

CITY AND COUNTRY

Polk County Fair next week.

Harold Burns has rented a farm near Airle.

Mrs. Sarah Claggett Young was here from Albany over the week end.

Ladies' trimmed hats very reasonably priced at Mrs. Gregory's store in Dallas.

The John H. Walter Tire Co. is a new business house recently opened on C street.

One of our young business men is soon to take out himself a wife, the little birds are saying.

F. W. Torgeson's sale last Saturday was well attended and good prices obtained for most of the stuff sold.

The Valley & Siletz Ry. now runs one train each way. It arrives in Independence at 1:45 p. m. and departs at 4:20 p. m.

Herbert W. Copeland, principal of the Airle schools, who is a graduate and licensed optometrist, will fit glasses for those who need them.

The Independence schools opened Monday with an unusually good attendance and the year will probably be very successful from every standpoint.

As the result of the first "rush" at the O. A. C., Miss Irene Lewis of Rickreall became an Alpha Rho and Miss Betty Stillwell of Independence a Delta Delta Delta.

The Post has surmised for the past ten days that the hunting season would open today by the number of land owners who have called or phoned to the office looking for trespass notices.

There will be a civil service examination in Independence on October 23 to fill the contemplated vacancy of postmaster at Buena Vista. The compensation for the last fiscal year was \$215.

According to the Herald, Paul Tacherow, secretary of Normal lodge, I. O. O. F. at Monmouth has had his yearly salary increased from \$2 to \$4 a year in "recognition of long and faithful services."

P. Hansen is busy denying that he is to leave the county because he is to have a farm sale next Wednesday. Mr. Hansen says he intends to stay around here for at least one hundred years more.

Mrs. Wm. Hall entertained last Friday at her home in Rickreall in honor of her grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Kirkland, of Independence. There were quite a number present and the afternoon was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis La Flamme and daughter, Coral, were recent arrivals from South Dakota and will make their home here. Miss Coral will attend school in Salem. They will get acquainted with the community by reading The Post.

FOR SALE: At Ace Garage, 1917 Dort touring car. Good condition new set tires, upholstery and paint good. Price reasonable and some terms if desired. 28

**HUNTING SEASON OPENS
A SHORTAGE OF DOGS**

The opening of the hunting season today marks the beginning of a strenuous life for the China pheasant.

Hunters in this locality are handicapped by a shortage of dogs. It seems to be entirely legal to steal a bird dog and many have been lost that way and a number of others have come in contact with poison.

SHRIKE NOT ALTOGETHER BAD

"Butcher Bird" is insectivorous creature of Much Service in the Summer Time.

The butcher bird, or northern shrike, while not possessed of any considerable speed, has speed enough to outfly any of the smaller birds, such as juncos and tree sparrows. This hunter lives fattest when the last of the migrant armies are on the move in the late autumn, when he has an opportunity for cutting off victims remote from cover and pursuing them across the open fields, mice especially being unprotected by their snowy cover.

The shrike has a rather melodious whistle, which he lets go at a time that makes it seem somewhat out of season. He has been credited with using this as a decoy and camouflage to his villainy, and also with mimicking smaller birds and inviting them to their destruction.

Despite his name, however, the butcher bird is not altogether an arch villain, remarks a writer. He is very largely insectivorous during the summer, and does a good work by destroying numbers of mice and giving riddance to the hateful English sparrow when he comes around the farm buildings during the winter.

There was quite a snappy verbal encounter on one of our crowded street cars the other day. A young woman arose to give her seat to a sharp-faced elderly woman who had entered, and as the latter seemed reluctant about taking it the young woman said with a pleasant smile:

SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO EVERY GRAMMAR AND HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

Read This and Then Act

(Contributed)

School days are here again. Reading and writing and arithmetic is our daily grind. Some of us are glad and some of us are not glad that school has taken up again but nevertheless we have to go. It's the only way to get an education. It is certain the education will not come around and hunt us up, but it will knock at our front doors and if we let it go by unheeded we are the losers. Opportunity knocks but once and loudly. Here is one knocking. The Baptist church has a Sunday school which meets every Sunday at 10 a. m. There is a class for every boy and girl in Independence. A special feature is that there is a class for high school girls and boys. These classes are the kind you will enjoy. Good meetings and a good live bunch. If you do not go to Sunday school anywhere else you come and join us and we will do you good. What do say, fellows? Let's go to the Baptist Sunday school.

Christian Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching services at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. All invited.

MARY'S STRATEGY

By JENNIE LITTLE.

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Ezbon Markham, famous in astronomy, ambled leisurely along his favorite path through the orchard, with his head in the clouds, as usual, and only his feet connected with mundane things. So engrossed was he in plans for the coming evening's work, that he failed to notice the loveliness of the waning afternoon. The fruit trees were like huge pink and white bouquets. A group of lambs frisked and bounced on the velvety grass from sheer joy of living. Two belated butterflies winged their golden way upward into the blue, and a diligent bee worked overtime, loath to leave the treasure-laden blossoms, while the descending sun beamed with seeming satisfaction upon the picture which he had helped to create. Not the least attractive detail was a girl perched on a low, broad limb, reading and drinking in the sweetness of the canopy above her. There is one picture that no artist can ever paint. Lie at ease under an apple tree, looking up at the sections of blue sky seen between its foliage, and you have found it.

At the sound of footsteps she looked up, then swung lightly to the ground, and stood smilingly expectant. But the professor was as blind to the little teacher's charms as he had been to the lambs, the butterflies and the blossoms, and passed by without a glance.

She stamped her foot in exasperation at the retreating figure. "Would anyone but a mummy ignore me as he does, and never even ask me to walk with him on a day like this? Ever since he came to Mrs. Brady's six weeks ago, the only conversation he has favored me with is, 'Please pass the salt,' and I doubt if he knows which is it and which is me. Why the old entomologist who boarded here last summer was much more human, for whenever he found a particularly horrid, creepy, crawly bug, he brought it to me to admire. If only those horn-rimmed soap plates would get broken for I believe there are a pair of fine eyes behind them. He can't be a day over 35, but look at that shock of hair and awful old linen duster. Poor thing! He is like a pitiful little boy who needs mothering and doesn't realize it."

An imp of mischief peeped out in her sudden smile as she watched him disappear. "Over the stile, up the hill and around home by the cross roads. Mary, dear, it's up to you to call his attention to the fact that there are stars to be seen on earth without a telescope, or perish in the attempt," and she ran back toward the house.

The professor had taken his scheduled tramp and was on the home stretch, rehearsing his latest lecture, "And so the relation of the astral bodies to—jumping Jupiter!" for a bicycle, speeding noiselessly up behind gave him a jolt that destroyed both his train of thought and equilibrium. Before he could regain his balance he was over the roadside, standing ankle-deep in a little brook that gurgled with glee at his predicament, and the offending spectacles lay in fragments on the ground.

The collision had also unseated the rider, who sat in the dust trying to control her countenance. "Really," said the professor with a peevish air, stepping out of the water and shaking each foot gingerly. "It's a pity who had been trying to steal the goldfish 'the road seems wide enough for both of us without this untimely disturbance," and at that, the offender covered her face with both hands, and her shoulders heaved spasmodically. He eyed her with some concern. (Truly Mary had not jumped at conclusions—they were splendid eyes.)

"Don't cry, child, accidents will happen," he said more kindly; "jump up, and be more careful next time," but to his surprise he discovered that he had helped not a child, but an unmistakably young lady to her feet. He dropped her hands as if they had burned him and the little teacher turned a tear-wet face in his direction. How could he know that only by biting her lips unmercifully could she keep from bursting into laughter.

"Please pardon me, Professor Markham," she quavered, "but you should have been on the footpath and I turned the curve from the crossroads too quickly."

"You have the advantage of me," returned the professor in his most stilted tones. "Though your face seems familiar. But do not let the matter disturb you further."

Then she flashed a radiant glance upon him. "Why, I am your right-hand neighbor at Mrs. Brady's table—Mary Mordaunt."

The professor unsuspectingly met that look—and the scales fell from his eyes. Was it possible that there were objects as beautiful as stars which all this time he had been overlooking? He threw back his head and breathed deeply of air that seemed to set his pulses bounding with new life. What a sunset! What a night! What a girl! Oh, Mary, you have certainly done your work well.

Several hours later the professor entered his neglected study, and walking to the window viewed the midnight sky, but when he looked at the Milky Way he thought of a left-cheek dimple that twinkled in and out, and eyes that outshone a whole galaxy of stars.

In the privacy of her room the wicked little plotter giggled to herself. "All's well that ends well," she quoted, "though I really didn't reckon on that brook. I wonder what he would say if he knew that I bumped him purposely."

Ford Pre-War Prices

Back in the years 1904, 1905 and 1906 a single Ford touring car sold for \$2000.00. The war started in 1914. Compare the following prices at Detroit with the prices recently established by Henry Ford.

| | New 1920 Ford Prices | 1914-1915 Ford Prices |
|------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|
| Chassis | \$360.00 | \$410.00 |
| Runabout | \$395.00 | \$440.00 |
| Touring car | \$440.00 | \$490.00 |
| Sedan, with starter | \$795.00 | \$975.00 without starter |
| Coupelet, with starter | \$745.00 | \$750.00 without starter |

All above prices are F. O. B. Detroit

And REMEMBER the industrial stress and strain of the years of war brought to light no new development, no new chance of improvement which is not embodied in your Ford today. The present Ford cars are the best the Ford Motor Co. ever made.

These prices are a CUT TO THE LIMIT. The new Oregon allotment of 1176 Ford cars per month assures you of reasonable prompt delivery.

You need one. You want one. Place your order now.

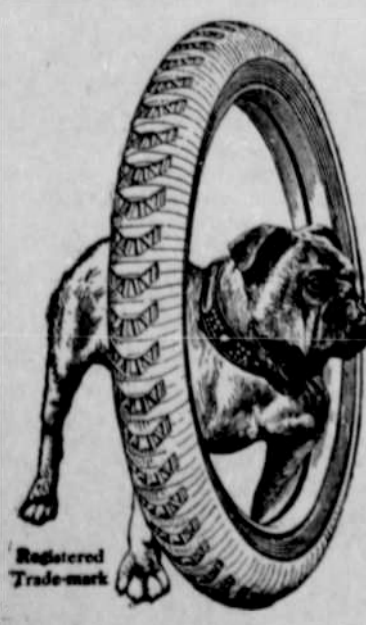
Ace Garage

Every Oregon Driver Needs a Ford Enclosed Car.

Keep Your Eyes

— OPEN —

Watch this Corner



Car Owners
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
TIRES AT WHOLESALE PRICES

We Also Handle the
Evergreen Tubes

Did you see it?

Fabric 6000 Cord 8000
JOHN A. WALTER TIRE CO.
C Street Independence