

Dr. M. P. Mendelsohn Sold Out

I wish to state to all my friends and patrons, on account of poor health, not being able to take care of my practice, I have sold my stock, the best quality that is produced in this county, my instruments and my practice to HENRY E. MORRIS CO., Eye-sight Specialists, located in rooms 202 to 211 Bank of Commerce Building, Salem. I recommend Dr. Henry E. Morris to all my friends and patrons, as being capable of serving you, as good, maybe, better than I have. You will find him a gentleman, honest and honorable in every respect.

I have also turned over to Henry E. Morris all my prescriptions and recommend that you go to him to have your broken lenses or glasses duplicated. His prices are as reasonable as mine.

I wish to thank my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage and friendship, courtesies and kindnesses extended to me during my ten years' practice in Salem.

DR. M. P. MENDELSON

WOMAN STRUCK BY AUTO

OREGON CITY—Mrs. Ferris, widow of the late James Ferris, of this city, was struck and run over Thursday by an automobile driven by W. D. Duffield, of Oregon City, route 4. The accident occurred near the suspension bridge. Mrs. Ferris attempted to cross the street and it is believed she became bewildered and caused the accident. Her left leg is badly bruised, but no bones were broken. She was carried to the office of Dr. W. E. Hempstead and later was removed to her home.

DALLAS

J. O. Staats, who lives at Eugene, is spending the week in Dallas visiting his brother, C. E. Staats. Mr. Staats will leave soon for his farm near Airline for a short stay.

Ed Johnston and J. C. Keating, transients, both under 18 years of age, are in the county jail, having been bound over to the grand jury by Justice F. L. Wood at West Salem, charged with theft of an automobile belonging to Cooper of Independence.

AT THE ISIS NEXT WEEK

In the "Ordeal of Rosetta" Sunday afternoon and evening, Alice Brady creates the dual role of Rosetta and Lola Gelardi, twin sisters but radically different—physically, mentally and morally. Rosetta is a sweet, reliant girl, blessed with every virtue, who supports herself and her aged father by learning stenography and securing a position first in a typist's agency and later as the secretary to Aubrey Haggood, a successful novelist. Lola, her sister, is seen as a member of the underworld, a fellow-conspirator of sharpers and confidence men masquerading as foreign nobility who seek to ensnare Aubrey's sister. Lola is venomous, revengeful, impure and possessed of the basest elements in human nature.

Monday and Tuesday nights the double bill is Constance Binney in "Erstwhile Susan" and the sixth episode of the serial "Smashing Barriers" entitled "Downward to Doom." "Erstwhile Susan" is a happy love story—the tale of a poor little household drudge who becomes the Governor's lady—of the clash between nineteenth century ideas and twen-

tieth ideals. An unique problem confronts the heroine, after she has blossomed into the full flower of glorious young womanhood. She is wooed by three men—a village schoolmaster, a college president and a Senator. Which shall she choose? To decide she devises a test—one that will keep you interested and thrilled. A load of heavy logs and the struggling helpless form of a young girl hurtle over the edge of a cliff and fall ninety feet into a lake provide the punch in the sixth episode of "Smashing Barriers." It's a breath-taking finish to the episodes that comes after a half dozen other jolts almost as startling.

Those who love to see William Farnum in Western character roles will have another opportunity on Wednesday and Thursday nights when he will be seen in "The Last of the Duane" as Buck Duane, the "Lone Star Ranger." Buck becomes a hunted man after he kills a cowboy who had repeatedly threatened his life. He "lone wolf's it," keeping away from civilization and mixing with bands of desperadoes until his meeting with the girl whom he rescues. He gains a pardon through her and by running down a band of outlaws. The picture is a most realistic presentation of the days of border terrorism in Texas and certain scenes were filmed at risk of life and limb.

Who owned the most valuable tract of lumber in the Sierras? Dick Bream? Who wanted to own it? The Hill and Burchard Lumber Company. Did they get it? No. What did they do then? They damed up the river to keep Dick from floating off logs. Who told Dick Bream about the plot? Eloise Mackenzie. Who was she? Allen Mackenzie's wife. Did Dick love Eloise? Did he succeed in floating off his logs? How do men live and love and fight in the High Sierras, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea? Mitchell Lewis as Dick Bream will tell you Friday night in "Children of Banishment."

Bryant Washburn appears Saturday night in "Kiddler & Ko." He is the son of an old chap who lives in Maine and who has jogged along for many years as a canner of codfish. He sticks to the old ways of doing business but manages to amass a considerable fortune. He sent the son to college but is convinced that the boy will never amount to anything. He's full of fool notions, the boy is, according to the old man's way of thinking and his chief distinction is as a pool champion. Then, when dad tells him to go away and return with 10,000 "iron men," the boy, who labors under the name of Cuthbert, comes to life. He goes away. He falls in love. And falling in love he rustles up a lot of ambition to amount to something, for he knows that there will be no gay wedding bells for him unless he manages to make a success of himself. How he does it is delightfully novel, so natural, and so amusing that one warms right up with sympathy for the young lovers.

AUTO EPITAPHS

Here lies a young fellow named Izzie,
Who went for drive in his Lizzie;
His view of the train
Was hidden by rain;
Alas for poor Izzie, where is he?

COLLECTIONS

Knight Adjustment Co.,
McMinnville Ore.

A GOOD MISTAKE

By M. ALLINE WEEKS.

(© 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)
There was an air of expectancy about the place, as though it had been waiting for centuries for deliverance from the ties that held it there. Even Elias Upton, station agent, general store proprietor and postmaster, lay back in his chair against the wall of the station and slept soundly as the train rattled in, stopped to let a passenger off, and went out again.

The departing train left Elizabeth Ann standing on the platform with a suitcase in each hand. Not a human being was in sight, except the station agent, and it was with some misgivings that she spoke to him. Still he slept, and it took a sharp poke to awaken him.

"Bless them flies!" said Elias, as he slapped at a fly reposing on his bald head. Then he sleepily opened one eye and saw Elizabeth Ann.

"Well—what do you want?" he said. "Can you tell me where Mrs. Elwell lives?"

"Yes, but she went to Boston this morning on business, so she said. Be back Saturday," drawled Elias.

"Did you ever! How could she forget that I was coming?" said Elizabeth Ann, half to herself. Then to Elias: "It's certain I've got to stay, now I'm

Grab This Opportunity

While gas is scarce to put your Ford in prime condition.

Remember, Careful, Prompt Ford Repairing

at the

Ace Garage

The Home of Your Ford.

here; so if you will tell me how to get there, I'll keep house until she comes."

After directions as to where to find the key, she started out, and in a short time came to a little white house set far back from the road. The curtains were drawn, and the porch chairs piled up in one corner of the veranda.

"I didn't know Aunt Mira had such a pretty place, but it must be the one. He said the key was behind the blind for the ice man, so I can get in all right."

The house was prettily furnished, and after opening up some windows, Elizabeth Ann forced the pantry and refrigerator and found plenty to eat. She went to bed about nine o'clock in what appeared to be the guest room, as Elizabeth Ann had been invited by her aunt, Mira Elwell, to spend her vacation with her at Brookside. Elizabeth Ann had never been there before, and did not know much about Aunt Mira, except that she was her mother's favorite sister.

The first two days and nights passed without interruption, but on the third night Elizabeth Ann was awakened in the night by an automobile coming up the drive. Some one unlocked the door and soon Elizabeth Ann heard voices below in the kitchen. She opened her bedroom door and listened, wondering if it were burglars.

"Say, mother," said a masculine voice, "here's a pink sweater and some other things I never saw before."

"And some one's eaten what we left in the refrigerator. There has been some one in this house. Looks like a strange woman was in this house now."

At this Elizabeth Ann hastily slipped on a kimono and cap and stepped out into the hall, but drew back as a young man came up the stairs.

"Well, who are you?" he asked. "I think I might ask you the same question," retorted the girl.

"What are you doing in this house in that costume?" said the man.

"I have every right in the world to

be in this house," was the reply. "Come, young lady; let's get down to business. Who are you?"

"My name is Elizabeth Ann Taylor, and I am keeping house until my aunt gets back from Boston. She invited me to spend my vacation with her; as here I am," was the answer.

"Mother, do you know this young lady?" he asked, as his mother appeared at his side.

By this time the lady addressed as "mother" took the matter in hand, as she saw the girl's embarrassment.

"Who is your aunt, my dear?" she asked.

"Mrs. Elwell, my mother's sister Mira," replied Elizabeth Ann.

"There is some mistake. I'm not Mira Elwell, although my name is Elwell. Why, Robert, she must mean the Miss Elwell on the Lane road. How stupid of me not to have remembered her before."

"Then this isn't my aunt's house, and I've eaten up all your food, and—"

By this time Elizabeth Ann was in tears. Robert Elwell, for this was Mrs. Elwell's son, walked out and left the two women alone. Mrs. Elwell arranged that Elizabeth Ann should stay with her until some time the next day, when Robert would drive her over to Aunt Mira's.

When the mistake was explained to Aunt Mira the next day she laughed over it, and she and Mrs. Elwell began an acquaintance which they never gave up. While they talked together, Elizabeth Ann and Robert picked an array of beautiful old-fashioned flowers for his mother.

During the next three weeks Robert Elwell spent a great deal of his time with Elizabeth Ann. The momentous time came, as it always does, and when the sparkling ring had been slipped on her finger, she exclaimed: "And the first time you saw me you thought I was a burglar."

"You were then, and you are now for you stole my heart, and it's only fair that I play burglar now myself," was the reply.

MODERN BUSINESS PLANS

MOVE SURPLUS PRODUCE

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, June 3—A name for the farm, a trade name for the produce offered for sale, a signboard placed in a conspicuous place adjacent to a public highway, newspaper advertising, letter-head stationery, and use of the typewriter are advocated as a means of putting Oregon farms on a business basis by Frank L. Snow, professor of industrial journalism at O. A. C.

"It is taken for granted," he says, "that up-to-date farmers are now using farm account books which make it possible for them to know definitely at the end of the year whether the farm is run at a profit or loss."

"The farm name, together with trade name for the products, should stand for high quality. The farmer, of course, must deliver the goods. Whatever he offers for sale must be as represented."

"People like to purchase clothing, or hardware, or even farm products from those who are business-like in their dealings. Use of the typewriter and letter-head stationery gives a good impression, and the farmer who adopts this means of showing his business ability is more likely to close deals than one who uses any kind of writing paper, or is careless in respect to handwriting."

"Newspaper advertising is proving just as practical for the average farmer as for any business man. Scores of farmers in Oregon are getting good results from use of both display and classified advertising. The farm bulletin board is an effective supplementary force."



We Can Save You 75 Per Cent of Your Tire Value

The greater part of a tire value is in the carcass. Yet many tires are discarded because the tread is worn out.

With a Miller Ad-On-A-Tire we will make your worn tires practically as good as when you bought them. After applying the Ad-On-A-Tire you cannot tell the old tire from a new, except that it is over-size and more puncture-proof than a new tire.

The Miller Ad-On-A-Tire is built like a tire without beads. It is made of tough, buoyant rubber with several layers of fabric. The side walls completely cover the tire and clinch under the rim. And it also has the famous tread that is Geared-to-the-Road.

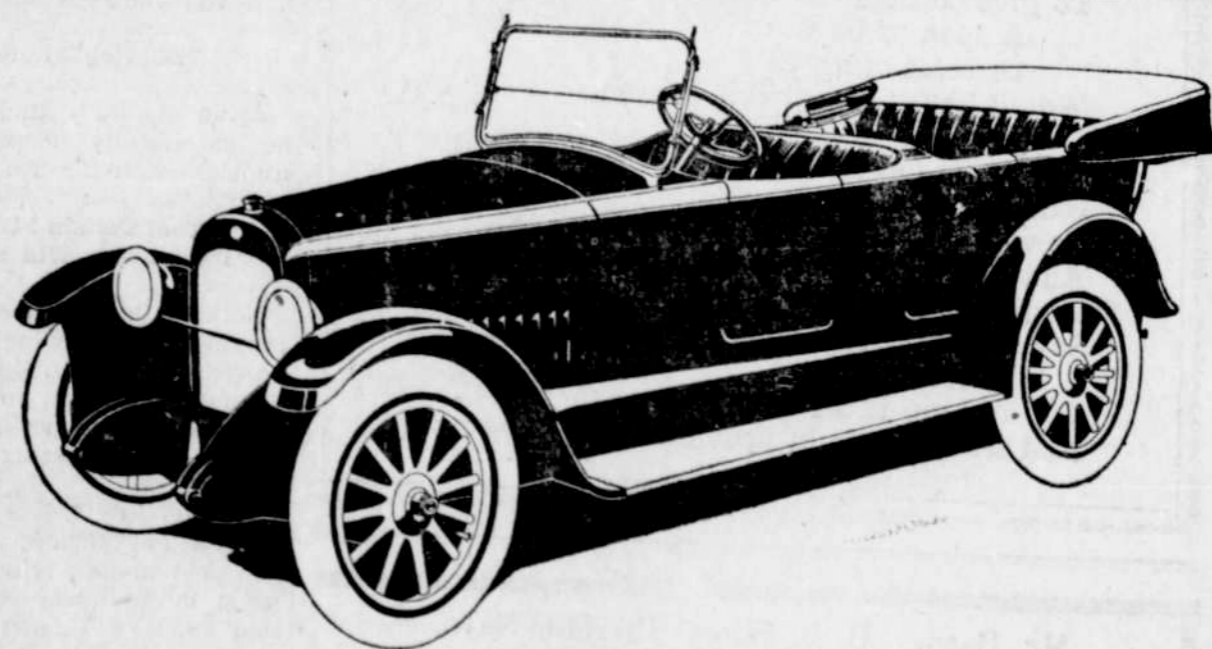
The many caterpillar feet of this tread engage with the ground like cogs. You are assured complete traction and greater safety.

Any tire, regardless of make, can be re-miled with a Miller Ad-On-A-Tire.

Bring your worn tires, and we will show you how we can lengthen their life.

INDEPENDENCE VULCANIZING SHOP

M. J. O'DONNELL, Prop.



Owners Like Nash Six Because of Dependability

The popularity of the Nash Six with owners is due to its all around dependability, proved in varied and severe service in all parts of the country. Its Nash Perfected Valve-In-Head motor is a distinct achievement in motor engineering and is unusually powerful, quiet and economical.

The Auto Utilities Co.

DALLAS, OREGON

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

THE NASH SIX

Perfected Valve-in-Head Motor

- Five - Passenger Touring Car
- Two - Passenger Roadster
- Four - Passenger Sport Model
- Seven - Passenger Touring Car
- Four - Passenger Coupe
- Seven - Passenger Sedan