

Our Bargain Column

Two-room furnished cottage for rent. Mrs. M. Beckley.
Lost—Wednesday evening at about six o'clock, between the Junior house and the Dormitory, an orange colored Italian shawl with long fringe. Finder return to Normal office and be rewarded.

For Rent—Two room house, two blocks from the Normal. Furnished for light housekeeping. Mrs. Nestler, 340 West Jackson. 152t

The Mistland Nursery will maintain a sale yard for nursery goods in Monmouth each Saturday all day and will start Saturday, December 20. Ornamental shrubs and trees a specialty. At Halladay's garage each Saturday through the winter.

For Sale—Oak wood, by rick or cord. C. J. Lehman, Phone F 1210, Monmouth.

For Sale—A large heater with coil for heating water. See it at the barber shop. E. M. Ebbert.

For Rent—Modern house. Mrs. L. A. Robinson

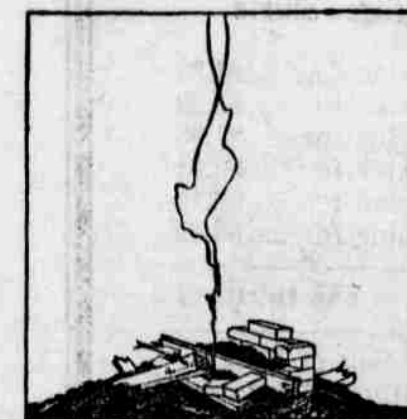
Piano For Sale
A second hand piano for sale, also private garage to rent, on the Mrs. Atwater place.
Ira C. Powell, Executor.

Sidewalk Talk, No. 1—Monmouth is growing in a good substantial way. Inquiries indicate that more business industries are going to locate here: more families are coming to take advantage of our excellent educational facilities. The soil is exceptionally good in this vicinity; we have fine sheep, Angora goats, Jersey cows, grain farms, that produce; walnut and prune orchards, good pure mountain water; oak, ash and fir timber for fuel; the completion of the West line of travel.
P. S.: I have some good buys in city homes, business locations, home sites, orchard, stock and dairy farms. Thank you.
GUY H. DEMING, Realtor

FOR SALE
Now is the time to buy close-in acreage. Next year will see an advance in prices.
33 acres, improved, joins town \$9000
21 acres imp., stocked, 1 mi. out \$6500
18 acres, imp., on highway \$4500
33 acres, imp., stocked, on pavement \$7000
10 acres, imp., 1/2 mile out \$4000
50 acres, unimp., on highway \$5000
10 acres, unimp., 1/2 mile out \$1500
12 acres, unimproved, 1/2 mi. \$1500
7 acres, joining town, in clover \$2000
6 acres, im., on highway \$1500
City property, residence property or ranches. Terms can be had on any of the above listings which makes real estate the best investment for small savings. More money is made from the rise of real estate values than from all other causes combined. To speculate in stocks is risky and even dangerous, but where you buy real estate you buy an inheritance.
F. K. SKEEN, Real Estate

AGENTS—Sell guaranteed hosiery direct from mill to wearer. All styles and colors. Salary paid for full time or spare hours. No money needed for samples. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, 1311, Morristown, Pa.

STOP AT
Cal's Waffle House
for a Delicious Dinner
Waffles at all hours
One door east of
Odd Fellows Building
Service with a Smile
C. E. FETZER



The Late Home of Mr. Careless

Though "fully insured" he cannot rebuild for twice the money.
He has lost possessions that money cannot replace. His family narrowly escaped death.
All this might have been avoided had he observed a few fire prevention rules.
The Hartford Fire Insurance Company has developed a service that will reduce your fire risk. It is available through this agency. Call and learn about it.
Chambers and Powell
Monmouth Oregon

Trails to Nowhere

By O. Lawrence Hawthorne

"I have no time to travel far
The trails that lead to Nowhere,
For I must learn where riches are
And follow roads that go there;
I could not well afford," he said,
"To wander where some cowpath led!"

'Twas years ago and miles away
I heard this declaration,
But I am wiser grown today
And know its refutation;
And I have seen how tragic is
The fate of men with hearts like his.

I chose a charming trail one day
They said would lead to Nowhere,
But I went blithely on my way
To find what flowers grow there,
For I was seeking happiness
And courting Nature's kind caress.

I followed far this sylvan lane,
Enchanted by its beauty,
Forgetting quite all hope of gain
And thinking naught of duty,
When suddenly I found that thing
For which my soul was hungering!

I found the fortune which my friend
Had sought in vain on highways;
I found contentment at the end
Of one of Nowhere's byways.
Here was the chance at last, I knew,
To do the work I wished to do!



NEEDED MORE PEP IN BUSINESS

By H. IRVING KING

Old Caleb Sanderson was violently opposed to the marriage of his daughter Helen to Ralph Young. Ralph was "doing business" in Wall Street and making money. He and Helen were in love—very much in love—and it did not seem to them that there was any sense in the opposition they encountered from old Caleb. But Caleb and Ralph belonged to two different camps in "The Street." Caleb was a conservative of the conservatives, while Ralph was a "plunger." He was a guerrilla who hung on the outskirts of the great battle, dashing in now and then at eminent peril of his financial life to capture some pretty rich booty.

"That young man is all wrong in his business methods," said Caleb to his daughter, "and will some day come a cropper. I don't feel that I should entrust your future to a man like him. If you must marry and leave your poor old father, marry some solid, substantial business man—not a fly-by-night."

"But I love him, father," replied Helen.
"You only think you do," snorted Caleb. "He is brilliant—I admit that—but all that glitters is not gold, as the old copybook used to say. If

you—or he—think I am going to support a son-in-law who can't make his own living, you are much mistaken."
"But, father, he is making money."
"He won't be long."

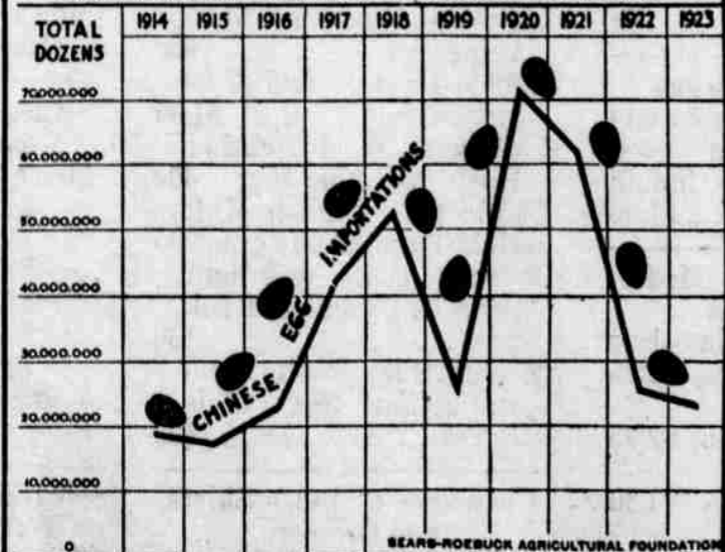
That ended the conversation for that day, but there were many others to the same effect, and always ending in the same way—Caleb stubborn in his objections and Helen resolute in her love. And Helen used to sit together and he would reel off a moving picture of his financial dreams to her, the climax always being his possession of a gigantic fortune. The final picture was always of Helen and Ralph receiving the paternal blessing, and Caleb confessing, with tears in his eyes, that his son-in-law was a greater financier than he was. Both Helen and Ralph thoroughly believed in these pictures. The old man was all very well in his way, and in his time, but a new system and a new spirit had come over the modern financial world. Caleb was not at all competent to grapple with the immediate monetary questions of the day.

"I could have shown your father where he could have made a hundred thousand dollars in the P. B. Q. deal," said Ralph in one of these confidential conversations, "but he wouldn't listen to me."

Caleb would not let Ralph talk finance with him at all—would not let him even mention the "market"—was scarcely civil to him upon any subject. It was very distressing for Helen—this antagonism between her father and her lover—but Ralph did not mind it. So much greater would be his triumph when he should "show the old man."

Things were in this condition when the great storm came roaring down the canyons of lower Manhattan. Bif! bang! went stock; whizz, bif! went the bonds. There was not room enough in the cyclone cellars for everybody

CHINA SHIPS MILLIONS OF EGGS TO U.S. EVEN WITH GREAT INCREASES IN OUR OWN PRODUCTION AND A TARIFF WALL, IMPORTATIONS ARE HEAVY.



Chinese hens are laying millions of dozens of eggs to be beaten into American cakes and candies, in spite of the increased height of the tariff wall. Enough Chinese eggs are coming into the United States annually to furnish approximately one dozen for every family. But the Chinese hen does not compete with the American hen in supplying the eggs for the breakfast table. Of the 23,710,000 dozen coming in last year practically all were in the dried or frozen form, according to the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation.

The American hen cannot be accused of loafing on the job. In addition to furnishing all the eggs needed for American use, she produces a huge surplus for export. Last year this surplus amounted to 80,000,000 dozen—6,200,000 dozen more than were imported. The American exports were largely eggs in the shell, which sell at higher prices than the frozen and dried eggs from China.

In 1914, just a decade ago, there were 10,000,000 dozen Chinese eggs imported. By 1918 the imports totaled 52,400,000 dozen, and in 1920 the number had climbed to 71,800,000 dozen. In 1922, the year the tariff went into effect, only 25,827,000 dozen were imported. Last year the number was still further reduced, with only 23,710,000 dozen coming in.
Present prices are not especially attractive to imports. The demand is for strictly high quality eggs, the production of which for the home markets the American hen monopolizes.

to get in, and those who were left outside were tossed about woefully and indiscriminately. Among these latter was Ralph Young. When the hurricane was over he had not a penny in the world. Even his opinion had been swept away. He had only his pride left. And a very good, honest sort of pride it was too—not the kind of pride he had had before in his own abilities, but the pride of a man who resolves to meet fate bravely.

He went to see Helen, and told her all. Adding that he saw nothing but long years of toil and poverty before him, years into which he could not drag her. "I don't see it that way," replied Helen; "father has enough money for all of us." It was in vain that Ralph tried to explain. Helen declared that if he really loved her he would marry her anyway, and resorted to tears and hysterics. But Ralph was adamant and went away with a breaking heart, but at the same time, with the feeling that he had done what honor demanded. Caleb came in soon after Ralph's departure and found his daughter in a most distressing condition. She told him of her interview with Ralph.

"So he wouldn't marry you because he has lost his money?" said the old man. "Well, I told you he was going to lose it. Now what do you think of your wonderful young Napoleon of Wall Street?"

"I think he is just as mean as he can be," sobbed Helen. "If he really loved me he would marry me whether he had any money or not."
"You think so, do you?" snapped Caleb. "Well, I don't."

Two hours after his interview with his daughter old Caleb entered the office of Ralph and found that young man going over piles of papers searching for some floating spar out of the wreck—and finding none.

"Well, young man," said Caleb, "so you came a cropper, did you? I told you you would. Now what do you think of your dashing business methods?"

"I don't think much of them, Mr. Sanderson," replied Ralph meekly.
"And what do you think of mine?" asked Caleb.
"I think they are safer—and better," was the reply.

"And so you won't marry my daughter?"
"Not under the present circumstances."
"Good for you. You have learned your lesson, I see, and have met the situation like an honorable man. Now, to tell the truth, some of your ideas were not bad. Only you carried them to extremes. I don't mind admitting that a little more pep in my business might improve it. So I will take you in as my partner if you will take Helen on as yours. Is it a go?"
It was.

Small Dora Had the Bible as Authority

Dora one morning refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed, her uncle, a very distinguished man of great learning, was called.

"Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked.

"Why, Uncle Henry, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?"

"Yes, certainly."
"Well, the Bible doesn't believe in early rising; it says it's a waste of time."

Now the uncle is something of an authority on the Bible, but he was not equal to Dora. For once in his life he was nonplussed.

"You listen, then," went on the child, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment; and, opening her Bible, she read the second verse of the 127th Psalm with great emphasis: "It is vain for you to rise up early."—Kansas City Star.

Giant Among Birds

About 1838 some missionaries to New Zealand learned from the weird tales of the natives that in ancient times there had existed huge birds, much larger than men, in all parts of the island, says the Detroit News. They had, however, all been killed except one which had the head of a man and a special bodyguard, if native lore be accepted.

Some adventurous whalers were taken out one night to see this bird, which they intended to shoot. They saw it, so they said, but were afraid to shoot.

A piece of bone, supposed to belong to a man, was sent to Europe and fell into the hands of Richard Owen, the great English anatomist. Although there was less than six inches of it, Owen announced that it was from the leg of a bird bigger and more sluggish than an ostrich, which had lived at sometime in New Zealand.

Out of Print

"I have a friend who wrote a book of verse—a charming book—the stock of which lay for years with small sign of diminution on the publisher's shelves. One night a fire broke out at the publisher's and consumed everything on the premises, including the poetry. Till that moment my friend's book had been a failure; now, however, it became a brilliant success. Every copy of the book was paid for in full by the insurance company, and my friend was as much in pocket as if he had sold an edition to the booksellers. Poets, however, cannot expect to be so fortunate as this. Accidents of the desired kind simply will not happen to their verse. As a result, it is only a very exceptional poet who has ever the pleasure of seeing his books going out of print."—From "The Blue

Lion and Other Essays," by Robert Lynd.

Spot to Be Avoided

A south Idaho farmer had three eligible daughters. The first married and removed to Twin Falls, Idaho. After a time the old gentleman was informed he was grandfather to twins. Later another of his daughters married and removed to Three Creek, Idaho. When the old man learned his Three Creek daughter was the mother of triplets he began to lean to superstition.

His third daughter then advised him of her engagement, telling her father after the ceremony of her intention to remove from the home town, whereupon the fond parent cleared his throat and remarked:

"It's all right, only please keep away from Thousand Springs."—Mobile Register.

Cursory Remarks

Two gentlemen of color were discussing the plight of a lodge brother who had been sentenced to 90 days in the workhouse for stealing water-melons.

"Was he guilty?" queried Mose.
"He mos' certainly was guilty as indicated," answered the more educated Rastus, "foh I seen Mistah Cap'n Saunders ketch him wid dat melon right submerged undah his a'm."
"Gwan!" returned Mose. "Sho' nuff? And what did Mistah Cap'n say to him?"

"The rema'ks addressed by the Cap'n," answered Rastus, "was pu'y cursory, pu'y cursory."—Everybody's Magazine.

Foiled Uncle Eben

"Folks now listen to a heap o' music," said Uncle Eben. "I thought de settlement was lookin' mighty industrious las' Monday, but whut looked in de distance like clotheslines was aerials."

Why the Kettle Sings

It is the pressure of gas coming out of the kettle that makes it sing. When the water boils vapor forces its way out of the spout. The kettle trembles, sending vibrations that make your ear tremble.

When you speak or sing you nearly close your throat. Air from your lungs is squeezed through a small opening. The pressure of air sets the vocal cords trembling. Thus the song of the teakettle and the voice are the result of similar causes.

MAKING GOOD IN A SMALL TOWN

Real Stories About Real Girls

By MRS. HARLAND H. ALLEN

"KIDNAPING" WITH A CAMERA

"TO THE 'Main Street girl' who wants to make money selling pictures of her own taking, her camera is just as constantly indispensable as is his eternal notebook to a journalist."
My informant was an athletic-looking girl, who, following her own advice, was carrying her camera and stopping at intervals to decide if that were just the view she wanted.

"She would never be without it; for if she makes an exception to the rule sometimes when she goes for a stroll in the woods or a drive along the country roads, she is sure to see just the picture she would like to have," the girl went on. "You see, I can sell any artistic scenes I can get to the city newspapers and to magazines. The publications devoted to outdoor sports, gardening, farming, science and physical culture are the best markets. The more unusual the scenes are, the more money they bring. I can always sell freak pictures to newspapers—a giant squash, or a potato that has 'the President's face' on it."

Her market is at home as well as abroad. The farmer who owns a fine horse or cow, or who has built a new home may be a customer; he may like a view of the field hands harvesting a bumper crop. Or perhaps the local real estate man wants a photograph taken on some farm he handles; sometimes railroad companies use her farm views.

Selling the home town views to former residents is one of the best methods by which the camera-girl may sell her pictures. The boy away at college would like a view of the old high school building, or of the baseball diamond or the football field. The girl at "finishing school" might like a view of the high school building, too. Other absent townpeople will be interested in the scenes which have the most sentimental appeal to them. A bird's-eye view of the town will interest them. The camera-girl would have to do most of this type of her business by mail.

Special orders, such as for pictures of stock for advertised sales may be another chance for the camera-girl. She should have her eye "peeled" for every picture with a gripping human interest. The saucy little screw-tailed pigs, the bird nest full of wide-open little bills, should not escape her camera. She should be what is known as a "kidnaper" in snapshotdom—she should "shoot" any and every interesting subject which she can get in front of the camera.

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

We store furniture, mouse proof and dry. Elliott & Elliott.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Moyer & Bristlin
Independence, Oregon
Phone 70 M or 119 M

Monmouth & Independence AutoBus
TIME SCHEDULE
Bus leaves Train leaves
Monmouth Independence
6.40 a. m. To Portland-Salem .. 7.07
9.50 a. m. To Portland-Salem ..
9.50 a. m. To Corvallis-Albany 10.35
11.45 a. m. To Corvallis-Newport 12.03
2.05 p. m. To Portland .. 2.37
3.15 p. m. To Corvallis-Albany 3.41
6.10 p. m. To Portland-Salem .. 5.34
6.35 p. m. To Corvallis .. 7.05
Raymond E. Derby, Phone 1504 Prop.

H. W. MORLAN
Notary Public
Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Etc.

Efficient Service Courteous Treatment
A. L. KEENEY
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
Calls Promptly Answered Day or Night.
Prices Reasonable
PHONES 9821 AND 9822
Independence, Ore.

B. F. BUTLER
Dentist
Post office bldg.
Monmouth Oregon

B. F. SWOPE
Attorney At Law
Independence National Bank Bldg.
Independence, Oregon

A. M. ARANT
Reliable Fire insurance and Surety Bonds
OFFICE HOURS 2 TO 5 P. M.
PHONE 805

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
is often caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever.
HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over Forty Years.
Sold by all druggists.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Wood Sawing per cord
Hard wood, twice cut, 90c.
Hard wood, three times in two, \$1.15.
Fir, twice in two, 80c. 3 cuts, \$1.00.
Harold Smith Phone 402

DR. F. R. BOWERSOX
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
PHONE NOS.
OFFICE - 3303
HOUSE - 3302

A POLICY For Every Need
See
R. E. HARGETT
Special Agent for
THE CENTRAL LIFE
of the U. S. (Mutual)
Des Moines, Iowa

F. K. SKEEN
Real Estate and Rentals
Office E. Main St., opposite to Bank Building

We now have in stock a beautiful line of Chinaware. A set of these dishes makes excellent gifts for all the family; also children's plates, cups and saucers; At the Variety Store.