

WEST SIDE ENTERPRISE

INDEPENDENCE, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 17 1906.

NUMBER 16

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

POLK COUNTY BANK
MONMOUTH, - OREGON.

PAID CAPITAL \$30,000.00

Transacts a general banking business. Deposits received, Loans made, Drafts sold. Careful and courteous attention given all accounts.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
J. H. Hawley, Pres., P. L. Campbell, Vice Pres., Ira C. Powell, Cashier
J. B. V. Butler, F. S. Powell, J. B. Stump, J. A. Withrow, I. M. Simpson.

THE INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL STOCK, \$50,000.00.

H. HIRSHBERG, President. ABRAM NELSON, Vice President
C. W. IRVINE, Cashier.

DIRECTORS.—H. Hirschberg, D. W. Sears, B. F. Smith, J. E. Rhodes and A. Nelson.

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Independence

F. W. Creanor, Proprietor

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W. R. ALLIN, D. D. S.
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Painless Extraction Cooper Building, Independence, Oregon

E. T. HENKLE,
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MAIN STREET,
One door south of Post Office. Fine Baths in connection with shop
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

Tonsorial Artists,
KUTCH & TAYLOR
Next door to Little Palace Hotel
Sharp Razors, Prompt Service.
BOOT BLACK IN CONNECTION.

W. G. SHARMAN
Merchant Tailor
Bank Building,
INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

IN THE HOP WORLD

Yards Free From Lice But Reductions in Former Estimates of the Output

C. L. Fitchard is Interviewed in New York by Eastern Paper—McMinnville Wants Warehouse

The hot weather has been favorable for haying and for preventing the spread of hop lice, but will cut down the yield. The big yield promised three weeks ago is not in sight. Of course there will be some good yields in the bottom yards as there always are, but the continued hot spell at this season has cut short the arming process notably on the uplands. Growers admit a reduction in the estimate of a few weeks ago must be made. The market is strong.

C. L. Fitchard, an Independence hop grower now in New York, was interviewed by an eastern paper a few days ago. To talk with Mr. Fitchard, says the eastern paper, is to contract the Western fever. No more loyal adherent to the trans-Rocky region ever crossed the Mississippi. He has considerable property near Independence, Oregon, and speaks most interestingly of the country. Picture a land teeming with ripening fruit; pears, apples and prunes mellowing in the sunlight; breathe deep the air laden with perfume of roses; cast your eyes imaginatively over far stretching acres of waving grain, upon hop fields exhaling the invigorating elixir of vine and blossom; and you have, according to this exponent of the West, a faint view of Oregon and its wonders.

In his interview Mr. Fitchard inadvertently said Independence is in Lane while she is in Polk, the pride of the valley. Hops are raised somewhat differently in Oregon. There is no spring grubbing. The plows are run close to the hill and then harrows are employed. The roots run down eight or nine feet into the black earth and cultivation is a comparatively easy task. Instead of the long cedar poles so common in the Mohawk valley, stakes nine feet high are raised and wires and strings run across, forming a net work for the eager tendrils. Trolley poles, eighteen feet high, are also set up and cord and wire strung along over them. When the vines are mature, a field presents a truly beautiful sight, with green archways down which one may look to heart's content.

Of course they have pickers and a picking season. But one familiar form and face is missing from the Oregonian landscape, that of the festive hobo with his proverbial tin can. Hooligan is an eastern product, and confines his Titanic labors to eastern scenes. It is the townsman with his family, the farmer with his wife and children, who answer the call of the rancher; and they come prepared to live and to do. Tents are a necessary part of their accommodations. Wood and water are supplied by the employer; as for the rest, it is up to them. Mr. Fitchard employs 350 pickers; many of the larger owners 900 or 1,000. They come in covered wagons, driving occasionally 50 or 60 miles and their stay extends over a period of six weeks. Then, usually, they journey on to Salem, to witness the state fair, where doubtless the glib-tongued fakir plucks clean the nimble fingered picker. Two years ago 21,000

toilers came to Independence to enter the fields.

Hop growers of this county have been encouraged in the belief that the Southern Pacific would haul their hops to McMinnville free within a prescribed area, to be stored in a community warehouse, provided they were finally shipped over the line when sold. Now the announcement is made by the officials of that road that such an arrangement cannot be made. It is true such precedent has been established, and the railroad company maintains a hop warehouse at Salem and at Independence, but the railroad people claim that these were instituted when there was river competition with the railroad. Transportation lines are under one management now, hence the change in policy. This is a frank admission of supremacy and ought to convince the hop growers of the necessity of encouraging the building of a competing line of road in order to place themselves on an equal footing with the Marion and Polk county growers.—McMinnville News.

While the railroad company maintains a small warehouse at Independence, it is not nearly large enough for the business. Considering the acreage of hops around Independence the warehouse here is wholly inadequate and growers have asked the railroad company to erect a hop warehouse commensurate with the business offered. There is complaint every year of a lack of storage facilities and the railroad company is put to the extremity to ship the hops away as they are hauled in.

Irrigation Congress In Boise in September

The Fourteenth National Irrigation Congress will be held at Boise, Idaho, September 3rd to 8th, inclusive. The mayor of each town is authorized to appoint 5 delegates and the president of each commercial club 2 to the congress. Those wishing to go from Polk should make their desires known.

Little Blanche Russell Tramped by Horse

Little Blanche Russell came near being trampled to death by a horse on the James Russell place near Monmouth last week. She was enjoying a ride on a work horse that was being used to elevate hay into the barn loft. The horse became entangled in the traces, bucked the little girl off and tread on her chest, breaking one rib and tearing two loose from the sternum bone. Her life was for awhile despaired of but she is now on the road to recovery.

The Real Thing in Ancestors

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien. "An' phwat's ancisters?" "Why, people you shprung from." "Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "I come from the rale shtock av Donahues thot shprung from nobody. They shprung at thim!"

Brief and Breezy

Where there's a Jill there's a Jay. Loquacity is the mother of invention. A girl with a new ring "allus hex" trouble with her hair. A railway collision is certainly a bump of destructiveness. A harness dealer calls his store room a bridle chamber. An egg is best when fresh, but it's different with an office boy.

DOWN BY THE SEA

Breezes Wafted Over the Coast Range From Newport by the Sounding Sea

Early Rush of Crowd to the Seaside—Removal of Life-Saving Station—Jetty is Decayed

Newport, July 16.—One hundred and eighty-five people came in Saturday evening and 410 Sunday. It took eleven coaches to bring the excursionists in Sunday. The hot weather of the valley is driving people coastward and this point is getting its share. There has never, this early in the season, been as many people on the Newport and Nye Creek beach as at present. If the travel continues during next month, this will be Newport's biggest season.

The crowds are taking advantage of the tide for surf-bathing at Nye Creek beach daily. There are no life lines provided but it is considered reasonably safe on an incoming tide. All bathing is done at Nye Creek. The Newport beach, preferred by many, and being inside the bar, absolutely safe, is not opened up this year nor is there at present any prospect of its being made the haunts of surf bathers.

A GOOD CHANGE

The life-saving station is to be removed from its present quarters on South Beach across the Bay to the old light house on the Newport promontory. It was never clear to the casual observer why the life-saving station should be located on the flat beach across the Bay when so fine a lookout was available on the Newport side. But anyone who has kept in touch with the way things have been done in Oregon in the past, will readily explain that some individual owning property on South Beach secured the location of the life-saving station at the less desirable point for his personal benefit. Now, however, it is to be brought across the Bay and the old light house is to be re-fitted.

GOVERNMENT WASTE.

All that remains of the \$900,000 spent by the government on Yaquina harbor, are some toredo-eaten piling and ragged reefs of rocks extending out into the bay. The government expenditure was wasted, and yet Yaquina Bay affords a good little harbor. The influence that is behind the neglect of this harbor, and the waste of money already expended will probably be brought to light some day.

SUBJECT FOR MUCK-RAKE.

A common source of complaint with guests this year are the lack of transportation facilities and booze. The old T. M. Richardson, that transfers passengers from the terminus of the railroad at Yaquina to Newport, comes in for the keenest criticism. Regardless of the size of the crowd, they are all, including women and children, herded on this boat and a scow it carries, and the trip across the bay, under the conditions, does not leave a pleasant impression of Newport-by-the-Sea. To add to the discomfort, the crowd is forced to wait at the Yaquina wharf going and coming. Probably this branch of the service will never be improved until the muck-rake press pays its unstinted respects.

FROM INDEPENDENCE.

Mrs. F. W. Treanor and little daughter, Bernice, are here and have taken on the ruddy seaside complexion. Miss Pearl Squire is here admir-

ing the millinery that comes from her store, and acting as critic at surf-bathing.

Glen Ireland has quit horse racing on the track, and is foot-racing on the beach with all who profess to speed.

Frank Mulkey is again doing the honors at the Abbey House with all the grace of a French dancing master.

J. S. Cooper was here Sunday with his grip.

J. Kirby, the sewing machine man who achieved notoriety at the Salem Skidoo, was here like a duck the first of the week.

B. F. Jones proved himself an ocean swimmer in the surf Sunday, but lost his laurels on the beach foot race in costume. Jones excelled in swimming, but it is claimed he lost in a foot race against a man with one arm and a cork leg.

Mrs. W. G. Cressy is spending a few days at her old home, the Cressy House.

Mr. A. W. Vernon Miss Buelah Hungate

Married, in Portland on Wednesday, July 11th, at the home of N. M. Moody, uncle of the bride, A. W. Vernon and Miss Buelah Hungate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hungate of Molalla, Clackamas county. Mr. Vernon is one of Polk county's best citizens and his many friends join in congratulations on the occasion of this happy event. The newly wedded couple is at home now on Mr. Vernon's farm six miles north of Independence on the Dallas-Salem road.

Fixed All Right, to His Mind

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the man. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will five dollars fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "five dollars will fix it, I guess"

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.

A Ballad of Vegetables

A potato went out on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping,
cried;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—
You cantaloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And lay down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see;
So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please!"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;
"My cherrished bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"

And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.