

"Presto Chango"

YOU WON'T KNOW THAT OLD HAT OF YOURS AFTER USING

Elkay's Straw Hat Dye

RESTORES THE BRILLIANCY TO COLORED OR UNCOLORED STRAW. GUARANTEED TO BE WEAR PROOF AND WATER PROOF. ALL COLORS.

Williams' Drug Co.

"Home of the Grafonola"

PERFECT SERVICE PURE DRUGS

CITY AND COUNTRY

Tripp writes fire insurance.

List your property with J. W. KISTLER.

The total registration of Independence was 1068.

Kreamer is showing a splendid line of clothing.

Mrs. Gladys Collins was here from Portland last week end.

Mrs. Spurr has returned from a several weeks' visit in Portland.

Miss Helen Butler went to Portland today to spend the week-end.

Mrs. Peter Kurze is enjoying a visit with her daughter in Portland.

Emil Braxling of Koonkia, Idaho, is visiting relatives in Independence.

Patronize home industry. Eat Liberty bread.

For Sale—Team wt. 2500. 7 and 8 years old. R. L. Jewell, Box 406, Independence.

Robt. Bloom of Portland was a guest of the Word Butlers this week.

G. W. Baum has purchased the eight acre farm of S. D. Hamilton near Monmouth.

G. C. Skinner attended a meeting of Oregon automobile dealers in Portland this week.

Mrs. Frank Harris of Dallas and Mrs. Bear of Turner were guests of Mrs. Jas. Robbie this week.

Cornelius F. McKinney and Flora Eva Spencer of Independence were married in Dallas last Saturday.

Vance L. Butler has contracted 15,000 pounds of hops for the years 1920 and 1921 at 25 cents per pound.

Misses Winona Wood and Vera McKinney are employed in the office of the Independence Creamery.

Money to loan. See J. W. KISTLER.

Wanting to rent or buy see J. W. KISTLER.

Eat Liberty bread. It is clean. Baked by electricity.

The dance given by Independence Post, American Legion, last Wednesday night was a very enjoyable affair.

Eugene Hayter of Dallas was a guest of the J. G. McIntoshes Sunday. Mrs. Hayter is visiting Astoria relatives.

"Swing your pard and balance to the left" at the old fashioned dance given by Co. K next Wednesday night.

Judge W. D. Masterson of California lectured at the Isis yesterday on poultry culture to an appreciative audience.

Wood saw for sale. Enquire of R. M. Roe, Pedee.

Now is the time to make the old hat look like new. Change the color with Elkay's straw dye. Sold by the Williams Drug Co.

After May 1, the Isis will have five changes of pictures weekly instead of four as at present. Also a corking good serial will soon be started.

Subscriptions count for more votes in the automobile race next week than at any other time in the future. Now is the best time to help your favorite.

The Summer Chautauqua backers held an enthusiastic meeting Wednesday and furthered plans for the big event which takes place May 27-28-29-30-31.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Patton are arranging to move from Portland back to their Third street home here. Mr. and Mrs. Demick who have occupied the Patton residence have moved into the Robertson-Buchanan property.

Co. K HOP

Wednesday Night, April 28

An old fashioned dance in the old fashioned way with old fashioned music.

Any and all forms of Insurance J. W. KISTLER.

George Campbell and family, who recently moved to Marion county from Iowa, visited the Fitzgerald family Sunday. The two families were neighbors in the east.

The Independence Retail Merchants Association has elected the following officers: President, R. M. Walker; vice president, W. H. Cockle; secretary, D. E. Fletcher.

Mrs. D. P. Sayles arrived in Independence Wednesday from Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Sayles will make their home at the W. A. Sloper home on south Main street.

At the Methodist church last Sunday evening, a minister from Willamette U. spoke. A male quartette and a girls' glee club from the same institution rendered some very delightful music, making the service a most enjoyable one in every respect.

W. G. Grant and family arrived in Independence yesterday from Tennessee and will again make their home here. Their friends gave them the glad hand of welcome. The Grants were accompanied by A. J. Loop and family who will locate in Oregon.

Mrs. Maud McElmurry still clings to the lead in the Post's automobile race, but the margin is so small that any one of the candidates might pass her after a few hours' hustle. Miss Alma Sanderson of Greenwood has advanced to second place. There are several new candidates and more will enter during the coming week.

Owing to the high price and scarcity of print paper, it may be necessary for The Post to advance its subscription price to two dollars in the near future. Today it is costing us \$1.35 a year for each copy of The Post printed for paper, ink and press work. If there comes another advance in the price of paper we will be obliged to raise.

On account of misplaced copy, last week's Post failed to carry the interesting news that John W. Orr and the Misses Helen Cornelius and Winnifred Plant of the "Melody Minstrels Co." also entertained the K. P.s at their banquet the same evening. It was a kind of "off again on again, gone again" stunt but a very delightful one at that.

Mrs. Thompson of Salem spoke at the Baptist church last Sunday. She is a member of the Friends church and likely has her membership in the same church with the ex-food administrator and aspirant for president, Herbert Hoover. Mrs. Thompson is the mother of Mrs. Dean Schumacher and visits her daughter here quite frequently.

The Ladies Aid of the Christian church was most delightfully entertained last Thursday by Mrs. A. Quarsdorf. The hostess had guarded the secret that it was her 35th wedding anniversary until late in the afternoon, then she revealed the treasured little secret by asking "how many present were at Mrs. Sloper's six years ago at a similar gathering?" There being two or three present who were also at Mrs. Sloper's, they at once recalled that the occasion was Mrs. Quarsdorf's anniversary. The guests were not to be outdone by the shrewdness of their hostess, so a couple of them stole away to town and returned with a beautiful cream ladle which they presented to their hostess and president. She was completely surprised as she had been unaware that anyone was missing. Most delicious refreshments completed a happy afternoon for all present.

Don't say "I saw it in the paper." Say "I saw it in The Post" for if the news is true and accurate that's where you did see it.

DIPLOMACY WINS

By REBECCA T. FARNHAM.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate)
Detective Joe Mitchell of Spoffordville presented a figure of utter dejection, as he jogged along the country road in his little buggy. Had anyone chanced to see him, he would have guessed that Joe was on his way to his only source of consolation—Martha Jackson. And rightly, for the buggy rolled past the neat farm houses, and began to climb a hill road, which led to but one place—Martha's home.

Martha, tall and spare, with shiny black hair, and eyes that never seemed to smile, had lived alone, remote from the life of Spoffordville for many years, working the little farm herself and having only the bare necessities of life. She rarely came to the village, but she had managed to attract in these few trips the detective, Joe Mitchell. Three years ago he had begun to direct his mare's steps toward the farm on the hill, and now the way was well-known to both horse and master.

"I've got bad news, Martha," said Joe, as he sat down in the shabby rocker in the equally shabby "front room."

"Bad news?"

"Mr. Pennington tells me that he'll give me just two more days on this case. If I can't find the goblet in that time, he'll call a defective from the city."

Martha's eyes clouded as she heard his disappointed tone. "They're making a lot of fuss over a little silver cup," she said, scornfully.

"It's an heirloom, that's why. Alice Pennington had it for a wedding present, but it's been in the family for years. Now they're offering all this money to get it back again."

"And you won't get the money."

"The voice had such despair in it that Joe hastened to go on."

"I don't mind that so much, although I was counting on it. It's my reputation that I care about. If the city detective finds it when I can't, what'll I be good for afterwards?"

The buggy rattled down the hill, and Martha turned back into the house. "It was just for bad news that he came," she sighed, "and I hoped that it would be—far something else."

The wedding of Alice Pennington, the daughter of the only wealthy man that Spoffordville owned, had produced a great sensation in the town. Mr. Pennington, out of public spiritedness, had invited all the townspeople to his daughter's wedding, and so eagerly was the invitation accepted, that practically everyone appeared, including the reclusive, Martha.

When the silver heirloom was found to be missing from the display of wedding gifts, the local detective was hired to solve the mystery.

The next morning a youth of about thirteen years entered the detective's office.

"Hullo, Joe," said the intruder, intimately.

"Hullo, Bill," replied the detective to William C. Ramson, Jr.

"I've got news for you," said William. "I know where the goblet is."

"Where?" cried Mitchell, leaping to his feet.

William was cautious. "You know I expect part of the—"

"Of course! But quick! Tell me where it is."

"Hitch up and I'll show you," agreed the boy.

Ten minutes later Bill Ramson, with the detective at his side, was guiding the horse along a familiar road.

"Here we are," he said, triumphantly.

Joe looked quickly around him.

"What! You don't mean—She ain't—"

Bill nodded. "Yes, she has. Last night I was up here, and happened to peek in the window, and she was holding that little cup."

Joe was silent; then he made a snatch for the reins. "Give me them," he cried. "We'll turn out of here in double quick time. Do you think I'd accuse her?"

"All right," said Bill, cheerfully. "Don't then. But I will," and he began to get out of the buggy.

"No, you don't." Joe yanked him back again. An idea had come suddenly to him. "You keep quiet about this, youngster," he said, "that's part of your agreement, understand? Now you get out of sight. I'll go in."

Inside the house with Martha, Joe found his plan very hard to carry out.

"Martha," he said suddenly, "will you marry me?"

The question was put none too abruptly. The tired eyes took on another light, and gave him her answer. But Joe had still more to do, although the hardest was over.

"Martha," he said, after a few minutes. "I want to confess something before we go any further. I think the time for me to say it is now. I—I got foolish drunk on hard cider up to Jim Slater's place one time."

There was a deep silence, and Joe waited breathlessly.

"Joe," finally came the answer.

"I've got something to confess, too. I took that cup at the wedding. It was so pretty, and I'd never had anything nice. I just picked it up and—I took it home here, and then you were the detective, and I didn't know what to do. But take it. Here it is."

Spoffordville had much to talk about the next few days. The cup had been found, though no one seemed to know exactly where; there was another wedding, also, one to which everyone had long been looking forward; and best of all, in the eyes of the younger set, was that handsome new bicycle, owned exclusively by William C. Ramson, Jr.

THE FIRST STRIKE OF THE SEASON

Do not lose your largest fish by starting out with an old line or leader.

Look over your tackle, and then come in and get what you need to make your outfit complete.

See our Dry flies, taper lines and leaders.

Bite-Em-Bate for Bass

Call and See These

WILLARD E. CRAVEN HDW.

SUCCESSOR TO CRAVEN & HUFF HDW. CO.

SETTING FAST PACE IN RACE FOR AUTO

(Continued from Page 1.)

So we can make no promise now regarding new entries in the race.

Besides, you may recall the story of the race between the tortoise and the hare. The hare, you remember, showed fast time at the start; but before he reached the goal he thought he had time to lie down and take a nap. In the meantime the tortoise kept plodding along.

He passed the hare quietly, and plodded on toward the goal line. The hare awoke; but he was too late. The tortoise merely had to step over the line and win the race.

The moral of this story is not to encourage plodding, but rather to encourage going while the going's good, and to warn every candidate now active and successful that it will be unwise to fall asleep along the way. It may also serve to encourage some candidate that even slow progress now may spell success at the finish of the race, providing that candidate shall remain active.

A Word to Candidates.
Your attention is called to the fact that the "first period" of the voting schedule will come to a close

THIS WEEK FIVE YEARS AGO IN SOUTH POLK COUNTY

(From the Independence Monitor April 23, 1915.)

Mrs. Josephine Waltman given a verdict of \$400 in the circuit court against the city of Independence as damages for alleged injuries due to a fall on a sidewalk.

Mayor Walker designated April 27-28-29-30 as "clean up" days.

Willis Rickman home in North Independence, destroyed by fire.

A. E. Calkins of Airlie gored by a Jersey bull and seriously injured.

Boost your favorite contestant.

Phone The Post the news.

promptly at 9 o'clock in the evening of Saturday, May 1. After that hour and date a marked decline in the voting power of subscription payments will become effective. Do not all wait till the last hour to make reports. For your own comfort and convenience, as well as for the accommodation of the contest manager, you should make reports during the week, and certainly at least twice each week. This advice is offered for your information, and for the information of those who have expected to help you before the close of the first voting period.

Dr. Mendelsohn

Specialist in Eyesight



Can be seen at his office 211-212 Oregon Building (formerly the Hubbard building). One third of a century practical experience—9 years practice in Salem. My years of experience and the satisfactory service I have rendered to thousands of Marion and Polk county people assures you competent and lasting relief in all your eyesight troubles.

In every trade, profession or branch of work there are found a few men who, from special fitness or education, or both, are better prepared to serve you in their line than the multitude of others in the same field.

Since optometry requires especial ability in both professional and mechanical work, men that are fitted to do both equally well are scarce.

Therefore, you cannot be too particular about the selection of the man to whom you entrust your eyes.

The professional work, the examining and measuring of your eye defects, must be skillfully done. The mechanical part, the making and adjusting of your glasses, is no less important.

I am making a specialty of correcting children's eyes. MY PRICES ARE VERY REASONABLE for the material and service you will receive and I guarantee satisfaction in every respect. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.—1 to 5 p. m. Sundays and evenings by special appointment.

DR. M. P. MENDELSON

FITS GLASSES CORRECTLY

Phone 443

Salem, Oregon

And a Little Bit More

In the purchase of clothing you want quality and you want price and you want a little bit more. You want to know that the selling merchant is not putting anything over on you. That's where we come in. We have been selling clothing in this town for a number of years and expect to continue in business here for some time to come. We can't afford to put anything over on you and thereby lose the patronage and good will of you and your friends. So in purchasing clothing here you are assured of getting the best quality for the least money and whatever statements we make you can bank on.

Your attention is called to our display window. See the nifty suits and the prices are as reasonable as present conditions will permit.

O. A. Kreamer