

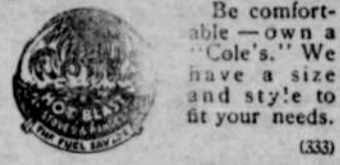


### A Cheery Home

Even, steady heat all day— all night. Health for yourself and your children. No worry—no fires to build. Fire never out from Fall until Spring.

### COLE'S Original Air-Tight Wood Heater

is made to last. It's made Air-Tight and is guaranteed to remain Air-Tight always. Every joint is double seamed. This dependable construction gives you a great saving in fuel—there's a reason—let us tell you.



Be comfortable—own a Cole's. We have a size and style to fit your needs.

### J. D. HIBBS & Co.

### SPECIALISTS IN OPTICAL SERVICE

### KRYPTOK THE INVISIBLE SPOCAL

When you stop think of it, optical service is as necessary to your comfort and happiness as dental service. It is easy enough to allow eyes to fall a little below their best efficiency without noticing it—they lose so gradually.

An examination now and then by an optical specialist can do no less than give you the assurance that your eyes are as good as ever, and may point out to you a need, for glasses early enough to avoid more serious trouble later.

Whatever service your eyes require, we can offer you. It may be fitting Kryptoks. It may be examining the eyes of a child who does not seem to get on in school as well as he should. It may be replacing broken lenses.

Our equipment is modern and complete, our training and experience adequate for your every need.

Morris & Keene Optical Co.  
202-211 Bank of Commerce Building,  
Salem, Oregon

### CITY AND COUNTRY

Ladies coats from \$18.50 up at Mrs. Gregory's store in Dallas.

The used car sale at the Ace Garage has put within your reach the car you have been waiting for. Bargains! Yes, but hurry!

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dickinson were in Portland to attend the marriage of their son, Dorain, to Miss Wynifred Farley last Friday. They returned Tuesday.

Tell The Post.

### SUBSCRIPTION BARGAIN

The Post and Daily Oregonian, both one year for \$6.50

The Post and Daily and Sunday Oregonian, both one year for \$8.50

The Post and Weekly Oregonian, both one year for \$2.60

OCTOBER ONLY

### COATS AND FUSSES

By LILLIAN M. RICHARDS.

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"Now, you listen to me, Mr. Ted Harlow," demanded his wife, one morning as they were seated at the breakfast table. "If you wanted a new fur coat, you wouldn't sit down with pencil and pad to see whether you could afford it or not, you'd simply buy it, and then figure afterwards. So, why can't I do the same?"

"But, darling," responded her husband pleadingly, "you know they're terribly high just now, and they'll surely take a drop in price a little later. If you'd only wait—"

"Wait!" exclaimed his wife on the verge of tears. "That's all I hear, 'wait.' I'll not wait!" Then she dropped her napkin down on the table. "For once in my life I'm going to have what I want, when I want it." And she hurried out of the room.

Hazel Harlow was in a rage. Her ungovernable temper had been the cause of much repentance on her part, many times. In a few minutes she heard Ted go out of the door whistling, and that settled it. Before another hour had passed, she was dressed for the street, and headed for Hayden's department store.

After trying on several coats without finding one to suit, she became discouraged and was about to leave, when the clerk brought out a Hudson seal, with skunk trimming.

"How much is it?" she inquired breathlessly.

"Just five hundred," replied the girl, as if she were saying five cents.

"Five hundred!" repeated Hazel thoughtfully. That was a great deal more than she had intended paying.

That evening the Harlows were hardly on speaking terms, you know one of those chilly sort of affairs. The next morning Ted informed his wife that he would be leaving at noon on a business trip, which would necessitate his absence for several days. Although, he'd try and return for her birthday. With a relieved look, Hazel bid him good-by. She would have a few days in which to wear her new coat before he saw it. As Ted Harlow closed the door of their apartment, a delivery boy opened the lower hall door with a box for his wife.

Hazel had a wonderful time visiting her friends, enveloped in her sealskin. She was like a child with a new play thing. But, when the newness wore off she realized the folly of her hasty decision, and wondered what she would do if Ted really couldn't afford such an expensive coat.

Finally her birthday came and went with no Ted, not even a present. It was the first year he had neglected her, and it hurt. "Serves me right," she thought, "maybe he knows all, and will never come back." Hazel began to realize that Ted's love and affection were worth more than a dozen fur coats. "Why did I go against his wishes," she thought, "when he pleaded with me to wait?"

The next day, tear-stained and weary, with a box under her arm, she started in town for the store.

"I've worn it several times," she explained to the clerk, "but I'll pay for any damage if you'll only take it back and credit my account."

"Why, Mrs. Harlow," said the girl, with a look of surprise, "the coat you bought was returned."

"Returned?" gasped Hazel, incredulously. "There must be some mistake."

As the clerk came from the office with the information that her account was in balance, and the coat had been sold to another customer, Hazel, still carrying the box, left the store in a daze.

When she reached home and found a telegram stating that her husband would return that evening, her brain was in a whirl. What would she do? How could she ever explain? If the coat was not hers, then whom did it belong to? Tired and weary, she threw herself on the bed in a flood of tears.

When Ted Harlow came in that evening the soft, red glow of the floor lamp helped to hide the swollen eyes and worried expression of his wife.

"Hello, little sweetheart!" he exclaimed, giving her a fond embrace; "glad to see me back? I've had a hard trip."

"Glad!" cried Hazel, covering his face with kisses. "Ted, I've missed you terribly." You'd think they'd never spoken a cross word.

Later, as they sat in front of the crackling logs in the fireplace, Hazel ventured:

"Darling, I've something awful to tell you. I—I bought a fur coat and they won't take it back." Then trembling, she outlined her predicament.

"Hazel, dear," said Ted, soothingly, after she had finished, "you really cared enough about me to take it back?"

"Yes," she half sobbed. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" exclaimed her husband. "I'm afraid I'm the one that's to blame. You see, it was I who sent your coat back, and later bought it for cash to give you as a present. I intended to inclose my card with birthday greetings, but must have forgotten. That's why I asked you to wait."

"Oh, Teddy, dear. I've been so miserable," with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I'll never—never buy another thing without your consent."

As the fire died in the hearth, its last flickering glow shone on the happy faces of two who had entered that realm of forgiveness which almost makes little fusses worth while.

### Dickinson-Farley

A wedding beautiful for its simplicity was that of Dorain Dickinson and Miss Wynifred Farley which was solemnized in Portland last Friday at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Dickinson had already prepared a home for his bride and thinking it would always make the abode dearer to celebrate the ceremony in their own little nest, relatives and friends were invited to the couple's new home at 8819 71st Ave., S. E. to witness the service which was read by Rev. Sandifer, formerly of Independence. The residence was simply but artistically decorated with autumn flowers and following the ceremony a delightful wedding repast was also served in the home.

Dorain is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dickinson and was very popular among the younger set. During the war he was a member of the S. A., C. at O. A. C. Following his release he went to Portland and, accepting his father's wisdom as a guide, he accepted a position as parcel post deliverer in Portland and has made a splendid record with Uncle Sam.

Mrs. Dickinson is the daughter of Mrs. H. S. Coffey and has visited Independence where she made many friends. She has recently been employed at the Meier & Frank's store.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson have the abundant good wishes of a host of friends here.

### Civic Club To Meet

The Civic Club will meet in the second session of the year at the home of Mrs. Taylor Jones on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 27, at 2:30. Members are urged to be present and those wishing to become members will be welcome.

### "Judy of Rogue's Harbor"

You have noticed on the first page of this Post the announcement of the presentation of the book "Judy of Rogue's Harbor." You, no doubt have read the book by the same name, written by Grace Miller White, and were thrilled by the wonderful story of little Judy, which moved you to tears and smiles. The joys, sorrows and pastimes of the little girl were yours.

Mark off the date on your daily reminder so as to avoid any chance of missing it.

### Hallowe'en Party Coming

The B. Y. P. U. meets at 6:30 Sunday evening at the First Baptist church. There will be a good leader and a splendid lesson. The society is increasing more every week. There will be a Hallowe'en party in the basement of the church Friday, Oct. 29, at 8 p. m. Come dressed up like a ghost and enjoy agood time.

### CURIOSITY SATISFIED.

Stay-at-Home—I think I will go this summer to tour the battlefields in France. Would you like to go?

Returned Soldier—I helped to make them battlefields.

### SHIPPING CONSTRUCTION.

The world's tonnage of merchant shipping is greater than ever before and is increasing more rapidly than at any former period in maritime history.

### TOKYO UP TO DATE.

Tokyo will have a 15-mile subway, solving the problems of its traffic in a truly modern manner.

### THIS WEEK FIVE YEARS AGO IN SOUTH POLK COUNTY

(From the Independence Monitor October 22, 1915.)

James Atwater of Airlie killed in runaway.

Elmer E. Fredrickson and Miss Eva B. Kester married at Sover.

Homer S. Wood, P. M. Kirkland, Roscoe Staats and Miss Katharine Jones candidates for Independence postmastership.

## BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America)

### CHIVALRY OF THE SCOUT

Chivalry is the birthright of the American boy. He may be a boy in the rough, unused to the civilities of life, but there is instinctively the throbb of chivalry in his youthful heart that prompts him to do creditable things.

During the recent cold weather, when the streets were like glass, says a Memphis official, a woman fell. A gentleman went to her assistance, helped her to her feet, raised his hat and passed on.

Near the Nineteenth Century club another woman fell. Two boy scouts were passing. Both went at once to the rescue. The lady was assisted to her feet. One of the scouts drew from his pocket a handkerchief. The snow was brushed from her dress, and in spite of her protests that she could take care of herself and that she was not hurt, these young American gentlemen, one on each side of her, escorted her to her front door and would not leave until they saw her in good hands.

Here is what the boy scout movement is doing to our young Americana. It is showing them the responsibilities of manhood while they are yet boys. It is showing them that the great lesson of life is to look after and care for others.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the boy scout movement. It has already so developed the courtesy of the boy that his neighbors look upon him as a protector and a friend to be relied upon when necessary demands.

### MAYOR TAKES SCOUT OATH.

An event of unique interest was the taking of the oath of the Boy Scouts of America by Mayor Hunter, of Terre Haute, Ind., as part of his inauguration ceremony. It is undoubtedly the first time this has been done in the history of scouting in the United States.

This will mean more than a mere curious distinction for Terre Haute. It is a part of the heralding to the whole land that Terre Haute has shaken off its old mantle. The principles of the scouts are universally recognized, and the fact that the incoming mayor of Terre Haute has pledged himself officially to these principles speaks significantly to the world of what is to be expected of Terre Haute from now on.

As soon as the applause subsided, a scout stepped forward and presented Mayor Hunter with a reproduction of the McKenzie statue of a boy scout as a reminder that the boy scouts of Terre Haute were always ready at the mayor's service in his efforts for a new and better Terre Haute.

### SCOUTING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Boy scout training as a program of education was given impetus at a recent meeting of the Boston School Masters' association.

Judge Sullivan spoke of boy scout training as a civic asset. The boy scout movement, he urged, was showing grown-ups what real civic training should be.

Superintendent Dyer advocated the boy scout program as a complement to the program of the public school, because through it character is developed and leisure time employed, not only to the advantage of the boys but to the advantage of the whole community.

Dean Russel described the boy scout movement as "an agency well-nigh pedagogically perfect."

The Boston school committee passed an order authorizing head masters and junior masters of high schools and masters and sub-masters of elementary schools to co-operate in the organization and encouragement of troops of boy scouts in the schools.

### BOY SCOUT FIRE LIGHTER.

The best fire lighter for scouts in the woods, says "Pine Tree" James A. Wilder, is a pry-can full of sifted ashes soaked with kerosene. A teaspoonful of these ashes will burn for fully thirty minutes and ignite the wettest wood, even large wood.

Scouting is nonsectarian, though its ideals are in accord with those of the modern church and it is based upon a pledged allegiance to the service of God, the brotherhood of man.

Scouting is not organized for war service, not yet exclusively for peace service. It is organized for service, all service, any service, high or humble, big or little—just service.

Scouting inculcates a patriotism which holds itself ready to serve country in whatever form the need and the call may come. Preparedness is the scout platform.

Scouting is democratic. It aims not to run every boy into one groove, but to help each to develop into the fullest manhood of which he is capable.

Scouting also knows no bounds of class, or creed or race. It speaks the universal language of world boyhood. The end and aim of scouting is good citizenship, to make men "physically strong, mentally awake, morally straight."

Keep The Post phones ringing.

# The Ford Truck is a Full 1-ton Worm Driven Truck

## It is backed by supreme service. It sells for \$644.87 Independence, Ore.

### Ace Garage

## CALIFORNIA Winter Playground of the Pacific

Where the climate brings sunshine and flowers the year round .

Play golf over splendid courses; tennis on championship courts; polo on fields of international renown; motor over perfect highways; horseback riding along picturesque bridge-paths; surf bathing on smooth sandy beaches.

### Reduced Round Trip

Winter Excursion Tickets (via The Shasta Route)

On sale daily to March 31, 1921.  
Final return limit April 30, 1921.

Stopovers permitted at all points within ticket limit.

California booklets will help you select the resort of your choice. Secure your copy now. They are free on request.

Inquire of Local Agent for particulars as to fares, routes, sleeping car accommodations and train service.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

JOHN M. SCOTT  
General Passenger Agent

Mr. Barnes, U. S. Wheat Director Says:

## "EAT MORE BREAD"

And reduce the high cost of living."

## HOLSUM BREAD

IS THE CHEAPEST AS WELL AS THE MOST WHOLESOME ON THE MARKET TODAY.

### BUY THAT EXTRA LOAF

Your Grocer Has It.

Cherry City Baking Co

The Post has a larger circulation in South Polk County than all other Polk county papers combined.