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TALES OF THE OLD FRONTIER

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
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"HE DIED GAME"

WHEN a man of the old frontier came to the end of the trail there was but one valedictory for him if he was one of the true border breed—"He died game."

A party of buffalo hunters was surrounded by hostile Indians in the Yellowstone country of Montana. The bullets of the savages had shattered the leg of one of the hunters so badly that he could not ride. If his companions stayed with him, as they offered to do, it meant the death of

them all.

He asked for his revolver and, although they knew why he wanted it, they brought it to him. He put the muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. The hunter looked at the weapon curiously. "That was the first time it ever failed me," he said quietly. Then he rolled the cylinder one notch—and this time it did not fail him.

Once some Texas cowboys who had made a semi-official punitive expedition across the Rio Grande were captured by the Mexicans. General Santa Ana ordered that they should draw from a jar filled with black beans and white beans to determine who of their number should face a firing squad.

Major Cook, who had just passed his thirtieth birthday, plunged his hand into the jar and drew out a black bean. "Well," he said with a

smile, "they rob me of only 40 years."

Another Texan, named Henry Whaling, looked at the death sentence which he held in his hand. "They don't make much off of me. I've killed more than 25 of their yellow-bellies," he said with a touch of pride in his voice.

Up on a Michigan river a crew of lumber jacks were trying to break a log jam. They were "dry-picking," slow, laborious work under the jumbled mass of timber that towered 40 feet in the air. Under the very face of the mass was a young fellow named Jimmy Powers.

Suddenly there was a roar and the mass of logs lurched forward. A dam upstream had broken. In a flash Jimmy Powers realized that he was trapped. So he jerked off his battered old felt hat and hurled it defiantly in the very face of the solid wall of logs and water that poised over him for a second. "So long, fellows!" spectators on the banks above heard the voice of Jimmy Powers. Then the logs crashed down.

Montana buffalo hunter, Texas cowboy, Michigan lumber jack—frontiersmen all—they died game.

CARABAO CALLED IT A DAY

Animal Willingly Made Three Daily Trips to the Well, but Absolutely Refused the Fourth.

Our water supply on Bongao Island in the Sulu archipelago was obtained from a well that had been dug by our Spanish predecessors. It penetrated to the underlying coral rock and gave up water so brackish that we at an early date went back to the high ground and tried to find a fresh supply. We found it about a mile from the shore and sufficient in quantity for all purposes. I sent up to Jolo by the next steamer for a water cart and a carabao, and in time a huge carabao bull with a 150-gallon cart was added to our colony. He was as usual a stolid but cheerful animal, inured to any amount of labor; but we soon found that three trips a day gave us a sufficient supply for all our needs.

This continued for about one month with no variation, when for some reason it became necessary to increase the supply. We then found that the carabao declined to make the fourth trip and nothing would affect him—bribes, punishment or torture of any kind. He simply lay on the ground and chewed his cud and placidly declined to move. He had made up his mind that three cartloads of water were sufficient for any well-regulated garrison and declined to make any further effort. The next morning he was perfectly willing to bring in another three loads, but nothing would induce him to bring in a fourth. He was perfectly willing to allow a barrel to be slung on the cart and have his load increased to that extent but another trip he would not make.—Sydney A. Cloman in the World's Work.

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RICHARD LLOYD JONES SAYS

Measure Your Greatness

Mere family never made a great man. Thought and deed, courage and conviction, and not pedigree, are the passports to enduring fame. Great men are not supernatural; they are the natural, the true men in whom nature has succeeded. They who fall short of greatness are the imperfect.

The great men are they who both see the right and choose it, and having chosen, pursue it with invincible resolution, resisting the temptations of easier paths. It is they who point out the way and by their example show others.

Great men are unique only in that they are uncommon and are conspicuous by their contrast to the common.

In the panorama of time the great men loom up like snow-capped peaks above a range of hills. Each in its solitude represents a great spiritual force rather than material force. The great prophets and painters, preachers and poets, musicians and patriots, all stood for, fought for, lived for and died for, ideals.

All great potential powers have come to us unheralded and unknown, for there is nothing more simple than greatness. The greatest men like the greatest truths, are the simplest. The great man is what he is from nature and he rises to his height of fame without reminding us of others. It is only the pretender who calls for contrast. However far above us the truly great man may be, they always make us feel that they are our brothers.

No really great man ever thought himself as great as he really was. No man ever became great by imitation. A great man must give us something new in thought or fact.

Great men never lose their childlike heart. They give to the world a great affection and it is this, when they are gone, which the world keeps and holds for them. Because great men possess this passion to serve rather than to be served, to give rather than to get, to do something for the world, we find great acts and great eloquence most commonly going hand in hand.

The road to greatness is through loss of self in the thought of all.

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Etiquette

What & When to do it

By A. Leda

Any questions on etiquette will be gladly answered in this column if addressed to A. Leda, care of this newspaper.

DEAR ALIDA—When a man is with two ladies on the street where should he walk? D. L. R.

On the side nearest to the curb.

DEAR ALIDA—An acquaintance of mine is going to a city shortly where he knows no one. I would like to have him meet a man who lives there and could show him about. Will you please make a copy of a letter of introduction for this instance? Thanking you.

C. B. MUIRS.

I would suggest a letter something like this:

DEAR RICHARD—This letter will be presented to you by my friend Henry Halester. I have seen a great deal of him and know what a fine fellow he is, and I want you to know him, too. Henry hopes to do a little business but more sight seeing in your great city and any little civilities you might show him will not, I know, go unappreciated. Sincerely yours,

CHARLES BAKER.
July 9th, 1923.

HELPFUL HEALTH HINTS

Bleeding—It is a very dangerous thing when an artery has been cut as the patient loses blood so quickly. Whereas if it is a vein it just runs down from the wound. One can almost always differentiate. When an artery is cut bandage on side near the heart about three or four inches from the wound. This helps check the flow of blood. If it is a vein bandage on side away from the heart.

Oranges and Lemons—Roll an orange or lemon before using and you will find that twice as much juice may be had.

Broiling Meat—Grease the bars of your gridiron for broiling meat and the meat will not stick.

String Beans—String beans will take about half as long to cook and look a great deal nicer if instead of chopping them, they are cut lengthwise.

Women Take Active Part in Field of Science



Succeeding where men have failed, Miss Alice C. Evans, bacteriologist at the hygienic laboratory, United States public health service, has established the standards of potency of all antitoxins for the prevention and treatment of meningitis and gas gangrene.

BLOWN UNDER STREET CAR

Child, Walking With Mother, Topped Over by Wind and Decapitated Before Her Eyes.

Stenbenville, O.—Her four-year-old son, James, snatched from her by a terrific blast of wind, toppled into the street, and rolled under a street car, while she stood helpless—forced to watch the grinding wheels of the big car decapitate the lad—this was the ordeal through which Mrs. Anna Baker passed here.

Mrs. Baker was walking with her little son and he playfully ran across the street, leaving his mother on the sidewalk. He was returning to her when a terrific blast of wind picked him up and toppled him over. The momentum and force of the wind rolled the body under the wheels of the oncoming car, his head being cut cleanly from his body.

Mrs. Baker realized her son's danger when he was thrown over by the wind, and with a cry she sprang toward him. But the heavy car had ended the child's life before she reached the rail on which he lay.

The motorman said he saw the boy cross the street, but had not noticed him returning to his mother, nor did he realize that the boy was under his car until he felt the jolt.

Monument Marks Site of Indian Wars Fort



This monument marks the site of old Fort Michilimackinac, at Mackinac, Mich. The fort was built in 1712 and was held by the French until 1760. A year later it was garrisoned by the English under Captain Etherington. It continued as an active garrison during the conspiracy of Pontiac against the English in 1763. On June 4 of that year the Ojibway Indians captured the fort and massacred almost the entire garrison.

ODD SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

Beethoven Said to Have Found Motif in the Persistent Sound of Door Knocker.

To an ordinary mind it would scarcely seem possible that much music could be got out of a door-knocker. Yet it was this sound which is said to have inspired Beethoven's glorious violin concerto in D. As the musician lay awake one night shapings the concerto in his mind, his musings were interrupted by a belated neighbor who was endeavoring to arouse his housekeeper and get her to come down and let him in. Beethoven heard his persistent knocking for admission—four slow deliberate knocks at a time. The constant repetition gave the composer the idea he sought and those four knocks are heard all through the opening movement of the concerto, which begins with four unaccompanied D's on the drum—seemingly as unmelodious and unpromising an opening phrase as one could imagine. In commenting upon the circumstance Sir George Grove has said "those four knocks were to Beethoven what the hulk of the old Temeraire was to Turner, or the daffodils to Wordsworth—commonplace in themselves, but transmuted by the fire of genius into an imperishable monument."

Vanishing American Birds.

One of the most remarkable exhibits in the habitat group in the American Museum of Natural History is the nest of a duck hawk on a shelving rock on the Palisades, with the rocky rampart of nature stretching in the background and the placid river below.

It deserves to be ranked as a work of art—this glimpse of the bird life of New York's beauty spot—as, in fact, do all the exhibits in the habitat group.

As one enters the booth in which the scene is installed, one finds it hard to believe that he is looking at the combined work of the artificer and the painter, and not on the actual shelving rock hundreds of feet above the Hudson, with the mother-bird poised in the summer air, hovering over the nest with the food for her young grasped in her claws.

And the duck hawk is still to be found—or was to be found there in 1908, when three pairs were nesting across the river from the city's hub-bub.—Exchange.

Thought Beau Was for Her.

Nine-year-old Marian is her Aunt Marian's pet. And whenever auntie, who is a successful young business woman, buys herself any luxury she buys one for Marian, too.

For instance, when she bought an umbrella for herself she bought Marian a parasol. She bought a bicycle to journey to business, and Marian a tricycle. She bought a big rocking chair for herself, and Marian a little one.

The other evening she came home with a new admirer, who was one of those fellows whom nature has made of the diminutive order.

For a minute Marian eyed him, and then she asked: "All right, auntie; I like him. But where's yours?"

How It Looked to Him.

"Do tell me something about the play," she said to the young man. "They said the climax was superb."

"Yes, I am inclined to think it was very good," said Percy.

"Can't you describe it to me?" she asked.

"Well, the heroine came stealthily on the stage and knelt, dagger in hand, behind a clump of ribbons. The hero emerged from a large bunch of purple flowers and as soon as she perceived him she fell upon him, stabbed him and sank half-conscious into a very handsome big rette. This may sound queer, but the woman in front of me wouldn't remove her hat and that's how it looked."

Poem by Uncle John

THE new names may be smarter than the old ones used to be, but I reckon that the old names sounded mighty good to me. . . . I can't forget Sarepty, nor the old-time Mary Ann,—Jehosphat, Joslar,—even Beersheba an' Dan. . . . The gentle Ruth—of boyhood days,—I ruckollect her well—and Alice Janes—a party flower—long-side of Isabelle! A monicker like Jabes was a title that would stick, and I'm certain that Elihu didn't signify no hick! O, I lift my hat to Charlotte, though she's drifted fur away—and I pay respects to blossoms like Evangeline an' May. . . . And, while Reuben wasn't comic in the sacred days of yore, they seem to think he's comicker than what he was before! There's poetry in Sam-n-el, and Peter, John, and Jans,—I never could convince myself that Helen is profane, is it? I don't complain at Gwendolyn or modern Margueret—because a roe with any name, may allers smell as sweet!

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