## Independence Enterprise. | mmeredan lie Sie Merenten Ima

CHARLES EDWARD HICKS

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If it were opportunities that were needed. Polk county couldn't take care of her guests and the people of Independence would have to step outside the city limits to get their watch More live business men are needed here; men who can discover the ear marks of opportunity; men who have the nerve to take a chance. Polk county is the land of reasonable values, the country of opportunity and the home of peaceful dwellers.

### MONMOUTH.

Chester Mulkey and wife are pleasant visitors in town, guests at the home of Mr. Mulkey's grandfather, I'm"-Monroe Mulkey, and other friends. They are from the Amity country.

Two families of the name of Binghere for the winter and may locate permanently.

C. L. Hawley and wife of McCoy were doing business in town Saturday. While here they were guesta of any assistance to her. the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hawley

Mr. and Mrs. Simon and Mrs. Nelson of south Monmouth were transacting business and visiting Mrs. Simon 3 sister in Independence Satur-

Ralph Dodson and family were in town Monday.

The revival closed Monday with ance?" thirty-four accessions to the church. The meetings were conducted by the traveling evangelist of the Christian church and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Springer went to Salem Saturday returning Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. John Hale of Newberg are visiting the latter's sister, dow.

Mrs. Eva Butler. Dr. J. M. Crowley went to Port-

land Saturday.

Archie McNeil, who has spent two years in profitable school work in the O. S. N. S., returned to his home Earle Cowdrey Scott, Harlequin Club." in Cove, Union county, and will resume his work here later.

Three gentlemen from Missouri recently arrived here-looking at this answer was lost. part of the world with a view to locating. They are old friends of Milton Bosley of Monmouth Heights.

The Christmas tree at the Evangelical church promises to be a suc-Everyone buying Christmas pres-

ents, be careful that you don't forget some deserving poorer one than you Mr. Bingley, formerly of Boise, Ida-

ho, has located here. His daughters are attending the O. S. N. S. The owners of the sawmill that the old gentleman announced:

was making oak lumber out on the Coolidge land, are moving it from there to Clackamas county.

J. A. Grigsby, who used to live mear here, is now located with his family at Grants Pass.

Mrs. Martha Addison of Dayton, was visiting in town Sunday.

President E. D. Ressler was a passenger to the metropolis Saturday.

## War Veterans Want Pension.

Indian war veterans will have Repfor the services and loss of horses in the Indian war of 1855 and 1856. How large an appropriation will be necessary to cover the loss of horses and services is not known, but ap- the young couple gave no outward must be a mere residual fraction of proximately \$100,000 would pay all sign of recognition. Before long the the mass of the main bulk of undifferthe outstanding accounts. The bill will ask to compensate only the sur- awaited them in the library in the vivors, whose ranks are rapidly thin. form of duplicate whist and good ci- ticles are hypothetically composed and ning out. The state of Oregon agreed to pay \$4 a day to the Indian fighters, the latter to provide their own horses, clothing and ammunition. Payment for the horses, many of them being killed in the war, has self that the girl was charming in the never been made, although half a century has elapsed since the volunteers went to Eastern Oregon to suppress the redskins. Dr. Thomas V. B. Emberlee has sent the measure to Representative Jones, and will solicit support from as many members of the legislature as possible.

## Chicago Pupils to Visit Coast.

Fifty school children from Chicago are to be brought to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition next year if plans suggested by Secretary Tom Richardson of the Oregon Development League are carried out. They will also visit Portland and other cities in this state and when they return home will write letters telling of the trip and what they saw in the Northwest. Exhibits of the woods of this section, with industrial and scen- that the apparent deceit only added to She made a will an' lef' dem clothes ic pictures, have been used in the Chicago schools, made up into sets and circulated from one school to another, in the teaching of geography.

Patronize our Advertisers.

## A Matrimonial Importation.

By JENNIE LUDLUM LEE.

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\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Earle Scott arrived at the pier just peared to be looking for no particular of the crowds about him. Some one tapped him on the arm.

"Are you one of those horrid men? a rather tired voice inquired. Scott purned and smiled at the girl

beside him. "Well, I certainty am a man," be radiantly beautiful to Earle. acknowledged, "and I guess I'm about

as borrid as most of my sex." "Oh, I didn't mean-I beg your par-Jon," stammered the giri. "I meant were you a customs officer? You see,

He scanned the girl's face closely. Could she be up to the old game of smuggling? More than one official had ley have come from Idaho to live been tricked by a pair of honest eyes, and Scott had just acknowledged that he was but a mere man. The girl certainly had a fascinating personality. Scott informed her that he was not a customs official, but offered to be of

> "Oh, thank you so much," she exclaimed as she harriedly glanced about away from the customs officials, her. "I want a cub to take me to that laughed Scott. address," and she handed him a visiting card. "No one has met me, and. oh, I must get away before he comes off the boat."

"I understand," assured Scott, though In reality he did not. "Want to shake some undestrable shipboard acquaint-

"It's not exactly that-he's a dear,

but-oh, if you will just got me n cab that will solve the whole problem." A cabman was found who agreed to take the girl to her destination for a nominal fee, and as Scott closed the door upon his mysterious companion she leaned forward through the win-

"Won't you tell me your name and I'll have my uncle write and thank you?" she inquired.

He drew a card from his wallet and presented it to her. Aloud she read the address in trembling voice. "Mr. "Won't you write instead?" Earle

suggested, but the disinterested cabman whipped up his horse and her Scott now hurriedly returned to the ship and boarded her. He had no difficulty in finding his father, who was always among the last to leave a ship.

His son, knowing this, had not hastened to find him. After the first greetings the old gentleman slapped his son affectionately upon the shoulder. "Well, my boy. I've brought you a fine present this year-a rare prize." Then, glancing about the ship and the

crowd below them, he added, "But I think the little minx has slipped off." That evening as father and son sat chatting over their coffee and cigars

Earle seemed somewhat startled, "May I ask, dad, if you have mar-

self?" "Oh, for you-for you," said the old is a great friend of mine."

He passed the card over to Earle. The latter had held the mate to it in the morning. Smiling to himself, Earle The "matter" so constituted-built up resentative B. F. Jones of Polk and agreed, thinking that the mysterious of these well separated particles, with Lincoln introduce a measure in the girl was well worth knowing better, interstices enormous in proportion to legislature asking for compensation All day long innumerable pictures of the size of the specks-must be an exher had flitted through his mind. He cessively porous or gossamer-like strucwould be glad to know the truth.

When father and son were announced, John Banks and his niece entered

somewhat ill at ease, but made little ity." headway in solving the problem that evening. When he left the house, however, he had to acknowledge to himextreme. He asked permission to call again.

"And, by the way, Miss Hamilton, I don't have to drag father along every time, do 1?" he asked in mock defer-

ence. On the way home that evening the father went into something of an explanation.

you, Earle. Like your mother was as about her. a girl. Nothing deceitful about herright in the open-everything straight tall, bony woman who came for the from the shoulder. I talked a lot clothes. about you on the trip over and told her she was just the type of girl you were looking for-that we needed her sort to round out our home. She's been in school for years over in France and now has come to keep house for Banks.

How did she strike you?" "As a most deceitful, deep young person," announced Earle, with great emphasis. Yet in his heart he really felt "Well, she lef" yo' clothes tuh meh.

her charms. Earle became a frequent visitor at an' so w'en she lef' she say I may the Banks household. He had the wash yo' clothes long ez I wush tub, name of a heartless bachelor among an' dere was no use worryin' yuh his club mates. Women in general bout hit, now was dere?" had made little impression on him, but To this moderate and sensible queshe had to acknowledge to himself that the mistress of the house found for it, and then it will be a motor novhe loved this girl with all his power. no ready response.

and his power was a great one. He wanted her and would leave no stone unturned to win her. And the evening came when he told her of his love and saked her to be his wife.

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me. Mr. Scott. I couldn't, really I couldn't, was her lasistent plea, "Just let's go on being friends."

The big man seemed to shiver. He was very much in earnest, but he took her refusal like the man be was.

As he sat at his desk the next mornas the giant steamship docked. He ap- ing idly dreaming of dreams gone wrong his telephone bell rang. It was person, but, rather, to search the faces Edith Hamilton at the other end of the wire. She asked him in most unsteady voice to come over thet evening-that she had some sort of an explanation to make. Sharply at So'clock Scott was in the drawing room. As she entered the room her face here a and expression, yet withal she was

"Little girl," Scott almost whispered as she came toward him. She seemed a saintly being, far beyond his reach. "I love you-you know that, don't

you?" "Yes, Earle, I believe you do," she uttered as she sank into a chair near hlm. "That is why I sent for you. Something seemed to tell it to me after you left. I want to tell you something. The day I met you on the pler I want ed to escape your father before he came on shore. We had joked about my marrying his son, and when the time came when I must actually face you I hurried away to escape the meeting.

"And I thought you were running

"Well, in part I was. You see, I brought over a lot of real lace and smuggled it in. I had newed yards and yards of it on a cheap petticoat which I had on at the time."

For a moment they both laughed heartily, then again the serious expression came back into Edith's face.

"It was all started in a joke," she continued. But when I had actually met you and"-here her voice dropped | conveyance for transporting real esalmost to a whisper-"and loved you, I | tate.-Philadelphia Press. was so afraid that you were asking me just to please your father."

"Do I look like such a mottycoddie?" asked Earle as he drew closer to her. "Well, that was why I said 'Nof" last night. Then I couldn't sleep for the very joy of thinking that perhaps-perhaps you really did love me for myself nione. Do you, Earle?" For answer Earle took her in

"You're a deceitful little wretch," he tenred, "but I love you and for your-

self alone-better than life itself-and you must know it." "Oh, dear, I'm so happy," she mur-

mured as she nestled closer to him. "And, Earle, it's early, and Uncle John has gone over to play whist with your father. Let's run over and surprise them. I'm sure Uncle John will be so giad to be rid of me-and your father-

matrimonial importation has proved ac- fruit!--Emporia (Kan.) Gazette. ceptable," finished Earle.

## What Matter Really Is.

Throughout the greater part of space we find simple unmodified ether, elastic and massive, squirming and quiver-"Well, Earle, I brought a wife home ing with energy, but stationary as a for you-came over in the ship with whole. Here and there, however, we find specks of electrofied ether, isolated, yet connected together by fields of force and a state of violent locomotion. ried again, or is this matrimonial im- These "specks" are what in the form portation for me to take unto my- of predigious aggregates we know as "matter," and the greater number of sensible phenomena, such as viscosity, man gleefully. "And we're going heat, sound, electric conduction, abaround there tonight. Here's where sorption and emission of light, belong she is. Her uncle, old John Banks, to these differentiated or individualized and dissociated or electrified specks, which are either flying alone or are restoring with orbital motion in groups ture, like a cobweb, a milky way or a comet's tail, and the inertia of matter -that is, the combined inertia of a the room full of hearty greetings, but group of electrified ether particlestwo elder men found that comfort entlated continuous fluid occupying the same space, of which fluid the parin which they freely move.-Sir Oliver Earle noted that Edith Hamilton was Lodge in "Modern Views of Electric-

## By Inheritance.

When a strange woman came for the soiled clothes, says a writer in the Baltimore News, the mistress of the house came to the conclusion that her own laundress had simply employed a new messenger and made no comment on the circumstance. But when two weeks had gone by and still the old laundress-known as Susan-did not appear the mistress of the house felt that she would be lacking in her duty he a cabbage head?"-Baltimore Amer-"There's an old fashioned girl for if she did not make some inquiry lean.

"Where is Susan?" she asked the

"She has gone to Pennsylvania to live, yessum." returned the woman with composure. "She went to Pennsylvania some time ago, an' she lef' goodby for yuh, but s' long yuh didn't seem tuh notice I didn't say nuffin'." "But why didn't she come and tell me and allow me to make some ar-

rangements about my laundry?" tuh meh. We'se allus been good frien's,

## ROMANCE TESTED.

"I'd fly with you flome into unto."

e mail romantle cried,
"And, though 'twere bleak,
No more I'd seek If you were by my side!

All—all I'd leave,

Nor would I grieve

Whatever came to page." "Ah, love," cried he, "Would you for me Leave s'en your looking glass?"
A shade of doubt
Her eyes about
Beemed sudden to awake. She murmured: "Yes, Just that, I guess. I'd really have to take, Pd really have to take.

But not a trink:
Et else-just think!
My seal would never flag".

She paused-"Ch, no:
1 couldn't ge
Without my powder rag"

-Kansas Chy Tracs

The Truth of It.



Tom-Miss Woodley tells me her grandfather was a real estate conveyancer.

Tess-The idea! Tom-Why? Isn't that true? Tess-Ob, yes; I see what she means! The cart her grandfather drove was a

#### The Outcast.

You ask me why I weep and moan, like some lost spirit in despair, and why I wander off alone and paw the ground and tear my hair. You ask me why I pack this gun, all loaded up. prepared to shoot. Alas, my troubles have begun-the women folk are canning fruit. There is no place for me to est unless I eat upon the floor, and peelings get beneath my feet and make me fall a block or more. The odors from the boiling jam all day assail my weary snoot. You find me. then, the wreck I am-the women folk are canning fruit! Oh, they have peaches on the chairs and moldly apples on the floor and wormy plums upon the stairs and plies of pears outside the door, and they are boiling pulp and juice, and you may hear them yell and hoot. A man's existence is "Will be so happy to find that his the deuce-the women folk are canning

Only One Reason.

"Papa, George wants to break our engagement." "What reason does he advance?"

he mentions only one." "And what's that?" "He says he has seen somebody he loves much better than he loves me. "And that's the only reason he gives?"

"Yes." "Don't bother him about the others." -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

tered the persistent amateur, bending over his sheet music and making another stab at the instrument, "is no

snap." This being the exact psychological moment, the E string snapped.-Chicago Tribune.

## To the Point.

"Well," said Nuritch, showing Kandor through his new house, "what do you think of the furnishin's?" "They show a great deal of taste," replied Kandor. "Ah! Think so?"

"Yes, but it's all bad."-Philadelphia

Can't Lose It. "Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it it will find him. So what's the difference?" - Catholic Standard and Times.

Personal Knowledge. "What do you think, Maud? Cholly Softy has been reading up lately, and he says he agrees with the scientific man who says that plants can think." "Well, Cholly ought to know. Isn't

## Where Meals Reside.

Foriorn Freddie (the hobo)-Just think, little girl. I don't know where my next meal is comin' frum. The Little Girl (sympathetically)-Dear me! Ain't there a pantry in your house, poor man?-Puck.

A Bit Fishy, This. Porpolse-What is the whale blowing

about? Dogfish-Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.-Boston Tran-

#### Authorizing. "What do you want with the auto

mobile catalogue?" "I propose to write some dialogue

## DETECTING A DETECTIVE.

[Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Reed.] Detective Quirk of police headquarers was a good man. With outsiders hat meant that he was bonest and 'nithful and would not betray his trust, With his chief it meant that he did tot have to watch him quite so closely Quirk had never read the stories by laborian. De Boisgobey or Vidocq. Ronance had nothing to do with his taklown on crime and criminals and hunting bad men into prison from any feelng of duty toward the law.

Mr. Quirk realized that as a detective he had a good thing in his grasp. There was a field open to him that is the way. spen to no other man outside the profession. It was for him to work that ield. Detectives have sold themselves out for a few hundred or a few thouand dollars. In Mr. Quirk's opinion such men were asses and had mistaken their vocation. He sighed to be rich, but he didn't propose to blunder about He must first get a standing with is superiors and the public. He workd for five years to accomplish this. A fozen traps were set for him, but be scaped them all by being incorruptiole. He worked a case for all it was worth, and he never let up or compromised. If he caught a broker in a rambling house he had no more mercy on him than the thief he caught steal ing lead pipe. The burglar who offered alm \$1,000 to look the other way for a noment fared as did the politician who offered him a like sum to "let up" in court. His fellow detectives pecketed their "divvies" and called him a fool. and his chief looked over his reports and almost believed that he had found a subordinate deserving of a medal. The day came when Mr. Quirk real-

zed that he had established his reputation and that he could pull off his scheme with safety. He had it in view for a year. He had several times been called in by the president of the -National bank to straighten out crooked things and bud thus become well acquainted with the bank messenger, old Folsom. Folsom was sixty years old. He walked with a hobble. He had rheumatism, and old age had weakened him. Yet the bank kept him, and seemingly by some act of Providence he had never been attacked by the class always looking for a good thing. In making his rounds he sometimes carried \$500,000 in checks. In returnng to the bank he sometimes brought \$200,000 in cash with him. Mr. Quirk fully realized what an easy thing it was, but he uttered no word of warning. He was waiting to establish his reputation.

After calling at the last bank on his route old Folsom always took a short cut through an alley to reach his own institution. It wasn't an alley so much is it was a passageway. It was only six feet in width and used by pedestrians only. At any moment from 10 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon you could look up or down the alley and count at least twenty "He says he has a lot of reasons, but pedestrians coming or going. There were doors opening into the rear of office buildings, and there was one door opening into an empty building that had formerly been a rag shop. One afternoon Folsom failed to return to the bank at his usual hour. When half an hour had passed, an alarm was given. Men were found who had seen him in the alley, but an alarm of fire "Learning to play the violin," mut- twas on at the time, and there were o'clock that night Folsom was found in the old rag shop. He had received a severe blow on the head and was tied and gagged. Something like \$130,000 in cash had been taken from his satchel. It was Mr. Quirk who was given the case, and it was Mr. Quirk who found the old man after a long hunt. It was four days before Folsom re-

gained consciousness and told his story. There was very little to tell. He had backed up against the door to stand for a moment and look for the fire, and the door had been opened, he had been drawn in, and then followed the blow on the head and darkness. He had not even seen his assetiant. He was very grateful to Mr. Quirk, and he felt the fullest confidence in him, and yet there was a clew that he suppressed. Why he did he could not have told himself. As he fell he must have grasped the man's coat and torn off a button, for there was the button clinched tightly in his hand. They took it from him at the hospital and, strangely enough, said nothing about it until two weeks later when he was discharged. Then it was among his things. Folsom could not make it out at first. It had the name of a tailor on it, and he had never patronized the man. He believed he had seen buttons like that on a business suit, and It came to him after that the suit belonged to Mr. Quirk. The tailor cor-

roborated him. Mr. Folsom was old, but he did not tack wit and acumen. He set himself to work, and inside of a fortnight he found men who had noticed the detective in the alley on the day he was assaulted. In the dust on the floor he found tracks and measured them. He had been bound with new rope. He discovered who had purchased it and where. As a matter of fact, he worked up a good case against Mr. Quirk and had him arrested, and ten hours later the missing money was found unier the floor of the latter's room. He would not confess, but the jury found him guilty, and he got a sentence of twelve years and dled after serving half of it. He had planned for years only to be caught by a man from whom he thought be had nothing whatever to M. QUAD. 148. fear.

# TIMELY TOPICS FROM O. S. N. S.

It is plainly holiday week at the Normal. As early as Friday, Dec. 18, students from a distance began to leave for their homes. The Misses is he did the others of his staff. Mr. Hathaway, Goyne and Tinnerstet left on that day by private conveyance for Tillamook city. With sou'wester and oilcloth "slicker" they felt ampng up detective work. He was not ity equipped to brave the terrors of the winter mountain ride.

The early train on Saturday bore many holiday passengers with the inevitable bunch of mistletoe, which caused not a little merfiment along

Misses Esther Larson and Lillian Anderson will spend the holidays at their homes in Astoria. Miss Mary Whitney will spend a week at her home at Cresswell. Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Stroud will visit the former's native home near Eugene. Misses Mabei Robinson and Iva Hixon will visit at their homes to Wasco county, Miss Beasle Weston will spend the holidays at her home in Amity, Miss Grace Whitehouse of he training department will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wiley of Newberg for several days. Miss Ruby Shearer will go to her home in East Portland; and Miss Roma G. Stafford will visit with her parents at Oregon City.

Miss Catherine Campbell, June '08, closed a very successful term of school at Cochran on December 18th. Miss Campbell does not intend to teach more during the present winter but will prepare to finish her state examinations in February.

David B. Campbell, who is a student at the Conservatory of Music, Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, is expected home for the holidays. The many friends of Miss Incy Ba-

ker will regret to learn that she has been obliged to return to her home on account of sickness. We hope tha Miss Baker will be able to resume her studies after the holidays. Mrs. May Bowden-Babbitt and silss

Florence Bowden spent Saturday in Portland. Supt. W. W. Wiley of Newberg spent part of Sunday in Monmouth, having accompanied the basket ball

cam here on Saturday night. Miss Mary Murdock, who is teaching at Seaside, Oregon, is home for the holidays. So also is Miss Murdock, who is teaching in Eastern Ore-

The three literary societies met early on last Friday evening in order to have the usual program and still allow the members to attend the student ball. The programs each had

Christmas as their main theme. The Freshmen proved themselves worthy hosts at the last student ball for 1908. It was given in the Normal "gym" on Friday evening, Dec. 18th. An orchestra of six pieces and the smooth floor proved irresistable and about a hundred guests whirled away the merry hours from eight until eleven. Delicious lemonade was served during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Traver, accompanied by little Miss Traver, were chaperones. The students were pleased to have Mr. and Mrs. J. B. V. Butler among the guests.

The small boy of the T. D. yelled to his heart's content on last Saturday night when the Normal Boys' basket ball team won over Newberg High School 40 to 8. The contest was one sided from the first but was none the less interesting to the large crowd of spectators. A feature of the game was the superb throwing of baskets by E. Sacre of the Normals. The Normal line-up was: E. Springer, center; L. Lindsay and R. Chute, forwards; E. Sacre and A. Sacre, guards; D. Stump, substitute.

## Would Vanish Like the Mists.

Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi of the Free Synagogue of New York City, retains an ardent affection for the Pacific Northwest, his residence for several years. In commenting on the prize apples recently sent to European rulers and exhibited in New York, he writes: "Why is this fruit sent to such indifferent Oregonians as Edward, Wilhelm, Nicholas and Mr. Fallieres? If you really want Oregon apples to count, don't waste them on European monarchs, but get them into the systems of Oregonians who love and treasure everytning Oregonian from little Mount Hood to big Hood River apples, But the apples wouldn't be kept long on exhibition in our homes here-they would vanish as the mist hovering over the summit of Mount Hood before the morning sun.

The Wonderland Theatre has opened under new management. We have extra fine set of pictures and songs.

Wood for sale-Second growth at \$3.50, old growth \$4.00 a cord delivered. S. Cox, Independence. Phone