

To Winter in California

Eph Young and son, Armine, have been in Southern Oregon on a hunting trip. Mr. and Mrs. Young expect to spend the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bohannon are making preparations to spend the winter touring in California. They have a camping outfit that is fully equipped in every way and expect to take life easy in the sunny clime.

JAP WOMEN SEEK RIGHTS.

The rapid strides which Japan is making toward adoption of Western civilization find expression in an agitation to let women have more to say about the selection of husbands. Today such matters are almost entirely in the hands of parents, who select husbands for their daughters, who obediently marry whomever they pick out. A recent article in a prominent Japanese magazine points out that while men never find any difficulty in getting mates, women must have money and training of one kind or another before they can find husbands.—New York Sun.

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.

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DE ROUGEMONT MASTER OF HOAX

Made Mistake of Presenting His Fiction as Truth.

TOLD OF AMAZING ADVENTURES

Story of His Thirty-Year Wanderings So Convincing That De Rougemont Was Invited by a British Scientific Society to Relate His Experiences Before That Body—Some Other "Kidders" Who Fooled the Public.

A few years ago there died in a London poorhouse a man who might be called "kidding" the world along. Each generation considers itself wiser than the last, but the hoax goes on forever, says Herbert W. Forster in the New York Times. A hoax may be anything from a mean trick to a gorgeous swindle, and it is not only those, one of whom is born every minute, that get fooled. For Louis De Rougemont, known to the poorhouse authorities as Louis Redmond, put his imagination to a different use from that of Dickens, and paid the consequences. Dickens is an immortal novelist, but De Rougemont, who might otherwise have died a wealthy, perhaps an immortal, writer, made the one mistake of presenting his particular fiction as truth, and the world judges harshly of those who trifle with its credulity.

It was in 1886 that the Wide World Magazine announced with pride the serial publication of "The Amazing Adventures of Louis de Rougemont," as told by himself. He had arrived in London on board a ship straight from New Zealand, and he talked with conviction. His story makes as good reading today in the old files of that magazine, with its photographs of the author and its vivid illustrations of his escapades, as it did in the days when it thrilled many an English fireside. When the cat is once out it takes no sage to tell its color.

Thus spun De Rougemont the yarn of his 30 years of wanderings. He picked the East Indies for the start of his pearly expedition, and in the very first chapter the thriller begins. From the deck of his ship, he sees an enormous octopus suck down a native diver, who is rescued after a subaqueous battle of ten or fifteen minutes, and then brought back to life. A little question of a quarter of an hour without breath for the diver arouses no suspicion. When left alone one day on board, a tornado blows him out to sea, and, of course, he is cast away on a sandy island, where he and his dog get along in true Crusoe style. A family of strange black people is washed up on his private beach, and with them he goes to the island of their tribe, where he is worshiped as a prophecy-fulfilling god and becomes a regular Emperor Jones.

He Fools Them All.

By exchanging his official wife, he acquires the devoted Yamba, who becomes his publicity agent and chef. Many a black man plots his downfall, but with wily tricks from his superior civilization and the aid of his dusky spouse, he fools them all. He flings himself into battles accented in true barbarian fashion, in full regalia of feathers and cannibal cosmetics. Propped on his trusty stilts, he routs a whole enemy tribe by his gigantic stature and slays many a terrifying beast with his good spear. He introduces two girls from home near the end of his narrative, like him luckless castaways. With all due modesty, he kills the brutal chieftain who holds them in captivity and releases them like the princesses from Bluebeard's castle.

Whether Yamba becomes jealous, he does not state. But he lets the good old sea take care of the girls. It would have been embarrassing to account for them on his return, and the sea can cover a multitude of sins without getting overcrowded. And then there is the ever-available "Sail! A sail!" a long homeward voyage, and "so it is, dear reader, that these 30 years among cannibals came to be told to you."

"How could anyone have believed it? Why, De Rougemont was invited to tell this sort of thing to a British scientific society! At last a few cold, hard words appeared in the Daily Chronicle, and De Rougemont's golden bubble burst. His cannibals had been Swiss bankers! His tropical islands the streets of London! De Rougemont's 30 sensational years had been spent in the routine of a London banking house. His breathless audience scurried quickly to the smallest, darkest places it could find, but the more sportsmanlike admitted it was a mighty good story after all.

Life in the Moon.

It was in 1835 that the New York Sun suddenly announced the building of an enormous telescope at the Cape of Good Hope by the famous astronomer, Sir John Herschel, which enabled him to see life on the moon in minute detail. Astronomical facts were thrown in to work up plausibility. The reports reveled in descriptions of the seas and shores of the earth's satellite, hills of amethysts and mountains fringed with verdant gold. Herds of what appeared to resemble earthly bison were seen to roam about. Much was said of the "lunarian" men. They were four feet tall, covered with copper-colored hair.

The skeptics, among whom was Edgar Allan Poe, had no chance. Sir

John Herschel was then known to be actually at the Cape for the British government, and it was only the signed statement from that great astronomer, branding the whole report as a pure fabrication, and that it was merely the mental eye of one Richard Alton Locke which had gazed through it and examined the weird life on a moon absolutely and solely of his own making!

When the science of geology was still in the hands of its pioneers, old Professor Beringer lectured in the University of Wurzburg. His students knew the favorite haunts where the genial old scholar went to collect fossils in the development of his theories about the beginnings of life. So they powdered up the rocks of his pet strata and manufactured some fossils and buried them in a perfectly innocent way. It was not long before the professor's hammer and his inquiring eyes discovered some evidences of a totally new kind of extinct life. He found frogs and snakes and insects galore. The students watched his enthusiasm grow. One day he came upon the crest of a spider in its web, with not a strand disturbed these hundred thousand years.

At last, he unearthed a rock upon which was inscribed the Hebrew word for Jehovah. "Now," thought old Professor Beringer, "I am right. My opponents, who uphold slow evolution, are proven wrong. All life is the work of a Creator, who has not only been kind enough to leave traces here, but also the images of the heavenly bodies to complete the scheme; and last of all, has appended His signature to make it official."

And on this basis the professor published his book, profusely illustrated, the title page presenting a pyramid of the fossils surmounted by the stone with Jehovah, and he dedicated it to the Prince of Wurzburg. But when poor old Beringer heard his book greeted by a universal shout of derision he awoke to the truth. He destroyed what copies he had, recalled as many as he could, and shortly after died, broken-hearted.

Mark Twain's Hoax.

The discovering of a petrified man became a fad in the West about this time, and it took Mark Twain to use the main in a little fraud of his own to get revenge upon an enemy. He tells how he launched, in the Journal he then edited, a series of articles describing with infinite plausibility a stone man newly found in a locality about five days' distant, over a desert from where his enemy lived. His readers heard that this gentleman, a new coroner, took the cruel journey to hold an inquest over this man, dead for ten generations! And when they were once under his spell the exposure of the fraud would come when his readers realized that he had placed the two hands of the petrified man before his nose in a most disrespectful gesture. But the story spread from state to state, until it finally appeared with "unimpeachable legitimacy" in a London paper.

Of course, we say, these things cannot happen any more, despite the fact that we have our Madame Pallasinos of questionable spirits and our Ponzis of temporary money-doubling abilities, with a host of followers. It was only two years short of the twentieth century that a glorious gold brick turned up in perhaps its most undisguised form. The Electrolytic Marine Salts company, headed by the supposedly Rev. Mr. P. F. Jerneagan and supplied with a full line of scientific arguments, claimed to obtain its particular species of brick from the gold in the sea. It managed to coax \$1,000,000 from Bostonian pockets.

The Hoax of "Hot Ice."

This case does not stand alone. It was practically a repetition of the "hot ice," which it became the vogue to manufacture in certain scientific circles in 1880. The first hint of this phenomena appeared in the magazine Nature, when Thomas Carnelly stated he had made ice so hot that he burned his fingers. Even Sir Oliver J. Lodge wrote that he for one accepted the point as a fact, and in suggesting an experiment he calmly stated that Carnelly should "heat the ice up to any temperature he wanted," and, although we usually think just the other way, that when he should remove the heat he should see the ice rapidly collapse. Just when everybody was beginning to be surprised that no one had thought of hot ice before and great popularity was being predicted for this warm kind of cold, failure to get proper results were reported. The following month the matter of hot ice was conspicuous by its absence from the scientific journals.

And yet it is hard to know when to laugh. What was obviously a hoax yesterday, because of its utter impossibility, becomes a commonplace reality of today. It was a glorious hoax in 1844, when a great New York daily announced:

"Astounding News by Express From Norfolk!

"The Atlantic Crossed in Three Days!!

"Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying Machine!!"

Breathless New Yorkers were informed that eight men had accomplished a transatlantic flight and were given full particulars of the machinery and the voyage, all imaginary. But did any one dream of a hoax when the airplanes of the United States navy crossed the ocean a little while ago?

There are three parties to every hoax. Those who are fooled, the smart-alecks who laugh at them shortly after, and those who often see the hoax come true. What of Keely's vibratory cosmic forces? The best scientific minds today are seeking to utilize the endless energies locked within the atom.

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DEVOTED TO BRITISH CROWN

People of the Island of Jersey Have for Centuries Been Proud of Their Loyalty.

There is no part of the king's dominions which has shown a more active devotion than the Island of Jersey. The true Jerseyman still regards the king as the successor of the dukes of Normandy. Jersey elected to remain under the English crown in the reign of John, when the rest of Normandy reverted to France.

It supported the Royalist cause during the Civil war and harbored Charles II when he was in exile; it banished Victor Hugo because of some slighting remarks of his about Queen Victoria, and during the late war it passed its own military service act, for which there was very little need.

Moreover, not once nor twice in this rough island story has armed invasion by the French been successfully resisted. The last occasion was in 1781, when the Jerseymen, although surprised and outnumbered and deserted by their own governor, who was preparing to capitulate, defeated the enemy in a most sanguinary battle, fought in the royal square of St. Helier.—London Mail.

HEAVY CONSUMER OF GASOLINE.

"Didn't your boy graduate from college last year?"
"Yes, and he tells me he is still looking about him."
"What kind of business do you think he will enter?"
"I don't know, but if all the young women he nauts around in his motorcar paid him taxicab rates he would soon be a millionaire."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

PLACING THE BLAME.

Irate Mother—Daughter, I have told you many times before not to let me find you kissing a man.
Dutiful Daughter—It's your own fault, mother, I told you not to wear rubber soles.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mrs. E. S. Murphy of Forest Grove, will open a hemstitching parlor at Alpha Bascue's Millinery Store, Oct. 1st.

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