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SALEM, OREGON

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

SHORT STORIES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

Ask Mr. Foster.

Big reduction on all trimmed hats at Alpha Bascue's.

Miss Gladys Reynolds was home from Albany last week end.

Mrs. Verd Hill and small daughter, Verda, of Albany were guests of relatives and friends here last week.

All the trimmed hats must be sold by July 1st, at Alpha Bascue's millinery parlors.

Mrs. Simpson of Airlie was a guest of the Hugh Hannas at their suburban home last week.

Regular service at Calvary Presbyterian church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor, Dr. H. Chas. Dunsmore.

Ben Wing of Portland, accompanied by his father, mother and sister, visited at the J. W. Kirkland home Sunday.

GLASSES FITTED
LENSES DUPLICATED
Dr. C. B. O'Neill
OPTOMETRIST-OPTICIAN
Bush Bank Bldg.
Salem, Oregon

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Richardson of O. A. C. spent their vacation here with their grandmother, Mrs. Martha Richardson.

Mrs. J. N. Jones went to Corvallis Sunday to hear the Baccalaureate sermon of Corvallis High and also the Glee Club of which her daughter, Miss Helen, is a member.

Box Social. There will be a box social at Hopville June 10, the closing day of the school. There will also be a good program. Everybody come. We want you.

Next Sunday evening, at the Methodist church, Dr. Dunsmore will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class of the Independence High School.

Attendance at Baptist Church Increases

In spite of the good weather which lures people to picnics and outings, the attendance at the Baptist church is growing. At 10 a. m. our Sunday school meets. Mr. Archie Justin is the superintendent. At 11 a. m. Rev. Proppe preaches on "Four Impossible Things in an Age of Possibilities." This is a message you will want to hear. Our Young People's Society meets at 7 p. m. Mrs. H. Radmacher is the leader. At 8 p. m. Rev. Proppe preaches again. If you do not attend anywhere else, you have an invitation to come and worship with us. Our orchestra plays. Special music. Come bring a friend.

Phone the news to 7022.

THE BROOK

By IRENE BLUE.

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, if 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 tears 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 powder 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 answered.

"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.

MATTERS OF TASTE.

Vachell Lindsay, the Hoosier poet, is thrilling fashionable London with his lectures.

Mr. Lindsay mystifies London quite as much as he thrills it. At a dinner in Belgrave Square he said:

"This pheasant is high, very high. It is a queer taste to like high pheasant. The Piute Indians are very fond of the material which composes printing rollers."

Mr. Lindsay ate a little pheasant. Then he went on calmly:

"I remember a Piute brave who used to come into Carson City and hang round the office of the Appeal to eat the rollers. When nobody was looking he would sneak up and take a bite out of the roller on the press. These Piutes used to like the rollers best in summer when the composition was soft. They would chew and eat them like caramels."

Mr. Lindsay looked round the table placidly.

"I am sure," he ended, "the Nevada Piutes would like high pheasant."

Your neighbor would like for you to subscribe for The Post yourself so you wouldn't bother borrowing his copy.

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