

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS OF A. E. F.



The same Chicago orchestra which so delighted the boys of the A. E. F. in France in the closing days of the war, is coming to delight Ellison-White Chautauqua audiences this summer. Eight charming girls constitute this splendid organization. They play with dash, life, and yet with real musical accuracy. Their two programs on the third day are of almost endless variety; choruses, orchestral selections, vocal and instrumental solos, duets, quartets, readings, etc. Every member is a musician of real ability, and the unusual ensemble work is the result of years of association and splendid preparation.

CITY AND COUNTRY

Tripp sells real estate. 46

Harry Ord made a business trip to Eugene Thursday.

Louis Siegel had a finger cut off in potato planter Monday.

C. F. Glover of Clatskanie will be principal of the Monmouth schools next year.

The subscription price of The Polk County Post will be \$2 on and after June 1.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Muller of North Independence last Monday night.

Miss Ulla Dickinson will play a leading role in the Normal class play, "The Road to Yesterday."

In the circuit court of Jackson county last week, Mrs. Florence Whiteaker was given a divorce from Jess Whiteaker.

Daddy Hedges has been forced to stay in from the ranch this week on account of illness. However, we are pleased that he is much improved.

Last week Mrs. Frank Dickson went to Portland where she was the guest of Miss Leona Hanna for a few days. Mrs. Dickson is now at the hospital taking the rest cure. Her friends are hoping she will be greatly benefited.

Three champion anglers—J. S. Cooper, J. G. McIntosh and Clyde Williams—went to Elk City last Monday for an outing. They returned Wednesday evening with choice trout which the fishermen declare were victims of their rods and reels. We know that J. S. can land the game, but of the others we are not so sure. Where fish are concerned "we are from Missouri."

There was a meeting of the Library Board last Wednesday. Routine business was disposed of and the book committee spent some time cataloguing new books. The board is pleased to announce to the public that a new Winston's Cumulative Loose Leaf Encyclopedia has been ordered and will arrive soon. The loose-leaf editions will be revised and kept up to date which will be an excellent advantage for students as well as the general public.

Mrs. F. L. Chown was hostess to the Buena Vista Rural Club at her home last Thursday afternoon. The ladies devoted the session to the study of "Americanization." Roll call was responded to with patriotic quotations. The committee having charge of the cafeteria dinner reported \$91.15 receipts. This amount paid the indebtedness on the community piano and some remained in the Club's general fund. These club ladies are interested in all the worth-while activities of the community and have some praiseworthy undertakings which we are to hear of later. Spring blossoms added a note of color for this occasion and Mrs. Chown served delicious refreshments.

The Wo-he-los and Wanahton's, two literary societies of the High School, zealously competed for honors in selling tickets for the Alaskan entertainment which they sponsored last week. The Wo-he-los predominated, tho the Wanahtons played them a close second. Perhaps there is something in a name after all for Wo-he-lo is a combination of the words, "work, health, love" and should mean success. "To the victor belong the spoils," so the defeated Wanahtons toasted and roasted their competitors at a wienie roast on the river Wednesday evening. The gathering was held in the woods near the Homer Woods home. A large bonfire was built around which the faculty and

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students told stories, played games and enjoyed the wienies. Before departure, the boys threw their bonfire into the water and watched it drift away while their thoughts turned to the subjects of tomorrow. Thus ended a most happy event for the Independence Hi.

LAST CHANCE TO GAIN A MILLION VOTES

A 5-year subscription to the Polk County Post (only \$7.50) represents 15,000 REGULAR votes.

Twenty-six 5-year subscriptions (amounting to \$195.00 in business) means 390,000 REGULAR votes.

Then, in addition to the REGULAR votes issued on each subscription, 50,000 Special Extra votes are allowed on each "club" of \$15 turn-in. \$195.00 constitutes exactly thirteen "clubs", and thirteen times 50,000 means 650,000 SPECIAL EXTRA votes.

Therefore, twenty-six 5-year subscriptions (new or renewal) means 390,000 REGULAR votes, plus 650,000 SPECIAL EXTRA votes, or a grand total of 1,040,000 votes.

Dear Candidate, haven't you twenty-six good friends who will help you to the extent of a 5-year subscription to help you win the Maxwell touring car (worth \$1,230.00) before Saturday night at 9:00 o'clock?

Dear Subscriber, will you not be one of twenty-six to help your favorite candidate win that magnificent capital prize. You've nothing to lose; your friend has so much to win.

TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE!

Lewisville Convention

(Monmouth Herald)
The officers elected for the Lewisville Sunday School District last Sunday at the convention held in the church at Lewisville were as follows: President—W. C. Williams; Vice-president—E. A. Tedrow; Secretary—Mrs. Emery Whitaker; Home Department—Mrs. Victor Ballantyne; Supt. Cradle Roll Dept.—Mrs. Ed Lehman; Supt. Boys' Dept.—Dell Tedrow; Supt. Girls' Dept.—Mrs. Chloe Seymour.

The convention was well attended and one new feature marked the afternoon. This was the meeting of separate Boys' and Girls' Conferences. So well pleased were both the special conferences that officers were elected in each session and plans were laid for similar conferences at future Conventions.

The officers in the Boys' Conference are: President—Melford Nelson; Secretary—Mr. Osborne. The Girls' Conference decided upon the following young ladies as their officers: President—Miss Roxie Crook; Secretary—Miss Bernice Stewart.

HEDGEHOG QUILLS USEFUL.

Several years ago the mole sprang into importance because its skin became fashionable for women's coats. It is the turn now of another lowly animal, the common hedgehog, to come into prominence. Some one not long ago discovered that hedgehogs' quills make excellent needles for phonographs—in fact they bring out the sound more effectively than metal needles. The walls of a hedgehog quill are of a hard, horny substance, and the partly hollow interior contains a pith.

The hedgehog prowls at night, and runs with more agility than one would imagine its short legs and dumpy body would permit. It has a stomach of strong digestive power, eating the bark of trees, earthworms, slugs, snails, frogs, dead birds and eggs.

THE REASON.

"Why does that orator walk two or three times across the stage before he begins to speak?"

"I suppose it is the pre-amble to his remarks."

THE BROOK

By IRENE BLUE.

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During the early part of an afternoon I was sitting on the veranda of a pretty little cottage well situated in a town of central New Hampshire.

Mrs. Dawson, my hostess, on coming out, remarked: "Here are George and May coming;" and looking up I noticed a young couple.

"What is the special interest?" I asked. "Well, it isn't just like me to forget that you do not know them and probably have not heard their story. In a town like this all news is meat and drink to us, and I will tell you the story about George and May, if you care to listen.

"Now," said she, "I mentioned that George and May were coming, as it is only lately that they have been seen together. This was not always so," she continued. "Since their early days they had lived side by side on farms about three miles out from the village, and as a necessity for the companionship of playmates they were more rather than less together.

"Back from the house about a mile or so there is between the farms equally divided as to ownership, a piece of woodland that was the playground of George and May until the time came when the village school and academy were unable to teach them more.

"George, graduating first, was to leave for college; and while his enthusiasm ran high in his preparation for new scenes, fear clutched at the heart of May that George, while he was away, might learn to care more for the university city and its young people, and forget the home folk.

"Two years of waiting and loneliness, waiting for George, had passed.

"One of May's favorite walks was down through the woodland to the meadow where ran the little brook that, an old Indian basket weaver had told her, was called by his people the 'Wishing' brook. He told her the Indian legend, and he said that anyone who drank of the water and breathed a wish at the same time, would have the wish granted.

"And here on this afternoon, tired from her exertions in the work of the morning, taking a book, she sought for the last time, she said to herself, the Wishing brook and its charm. Finally reaching the bank, she stooped over the stream, and cupping her hands, brought the water to the level of her lips and unconsciously said aloud: 'Dear brook, let me have my wish. Send my love to George, and let it bring him home to me safe.'

"It was just as well for her peace of mind that she had not seen two fine-looking young men who, when they saw her approaching, stepped behind trees where, watching her, they could remain unseen.

"She was conscious only of a delicious sense of rest; and as she sat there it seemed strange that on the other side of the brook, which seemed wider than usual, there were several Indian tents that she had never noticed before. And the young people—and the children—surely she knew them, but only in an indefinite way. It was strange, also, that none of them apparently noticed the brook—perhaps the children had been told to keep away from it. But, see! Here comes an Indian maiden. 'Certainly,' said May, 'I know her; perhaps she will come and talk with me.' The Indian maid approached the brook; dipping into the water with a cup made of birch bark, she looked to the heavens and cried aloud: 'Oh, Great Spirit of the Wish, send my love to my brave and bring him safely back to me.'

"May was all ready to call out, when the maiden and the tents slowly faded from view, and in their place was the house of an early settler. 'Well, that seems queer,' May thought, 'and just as I was going to speak to her. Now I wonder who occupies that old-fashioned little house, and where they came from. I thought that I knew all the people that live near here. I am sure that I do not know this girl who is coming now, although her clothes look like some that are in our attic at home.' This was going through her mind as another girl came toward her. 'She, too, came on, and as May looked at her she smiled a welcome. The girl was thinking deeply, so deeply that she never noticed May and her smile. Dipping a pewter mug into the brook, she lifted it to her lips and cried aloud: 'Maker of the Universe, send my love to my man and bring him here to me.'

"May could stand their indifference no longer. Even this last girl, who now was accompanied at the brook side by the Indian maid and her brave, together with the colonial maid and her lover, also clad in the garb of an early settler, did not notice her.

"Only this last girl, the one who looked like her, was alone, and she must be made to speak and tell who they all were and why she alone had her wish unanswer'd.

"As May called out, she heard an unrestrained laugh, and opening her eyes she lost sight of the lovers, and there in their place stood George laughing and calling to her.

"The brook had resumed its normal size, and as May stood up George leaped across the brook, and as in answer to her wish, he came near and clasped her in his arms.

George and May are again coming toward the house, but this time from the opposite direction. Between their coming and their going, if indications count for anything, these two will be together for life.

Summer Excursion Fares

to

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Buttermilk Replaces Brew; Lumber Men Now Gather in Huts Of Northern Baptist Denomination



Baptist "Bar"—Mission Hut, Powers, Ore.

"What'll it be, boys?" is still a popular query in this Baptist Mission Hut in the Oregon timber lands. And the husky lumberman quaffs his fresh butter milk, or his hot chocolate with undiminished relish. The bar is still running full force and is one of the many features that the Westerner likes about the "hut." He can get anything there from bibles to buttermilk—movies to missionary tracts—and above all, he gets what is rare in that lonely country—human companionship.

Big Circulation--Post Ads Pay

And a Good Paper To Keep the Circulation

REALLY A LUCKY HAPPENING

"Busted Thumb" Taught Mr. Bings Many Things He Had Not Previously Thought Of.

Jonathan Bourne, Jr., head of the Republican Publicity association, said at a dinner, apropos of a political misfortune:

"We learn from our misfortunes. We are, or should be, like Mr. Bings. 'I busted my thumb with a hammer yesterday,' said Mr. Bings.

"What a misfortune!" said his friend Bangs.

"Misfortune? Nothing of the kind! And Mr. Bings smiled bravely. 'That accident is one of the best things that ever happened to me. It has taught me, you see, to appreciate my thumb. I never knew before how valuable it was. Why, sir, I have already found out that there are 376 things for which I use my thumb every day without giving it a single grateful thought. Here, open this knife for me. Thanks. That makes 377.'—Washington Star.

ALMOST A WRECK.

We were going to a Christmas party in typical Christmas weather. The funny little trolley car in the varsity town was crowded when our bunch got on. It was my lot to occupy a seat in the front facing all the passengers.

The car moved slowly up the steep grade just above the railroad which crossed the trolley tracks at right angles. We stopped. The brakes would not take hold. The sand did not avail. Slowly we slipped backward downhill until we struck the railroad.

With startling suddenness I shot forward and landed with my head in the pit of the stomach of my football hero, the captain of the varsity team.—Exchange.

LUCKY.

"Winson had wonderful luck at golf yesterday."

"Did some fast playing, eh?"

"No, his playing was rotten, but he found a nest of 18 perfectly good eggs some farmer's hen had hidden in the grass."—Wichita Eagle.

Have Installed Electric Oven

And are putting out the best bread on the market. It is more like Mother's bread. Clean and baked by electricity.

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