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The finest silk hosiery and the latest novelty combinations in all the popular new shades are now offered here at unusually attractive prices.

Of course we carry the standard guaranteed cotton hosiery as well as the serviceable list in a variety of weights, colors and sizes. Hosiery for men and children, too.

Courtesy Is Our Watchword
and Quality Our Standard

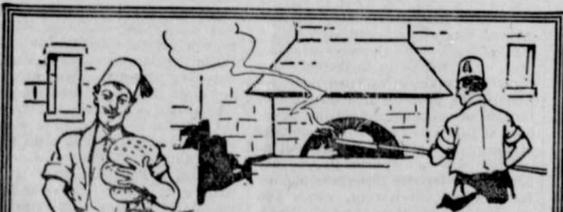
Conkey & Walker

THE POST

Is fully equipped to do your printing at the very lowest prices consistent with good work. We have the very latest type faces and other materials. Call and look our samples over. We are sure you will be delighted with them. If you are in need of—

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- ENVELOPES
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- BUSINESS CARDS
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- MORTGAGE BLANKS
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- PAMPHLETS
- POSTERS

Or any other printing give us a trial and you will not regret it. We can save you money.



THE Turks are not noted particularly for cleanliness, and their bakery products would not be considered appetizing in this country. In this, as in many other things, we are different.

Our Bakery Products

are prepared in a clean, modern, sanitary bakery—a fact that is known to every resident of this community. An ever-increasing demand is an indisputable evidence that we produce "good things to eat."

Quality and cleanliness are the twin mottoes
of this bakery at all times.

C. A. Lochridge

Butter Wraps

THE
POST

UNIMPROVED LANDS TO INCREASE SHEEP

Opportunity for Wool and Mutton
Found on Idle Areas.

United States Should Possess Three or
Four Times Present Number of
Animal—Much Assistance in
Winning War.

(Prepared by United States Department
of Agriculture.)

Immediate opportunity for increasing the sheep population of this country is found on the rougher and idle lands of the Appalachian region, the cut-over timber lands of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, and to some extent those of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. The acreage of these areas that is suitable for sheep is alone capable of supporting, as many breeding ewes as are now kept elsewhere in the country.

Unimproved land in farms also offers opportunity for increasing our sheep population. Such land amounts



Pastures Are Essential to Sheep Production.

to nearly half of the total area in farms. To some extent these lands are now in use as live stock pastures, but much of the area that is wholly idle would furnish fair summer grazing for sheep. Some readjustment with regard to cropping and the keeping of other stock would be required, to furnish winter feed, but under existing conditions of farm labor and the present grain prices this change would have a favorable effect upon the net farm income.

For the greater production of wool and mutton, however, future dependence must be placed chiefly upon the more general rearing of sheep upon improved lands. The keeping of one ewe to each three acres of all land in farms on one-fourth of the 90 per cent of farms now having no sheep would double the number now in the country. Sheep on farms seem to be assured a larger place, as successful participants with other stock in the economical and profitable utilization of the products of the soil, as well as producers of valuable clothing material for which there is no complete substitute. Before many decades have passed the United States should possess three or four times the present number of sheep. A doubling of the present number within four years is quite possible, and it would be of most valuable assistance to our war interests if such a result could be produced in a shorter time. Doubling our wool product would not render us independent of wool imports, but it would furnish all that is needed for military purposes and a large part of that needed for civilian uses.

REDUCE COST OF LIVING

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Do you want to make extra money during your spare time this summer at home?

If you consider money saved is money made, you can do it.

Put in a half-acre garden. If well planned and cared for properly, it will produce far more vegetables than the average family can consume.

That means a supply of a variety of fresh vegetables for the table—a reduction in the cost of living.

WATCH FOR PLANT DISEASES

Food-Products Inspectors Are Reporting Disorders Found in Shipments of Vegetables.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

To detect local outbreaks of diseases of vegetables and fruits which when uncontrolled cause heavy losses in the field or in transit, the food-products inspectors of the United States department of agriculture are reporting diseases found in shipments of produce at twenty-three of the leading market centers of the country. Some of these inspectors are expert plant pathologists and others are market inspectors who have been trained to detect signs of important diseases and rots.

Whenever a shipment shows a serious disease or rot, the department at once notifies its county agent and other representatives in the affected locality and distributes explicit instructions for overcoming or minimizing future losses. The notification to the point of shipment also prevents shippers from continuing to ship material certain to spoil in transit and thus waste car space.

This detection of disease, however, is largely a by-product of the market inspection made at these markets by the department to certify to shippers the condition as to soundness of fruits, vegetables and other food products, as authorized by the food production act, approved August 10, 1917.

FRENCH KEEP AMERICAN'S GRAVES GREEN AS TRIBUTE TO ARMY'S VALOR

Palm Sunday Brings Out Throngs to Cemeteries and "Buis" Is Freely Scattered Over Resting Places of General Pershing's Heroes—Crowds Bare Heads in Silent Honor to Comrades in Arms.

Everywhere the Americans have remarked the tenderness of spirit of the French—the thoughtfulness they show to those Americans who are at rest in the French cemeteries. The graves of the Americans wherever I have been are cared for as carefully and tenderly as are those of the Poilus who have given their lives for France, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald.

Private Albert — of the American army has had opportunities to see the people of this wonderful country in their homes. He is a native of New England, but of French ancestry, and through his ability to speak French gets perhaps in more intimate touch with the French than does the average American.

A university student when the war came to his own country, he enlisted and has been here ever since. In the few spare moments he has had he wrote a little article about the French and their thoughtfulness of the American soldiers. It is as follows:

All the morning I had seen people going past the office on their way to church carrying small bunches of "buis," a plant which looks very much like our box elder. This was Palm Sunday, and the French—old men and women, boys and girls—were bringing their buis to church to be blessed.

Visit to Cemetery. In the afternoon I did not work, so I met Mr. Duphand, a well-to-do lawyer of the town, and accepted his invitation to accompany him in a walk to his garden.

It was a treat to walk with such pleasant company on such a bright summer day after a solid week in the office from eight in the morning to nine or ten and sometimes even until eleven o'clock at night.

So at two in the afternoon a little party was formed in front of Monsieur Duphand's house and we started. In the party were Monsieur and Madame Duphand, with their two daughters, Mesdemoiselles Therese and Madeleine Madame Reveillon and Madame Tolot. All the ladies carried a bunch of buis. And as we started out Madame Duphand said we would first go to the cemetery, where we would visit the plots and place a bunch of the buis on the graves of their relatives. It is the custom of my country, Monsieur told me, to decorate the graves with buis every Palm Sunday.

All Graves Decorated. As we passed through the ancient gate we entered a narrow aisle lined with tall pines whose boughs interlocked over our heads. Half way the aisle widened and in its center rose a tall stone crucifix, so tall the figure of Christ was lost among the green branches. There was no grass except that which lined the aisle beneath the trees. The little plots were covered with tiny pebbles, level and neatly kept.

As we came to the grave of one well-known of the party, it was remembered and a little twig placed upon it. We went from one plot to another, stopping only at those of the immediate relatives of the party or very close friends, until we had made the round of the cemetery.

From here we went to the Soldiers' cemetery. Here we entered under an arch, bearing in big silvered letters "Mort pour la Patrie." I paused in the gate to cast a glance over the field. There were hundreds of French graves marked by the French cocarde—three rings, red, white and blue, in a circle of about six inches.

Arabs Buried There. At the right were several Arabian graves facing to Mecca, and in the far left hand corner some newer graves whose markings I could not distinguish from the distance. We had not gone in very far when Mademoiselle Therese took a little bunch of buis and placed it upon a French grave. It was that of a private in the French army, who had been killed at the beginning of the war.

"I knew him well before the war," said Mlle. Therese as she placed the little holy leaf in the ground over the body.

"What are you going to do with the rest of the buis?" I asked mademoiselle. "Those are for your comrades," she informed me.

"My comrades?" I asked in surprise. "Voila," she said as we neared the graves that I had heretofore been unable to make out. Over the first one was a beautiful piece of floral work bearing the information, "A nos camarades les Americains." (To our comrades, the Americans.)

Twenty-Four American Dead. Here in this little corner of the field were 24 American graves. No, not killed in action, nor not buried with the croix de guerre, but nevertheless "Mort pour la Patrie." I inspected the names and the organization and found they were nearly all from my division. Mademoiselle knew this, too, and she gave me a little piece of buis and said:

"C'est pour votre camarade, s'il est ici." (This is for your comrade if he is here).

I thanked her as best I could in a low voice, because somehow I could not trust myself to speak loud or long. I did not know any of the boys sleep-

ing there, but on the crosses above them there was the name and organization of each of them and that was enough.

Somehow I seemed to have been acquainted with them for a long time and I could almost picture how they had looked when they landed over here. So I read the names of them all and placed my little piece of buis upon the grave of one Arthur R. Peterson of the — Ambulance company.

Tribute to Americans. Mlle. Therese decorated each of the others in the same silent way that I had done. For a few moments no one seemed to have anything to say, and a deep silence prevailed until mademoiselle had decorated the last, saying as she did so:

"Les pauvres garçons, ils sont venus si loins pour mourir." (The poor boys; they have come so far to die).

"Mais ils ont finis de souffrir seules, cest a leur pauvres meres que je pense, moi," said Mme. Reveillon. (Their suffering is over; it is of their poor mothers that I am thinking).

When I could trust myself to speak I tried to smile my appreciation of their generosity, and said: "But there are hundreds of your Poilus here."

"Ah, oui," said monsieur, "but we are very fortunate in having them here near us, while these parents back in America have not had the opportunity to even bid them goodbye."

Their sorrow, their respect and their sympathy were profound and sincere. It is beyond my capacity to describe it further. Here were mothers mourning the loss of other mothers whom they had never seen, did not know, nor would they ever know. It was not so much for the sons that lay buried there but those that were left behind to mourn. All these women had mourned the loss of some kin since 1914 and their sympathy was genuine.

All Pause in Silence. There were other persons in the cemetery who had come to honor their dead in the same way and as I looked they all stooped and read "A nos camarades les Americains," paused and in silence gazed at the crosses and passed on.

This was Palm Sunday, but I had forgotten that and I found myself believing it Memorial day back home. We left the field and continued on to the garden on the outskirts of the town. Here some two hours later as we sat in front of the maisonnette at one end of the garden, mademoiselle, struggling through a sentence in English, was suddenly interrupted by a volley of rifle fire.

"Ecoutez!" (listen) she said. "Qu'est que c'est?" (what is that?) Another volley and then another. No one stirred. A bugle note struck the air. "Le clairon," said mademoiselle, and again complete silence.

From far away it came, but in the intense silence it was easily distinguishable, and when the last note had died away mademoiselle turned to me and said: "Qu'est que c'est?"

After a second I found my voice and was just about to explain when—

"Ecoutez!"

Another volley, followed by two more. Again the clairon. And again mademoiselle said: "Qu'est que c'est?"

Final Sad Rites. Well I knew what it was, and before I could tell her in my mind I could plainly see the open grave exposing for the moment its contents; the firing squad with rifles pointed over the opening; the corporal giving the words of command. The final note of "taps" added the last touch of sadness to the picture and I told mademoiselle as best I could the meaning of it all. She has been working in a hospital since the beginning of the war, so she understood very readily.

Monsieur was at the other end of the garden and had only stopped his work just long enough to look up at the firing, and, not understanding, went back to his work. Now he came up, declaring he was tired and did not feel like doing any more work that afternoon. Mme. Tolot insisted we visit her garden before we go home, so we put up the chairs and left.

DRAFTED MAN LEFT PLOW

Abandons Work in the Field and Reports for Enlistment.

Sioux City has her Israel Putnam in the person of W. Warren Mulhall, son of John Mulhall of 2115 Douglas street and a member of Sioux City's younger set.

Mulhall was in the list certified by the West side board for enlistment April 26 in the first call of the second draft.

Word of his induction into the army reached him when he was plowing on his farm in Minnesota. Stopping in the middle of a throw, as did his Revolutionary counterpart, he hastened back to Sioux City to prepare for departure.

Despite having been engaged in farming for a number of years, Mulhall was not granted a deferred classification because members of his local board felt circumstances did not warrant such action.

Local Briefs

Post phone Main 622.

Ernest Tice was here from Portland Sunday.

D. M. Duval is doing carpenter work at Wells.

Wallace Reid at the ISIS Wednesday night, June 5.

The I. & M. has changed time to connect with the Eepee.

Dr. R. E. Duganne, Dentist, Independence National Bank Building.

Mrs. Elizabeth Kernes of Eugene visited her brother, I. Claggett, this week.

Miss Vale Hiltbrand is home for the summer, the Airlie schools having closed last week.

Mrs. Clyde Ecker returned Saturday evening from an extended visit in Texas and Colorado.

Craven & Huff have received a shipment of front and rear Mazda lamps for automobiles.

Miss Lucile Craven returned from Hood River Friday where she has been teaching the past year.

Calvin J. Holem of Hoskins and Miss Inez Brewer of Aurora were licensed to wed at Oregon City Saturday.

Mrs. W. W. Ireland and children of Corvallis were visiting with Mrs. Ireland's mother, Mrs. Clara Taylor, Sunday.

A new star in the film world, Wallace Reid, appears at the ISIS tomorrow night in "The Hostage," a strong drama with a military setting.

J. F. Currie, who has been connected with The Post since its establishment, left Monday night for the highlands of California in hope that a higher altitude will benefit his health. He will return Sept. 1.

The following Airlie boys have recently entered the service: Chester Cooper, Clifford Hanan, Emory Whittaker, Kenneth Williams, Raymond Williams, Frank Story, Willard Wilson and Frank Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Nash and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Tann were at the Jake Nash home at Buena Vista last week. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Nash will soon leave for New Mexico to live and the Tanns will move to Washington.

Mrs. Hattie Henkle returned from Corvallis Saturday where she has resided for five months, and is now comfortably located in her home on Third street. The Mansfields, who occupied the house while Mrs. Henkle was gone, have moved into a residence on Seventh street.

Notice of Certain Street Improvement Bonds Will Be Taken Up.

Notice is hereby given that there are sufficient funds in the street paving fund of the City of Independence, Oregon, to take up for payment and cancellation Bonds No. 8, 9, 10 and 11 bearing date July 1st, 1914.

That on July 1st, 1918, each of said bonds will be taken up and cancelled and paid in full, principal and interest to said date and thereafter said bonds will cease to bear interest.

Dated and first published June 31, 1918.

W. S. KURRE,

City Treasurer.

Max Goldman Deals in

- HIDES
- PELTS
- WOOL
- FURS
- MOHAIR
- CASCARA BARK
- VEAL
- PORK
- BEEF
- POULTRY
- BUTTER
- EGGS
- FARM PRODUCE
- WOOD
- WOOD
- GROCERIES
- SHOES
- FURNISHINGS
- DRY GOODS

CASH OR TRADE