

SHORT STORIES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Sperling were here from Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Nissen visited friends in Portland last week. Mr. Nissen is recovering nicely from a recent accident and expects to be able to resume his position with the S. P. soon.

At the finish of hop picking at Werline's yard last Friday there was a fight among the Filipinos employed there. Several of the fellows for whom Uncle Sam paid \$2 a head were cut and battered. The Filipino weapon of warfare, the bolo, was used discriminately.

J. M. Brown, who wounded an officer on the night of Sept. 7 when caught for alleged moonshining, has been indicted by the Marion county grand jury charged with assault with intent to kill.

Miss Bertha Miller is here Iowa visiting her cousin, Mrs. O. D. Butler. Miss Miller came west to make only a brief visit but after an introduction to the wonderful scenery and adorable climate Miss Miller wired for

her trunk to be sent at once so she might make a more extended stay. She owns and operates a large ranch in the Buckeye state.

The fall term of the Polk county circuit court begins Oct. 3. Among those called for jury service are S. H. Crowley, W. C. Lewis and E. W. Palmer of Rickreall, John Cox of Airline, C. E. Herren, J. F. Powell, E. W. Staats and H. K. Sickafoose of Monmouth, Bert Snyder of Buena Vista, Jackson Purvine, H. R. Underhill, A. M. Vernon, Frank Webster and E. M. Young of Independence.

Mrs. Harriet E. Olin, mother of Harry C. Clinton, formerly of Independence, who was drowned March 29th in Baltimore slough, near St. Helens, has filed suit in Portland against the Columbia Contract Company to recover \$15,000 damages for her son's death.

The Kings Valley and Hoskins road, for years regarded as one of the worst roads in the state, is now in perfect condition so far as the work has been completed. The road has been macadamized nearly all the way from Wren to Kings Valley, and a detour has been made to Hoskins, missing the Hoskins hill, a steep and rocky grade. Grading and con-

struction work also has been done on the Valseltz road west of Hoskins and on the Kings Valley and Independence road.

Mrs. Frank Miller has returned from Denver where she passed the summer with a sister. She is delighted with the beauties of the "mile high city" and had many interesting side trips. Mrs. Miller has entered O. A. C. and will take a special course in Commerce. Her brothers, Wm. and Rollo McKinney, have also returned to O. A. C.

The Oregon Normal opened Monday. A number of changes in the faculty were made public by President Landers. Miss Florence Beardsley has been named teacher of the new normal rural center at Eola. Miss Flora Enschude will be assistant in the Elkins rural center. Homer Dodds will succeed L. P. Gilmore as instructor in science. Others are: Miss Helen I. Moore, music; Miss Jennie Peterson, assistant in music; Miss Vivian Chandler, assistant physical education instructor; Miss Clayton Burroughs, critic teacher of the Independence training school, and Miss Mary Donaldson, assistant in the Monmouth View rural center.

Baptist Church Announcements

Rev. H. L. PROPPE, Pastor
Sunday school 10 a. m., Mr. Archie Justin, Supt.
Preaching services 11 a. m. Rev. Proppe, preaches.
Young Peoples Society 7 p. m. Miss Fern Johnson, leader.
Preaching services 8 p. m. Sermon by Rev. Proppe.
We have prayer meeting and Bible study every Wednesday night at 7:30.
You are welcome to all these meetings.

TIME CARD

Valley & Siletz Railroad

Motor Leaves Independence Daily 10:50 a. m.
Motor Leaves Independence Daily Except Sunday 4:10 p. m.
Motor Arrives Independence, Daily 9:50 a. m.
Motor Arrives Independence, Daily Except Sunday 3:50 p. m.
Freight service daily except Sunday. Leave Independence 7:30 a. m.

L. R. WATSON, Supt.

LET ME HELP MAKE
The Children's School Clothes

MRS. D. A. FANCHER,
759 D Street

STORMY WEATHER

By PAULA PHILLIPS.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nanette, seated in the garden where fountains tinkled, and rare flowers bloomed, was very miserable, indeed. For the beautiful gift of happiness was to be found neither in her father's luxurious home or garden. Nanette, with her many co-queests and care-free days of girlhood, had left unlearned the lesson of true love. Now that it was before her, it was a difficult lesson to understand. It had been very sweet before she had known that it was love at all. Knight Evers was such a companionable satisfying sort of friend.

She was usually busily engaged in her partnership of some game. But Knight would turn occasionally with his bright smile of camaraderie toward her, and leaving her still undisturbed. So in their rides together, he always had time to pause for the viewing of the glorious scenery which held her spellbound, and seemed to know instinctively, when and where Nanette would wish to linger most. They were merry together, too, with little secret jokes concerning others, that were innocently their own; and also, Knight was unostentatiously careful of her.

When father Norton, millionaire Norton, he was called, noticed the growing friendliness between his only daughter and the young nobody, whom the Fallings had inconsiderately invited to the country club as their guest, he merely raised supercilious eyebrows.

Nanette seldom showed any admirer undivided attention, and he believed that this unusual acquaintance would be of short duration. But as time passed and Knight Evers, office employee of an insignificant business concern, continued to visit the country club, and later to visit Nanette herself, Mr. Norton became annoyed and chagrined; for his obedient daughter, for the first time in her life, ignored his request.

"It would be wise," her father advised her, "to cease encouraging young Evers. You know as well as I, that nothing can come of such an attachment. To put the case frankly, he is decidedly beneath you and your family, in position. Drop him. We have other views for you."

But Nanette did not at once drop Knight Evers. Though knowing her father, she knew that he would not relent in his judgment. She wondered, tearfully and vaguely, if Knight should ask her to marry him, and Nan was pretty certain that the question was trembling on his different lips, if Knight should ask her, would she be able, after the diffident manner of her raising, to make him a competent helpmeet.

Would Knight be unhappy in her failures? Would she be unhappy in her restrictions?

Nan pondered seriously, and it was Jim Brent who came to be her father's best aide. Capable Jim Brent, with his poise and assurance. Her father's friends called the man Jim naturally, to most of them he was their confidential banker. He was an officer in the country club, of which Nanette's father was president, and he was a bachelor. This latter state, however, he was quite willing to forsake at Nan's little yes. As yet, Nan had not quite whispered it. But when she compared her future wifely duties at the accomplished Jim's side, to those unacquainted duties which she must painstakingly learn as Knight's wife, Nanette was inclined to throw up even love and its sweetness for certainty and the approval of her own family.

So when Knight's question came, spoken all impulsively in the beautiful moon-lit garden, Nan was ready for him. Knight had scarcely time to regret what he called his own "selfish rashness" before Nanette uttered her no.

"It cannot be Knight, good old friend," she said firmly. "Love is all right for sunny weather, but when it comes to storms, the frightening storms of life—well, it really takes more than love, dear."

Knight had choked up at the little word dear, and had gone, blindly on his way. The days that followed were the hardest Nanette had ever known. She had expected to miss her understanding pal, but she had not counted upon the constant ache of a longing heart.

And when, one day, Nan fled to the woods, to be free from the chatter of guests that wearied her, Jim Brent's talk seemed like idle chatter now, too—Nan walked farther in the woods than she knew. And there, a thunderstorm found her. A flashing, roaring thunderstorm in the cathedral of trees.

From childhood, electrical storms had been Nanette's terror. Wild-eyed, white-lipped, she waited. Before the last fearful reverberation, she closed her eyes. Then out of the threatening darkness, came miraculously, two strong protecting arms to enfold her. Nan glanced up quickly, gratefully, at the comforting sense of support.

Knight Evers stood looking down upon her tenderly, forgivingly. "Nan," he said, "my life has been all trouble and ripped to pieces—like the storm clouds since you left. I can't live without you, Nan, even if your dad is worth a million."

"A million dollars," said Nanette contemptuously. "What's it worth when you are out in the storm? A strong protecting arm like yours, Knight dear—"

Peace had followed the storm.

Methodist Services

Sunday Sept. 11, 1921.
Preaching services in the morning at 11 o'clock. Evening at 8 o'clock.
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Epworth League at 7 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:20.

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