

LONG VENERATED BY INDIANS

Spirit Stone a Recent and Valuable Addition to Treasures of Wisconsin Historical Society.

One of the largest Indian spirit stones or shrines found in Wisconsin has been presented to the Wisconsin Historical society by Dr. A. Gerend of Milladore. The stone, which is about four feet high and weighs 250 pounds, formerly stood on the Indian road between Wabeno and Soperton. As most of the Indians in the region no longer worship the native gods, they permitted the stone's transfer to Madison, where it will be mounted, probably near the Wisconsin Historical library.

A legend has been woven about this granite boulder, which is curiously marked by wind and rain. The Indian sees in it a resemblance to a human being and says that a mortal who wished to live forever was turned to stone by the Great Spirit so that his wish might be fulfilled. At the foot of the large stone was a small one known as the Child of the Spirit.

The shrine has been used for several hundred years and was brought to Wisconsin by the Potawatomi Indians from the Bark river region of Michigan. On its top is a small hollow where offerings of food and tobacco were laid. A final offering of tobacco was made before the stone left Forest county.

DRESSES OF SUGAR SACKS.

At Colfax, Wash., the domestic science class in the High school recently gave a dress revue in which a bevy of maids appeared in really attractive summer dresses, each of which was made of material that had passed through a grocery store as a sugar sack.

NICE DISTINCTION.

"Bathing suits present a problem in propriety."
"Yes," agreed Miss Cayenne. "It is perfectly proper to wear them, but highly improper to describe them."

THE FEMINE TASTE.

Madge—You shouldn't have refused to go with him to the concert.
Marjorie—That's no kind of a place to ask a girl in these days. He should have known I wanted to go to the prize fight.—New York Sun.

GLAD DISCOVERY.

"You were going faster than the law allows," declared the traffic policeman.
"Act humble and penitent," whispered Mr. Chuggins' wife.
"I'll try. But it's hard to conceal my pride. I didn't know the old boat had it in 'er."

WOULDN'T SUIT.

Puffer—Any mosquitoes about here?
Real Estate Agent—Not one.
Puffer—Then I can't take the place. My wife will let me smoke only when the mosquitoes are bothering her.—Boston Transcript.

UTTER SELFISHNESS.

"Think of what would happen if the railroads were to be actually put out of business."
"Maybe," replied Mr. Chuggins, "the idea would have its advantages. There couldn't possibly be any more grade-crossing accidents."

BETTER THAN CONEY ISLAND.

Native—What's the matter with Mr. Jones? He looks like he wuz havin' an accident.
Yachtsman—It's that new speed-boat he designed. The propeller is so big that it's stood still and the boat's revolving instead.

BANKS GAIN, THIEVES LOSE

Pickpockets Said to Be Fewer Since Financial Institutions Began to Accept Small Deposits.

What possible relation can there be between the disappearance of pickpockets and modern business courtesy.

Police authorities know that pocket picking is virtually an extinct form of endeavor. A crude worker may still occasionally try to lift a watch at a county fair, but, generally speaking, this brand of thieving is no more. It has gone the way of buffalo laprobes, pug dogs, Sunday buggy rides, beef-steak for breakfast and torchlight processions. Why? Because pocket picking is no longer a gainful occupation.

What has brought about the change? The attitude of the banks. They cater more than ever before to the small depositor. If a man wishes to open an account and start off with \$2.50 or even less, he receives the same courteous consideration that would be accorded the customer depositing thousands. Only a few years ago, a person with small savings looked upon bankers as a crusty lot and kept away from such institutions for fear of being insulted.

Today even the majority of the safety deposit boxes are held by persons of comparatively modest means. Banks have simply followed the changed attitude of business in general. All business has been growing more courteous every year. And this spread of courtesy is the basic reason why pickpockets are now rarely heard of.—Nation's Business.

MUCH ALIKE IN CHARACTER

Mr. Robb Might Reasonably Be Excused for Wrong Idea as to Conversational Subject.

Mr. Barker, who claims to be at home in all that pertains to good cooking, was sitting on the hotel piazza one evening explaining to his friends, Lawyers Thompson and Robb, the manner of preparing the snail for the breakfast table.

Thompson was interested, but Robb was quiet and seemed drowsy. Suddenly he brightened up.

"I saw three of them playing marbles in front of the post office this morning," he remarked.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Robb?" asked Mr. Barker.

"I'm talking about snails."
"Well, I'm talking about messenger boys," said Robb. "Go on with your conversation."—Los Angeles Times.

AN OLD STORY.

"What's the news from Jazz beach?"

"A distinguished-looking guest who posed as a count has been found to be a floorwalker in the city."

"That isn't what I would call news. It is merely a case of history repeating itself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

NEAR THE BALL GROUNDS.

"It's a queer world."

"How so?"

"I closed my window to keep out flies."

"Well?"

"And got it smashed by one from the baseball park."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE BETTER MATERIAL.

Mother (packing hamper for wounded son)—John, dear, shall I put in some of my home-made sponge cake?

Father (who's had some)—Well, dear, don't you think bread would make the better poultice?—London Opinion.

SQUIRRELS SAVED THE BARN

Hot-Weather Story That May or May Not Be True, but Is at Least Diverting.

The protracted period of heat that covered the farming section of the Middle West in common with most of the whole country produced the usual unverified tales of phenomena, such as popcorn popping on the stalk and potatoes being dug from the hot earth properly baked and ready to serve.

But from the farm of Fairchild Littlejohn, in Van Buren county, comes the strangest story of all, which really has no relation to the hot weather except that spontaneous combustion caused the fire in the Littlejohn barn.

The day was sultry, with not enough breeze to move the windmill, so the farm water tank was empty. Mr. Littlejohn says that two pet squirrels belonging to his daughter scampered up the framework of the pump and raced around the blades of the wheel just as on the wheel in the cage in which they sometimes are kept, putting the pump into operation, thus filling the tank and providing enough water to put out the fire.

Afterward the squirrels had to be carried down to the ground. Their feet were so blistered by the sun-heated metal that they could not stand up.—New York Sun.

EVENLY MATCHED



Judge—Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?

Witness—Your honor, I couldn't tell which one was going to be the defendant.

STAMPS TO MATCH.

The clerk in the substitution of the post office looked at the woman who had asked him for 3-cent stamps.

"No, madam, but we have twos and ones—it's all the same," he explained.

"But indeed it isn't," the woman replied quickly. "I want the 3-cent stamp because it is purple. It matches my stationery, my sealing wax, my ink. I must have purple stamps or none." And she walked out of the station.

POLITE VICTIM.

An extremely polite traveler had been for a walk along the deck. When he came back to his deck chair he found a very buxom woman in possession of it.

He approached her timidly and said: "Excuse me, madam, but could you tell me—er—without—er—without getting up, whether you are sitting on my hat?"

RURAL SARCASM.

A New Yorker, visiting an Iowa town, was talking to a prominent citizen with reference to the one paper the town boasted.

"Well," observed the citizen, "I'll say for the editor that he can be the most sarcastic fellow that ever was when he tries."

"How so?"
"Why, in last week's issue the department entitled 'Local Intelligence' was only about three inches in length."

BUSINESS DIPLOMACY.

"Josh eats with his knife and drinks his coffee out of the saucer," said Mrs. Cornstossel.

"I told him to," replied her husband. "Summer boarders are complainin' about the prices we charge. The family has got to do something to keep up the impression that we're simple, unsophisticated country folks."

HANDICAPPED.

"I don't hear from my girl at the seashore."

"Why doesn't she write?"

"I suppose some other fellow is holding her hand."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reminders

Have your repair work done right by a man who knows how to do it right. See "Frenchy" Regimbal with Sayies Motor Car Co.

Have you tried Golden Krust bread at the Independence Bakery.

The cold, snappy weather makes your roasts more tasteful. Let us fill your orders right. City Meat Market.

You are reminded this is stove weather by the wintry blasts. Go to Willard E. Craven hardware for yours.

The C Street market, under new management, is asking for a share of your patronage.

If it's a tire surgeon you want, call O'Donnell.

The McIntosh Grocery specializes in good groceries.

Among the many other reasons why a Ford is a good investment, consider the difference in repairs—See Stewart Motor Co.

Really the Independence Realty Co. has some good bargains. See them at once.

Have you treated yourself to a new suit from Kreamer's? If not you are not looking your best.

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