of Jonas and him drowned at sea!"

"Drowned?" asked Susan in a strange voice.

"I forgot you didn't know. Of course they told me first. It was off the coast of Brazil. He fell overboard and was drowned, and Captain Rink he sent word to the telly-graph station, and of course they told me. You'll keep Queen o' Sheba, won't you?"

Susan stared fiercely at the long neck and yellow bill wriggling out of the widow's black shawl.

"I'll take care of her," said Susan icily. "Put her in the shed."

"You'll be good to her—for his sake," sniffled Fanny Lee, turning to go.

"I'll be good to her," repeated Susan, with a strange smile as she closed the door.

One day a week later Susan was eating her dinner in lonely contemplation of the great goose that crowned the feast. Her face wore the look of one who has overcome an enemy, but her triumph was marred by lack of appetite and a fluttering pain at her heart.

The kitchen door opened noisily, and familiar feet tramped across the floor.

"Susan Tipping, I've wanted to see you for a hull year!" and to Susan's consternation a pair of arms encircled her and she was kissed by no other than Jonas Wilton himself. "I wasn't drowned. It was John Wilson, the cook!"

In her joy Susan nearly kissed Jonas in return, but a sudden recollection assailed her, and she pushed him away and arose to her feet. "What about Fanny Lee and Queen o' Sheba? She's took good care of the goose for you," she said quietly.

"I got a silk shawl for Fanny Lee," said Jonas, "that'll pay her for her trouble. As for the goose—there ain't nothing happened to her yet?" His voice almost quivered with suspense.

"There she is! Something has happened to her. I was so—so wrought up when I heard you was drowned I just took spite on her and killed her, but now somehow I can't eat her. I was awful mean to kill a pet goose!" Susan stood aloof, pale and defiant.

"Pet nothing!" comforted Jonas, with his arms about her once more. "I got dreadful tired of being tagged around by that goose. It made a sight of talk and it kept us apart, so I just made up my mind I'd run away for a year and maybe something would happen to Queen o' Sheba. And something did. Don't it smell good? My, but I'm hungry!"

"But why—why didn't you say you was willing to get rid of her instead of?"

Susan caught a gleam of embarrassment in Mr. Wilton's affectionate gaze, and there dawned upon her the realization that man is a superior being and his motives must not be too closely questioned by the woman who is privileged to love him, so her sentence ended in a smile of loving sympathy as their lips met.

Didn't Care.

A young lawyer who was rather given to browbeating had a favorite mode of mystifying a witness by saying, "Well, sir, I shall ask you only one question and I do not care which way you answer it."

A man who was on the same circuit accosted his friend one morning thus: "Well, James, I have but one question to ask you and I do not care what way you answer it. How do you do today?"

A DOLLAR'S WORTH FOR A DOLLAR SPENT

Assurance Is Given That All Funds Will Be Economically Expended.

In the selection of a Highway Engineer at an annual salary of \$3600, the State Highway Commission threw another bombshell into the camp of those opposing the road bond bill. Opponents of this measure had been predicting that a \$5000 or \$6000 man would be given this job. The action of the Commissioners in this important matter only corroborates the assurance previously given that they will safely and economically expend all funds entrusted to them. It is entirely in keeping with the announced policy of the Commission that it will give a dollar's worth of value for every dollar expended in all matters connected with road construction. Mr. Nunn, the Highway Engineer, was selected because of his efficiency. He has had years of experience in road building and the records of his work show the most satisfactory results at a low cost to those footing the bill.

The state bonding act (good roads) does not mean that an indebtedness will be incurred. It means that the state will use its credit to build a hard surface road in different parts of the state which the revenue from automobile licenses will pay for in years to come. It does not mean increased taxation. It ought to mean a reduction of taxes for has not the old system of filling up mud holes been an extravagant and useless expenditure of the taxpayers' money.—Silverton Tribune.

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