

THE POLK COUNTY POST

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN SOUTH POLK COUNTY

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ARMISTICE DAY IS GAILY CELEBRATED

Armistice Day has come and gone, but its lessons remain with us. Every man had a song of patriotism in his soul and if he did not sing it the whole community is the poorer.

A. L. Keeney as general chairman gave much time and thought to the details of the day. He allowed nothing to disturb the serenity of his mind that he might wisely direct the plans for the eventful time. The morning program was given in Monmouth with W. T. Vinton as the principal speaker. The Monmouth Commercial club and citizens of the Normal town served a generous luncheon to the ex-service men and their families. The crowd returned to Independence for the parade at 10 o'clock. Many creditable floats led by the Elk's band which furnished the music entered the parade. "Flanders Field" which brought much applause from the crowd and all were reminded of the lines "In Flanders field, the poppies blow, Between the crosses row on row," etc. The "Gold Star Mothers" had their place in a float and every eye was moist as they passed by. The G.A.R. and W. R. C. had a creditable float and the men are feeble and old they entered as much into the spirit of the day as the veterans of the recent conflict. The army float, a box car, caused much favorable comment and bore the emblem that made the "boys" live those days again.

The Navy and Marines were represented with an artistic float. The I.O.O.F. and K. P's. each had floats appropriately suggestive of the orders. The Boy Scouts were cleverly portrayed and never tired in camp cooking. Another float that brought applause was that representing the Willamette Telephone Co. An electric bell rang incessantly and


two Kewpies held receivers. The decorations represented a floral bell. In this car were; Miss Louise Bauman and Miss Alice Brown of the telephone company.

The Red Cross float was beautifully decorated and four Red Cross nurses, Mrs. J. G. McIntosh, Mrs. A. D. Davidson, Mrs. Geo. DeWitt and Miss Edith Dawes were ready to render first aid. The Woman's club was represented by a "club house" which is their ambition. Miss Gretchen Kreamer was at the wheel, Mrs. O. A. Kreamer, Mrs. C. O. Sloper, the club president, and Mrs. Clyde Ecker, past president, who conceived and started the club house fund as a "memorial" to the boys were the occupants of the house. Many decorated cars were also in line.

The program at the theatre was greeted with a S.R.O. house. G. C. Godfrey of the Legion Post made a welcome address and declared the town belonged to the guests with the "sky" for the limit. Mayor Walker also sanctioned the hospitality. Chairman Keeney presented Judge L. T. Harris the speaker of the occasion. Judge Harris was forceful and comprehensive and gave loud praise to "the boys". Musical numbers were vocal solos by Mrs. Edna Irvine and Miss Ruby Lawrence. A violin solo by Miss Helen Cornelius and saxophone trios by Willard Craven, James Robie and Grant McLaughlin. Each offering was heartily received. Major Rose in uniform graced the stage and added pleasing remarks. A variety of stunts followed at the ball park. The auxiliary of the Legion served dinner to over four hundred ex-service men and their families. The food was donated by the citizens and so generous was the response that a cooked food sale was held Saturday morning. The grand finale to the day was the free dance at the high school gym with Van Guiles orchestra furnishing the music. The large

Let Us All Give Thanks

By T. C. Harbaugh.



Deep in the forests olden
The leaves are falling fast
In russet hues and golden,
Before November's blast:
Clear flows the sunlit river
Toward the shadeless sea,
The while we bless the Giver
For all His bounties free,
He hears our call, alike on all
The blessings of Thanksgiving fall.

We've garnered for our need-time
The fields of golden grain,
For well we know that seed-time
Will come to earth again:
Each thankful heart remembers
The harvest that have sped,
And in the cool Novembers
Is bowed the grateful head;
And hymn and prayer meet on the air,
And gratitude is every where.

O day renowned in story!
O Pilgrim-given morn,
In humbleness and glory
In bleak New England born;
We hail thee with devotion
Beneath the roof and tree;
From ocean unto ocean,
Beloved by all the free:
The hymns that rise toward the skies
Are rich in holy symphonies.

gym floor was taxed to capacity with revelers enjoying the "stepping." Feature offerings at the dance were solos by Wm. P. Harris and Leo Barks.

Thus ended the day with something worth while to stimulate the boosting energies of our entire community.

P. S.—The writer was "tied in" the "club house" while the rest of the world went by so if anything or any body has been omitted just blame it on those "ties" that weren't "untied" at the window boxes and let her know about it and you shall receive further consideration.

Main Street "Fill" To Be Beautified Next Sunday

Sunday at two o'clock under the auspices of the Woman's club, shrubs will be planted at the fill. This movement was started some time ago but was necessarily delayed. Mrs. O. D. Butler is chairman of the committee and the members of the Retail Merchants association will plan the days work and pleasure. An abundance of Oregon grape, Scotch Bloom and Ocean Spray will be provided for the planting.

DECAY OF AUDUBON'S HOME.

The house where John James Audubon made his home and where Professor Morse installed and tried out his first telegraph instrument is falling into decay. It is located at Riverside drive and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street. This is a shrine at once for the naturalist, the artist and the inventor. Apartment houses are crowding all around it, but it is built on a low level so that it is hoped that the real estate operator will be stopped for the time being as the site would call for an immense foundation for a large building. In the village of Audubon in Pennsylvania all the Audubon landmarks have been carefully preserved.—Scientific American.

COVER OR BLANKET FOR COW

Good Way to Keep Flies From Bothering While Milking—Obviates Tail Switching.

To keep flies from bothering while milking, make a cover or blanket for the cow from a large gunny sack, ripped open, and provided with strings for fastening under forelegs, and string across back to hold in place over the rump. If both the cow, being milked and the one behind the milker are so protected there will be very little tail switching.

POOR TURKEYS



Grindstone to Ax: Well, old boy we better sharpen up.

DISCOVERED USE OF MIRRORS

Diner Finds That Noonday Flirtations Are Greatly Aided by Properly Placed Reflectors.

"I know why they fill the walls of these restaurants full of mirrors," said Sidney.

"So do I," said his friend Aleck. "For the same reason they put chewing gum boxes in the subway station. So the flappers can fix their hair if any part of their ears should be showing."

"Not so," returned Sidney. "Watch me."

They entered a white porcelain restaurant, the walls of which were lined with mirrors that opened to the view a lengthy, interminable line of reflected restaurants.

They were seated a few minutes, and Aleck observed that Sidney was smiling cordially into space. There was no one near by except a flapper with an expressive back, the back being toward Aleck and Sidney.

"You are like a lunatic in the making," said Aleck. "What are you grinning at in that ice cantaloupe sign for?"

"I'm not. I'm looking at the peach. Ain't she a bear?"

Then Aleck, gazing in the direction he saw Sid's eyes were bent, looked in the mirror and was confronted by the gaze of the flapper with the expressive back. He saw that she had an expressive face. She was returning Sid's grin with an extra measure.

"Many a friendship's been made through a restaurant looking glass," observed Sid. "You don't mind eating alone, do you, Aleck? Excuse me!" —New York Sun.

"SICK WITH LOVE."

Father was giving the fair young daughter a lecture about her beau. He exclaimed, "Does he know who pays the light bills? Doesn't he know enough to go home at the right time?"

The daughter replied, "Yes, he knows enough to go, but he was sick last night."

With that, father started it again. "Don't tell me that a big, husky fellow like him was sick. What on earth was the matter with him?"

As the fair young daughter started for the door, she sang back, "He has heart trouble." —Indianapolis News.

CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

"I got this car for \$100 at an auction sale," remarked Mr. Bibbles. "It was confiscated by prohibition officers. A bargain, eh?"

"It looked rather dilapidated."

"Yes, it will never run again, but the backs of the seats are hollow. They contained six gallons of choice 'moonshine' the officers overlooked."

HARD LUCK



Lonely (a South African Bachelor)—It's pretty rough at this glad Thanksgiving season, when happy families are going to gather around their festive boards, that I've got to sneak away and dine at the club alone.

Thanksgiving Day Was Observed By the Ancients

Thanksgiving also owes something to the religious rites of ancient nations. The oldest of these is the Jewish feast of the tabernacles, with its magnificent festivities. The festival occurred annually, at the end of the harvest season, and continued for eight days. Sometimes it was held as early as the 25th of September, but never later than the 20th of October. It was the feast of the "ingathering" of the harvest of all the fruits, the corn, the wine, and the oil. The labors of the field were then over for the year, and the feast was an occasion of joyousness and gladness to the people. At this season the nation assembled in Jerusalem, where they lived in booths for seven days. Impressive cerechones and processions took place each day, and at night the court of the temple was illuminated by lamps and flambeaux. At the end of seven days' joy the booths were dismantled and the people celebrated an eighth day of solemn rest.

The glory of the great Hebrew festival has long since passed away, but the fundamental principle—that everyone should rejoice in the fruits of the harvest, together with the whole people of the land "before the Lord"—has entered into the harvest observances of Christian lands.

THE WISDOM.

A blast of brass and a throb of drum—
And Solomon comes! Solomon comes!
A thousand guards and a giant of steel,
Ivory wrought in his chariot-wheel,
A sliken standard which hides the sun,
A mantle of Tyrian purple, spun
By the cunningest hands in the wise old East,
So Solomon goes to his mighty feast.

The breath of lutes and the twanged strings sigh—
And the Queen goes by! The Queen goes by!
The Lady of Sheba in cloth of gold
With her hennaed nails and her dark eyes bold,
A peacock perches behind her chair;
The sun lights diamonds in her hair;
The music glows like the heart of wine,
For Sheba goes with the King to dine.

Rattling hoofs through the city's beat,
The shepherd passes along the street
And his out-brown maid is at his side,
He has his pipes and the skies are wide;
His chest is bare to the breeze's kiss;
The thought of eating is honest bliss;
He knows content and his spirit sings—
So a fig, say, for all your Kings!
—Dale Collins in Sydney Bulletin.

A Bad Beginning.

"Your new salesman didn't last long."
"No brains."
"Eh?"
"The first thing he did was to call on one of our best customers and park a lighted cigarette on a \$300 mahogany desk." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

ELNORA MATTISON IS SUMMONED

Mrs. Elnora Mattison died at her home in Independence at 9:30 Monday morning, Nov. 14 at the age of 63 years.

She had been a sufferer from diabetes for many months and two days prior to her death had been brought home from a Salem hospital where she had been for ten days. While physicians held no hope for her recovery, her passing was unexpected.

During her fifteen years residence in Independence, Mrs. Mattison was very prominent in lodge affairs and made a large circle of friends. She also took profound interest in public affairs and has the honor of being the first woman who was ever nominated for an Independence city office. A convention of citizens placed her in the race for councilman and at the subsequent election she was only defeated by a small vote.

Mrs. Mattison was a kind hearted woman and many acts of charity were contributed to her.

Funeral services under the direction of Rev. J. W. ... (continued on last page.)

OREGON Theatre

—SALEM—
Fri. and Sat., Nov. 18-19
Eugene O'Brien
in
"Is Life Worth Living"
Sun., Mon. Nov. 20-21
House Peters
Irene Rich
in
"The Invisible Power"
Clyde Cook
in
"The Guide"
Thanksgiving Day
James Oliver
Curwood's
"God's Country
and the Law"

Dress Up For Thanksgiving

Every man and boy in this section is thankful that Independence has a store where he can come and fit himself out for Thanksgiving holiday or any other time, knowing that he won't get stung in price and that Kreamer will back up everything he guarantees.

Hats, Caps, Collars, Shirts, Neckties, Suits, Underwear, socks and Shoes.

O. A. Kreamer

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

Investigate Then Invest

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