

West Side Enterprise

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

WALTER LYON, EDITOR

Entered at Independence, Ore., postoffice
as second-class matter

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

TELEPHONE 261

SUBSCRIPTION RATE
(strictly in advance)

Per year.....\$1.50
Six months......75
Single copy......05
Reading notices 10 cents per line straight.
Rates on display advertising made known
on application.

The first thing Salem will know it will find that the capital and everything else has been moved over to Independence by that Independence Push Club's energy unless the Salem Push Club wakes up and gets busy tacking the state buildings down—Salem Statesman.

Needless alarm. We don't want the big State House for it would spoil too much good hop land. We don't want your Governor because he commuted the sentence of the slayer of one of our citizens on the grounds of the murderer's bad shape. We don't want the Secretary of State's office for that official is enriching himself at the pace of \$18,000 to \$20,000 a year on fees legal and illegal while the constitution limits him to \$1,500. We don't want the State Treasury for its vaults are empty while the money is out earning private interest. We don't need your Superintendent of Public Instruction because we have a principal fully as good; nor your Attorney-General because his decisions don't decide. We couldn't use the printing office for printing just as good can be had at one third the cost, nor your land office because it has no base. We don't want your supreme court, for it brings reverses, nor your library—we haven't time to read it. We don't want the Lunatic Asylum for Salem needs it worse; nor the Penitentiary, for its enforcement of government without the consent of the governed. We wouldn't ask for the Reform School for it is admirably situated as a retreat for politicians for whom there is no other job. We don't need the Blind nor Deaf Mute Schools for our eye sight is good, our hearing acute, and we are able to shoot off our mouth. There is no occasion for Salem to get out her hammer and tax, to hold down the State buildings, so far as the Independence Push Club is concerned. We don't want them. We only want it known that Independence is on the map; that it is the capital of one of the worlds greatest hop centers; that is situated in the "Blue Ribbon" county of Oregon, where fine stock, agricultural and lumber products excel. We want more and better roads and telephone service so that the surrounding country may have access to a live town. We want more buildings and can furnish people to lease them in advance. We want a larger saw mill and have room for other manufacturing plants. We want a river boat and the river dredged. As these are acquired watch us grow without asking for the state buildings or anything else except, good will, from Salem.

The King's name is Hops.

Please pass the oysters. The letter "R" appears in this month.

It may not be easier to coax a woman than to drive her, but it is safer.

"There is only one Elijah" says Dowie. Then he is in a Portland jail.

Soon as the Polk County people pulled out from Newport, there was trouble.

Salem thinks she has a cinch on all state tax; but Polk county has Tax Butler.

Will the price of wheat and hops please drop and give Messrs Calamity a chance to howl?

Ask a man to describe a gentleman and he will invariably describe himself.

Salem has a street car labeled "Cemetery." The fighters of the extension of the city limits should take a ride.

Fifty cents a box for the picker and twenty-six cents a pound for the grower. Money will soon jingle in everybody's pocket.

The story of the effort of Nye Creek to become a separate corporation from Newport is now being sent out from that city after it was given exclusively by the West Side Enterprise two weeks ago.

Newport had about all it could stand up under last week, and not get its legs tangled, with the governors there making speeches—Chamberlain Fletcher and Geer—Salem Journal. Newport can stand up under it as long as the Gov and Ex Goves don't get their legs and speeches tangled.

A judge in the state of Washington, eloped with a friend's wife, granted her a divorce and married her. His honor is something of a Napoleon of matrimony. This is almost as quick action as that of the Oklahoma man who hauled a load of potatoes to market, met a widow with nine children on the road, married the widow and hauled back a wagon load of family.

Scott, the negro Liberty candidate for president, stayed in jail too long, and an Iowa man by the name of Taylor has been made the nominee in his place. It is a trifle difficult for a man in jail to look dignified and do the other stunts that are expected of a candidate for the presidency.

The dowager empress of China has decided that small feet are not beautiful. The Chicago idea seems to be conquering the world.

One of the Philippine insurgent leaders is called "The Viper." The government should employ some experienced snake catchers.

Hot weather advice: Quit talking about it. Quit thinking about it. Hot weather is not an evil, but kicking about it is.

Two Iowa cows ate dynamite, and the beef strike that followed was sensational and revolutionary in the extreme.

A New York telephone girl has married a millionaire. Hereafter she will let her money do the talking.

It is now said that the Four Hundred is composed of only 200 members. Perhaps the rest got ashamed and withdrew voluntarily.

It is safe to say that "holy Russia" is getting a holy horror of island empires.

The beef trust is the most effective boomer of vegetarianism now known.

Material Progress.

Statistics usually make dry reading, but statistics of American progress are about as juicy as any literature that can be written—at least for an American. A pretty reliable criterion of material progress is the trade movements between this and foreign nations from year to year.

The exports of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30 last were valued at \$1,400,000,000. That figure never has been surpassed except in 1901, when the total was \$27,000,000 larger. There was a notable decline the last fiscal year in exports of wheat and corn which was not made good by the increase in the items of cotton and manufactured products. The exports of manufactures were larger than in any preceding year. This is a partial setoff for the decline in domestic consumption.

Imports were \$900,000,000, being \$30,000,000 less than last year, but so much in excess of 1901 as to make 1903-04 the best year in the history of the country as regards total trade. The combined exports and imports aggregate \$2,451,000,000, against \$2,445,000,000 for the fiscal year 1902-03.

The excess of exports over imports was \$470,000,000, being \$75,000,000 more than for the preceding year.

During a period of forty years American agricultural exports have increased from \$174,000,000 to \$873,000,000, while manufactured exports increased from \$41,000,000 to \$407,000,000.

When north and south were locked in fratricidal strife, there were but 2,100,000 farms in the whole country. Now there are 6,000,000. The farms were worth \$8,200,000,000 then and are valued at over \$22,000,000,000 now.

Then there were 150,000 factories. Now there are 525,000, and in place of the 1,500,000 employees toiling in them there are now 6,000,000. From an annual wage aggregate of \$400,000,000 paid them we now see the stupendous total of \$3,000,000,000. The value of the factory products has leaped from \$2,000,000,000 to \$14,000,000,000.

In forty years the cotton crop has more than doubled, and the manufactured cotton product is worth \$400,000,000, as against \$115,000,000 then.

The per capita wealth has jumped from \$325 to \$1,300, and the interest charge on the national debt, which amounted to \$4.12 per capita in 1896, is now \$2 cents per capita. The money in circulation has increased from \$505,000,000 to \$2,367,000,000.

There is no pessimism in these figures. They are cheerful, hopeful and uplifting. They make a man throw back his shoulders and protrude his chest. Paraphrasing the typewriter copybooks, this is the time for all good men to stand up for the country.

Self Sacrifice.

To live or to die for his fellows is the noblest lot that can fall to man.

There are many who so live, but they go about it so quietly that we hear little of them.

There are many who so die, but such a death cannot be concealed any more than can a light upon a mountain, so that the world looks on at these beautiful deaths and grows sweeter and nobler for the looking.

This is the spirit shown by those who die in battle, the heroes of song and story, the Christians who faced death in the arena.

This is practical religion—the religion of humanity.

This is also the religion taught by Christ—the crowning precept of his gospel of love and good deeds.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

And again: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We need more of this spirit to break up the selfish sordidness of this age.

The moths are said to be so numerous in Philadelphia that they fly into the arc lights and put them out. The citizens show the same headlong tendency in rushing into the political machine and getting singed. The only difference is that the human moths do not put the machine out.

Brigadier General Funston having been ordered to the command of the department of the east, with headquarters on Governor's Island, New York harbor, some sensational swimming exhibitions in New York bay are looked for at an early date.

A New York man wants to be buried alive for eight days. Even if such a thing could be successfully accomplished, why should a man aspire to do what a toad can do better?

General Kuropatkin says he was only trying to find out things at Motien pass. From the way he got licked it is evident that he found out.

OAK POINT.

A pleasant party was given at the home of Edwin Rex, last Saturday evening. Dancing was the feature of the evening. A most enjoyable time was spent by all, Mr. Rex being a royal host. Supper was served at a late hour. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Will Simon, Mr. and Mrs. James Huntley, Misses Libby Rex, Clara Rex, Ellen Brown, Bertha Holmes, Clara and Iva Martin, Rhoda Dickinson, Lena Simon, Minnie Swartz, Annie Swartz, May Swartz and Leona Becker; Messrs. Walter Simon, Ed Rex, Lawrence Simon, Frank Simon, Albin Becker, Theodore Becker, Paul Simon, Ed Brown, Villard Crook, Arnold Myers, — Wier, Johnnie Burmister.



It is much easier for a woman to confide in the average man than in the average woman. She knows that the man will respect her confidences and keep them to himself. He is strong, has more experience of the world and can help the woman who needs advice. There is every reason why women should not trust their delicate constitutions in the hands of unskilled persons. It requires a thorough medical education to appreciate and understand the womanly organism. When a woman has ill and pains that she cannot bear she should confide her troubles to a physician of standing in the community, or one who has a national reputation. Certainly it would not be the part of wisdom to confide in an ignorant person without medical education simply because she was a woman. There is every reason why she should write to some great specialist, one who has made the diseases of women a specialty for a third of a century, like Dr. R. V. Pierce, founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. All his correspondence is held sacredly confidential, and he gives his advice free and without charge.

So uniformly successful has Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription proven in all forms of Female Weakness, Protrusion, or Falling of Womb, and Leucorrhoea, that, after caring the worst cases of these distressing and debilitating ailments, Dr. Pierce now feels fully warranted in offering to pay \$50 in cash for any case of these diseases which he cannot cure.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used with "Favorite Prescription" whenever a laxative is required.

LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
A FAMILY LIBRARY
The Best in Current Literature
12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY
MANY SHORT STORIES AND
PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS
\$2.50 PER YEAR; 25 CTS. A COPY
NO CONTINUED STORIES
EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given; that the final account of the administrator of the estate of Bertha Ohms, deceased, has been rendered and filed, in the County Court of the state of Oregon, for Polk County, and that Saturday, the seventeenth day of September, 1904, at one o'clock P. M. has been duly appointed by said court for the settlement thereof. At which time any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions, in writing, to said account.

Emma A. Ohms,
Administrator of said estate.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that H. H. Jaspersen, administrator of the estate of Sarah Jaspersen, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Polk County, his final account as administrator, and that Saturday, the 24th day of September, 1904, at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., of said day, has been appointed by the Judge of said Court as the time for the hearing of objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof. All persons are therefore required to appear at said time and show cause, if any exist, why the said account should not be approved and the said administrator discharged.

Dated this 25th day of August, 1904.
H. H. JASPERSON,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah Jaspersen, deceased,
Oscar Hayter, Attorney.

CHIEF OF "ROUNDERS"

Society Man of Independence President of Mysterious Order, Says a Salem Paper.

(Salem Statesman)

Independence is situated right in the midst of a rich hop belt and the picking season is, naturally, a big thing. Everybody seems to be preparing for the opening of the season. There will be a great ball in Independence to night, and on Monday evening, Chas. McCready president of the "Rounders' Society" will give the first dance of the season, which, is always looked forward to and regarded in the light of an inaugural ball, in celebration of the opening of the hop

picking season. There is no question that there will be an enormous crowd in attendance and the event will be greatly enjoyed by all who attend.

For Sale.

One Studebaker wagon 3 1/2 inch. One Fish Bros wagon 1 1/2 in. steel axle. One Columbus End Spring Buggy. One 16 inch riding plow. One set single driving harness. One sorrel horse 8 years old. One bay mare 5 years old. Enquire of A. B. Wysong 1 1/2 miles west of Independence on Monmouth road.

Rye Wanted.

WANTED—Fall seed rye, soon. State price. A. J. WHITEAKER, Independence, Ore.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Imparts that peculiar lightness, sweetness and flavor noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, crusts, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Made from Pure, Grape Cream of Tartar.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Announcement

New Merchant Tailor Shop

Having located a tailor shop in your city

I would kindly ask for a share of your patronage. I will have a fine line of goods to select from and all work will be first class. Call and see me and I will treat you right.

N. P. Simonson Merchant Tailor
Independence, Oregon.



Eyes carefully examined and properly fitted to the best grade of glasses.

Fine Repairing.

O. A. Kramer & Co.