



**For the Cozy Home**

Life in the home revolves about the living room. It is the meeting place and resting place of the family. It is the heart of the home. For furniture in keeping with this duty of the living room we have chosen carefully from the best work of the best manufacturers. Call and see our

**Furniture for Comfort**

The easiest of easy chairs—Morris chairs of generous size—all await your inspection. There are rockers here for mother when she sews and larger rockers for mother when she rests. We have also a full line of the many pieces, some decorative and some useful, that help to give the homelike individual touches. Be among the first to select from this collection.

**Good Furniture Is Our Pledge to You**  
**MONMOUTH HARDWARE**

J. E. Winegar, Proprietor

**CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**Baptist Church**  
Rev. J. W. Cahoon, pastor  
Phone 5704

"A Satisfied Soul" will be the subject of the morning sermon.

Evening service of Praise and Song, with Watchword for 1925.

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Classes for Normal and High School students.

We are well organized with classes and teachers. Like all other schools, we need teachers who are always "on the job."

Senior and Intermediate Young

**Photo Through Air**



Above is a photograph of President Coolidge sent by radio from London to New York, time 17 1/2 minutes. Below shows photo being taken from radio cylinder in New York offices.

People's Unions meet at 6:30 p. m.  
Choir practice, Wednesday evening at 6:45. Prayer meeting at 7:30.  
Ladies Aid meets on Thursday afternoon in the parlor of the church.

**Christian Science**

Wednesday evening meeting at 8 o'clock.  
Sunday School at 9:45 A. M.  
Sunday morning service at 10 o'clock.  
Subject for Sunday, January "God".

**Christian Church**

Victor P. Morris, Minister  
**SUNDAY'S SERVICES**  
10 a. m. Bible School.  
Classes for all ages. A special class for Normal students.  
Morning service at 11 o'clock.  
6:30 p. m. Senior, Intermediate and Junior Christian Endeavor.  
Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.  
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.  
Choir practice on Thursday evening.  
You are cordially invited to all of these services.

**Evangelical Church**

Louis C. Kirby, Minister  
Levi Oleman, Supt.

Sabbath School at 10 a. m.  
Classes for all ages.  
Morning worship 11 a. m.  
"The Place of Holiness in the Bible"  
Christian Endeavors, 6:30 p. m.  
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.  
"Beginning the Year with God"  
Homelike Society meets in the parlor of the church every Tuesday afternoon.  
Mid-week service Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.  
Choir rehearsal, Thursday, 7 p. m.  
We extend to you a welcome to all of our services.

**ELKINS**

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Johnson were Independence visitors Tuesday.

Mr. J. R. Galbreath of Jefferson spent several days the first of the week, visiting his cousin, Mrs. C. C. Marks.

Mr. Fred Scholl was a business visitor in Salem Tuesday.

Miss Leota Wolverton of Portland visited a few days the first of the week at the home of her uncle, Mr. Frank Loughary.

Mrs. U. G. Heffley of Monmouth, and two daughters, Florence and Josephine, teachers in the Portland schools, visited Tuesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Marks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hannum were Salem visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pitzer and son, Luroy were dinner guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Johnson.

Mrs. J. M. Tedrow went to Portland Monday and returned Tuesday.

Miss Florence Henry visited friends in Monmouth over Sunday.

**TALES OF THE OLD FRONTIER**

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**A FRONTIER ULYSSES**

EVERY reader of Greek mythology is familiar with the story of Ulysses' escape from the den of the one-eyed giant, Polyphemus, and in the history of the American frontier once occurred the deliverance of a settler from the hands of the Indians which is a close parallel to that of the hero of ancient times. In this case, however, a herd of cattle instead of a flock of sheep was the vehicle of flight.

One evening a wandering band of Indians approached Hill's fort on the Vandalla-Greenville road in southern Illinois and stealthily crept up to the side of one of the corner blockhouses. After picking the mud from the crevices in the chimney, they peered into the room and saw a settler sitting near the fire. One of the savages pushed his rifle through the hole and shot the man and at the report the other settlers immediately sprang to defend the stockade.

At this moment a settler named Lindley was outside the stockade feeding the cattle which were being herded close to the walls of the fort. The Indians made a rush for the big gates which had carelessly been left open. The men inside barely had time to slam them shut before the savages arrived but they also shut out Lindley, leaving him to the mercy of the redskins.

Lindley tried to hide among the cattle but the Indians saw him and with blood-curdling yells rushed forward. The herd, taking fright, turned and, bellowing loudly, fled toward the woods. Lindley saw a chance to escape. He was a long-armed, powerful frontiersman and, as one of the steers rushed past him, he leaped upon its back, coiled his arms around the animal's neck, and heedless of the danger from its thrashing hoofs, slipped under its body.

The Indians uttered a howl of disappointment as they saw their intended victim escaping and loosed a shower of arrows at him. But these missiles only quickened the flight of the frenzied herd and Lindley's mount soon carried him out of range.

The savages kept up the chase, however, and it was not until the settler was deep in the woods and safe under the protection of the friendly darkness that he dared attempt to dismount from his plunging steed. By his time the steer was so exhausted from its wild dash and the weight of its burden that Lindley had no difficulty in bringing it to a halt. He remained in the woods until late that night and then, making sure that the settlers had beaten off their enemies, returned to the fort in safety.

**Dr. Syntax Was Stern Student, but Milly Won**

By ELMER PHILLIPS

DOCTOR SYNTAX was not more than forty, though he seemed bowed beneath the weight of his recondite investigations.

When Aloysius Benton, his friend and colleague, died, ten years before, leaving his twelve-year-old daughter to Doctor Syntax, it was the most natural thing in the world that the kindly old doctor should take the child into his household. After old Janet died, Milly quite naturally became the doctor's housekeeper.

And now certain persons had whispered that it was not proper for an unmarried man, even a professor, to live alone in the house with the girl.

Doctor Syntax had been in love when he was a young man. The object of his devotion had married another; but, though he had long ceased to think of her, the memory of that first love had clung around him like a radiant cloud, softening his spirit and fitting it for high idealism. Sometimes the thought of Milly had, of late, revived that memory.

But when the ultimatum went forth that society considered Milly ought to be relegated to another sphere, the professor had a ridiculous dream. It was absurd, to hope that Milly, the belle of the little town . . . and he an old fogey of forty!

At any rate, he must tell Milly. And he did so, when he met her in the library after dinner, which the professor always took alone.

"My dear," he said, "I have an unpleasant thing to say to you. It is a problem—"

"Can't you solve it by algebra?" inquired Milly, looking at him with a twinkle in her eyes. "You know, you always say everything can be solved by algebra."

"And so it can, my dear," said Doctor Syntax.

"You remember how you found your spectacles," pursued Milly mischievously.

"But this is serious, Milly," said Doctor Syntax. "Some people in this town have apparently been putting their heads together and have come to the conclusion that it is not right for a single girl, even an adopted daughter, to keep house for an old bachelor like me. It is a preposterous idea, but the force of public opinion is like

the symbol X, always handed when it is not wanted and never translatable into precise terms until the final solution."

"Well, I have come to the same conclusion myself," said Milly calmly.

"What!" exclaimed Doctor Syntax. He had expected a scene, strife, war—and here was Milly calmly acquiescing in his decision. "But what are you going to do, my dear?" he continued. "I can't bear the thought of losing you."

"You needn't lose me," said Milly, with preternatural gravity, studying her plate. But even then there was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"This is very strange, my dear," said Doctor Syntax. "You have accepted the public opinion as to the inadvisability of your remaining here as my housekeeper, and yet you say that I need not lose you. Logically, that implies that you could propose to remain here in some other capacity; and yet I fail to see what that could be, or how it could affect public opinion—"

"Which we have designated X," said Milly, raising her eyes to the professor's for one fleeting moment. And in that moment the professor felt strangely disconcerted, and yet strangely glad. Unconsciously he threw back his shoulders.

"Well, my dear, suppose the variants are Y and Z," he said. "Now we have an indeterminate equation. X equals Y or Z multiplied by the unknown factor, which shall be N."

"Why not make it U?" asked Milly. "Make it U, Milly? The letter U is never used in mathematics except when the other letters of the alphabet have been almost exhausted."

"I should really prefer you to make it U," persisted Milly.

"Very well. U it shall be, then," said the professor.

"Oh, I'm afraid that would never do," said Milly. But, seeing that the professor was only staring at her in perplexity, she resigned herself. "Very well! Go on," she said.

"It is obvious, then, that X equals YU or ZU," said Doctor Syntax, warming to his task.

"YU," I think," said Milly gravely.

"In that case," said the professor, X, the unknown factor, equals Y divided by U. Now, algebra helps us no more unless we can state U in positive terms. Now let E be the possibility of your remaining here in the capacity of—secretary, let us say, and F the possibility of becoming—let us say my stenographer. Then U equals—"

"YF," said Milly, triumphantly.

"Eh?" asked Doctor Syntax. "No, my dear, it couldn't equal YF, because—"

"Then I shall go," said Milly, rising from her chair, and the professor was amazed to hear a strangled sob.

"Now, Milly," he said gravely, "really you women are very illogical. YF is impossible. Stop! Listen to me, Milly, before you go out of that door. I—er—"

Doctor Syntax sprang toward her and clasped her in his arms. "Milly!" he cried. "I've—I've—I've found my spectacles!"

**Tongue Twisters That Have Become Classics**

Some time ago there appeared in the British comic journal Punch, a particularly effective tongue twister, which ran something to this effect:

A lady was walking down a country lane when she met a tinker. "Ah," she said. "I see you are copper-bottoming your pots." "Oh, no," he replied, "I'm aluminuming 'em, mum." As a tongue twister this is pretty hard to get, though perhaps the American form of the words is just a trifle more difficult to wrap one's tongue around: "I'm aluminuming 'em, mum."

There are, of course, many thousands of these traps for the unwary floating about. Here are a few. The test is, not merely to say them, but to manage to repeat them quickly, say a half a dozen times without getting one's tongue tied up in a knot.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

A growing gleam growing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright bloom blossoms.

She took a switch at Smith's fish sauce shop.

Flesh of fresh-frying fish.

High roller, low roller, lower roller.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.

She stood at the gate welcoming him in.

She sells sea shells on the sea shore.

Which switch is the switch, miss, for Ipswich?—Kansas City Star.

**Music of the Orient Harsh and Strident**

The idea as to what real music really is varies according to race and environment. Music of the Orient is apt to jar upon sensitive occidental ears. Take the question of drums as an instance. The playing of drums in European orchestras has reached a high standard of art, though it is rare that more than three or four are used. In a Burmese orchestra, however, the two principal instruments are one made of a series of drums called the seling-weing and a similar series of gongs called the kye or gongs graduated in size, the drums being played with the fingers and hands and the gongs with knobsticks. Besides these there are cymbals, tom-toms and castanets, the last-named being much larger than the European instruments and made of bamboo. Of wind instruments there are only a number of clarinets and one flute played by the leader or conductor. String instruments are not used, and there are also no brass instruments.

Read your own Herald \$2.00 per year

**Telephone**



when you want that next job of **Printing**

You will get first-class work, and you will get it when promised, for having work done when promised is one of the rules of this office.

If you prefer, send the order by mail or bring it to the office in person.

Let Us Show You What We Can Do



No matter what your plans may be we can supply you with best material at lowest prices.

**Oregon Fir and Hemlock Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Lime, Cement, etc.**  
Estimates cheerfully furnished.

**Monmouth Lumber Company**  
L. W. Waller, Manager

**Vision**

From the past we look forward to the future. From what we have done we learn how to do better.

So, as each New Year comes around, we review what has been done and gain vision for the future, enabling us to plan for larger endeavor, and better service in our contact with the public.

We see, in 1925, ways in which we can make our store more valuable, more appreciated by the public. If you have liked our merchandise, our policies, our service in the past, you will like them more in the future. An earnest desire to really serve, and a greater knowledge of how to do so, assure that.

This is the message we have for our patrons in wishing you all

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

15 DAY SPECIAL CLOCK REPAIRING  
Will Call for and Deliver without any extra charge.  
Phone 69 W, Independence

**A. L. KULLANDER**

The Jeweler  
INDEPENDENCE 296 Main Street OREGON