

This Is An Age of Preventatives

Science has advanced to that place where there is a preventative for every known disease. It may be vaccination, change of diet or mode of living or a simple remedy.

You may be sure that in this season of possible epidemics of colds, coughs and "grippe" we keep constantly on hand all the reputable preventatives for these ills. Be on the alert and prepare yourself against the invasion of those ailments.

Williams' Drug Co.

"Home of the Grafonola"

PERFECT SERVICE

PURE DRUGS

CITY AND COUNTRY

Tripp writes fire insurance.
Captain Sam Damon returned from Portland Tuesday.
J. D. Sperry of Brownsville is visiting his uncle, H. S. Wood.
See F. M. Brown for loganberry tips. 47

The Huriberts have moved into the J. G. McIntosh property near the Christian church.

Mrs. B. F. Swope went to Portland this morning to spend the week end.

Trunks, suit cases and hand bags at Moore & Walker's.

Dorain Dickinson was here from Portland this week visiting the home folks.

Mrs. Margaret Fitchard and son, Bobbie, returned Tuesday from a visit with Portland friends.

Douglas Fairbanks in "His Majesty, the American", at the Isis next Thursday and Friday nights.

Quick and efficient service is given all DeLaval owners by W. E. Craven, HDW.

Eddy & Carbray are holding a January Clearance Sale. A twenty per cent reduction is given on everything in the store. This is a chance to purchase merchandise at a liberal saving.

Mrs. Richard Wells left Monday for her home in San Francisco, after a month's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Claggett.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Smith have returned from a fortnight's visit in California cities. They report a most delightful time.

The Methodist church choir will render a very special musical program next Sunday evening. There will be solos, quartettes, anthems and choruses. Rev. Cook will speak and a cordial invitation to attend is extended to the public.

For Sale—Three registered O. I. C. hogs—one sow and two boars. E. F. BLACK, Buena Vista. 43

Tuesday night, Mike Wooley, night watchman in the S. P. yards, escaped death by a narrow margin when a gun he was carrying accidentally went off. The bullet ripped his trousers from the knee to the ankle, only touching his flesh on the side of the foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rohel of Sheridan, Montana, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bacon of Portland have been in Independence visiting Sam Goff and other relatives. Mrs. Rohel and Mrs. Bacon are former Independence people, having been raised in this section. This is Mrs. Rohel's first visit in fifteen years.

There is much rejoicing among the many friends and patrons of Dr. M. P. Mendelsohn, the well-known optometrist-optician, that he has again located in Salem where it is so convenient to see him. 25 years' experience makes him an authority on all vision troubles. His office is located over the Oregon Electric station.

The committee arranging for the Thrift meeting of the Civic Club next Wednesday, Jan. 28, includes Mrs. Carbray, Mrs. Swope and Mrs. Hanson. These ladies have arranged an especially pleasant afternoon, and each member and all those interested in Club work are cordially invited to be present. The meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. B. F. Swope at 2 o'clock. Roll call will be responded to with "One way I practice Thrift in my home."

WHEN LAST INDEPENDENCE WASN'T ORVILLE

(Continued from Page 1)

instinct to keep them in the Sunny South for a while yet. But at that I knew they were not all going north, for Orville is south of East Independence. Finally my sun pal paid his last respects and sank from view. Then a little blue bird (you know how fond I am of blue birds, don't you?) counted the remainder of the ties with me. Of course it took a little imagination to find the blue bird, but by this time, I liked sentiment and imagination better than facts. Finally I turned the curve and the Orville power plant stood out like a light house in the fog. At the boarding car, doors were opened and all eyes turned in my direction. When I arrived, at the station, the agent seemed very hospitable. Of course you can't travel without asking questions. So I began something like the lady who asks "what time the 3 o'clock train leaves?"; "What time does the 4 o'clock train get here, etc." By asking questions I gained the information that the bus had just left. The agent thought I could out-walk any walker that ever walked, and that if I could walk that fast it was hardly worth while to wait two hours for the next bus; that I could soon be home. I told him it was "Thrift week" and I didn't want to be so hard on shoe leather and that my heels were pretty high at that. He said I ought to be presented with a life membership with the Mazamas. I said: "I'll phone for someone to come for me." He said: "You can't, because this is a private line and you can only get O. E. stations. The only way you can phone is to walk to a farm house." The mighty roar of the big power engines made a fellow guess at where he was, Orville or Niagara Falls; that is if you closed your eyes. With open eyes you could make a quick decision. The station agent, the eager to make me comfortable, I could see was a little suspicious. I guess because I didn't bemoan my fate. I had a hunch he thought I was some kind of a "spotter", detective or something. With his diminutive mustache "trembling on his lips" he asked if I were an employee of Uncle Sam. I assured him I was merely a niece of Uncle Sam—and nothing more. Then he thought I was getting thesis for a detective story. I told him I never could unravel the threads of a detective story, or crook stories, but still he thought I was gathering material for a story and I insisted that I couldn't even write a romance of pathos and love which tug the heart strings. To make things more cheerful, he said, "Well, a man died of the flu in this station just a year ago." I said, "Well, the flu has flown and I don't think it will fly back to play a return engagement, do you?" He said, "You must be a Christian Scientist." I said, "Well, these unpleasant suggestions never help a fellow any." Then he was sure I was a "healer." I told him I was neither a healer nor a spiritualist; that I knew nothing of "psychic vibrations"; that I couldn't even introduce mystic, nor reincarnate elderly maiden women with youth; that I couldn't tell how the spirits were working, tho I was a descendant of the great light of justice that

(Continued in Section Two.)

THE SUPERSTITION OF THE BLACK CAT

(From the Portland Oregonian)
Has a black cat ever crossed your path?

What a terrible sensation followed when it did and for weeks every time something went wrong at home or there was a business reverse, the poor kitty came in for all the blame.

It was back in the 16th century, according to a learned historian of Rhode Island, that the superstition of the black cat fable was introduced. A clergyman was returning from his church after the Sunday evening service and he carried with him the day's offering of the congregation. A black cat darted in front of him without warning, and as the story goes, ten steps later he was felled when a heartless bandit attacked him. The victim was robbed and the assailant fled. And all of this was attributed to the act of the harmless feline.

OBJECTION.

"My son, I am sorry that I find it my duty to flog you for this."

"But, father, I thought you said you did not believe in a duty on hides."

MAKING USE OF THE DOCTOR.

"I have told your wife that she must go to the mountains."

"That's all right, doctor; now tell me that I must go to the seashore."

AT THE ISIS NEXT WEEK

The week opens Sunday afternoon with Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet." The picture deals with a girl who has in her own right an entire street railway system. She marries a newspaper reporter who is in love with her, but almost insane on the "marrying money" subject. In order to complete the ceremony she tells him she will never accept another penny from her father, but does not inform him that she is worth several millions in her own name. The complications that arise when she has to meet the persons who are in charge of her estates give her a great opportunity for comedy.

Monday night Bessie Barriscale in "Rose O' Paradise. Two part comedy, "Lions and Ladies."

Tuesday night Louise Glaum in "Shackled." Comedy, "His Lucky Runder." New Screen Magazine.

On Wednesday night Miss Lila Lee is seen in "Rustling a Bride," a cowboy-West yam of great excitement and action. The added attraction for the same evening is a Mack Sennett comedy entitled "The Little Widow."

From every standpoint of production—settings, atmosphere, players and mechanical equipment, "His Majesty the American" outshines anything that Douglas Fairbanks has heretofore attempted. The pic-

The Future Of This Section Depends Upon Cows and DeLaval Separators

The more cows and DeLaval separators in this section the more wealth and prosperity and for the same reason that it pays to have good cows is true of separators. The reason the DeLaval is better than any other kind is because it has a greater capacity, skims closer, is easier to wash, easier to turn and is time tested. The DeLaval has maintained the leadership for forty years and more are sold each year than all other kinds combined.

WILLARD E. CRAVEN HDW.

SUCCESSOR TO CRAVEN & HUFF HDW. CO.

Independence Studio now open For Business under New Management

ture, in the first place, tells a genuine story, which we are not going to spoil your pleasure by repeating here. Whether the story is probable or not doesn't matter. It is entertaining in a high degree, and that is what we seek in a theatre. If we want serious, heavy problem dramas we don't expect Fairbanks to furnish them to us. "His Majesty the American" is made to amuse, and that it does from start to finish. It is bright, snappy and clean—a picture that will delight boys and girls from five to eighty-five. So much for the story. But after all, don't the majority of us go mainly to see Fairbanks in whatever he happens to be playing in? And isn't the big question—just Doug? He is in the picture, right in the middle of it, from beginning to end, and the things he does and the way he does them leaves you suspended midway between nervous prostration and love for his downright daring and ever-present smile. We start with him in a wild rush and delirious nightmare, then rush to a fire, then to a police raid on an underworld dive, then to Mexico and the border, where he cleans up the bandits, then to Europe where he takes a hand at bossing a revolution—and while we are fagged out and worn to a frazzle by the pace he has set, he does it all over again, calm and smiling, in the next show—and we are tempted to stay and see him do it. Thursday and Friday nights. For Saturday night William Desmond appears as "Jerry Jerome" in "The Blue Bandanna." There was nothing up-stage about Jerry. He went West to galvanize his atrophied hemoglobin—whatever that is—into action, and when he caught sight of pretty Ruth Yancy feeding the chickens at the Yancy farm, he dropped right off the stage. "This is my home," said Jerry, and it was scrub floors, wash dishes, make up beds and dish out the soup to ornery farm-hands. They called him "Liz-zie," but Jerry showed he could wield an uppercut as well as a mop. And all the time the girl laughed, not at him but with him, for she saw right away Jerry was a real man.

COOS BAY JUSTICE

Here is an example of contrasts: A year ago a Curry county gentleman entered a ball room and deliberately killed a young man. He was declared insane and released from the asylum within a year. Recently in the course of an altercation a Curry county gentleman threw a brick, it is alleged, against the head of another Curry county gentleman, and the coroner's jury absolved him of blame. The man's death was due to natural causes was the verdict. A Coos county girl is found killed from a bullet wound. A fifteen year old boy is held for her murder. With only circumstantial evidence against him, nothing that could not be erased as marks are washed from a slate if possible persons arose to do it, the boy is held in jail, subjected to browbeating and ingenious mental torture, tried before two juries which have disagreed and now is about to face a third trial. To an outsider it looks as though it were time for a new deal in the administration of justice in that section.

NOT QUITE.

"Were the Boston emergency men policemen, pa?"
"Of course not, child; why do you ask?"
"Because our teacher said they were good at a pinch."

JOIN THE 100 PERCENT INDEPENDENCE BOOSTERS

"A lot of us fellows in it and more invited."

January General Clearance Sale

20 per cent Reduction On every article in the store. The doctrines of Good Merchandising dictate that no merchandise should be carried over into another season. This is an opportunity for you to buy winter's needs at bed-rock prices while this sale lasts.

Eddy & Carbray The Quality Store