

THE POLK COUNTY POST

ONE HUNDRED PERCENT INDEPENDENCE

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FARMERS CASH STORE'S Pre-Inventory Sale December 12, to January 1

For 12 days we will give the people of Independence a feast of bargains never before heard of. Come and join the crowd.

Here Are a Few of our Special Bargains

11 lbs. Sugar	\$1.00	\$1.50 Underwear	69c	30c. Special Blend Coffee	19c
\$1.50 and \$2.00 Work Shirts	98c.	\$4.00 and \$5.00 Ladies' Hats	49c	Royal Club coffee	42c
20 bars best White Laundry Soap	\$1.00	10 and 15c. Lace Insertions	2c	American Club Coffee	33c
22 bars Savon Laundry Soap	\$1.00	\$6.00 and \$7.00 Men's Pants	1/2 price	\$4.00 and \$5.00 Umbrellas	\$3.19
40c. Xmas Candy Half Pound	14c	75c. Brooms	44c	\$2.50 and \$3.00 Umbrellas	\$1.98
55c. Silver King Coffee, 39c. 3 lbs	\$1.00	45c. Pineapple	29c	\$1 plug Horseshoe, Star and Climax Tob.	84c
Best Hard Wheat Flour	\$2.45	15c. and 25c. Ladies Handkerchiefs	6c	35c. R. C. Catsup Two pint bottles	48c.
Perfection Flour	\$2.15	25c. Sugar Peas 7 Cans	\$1.00	Arm and Hammer Soda	5c

It Pays To Trade at the
Farmers Cash Store
Independence, Ore.

REBECCA PROPOSES

By GRACE O. WEATHERBY.

The late afternoon sun streamed into the spotless little kitchen of Rebecca Hollis, a spinster, bathing the figure in the rocking chair in a warm light. Becky, as she was more often called, rocked vigorously back and forth, the ancient chair sending out its protest in nerve racking squeaks. But Becky's thoughts were far away. She was trying to decide just what action to take with Ben Abbott. Ben was the village postmaster, and as nice a man as any woman could wish for. Becky knew he thought a great deal of her, as he was a frequent visitor, and always brought a gift of some kind with him—but Ben was bashful. Night after night he would sit there, silent, nervously twisting his fingers, trying to find something to say. Becky's patience was sorely tried.

"I declare, Ben makes me tired; he hasn't enough gumption to kill a flea, let alone make love to a woman. How ever can I make him speak?"

Suddenly the ancient chair came to an abrupt standstill, and its occupant's back straightened.

"The very thing!" she ejaculated. "It never dawned on me that this was leap year! I'll ask him myself!"

She went to the telephone and called Ben. "Come over to supper tonight, Ben. I want to ask you about something. Yes, at seven will do."

All right, 'by."

With a beating heart she planned a dainty supper, remembering the old saying that the quickest way to a man's heart was through his stomach. Promptly at seven Ben knocked at the door, and his gray eyes gleamed at the sight of Becky in her fresh blue dress, her cheeks flushed like a girl's. Mutely he offered his roses, white ones, perfect in their pale beauty. With a little cry of gladness Becky buried her face in the fragrant mass, and her eyes filled with quick tears, for didn't white roses mean pure love?

"Come on to supper, Ben," she said, briskly enough.

During the chicken salad and hot biscuits Ben was very quiet, answering her only in monosyllables, but his gray eyes spoke volumes. The air seemed full of suppressed excitement. After supper Ben wiped the dishes, with slow deliberation which was so unlike Becky's quick movements. Scarcely a word was spoken. Then with her heart beating fast, Becky led the way to the fireplace in the cozy sitting room. After a moment's silence, Ben said: "Becky, you had something special to say to me tonight, didn't you?"

The rich color flooded Becky's cheeks, but Ben did not notice it. "Why, yes, Ben, I did. I wanted to ask you if you . . ." she coughed and fell silent. The leap year proposal wasn't easy. Ben rose and took a chair nearer.

"I suppose it is downright important, or you wouldn't have asked me up here tonight, but I was coming, anyhow, for I've something I wanted to speak to you about myself."

Now, this was very unlike Ben, and

Becky fairly held her breath.

"Perhaps I'd better have my say first," Ben went on manlike, "and then you can tell me what's troubling you." Becky nodded. "You know, Becky, my term as postmaster runs out next month, and I'm going to quit the job. I've bought a farm out on the Weston road, a nice little place it is, too, and I'm going to tear down the shack that's on the place now and build one of them bungalows—you know, a long, low, ramblin' kind of a house." He paused and glanced at Becky's averted face. "Well, and so I went down to Job Patterson's and he says he can build right away, and I'm looking over the plans with him tomorrow, you know, deciding where to put the parlor, and how big to make the kitchen, and I was wonderin' if you'd care to go along and sort of help me out. Women have pretty good ideas on this subject. Want to go?"

Becky faced him, her brown eyes very near tears of vexation. He hadn't proposed, after all!

"Well?" said Ben, with asperity. "What do you say?"

"Of course, Ben," she stammered. "I—I'd love to go."

"All right then, I'll call for you at 2:30 tomorrow."

Then a silence fell. The clock struck nine with tantalizing deliberation. Becky wanted to throw herself down on the bed and have a good cry. "What was you wanting to ask me about, Becky?" asked the man.

"Oh—I—nothing much, Ben. I won't bother you with it tonight."

Another silence. Ben arose. "Well, I must be getting along."

Becky, as per her usual custom,

went for his hat and coat, and as she handed them to him the man flung them aside with an exclamation and caught Becky in his arms.

"Don't look so, Becky; you know that house is for you and me—we'll be happy there, won't we? Don't you like the idea?"

Such was Ben Abbott's proposal, but the woman in his arms found it highly satisfactory. It was after ten when Becky again handed Ben his hat and coat. As he descended the porch steps he stopped suddenly and came back.

"Becky, what was it you were going to ask me about tonight?"

"Oh, nothing much, Ben; I was just going to propose to you. It's leap year, you know. But—you saved me the trouble."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Is that dog of yours vicious?" asked the timorous person.

"Oh, no," replied the owner of a ferocious looking brute that waddled his best to break the leash, attached to his collar. "Why, this dog was named after a friend of mine, one of the gentlest men who ever lived."

"That doesn't mean anything to me. Nearly every day George Washington is hailed to court charged with violating the prohibition law, petty larceny or some other offense. Just looking at your pet, I don't believe he lives up to his name, either."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Christmas Seals Sold



The sale of Christmas Seals under the auspices of the Civic Club officially opened Monday afternoon about three o'clock. By noon Tuesday the news, "sold out," was forwarded to headquarters in the Selling bldg. This is a record time. The committee in charge included Mrs. J. S. Robbie, Mrs. Guy Walker, Mrs. C. O. Sloper and Mrs. Claire Irvine. Volunteers from the club who assisted in the sale were Mrs. J. E. Hubbard, Mrs. Walter Plant and Mrs. Girard. Mrs. Hubbard has the distinction of selling the largest amount. There were many other volunteers but the campaign was so brief the committee did not call them out.

MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

Reservation Took Its Name From the Color of Its Many Cedar and Pinyon Trees.

Mesa Verde National park, Colorado, is fifteen miles long and eight miles wide, rising from the valley on the north side, its top sloping southward to the cliff bordering the Valley of Mancos on the south. The Mesa Verde or Green Mesa, is so called from the cedar and pinyon trees which impart to it a green color.

A large human population lived in the cliff dwellings in prehistoric times. They obtained their livelihood by agriculture on the tops of the mesa. Game was scarce and water was, at that time, rare and found only in sequestered places near the heads of canyons, but the inhabitants cultivated their farms and raised their corn, which they ground on stones called metates, and baked their bread on a flat stone griddle.

The population of the cliff dwellings, due to increase in numbers, emerged from their caves and built their homes in the open on top of the mesa in the form of pueblos or community houses. These later fell into disuse and were for years indicated by mounds of stone and earth.

ground that such an expression was justified by the extent to which gas fuel is employed in the fundamental processes of our basic industries. It is interesting to note, in view of this estimate, figures on our gas industry which have just been compiled. From these it appears that 1,166 artificial gas companies in the United States are now supplying more than 300,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas of one sort or another to 8,500,000 customers.—Scientific American.

MANY SCULPTORS IDLE.

According to American Art News, the sculptors complain that there is little work at present in their line of endeavor, and even the leading men are "waiting." The commemorative war statues and patriotic groups that were to decorate cities, towns and cemeteries, have not thus far materialized. The unsettled conditions of the country, they contend, which are holding up building, are accountable for the present "doldrums."

COINCIDENCE IN DATES.

The dates of Monday and Tuesday, the 19th and 20th of January, when placed side by side, give us the date of the present year, 1920. The last time such a sequence gave the date of the year was over a hundred years ago, namely in 1819. In what year will it occur again? Not before 2221.

OTHER DAYS.

"I want to get back to the good old fifty-fifty days," remarked the reminiscent person.

"What do you mean by 'fifty-fifty' days?"

"The days when there was twice 50 cents worth in every dollar."

Mrs. Sam Muhleman Dead

After an illness extending over a period of several months, Mrs. Madaline Muhleman, wife of Sam Muhleman, and a sister of Mrs. William Quartier, died at the home of her daughter, Esther, in Salem Thursday. Funeral services were held from the home of a daughter, Mrs. Arch Justin, in Independence Friday and interment was made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Besides her husband three sons, Sam jr., Fred and Ben, and three daughters, Ella, Alice and Esther, survive.

Mrs. Muhleman was born in France in 1866 and has been a resident of Independence and vicinity for many years during which time she made a large number of friends who are greatly grieved because of her death.

Post Makes Change

The Post made a very desirable "swap" this week. We have been handicapped for some time by a defective type setting machine and when the opportunity was presented to dispose of it and get a more proficient machine, said opportunity was instantly embraced, tho it means some inconvenience for the next two or three weeks until the new machine can be installed some time in January. We can assure our readers that after the new machine is on the job that things will get to going "lovely" again and that the Post will appear every Friday, bigger and better than ever.

Alienation Suit Begun

Mrs. Armine Young has commenced action in the circuit court against Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Young, parents of her husband, in which she alleges that they alienated the affections of her husband and asks for five thousand dollars damages.

Births

Cards have been received by friends of Mrs. Eva Huston Hall announcing the birth of twin girls who were born in Napa, California, a few days ago.

A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Leon McClintock, nee Genevieve Gillespie, at Roseburg. The young man has been christened Richard Gillespie.

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY OMENS

Superstitions Connected With Bridal Flowers Are Common in All Parts of the World.

Superstitions with respect to flowers are world-wide. The bride carries a bouquet of white roses, all unconscious of the fact that somewhere on the earth are people possessed of the notion that to smell white roses is "bad for the brain." Nor reck she, as she sees the same bouquet torn apart by her girl friends in the grand scramble for it, that to pull a flower to pieces—as is inevitable under the circumstances—is a sure sign that you will die of consumption. Had she worn no veil it would have been bad luck to show any flowers at all in the hair. Tuberooses the bride must not wear, as they portend mourning; in Scotland bluebells are barred, as bringing on insanity. Again, happy is the bride who sees white flowers first on her wedding morn; if they be red, look out for sorrow and care.

A lucky marriage may, however, be guaranteed by putting some flowers on the bee hives and "telling the bees."

Mrs. Janette Richardson of Springfield is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. O. A. Kreamer.

Oregon Historical Society x Auditorium