

# Treasurer's and Recorder's Reports

## REPORT OF CITY TREASURER

Independence, Oregon, January 4, 1921.

To the Honorable Mayor and City Council of the City of Independence, Ore.:  
Gentlemen,—I wish to submit the following as my report as City Treasurer for the quarter ending December 31, 1920.

Respectfully submitted,  
C. W. IRVINE, City Treasurer.

### INDEPENDENCE CITY BONDS OUTSTANDING

Street Improvement (Paving) Bonds.	
.....	\$ 34,842.83
.....	19,842.83
.....	500.00
.....	20,842.83
.....	\$14,000.00
Refunding (Sewer) Bonds	
.....	\$16,000.00
.....	4,000.00
.....	\$12,000.00
Street Intersection Bonds	
.....	\$19,910.23
.....	2,000.00
.....	\$17,910.23
Street Improvement Bonds outstanding	
.....	\$14,000.00
.....	29,910.23

At the beginning of the present administration, January 1, 1919, there were the following outstanding bonds:  
Street Improvement (Paving) Bonds \$29,910.23  
City Bonds 35,910.23  
From the above statement you can see that during the two years the following bonds have been paid:  
Street Improvement (Paving) Bonds \$15,500.00  
City Bonds 4,000.00  
A total bond payment in the two years of \$19,500.00

### GENERAL FUND

Sept. 30, 1920—Balance on hand	\$654.38
Receipts	2,153.05
Paid Out	
Dec. 31, 1920—City Warrants paid as per cancelled vouchers herewith	1,188.04
Dec. 31, 1920—Balance on hand	\$1,619.90

There are no outstanding warrants, endorsed not paid for want of funds against this fund.  
First payment of 1920 taxes should be received during May, 1921. Probable amount \$2,500.00.

### STREET IMPROVEMENT (PAVING) FUND

Sept. 30, 1920—Balance on hand	\$2,021.21	
Receipts	622.17	
Paid Out		
Dec. 31, 1920—Bonds paid as per cancelled herewith	\$1,500.00	
.....	Interest coupons as per cancelled herewith	195.00
Total paid out		1,695.00
Dec. 31, 1920—Balance on hand	\$948.38	

Interest coupons to the amount of \$285.00 are now due against this fund. The next date that bonds of these issues can be called is June, 1921.

### SEWER REFUNDING FUND

Sept. 30, 1920—Balance on hand	\$1,060.22	
Receipts		
Nov. 1, 1920—County Treasurer, tax	\$463.70	
.....	County Treasurer, tax	542.30
Total receipts		1,006.00
Paid Out		
Dec. 31, 1920—Interest coupons as per cancelled herewith	247.50	
Dec. 31, 1920—Balance on hand	\$1,818.72	

Coupons due Nov. 1, 1920, to the amount of \$82.50 against this fund have not been presented for payment.  
\$1,000.00 of these bonds are due and payable May 1, 1921; also coupons to the amount of \$330.00.

### STREET INTERSECTION FUND

Sept. 30, 1920—Balance on hand	\$1,039.99	
Receipts		
Nov. 3, 1920—County Treasurer, tax	\$458.92	
Dec. 10, 1920—County Treasurer, tax	536.71	
Total Receipts		995.63
Dec. 31, 1920—Balance on hand	\$2,035.62	

\$1,000.00 of this issue of bonds are due and payable July 1, 1921. Interest coupons to the amount of \$537.31 are now due and payable on presentation.

### SIDEWALK FUND

Sept. 3, 1920—Balance on hand	42.91
Dec. 31, 1920—Balance on hand	42.91

There is a balance of \$48.55 due on an outstanding warrant against this fund and there is now interest to the amount of \$2.90 due, making a total of \$51.45 due on this warrant. This fund is short \$8.54, and I would suggest that the Council draw on the general fund for this amount, \$8.54, and pay the balance due on this warrant and close this account. All judgments for the building of sidewalks have been paid and no money is due this fund. This entire matter should be closed.

### CITY ROAD FUND (Independence Road District)

Sept. 30, 1920—Balance on hand	\$133.83
Receipts	
Dec. 4, 1920—From County Court	762.78
Paid Out	
Dec. 31, 1920—Warrant as per cancelled herewith	25.38
Dec. 31, 1920—Balance on hand	\$871.23

There are no outstanding warrants against this fund.

### RECORDER'S ANNUAL REPORT

Commencing January 1, 1920, and ending January 1, 1921	
Cash received from licenses and County Road Fund	\$1,268.41
Cash received from fines	80.45
Cash received from electric wiring permits	4.00
Cash received from Street Improvement Assessments	4,520.05
Total cash received from Jan. 1, 1920, to Dec. 31, 1920, both inclusive	\$5,872.91
Total disbursements	\$4,436.63

B. F. SWOPE, City Recorder.

### The Freedom of the He's.

"Do you think men ought to be prohibited from strolling on the corner and giving the short skirts the once 'over'?"

"Certainly not—I don't believe in anything that interferes with the freedom of the 'sees.'—Florida Times-Union.

### Regular Job.

"And what might your work have been during the late war?" asked an old lady visiting the Atlantic fleet as it lay at anchor in the Hudson.

"I worked on a submarine, and every time they wanted to dive I'd run forward and tip 'er up."—American Legion Weewly

### And Then the Row Started.

"Do you think that young man good enough to marry our daughter?" asked the mother.

"I guess so," replied the father, "You know your folks used to say I wasn't good enough for you."

"I know. But my folks were right about it."—Detroit Free Press.

## DYED

By NELLIE F. BROWN.

The rural delivery had just come. There were no letters today; the farm paper for dad, a circular for Dick, advertising chick feed, the daily paper from the city, and two magazines.

Mrs. Merritt glanced over the headlines of the news, and then picked up one of the magazines for a peep at its contents. It was charmingly illustrated, but after a moment or two Mrs. Merritt flung it down with something like a snort of disgust.

"I'd like, for once, to read something real good and homelike," she exclaimed. "A body would think, from all the magazines nowadays, that everyone lived in New York city or on a Western ranch. Why don't they ever write stories about real people—people that live in New England, like us, for instance, or—"

"Because," flushed Lucille sternly, not waiting for her mother to finish, "because nothing ever happens in this dead-end-alive town. We wash on Monday and iron Tuesday, and go to the Ladies' Aid once a month Wednesday, and we boil sap in spring and pick berries in summer and make pickles in the fall—"

"Merry! What a blue streak you are in!" expostulated her mother good naturedly. "And with a party at Rose Wilder's this very night!"

"That's just it!" wailed Lucille. "I haven't a thing to wear, and there'll be all the summer folks."

"Your green batiste is pretty," said her mother.

"That!" cried Lucille. "I've had it three years, and everyone knows it was white with a pink figure once, and that I boiled it out and dyed it green. And those soap-dyes fade so, everyone knows when it has been freshly washed and dyed again. I couldn't find any green only in a new kind the last time I went to the city, and this kind has to be boiled."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Merritt, "but 'what can't be cured must be endured.' You know we decided this summer that we'd go without everything we could to buy the washing machine. Go get your dress and do the best you can with it. I'm sorry I haven't had time to fix your white dress, but that's 'orn pretty bad."

Mrs. Merritt's philosophy was always to make the best of things, and Lucille tried to make it hers as she brought down her seersucker batiste, tipped off the wide white collar and cuffs, and surveyed rather scornfully its faded green folds.

"The mixing of the dye was rather 'messy,' but at length it was ready, and Lucille dropped the dress in damp from washing. The directions said, 'stir constantly,' but who ever follows dyeing rules explicitly?"

Besides, Lucille had the dishes to wash, so contented herself with a poke now and then with her wooden dye-sticks.

But alas, the dishes done, she lifted out the dress and found it mottled with all shades of green, from light yellow-green to deep olive.

"Oh, for pity's sake," ejaculated the girl. "It's ruined now. And at least it was whole, and I could have got lots more wear out of it."

"Never mind," cheerily said Mrs. Merritt, called upon to comfort, console and counsel. "Put it in strong soap and boil it out white and start again."

But Lucille was discouraged. She shook her head, bit her lip to hold back the lump in her throat, and hurried off toward the barn.

"Poor child," murmured her mother sympathetically. And splash, went the kettle of green dye down the sink-spout, hiss went a stream of hot water into a tin tub, silvers of strong yellow soap followed, and pop went the dress again, into a soap bath this time.

When Lucille came back from her walk down the lane her head was high and her eyes bright, but they shone brighter yet as Mrs. Merritt lifted from the hot suds the wet, clinging folds of a dainty blue gown—the soft dull blue of old rugs and tapestries.

"Why, mother, how did you do it?" cried Lucille, and "Did you ever!" burst from Mrs. Merritt.

"Why, it's a real pastel shade," exclaimed Lucille, who had caught the light through a single thickness, which, as everyone knows, shows the shade the goods will be when dry.

"Take it out, quick, before it turns anything else."

"It will be lovely—"

"No one would ever guess—"

"With my lace fichu—"

"And some flowers—"

"Japanese honeysuckle—"

"You've got a blue feather just that shade—"

"I'll retrim my white hat—"

"There," said her mother. "Don't ever say nothing happens in this place. I'm sure this is good enough for a story."

So here is the story.

You'll notice there isn't any young man in it. But there are always young men at parties. So perhaps you can guess the sequel.

If you can't you have no imagination at all.

### A Modern Courtship.

She—One more question.

He—Yes, dear, I am listening.

She—Will you love me when I'm old?

He—Well—er—this is a practical age, you know, dear. At any rate, I'll see that you get adequate alimony.

## THIS A "WOMAN'S COUNTRY"

English Writer Gives an Interesting Impression of Her Sister Over the Seas.

By RACHEL BAKER.

As an English woman who went about America for nearly three years, making friends, East, West, South and North, I ought to be able to contrast the women of the two countries, but the more one travels the more one realizes that "folks is just folks" all the world over.

American women are quicker at the uptake as regards friendliness and kindness; but the tongue-tied English do just as much in the long run. The American's manners are more cosmopolitan, her clothes are better put on, she has more good stories in her after-dinner speeches. But if you compare corresponding types—as most travelers omit to do—they are "both the same color under their skin."

America is a woman's country. The boy belongs to his mother, and most women give their own opinions on all subjects—quite curiously well expressed—without any suggestion of having gone to a man for help.

The Englishwoman speaks more shortly and with a suggestion of having "asked her husband at home"; but I doubt if the Englishwoman is worse off, since England is the home of the proverb, "As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good wife saith so must it be."

One very noticeable charm in the American woman is her quickness in starting conversation with a stranger and her aptness in saying something pleasant at once. I cannot help thinking that if English nurseries and school rooms taught this, it would have widely international results and put more reality into the League of Nations.—Lucy H. M. Soulsby in the Woman's Supplement of the London Times.

## VAST EMPIRE IN SOUTH SEAS

Extent of Australasian Group Under British Rule is Hardly Realized by Americans.

Judson C. Welliver writes in the Country Magazine that our impressions about the Australasian empire of the future are rather vague, because we are unable to realize its mere bigness. Thus the island of New Guinea, the greatest island in the world, if we classify Australia as a continent, was, before the war, divided between the British, Dutch and Germans. The British have now taken over, in the name of Australia, the German claims.

We think of New Guinea as a considerable patch of dry land in the expanse of the southern ocean, but have difficulty realizing that if it could be laid down on the United States, one end would be at Portland, Me., the other near Omaha, and that it would blot out an area about twice the size of the German empire, and including something like a quarter of the population of these United States. It contains vastly greater resources than Germany, also about a thousand white people and 500,000 aborigines, largely cannibals. Half of it yet remains essentially British is quite obvious.

Australasia aims at leadership in the south temperate zone, on lines curiously parallel to those by which Great Britain has become leader in the North. With inexhaustible coal and iron, she is creating iron and steel and shipbuilding industries and a navy of her own. The war era has been marked by the completion of Australia's first transcontinental railroad, suggestive reminder of the beginning of our own Union Pacific.

Mt. Washington 6,293 Feet High. Many persons believe that Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is the highest mountain in the eastern part of the United States. Mount Washington stands 6,293 feet above sea level, according to the United States geological survey, department of the interior, but many peaks in the southern Appalachians are several hundred feet higher than New Hampshire's famous mountain. The highest mountain in the Appalachian system—the highest point in the United States east of the Rockies—is Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, which stands at an elevation of 6,711 feet. The highest mountain in Tennessee, Mount Guyot, stands 6,636 feet above sea level.

Ivory Does Not Rust. One cold afternoon several school-girls were standing on a corner waiting for a car. A man invited them to come into his office to wait for the car. They accepted. The conversation soon turned to the color of a certain girl's hair. One insisted it was red, another that it was auburn, and another that it was brown.

At the height of the discussion two children entered the office. As soon as they understood the nature of the argument, one of the youngsters exclaimed:

"Oh, shucks! Her hair ain't red. Ivory don't rust."—Indianapolis News.

Great California Industry. Nearly a million acres are planted to the fruit trees that supply the canneries of California, according to Elton R. Shaw in an article in the Old Colony Magazine, the organ of the Old Colony club. Statistics tell us that of the 100,000,000 acres of land in the state of California, about 300,000 are devoted to fruit trees; so it is easily conceivable that the fruit-canning industry is no small part of the general industrial activities of the "Golden State."

## WITH ASSISTANCE

By RACHEL BAKER.

Mazie sat staring at these lines until they blurred before her eyes.

"Terminate our engagement!" I thought that was a woman's privilege. How could he do it? What an embarrassing position to put me in! How can I explain?"

A knock startled her, and a voice confident of welcome called: "It's Betty. Please let me in." And in she came. She had just put her hair up a new way and wanted Mazie's approval as she posed before her.

"It's marvelous, Betty! You'll be a sensation at the party tonight."

"You really like it, then? I wasn't sure," said Betty, seizing the hand glass to look at the back of her hair. "I do wish," adjusting a hair pin, "that you would take more interest in yourself, dear. You've slumped ever since your engagement."

"Not really?" protested Mazie.

"Yes, really. Why, then you were the most chic of anyone in our set. Your dresses—do you remember that yellow one you wore to the military ball?"

"Frederick didn't like it. I remember."

"No, I can imagine that Frederick didn't. He doesn't like anything that draws attention away from himself. I hate him and I always did, even before you were engaged to him."

"I'm not engaged," said Mazie slowly, "any more."

"Not engaged? What's the trouble, dear?" and Betty's arms went swiftly about her friend.

"Why, we just decided that we wouldn't be engaged any more," stammered the girl.

"We did? And when did we decide?" questioned Betty sternly.

"Just this afternoon."

"But you haven't been out of your room," objected Betty.

"I know; but I've been thinking things over and I thought it best."

"You little wretch! You never thought it up at all. You aren't that kind. You're too scared of hurting people's feelings. Frederick did it!" proclaimed Betty triumphantly.

Mazie produced the letter for Betty, who perused it, frowning as she read.

"I wonder why he insisted on having the ring? It's my opinion that he's after that rich Miss Adams," said Betty. "I'll make him sorry for it, but it's the best thing, Mazie, that's happened for a long while. Bob will have a chance now. I'll see to that myself. I'll return the ring."

"I have something for you, Freddy," said Betty, when she found Frederick and Miss Adams seated in a hammock at the party that evening.

"Can't you guess what it is?" she held both hands behind her, and suddenly Frederick became alarmed.

"Did you want to see me alone?" he questioned anxiously.

"Can't you guess who sent it, then?" she queried; but Frederick did not dare reply and Miss Adams suddenly exclaimed, "Why, it's a diamond ring! See it sparkle!"

"Yes," said Betty, dropping it in Miss Adams' lap. "Miss McGrath returns it with her compliments to Mr. Newhall and wishes to terminate her engagement."

When the noise of Betty's little heels had ceased, Miss Adams handed the ring to Frederick and rose from the hammock.

"You know, of course, that I knew nothing of your engagement. I am somewhat of a stranger here and had not heard—" And the man was left alone gazing at a diamond whose beauty did not cheer him in the least.

Meanwhile Betty was busy telephoning to Bob Hastings to come to the party.

"I'll be there. You can count on me," Bob assured her over the phone. That evening, early in the night, a disgruntled man carried his empty schemes and himself up to his room.

Early in the evening, too, Bob improved his opportunity.

"I understand you have broken your engagement," he said, glancing at Mazie's unringed fingers.

"Yes, we had so little in common that it seemed best to terminate our engagement."

"Then will you marry me, Mazie? I never knew until your engagement was announced that I loved you." His hand touched that little left hand, naked of jewels, and the thrill of that touch inspired him to take her in his arms.

"But do I love you, Bob? You've always been a friend, the best boy friend I ever had, and I missed you so much when you didn't come any more. Is friendship love?" and she gazed wonderingly into his kind eyes.

"It's a near relation if it's the kind I have for you dear."

Tum, tum, te, tum, te, tum pealed the organ and Mazie shivered in her bridal satin as she entered the church. "I can't do it. I shall cry or something" her frightened senses told her. Then through the haze of expectant faces, she saw him waiting for her, and all the panic, the uncertainty subsided, for she knew that whatever the future might hold, she would be happy with the man she loved.

## OREGON ORGANIZATION FOR SAVINGS ANNOUNCED

San Francisco—Theodore Hardee, director of the government savings organization for the Twelfth federal reserve district, announces the personnel of the government savings organization for Oregon during 1921, as follows:  
Director—Edward Cookingham, Portland.

Associate Director—Robert E. Smith, Portland.

State Director of Thrift Education—J. A. Churchill, Salem.

E. J. Stack will act as assistant director of the organization for the entire Twelfth District and his headquarters will remain in Portland.

Hardee will continue as district director, with headquarters in San Francisco. C. A. Farnsworth, at San Francisco, will continue for a short while longer as associate director for the district to help get the 1921 campaign well under way. Publicity will be continued from headquarters in San Francisco, under the direction of Frank J. Carmody.

Changes in the headquarters organization here embrace the resignations of Charles L. Miel, assistant director, and Mr. Edward Dexter Knight, assistant director in charge of women's activities. These offices have been discontinued, Mrs. Knight's duties being taken over by the women's department of the savings division at Washington, D. C. which will work direct with women's organizations.

As a result of a conference with Director Hardee and Governor John U. Calkins, of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, who is also chairman of the Government Savings Organization, Directors Cookingham and Smith will support Superintendent Churchill's efforts to promote Thrift work in the schools of the state.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Margaret E. O'Kelley, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and has qualified.

All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, together with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned administrator at his residence in the City of Independence, in said County, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated and first published December 31st, 1920.

WILLIAM N. O'KELLEY,  
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret E. O'Kelley, deceased.  
Swope & Swope, Attorneys.

31-5t.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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WILLIAM N. O'KELLEY,  
Administrator of the Estate of Margaret E. O'Kelley, deceased.  
Swope & Swope, Attorneys.

31-5t.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

SWOPE & SWOPE  
Lawyers  
Campbell Building  
INDEPENDENCE, OR.

D. E. FLETCHER  
Cooper Building  
Attorney  
INDEPENDENCE, OR.

C. C. WRIGHT, M. D. C.  
Veterinarian

Residence, "Uncle Billy's"

TIME CARD

Valley & Siletz Railroad

Effective Oct. 24, 1920  
Train arrives Independence  
11:05 A. M.

Train departs Independence  
1:00 P. M.

Daily except Sunday  
L. E. Watson, Supt.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES  
of all kinds

CAPS AND FUSE

L. E. HASELTON  
Route 1 Independence

Phone 2924