

ONE MORE WEEK BEFORE RACES

Everything is in readiness for what promises to be one of the biggest and most interesting meets of the Independence Driving Club Association, which takes place next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 17, 18 and 19, in the history of the association.

Through the liberal contributions of the citizens of Independence and vicinity the management is able this season to hang up purses which will aggregate in the neighborhood of \$1500. Already telegrams have been received by the secretary entering horses both in the harness and running classes from Roseburg, Grants Pass, Prineville, Portland, McMinnville, The Dalles, St. Paul and some of the speediest stables of the state of Washington. With the largest showing of horses ever present at a meeting of this kind it can readily be seen that there will be something doing when the bells "tap them off."

The association was organized something over three years ago and is today in a healthy financial condition. The Independence club leases the grounds upon which the track is located. It owns the building and other improvements, and the nice thing about it all is they are paid for. This season the grand stand was enlarged and other necessary improvements made to accommodate the larger number of horses which will commence to arrive the early part of next week. The majority of the racing animals are now in attendance at the meet being held at Corvallis this week.

The Independence association, unlike numerous other driving clubs of other places, has the reputation of paying its premiums in full, which makes it an object for those who follow the circuit to participate in the meet, because they are sure of getting their money.

The meet will attract large numbers of sporting men from all parts of the state and you can set it down that there will be something doing in the old town the last three days of next week.

Attend Races at Corvallis

Independence is well represented at the meet of the Corvallis Driving Club Association which opened in that city yesterday and which will continue through today and Saturday. Among the stables represented from this city are those of C. A. McLaughlin, including Kamsack, Misty Pride, Carl Paul, the Princess; Pete Cook's stable of harness horses; Rupert Dickinson, with a stable of gallopers, while W. W. Percival will be represented by the Independence stable. The sporting fraternity of Independence is putting great reliance in the ability of Mr. McLaughlin's stables to sustain the reputation of Independence and Polk county in the Corvallis meet and are banking on his returning home with flying colors and a good fat weasel skin.

Announcement of Summer School

The Enterprise has just received the May number of the University of Oregon Bulletin which announces the summer school to be held at the University from June 28 to August 6. The announcement is important to teachers of Oregon in that the summer session is conducted practically free of charge in their interests at a time when it is possible for them to attend. In the past the larger part of those attending have been teachers. The university believes that it can extend its advantages of library, laboratory, equipment and teaching force in no better way than through the summer school. The courses offered for teachers cover the greater number of the subjects required in the state examinations.

Opposed as Cruel and Inhuman.

O. A. Kramer, who attended the meeting of the State Jewelers' Association at Portland last week reports that a feature of the meeting which caused comment was the passage of a resolution condemning the metalizing of horned toads and other small animals to be used in jewelry. While it is not known that this peculiar form of adornment is used in Independence it is stated that in some places it has become quite a fad. The process by which the unfortunate animals are transformed into jewelry is quite ingenious, but also exceedingly cruel. The live toad is dipped into a hot acid solution and is then ready for plating with the metal desired. The result is a very life-like bangle or pin, but as the sufferings of the animal before it dies must be intense the humane side of the jewelers has caused them to unite in an effort to stop the practice.

Polly of the CIRCUS

BY MARGARET MAYO
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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER VII.

M ANDY had secretly enjoyed the commotion caused by the little circus rider being left in the parsonage, at first because of her inborn love of mischief and later because Polly had become second in her heart only to the pastor. She went about her work, crouching softly during the days of Polly's convalescence. The deep, steady voice of the pastor reading aloud in the pretty window overhead was company. She would often climb the stairs to tell them some bit of village gossip and leave them laughing at a quaint comment about some inquisitive sister of the church who had happened to incur her displeasure.

As spring came on Douglas carried Polly down to the sunlit garden beneath the window, and Mandy fluttered about arranging the cushions with motherly solicitude.

More days slipped by and Polly began to creep through the little, soft leaved trees at the back of the church and to look for the deep, blue, sweet scented violets. When she was able Douglas took her with him to visit some of the outlying houses of the poor. Her woman's instinct was quick to perceive many small needs in their lives that he had overlooked and to suggest simple, inexpensive joys that made them her devoted friends.

Their evenings were divided between making plans for these unfortunate and reading aloud from the Bible or other books.

When Polly gained courage, Douglas sometimes persuaded her to read to him, and the little corrections that he made at these times soon became noticeable in her manner of speech. She was so eager, so starved for knowledge that she drank it as fast as he could give it. It was during their talks about grammar that Mandy generally fell asleep in her rocker, her unfinished sewing still in her lap.

When a letter came from Jim and Toby it was always shared equally by Mandy and Hasty, Polly and the pastor. But at last a letter came from Jim only, and Douglas, who was asked to read it, faltered and stopped after the first few words.

"It's no use my tryin' to keep it from you any longer, Polly," the letter began. "We ain't got Toby with us no more. He didn't have no accident; it wasn't that. He just seemed kinder sick an' allin' like ever since the night we had to leave you behind. I used to get him warm drinks an' things an' try to pull him through, but he was always a-chillin' an' a-schin'. If it wasn't one thing it was another. I done all I knowed you'd 'a' wanted me to, an' the rest of the folks was mighty white to him too. I guess they kinder felt how lonesome he was. He couldn't get no more laughs in the show, so Barker had to put on another man with him. That kinder hurt him, too. I s'pose, an' showed him the way that things was a-goin'. It was just after that he wrote the parson a-tellin' him to never let you come back. He seemed to 'a' got an idee in his head that you was happier where you was. He wouldn't let me tell you 'bout his feelin' rocky, 'cause he thought it might mebber

nuch to it—he just seemed tired an' weasel-like. 'I'm glad he wrote what he did,' he said, meanin' the parson. She knows she allus knows," he whiskered, meanin' you, Polly, an' then he was on his way. He'd already give me what was saved up for you, an' 'I'm sendin' it along with this'—A blue money order for \$250 had fluttered from the envelope when Douglas opened it.

"I got everything ready afore I went on the next day, an' I went up an' saw the little spot on the hill where they was goin' to stow him. It looked kinder nice, an' the digger's wife said she'd put some flowers on it now an' then. It was you what made me think o' that, Polly, 'cause it seemed to me what you would 'a' done. You was allus so daffy about flowers, you an' him."

"I guess this letter's too long for me to be a-sayin' much about the show, but the 'leap-death' girl got her'n last week. She wasn't strong enough for the job nohow. I done what I could for her outside the show, 'cause I knowed how you was allus a-feelin' 'bout her. I guess the 'leap-death's' husband is goin' to jump his job soon if he gets enough saved up, 'cause him an' Barker can't hit it off no more. We got a good deal o' trouble among the animals too. None o' the snakes is sheddin' like they ought to, an' Jumbo's a-carryin' a sixteen foot bandage around that trunk o' his'n 'cause he got too fresh with 'Trixy's' grub the other night, an' the new giraffe got the crop in that seven foot neck o' his'n. I guess you'll think I got the pip for fair this time, so I'll just get on to myself now an' cut this short. I'll be writtin' you ag'in when we hit Morgantown."

"YOUR OLD MUVVER JIM."

Douglas laid the letter gently on the table, his hand still resting upon it. He looked helplessly at the little, shrunken figure in the opposite chair. Polly had made no sound, but her head had slipped lower and lower, and she now sat very quietly with her face in her hands. She had been taught by Toby and Jim never to whimper.

"What a plucky lot they are!" thought Douglas as he considered these three lonely souls, each accepting whatever fate brought with no rebellion or even surprise. It was a strange world of stoics in which these children of the amusement arena fought and lost. They came and went like phantoms, with as little consciousness of their own best interests as of the great, moving powers of the world about them. They felt no throes of envy, no bitterness. They loved and worked and "went their way."

For once the pastor was powerless in the presence of grief. Both he and Mandy left the room quietly, feeling that Polly wished to be spared the outburst of tears that a sympathetic word might bring upon her. They allowed her to remain alone for a time; then Mandy entered softly with a tender good night, and Douglas followed her cheerily as though nothing at all had happened.

It was many weeks before Polly again became a companion to Douglas and Mandy, but they did not intrude upon her grief. They waited patiently for the time when youth should again assert itself and bring back their laughing mate to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Polly understood that Toby was actually gone it seemed to her that she could never laugh again. She had been too young to realize the inevitableness of death when it came to her mother, and now she could scarcely believe that Toby would never, never come back to her. She felt that she must be able to drag him back; that she could not go on without him. She wanted to tell him how grateful she was for all his care of her. She thought of the thousand little things that she might have done for him. She longed to recall every impatient word to him. His gentle, reproachful eyes were always haunting her. "You must come back, Toby!" she cried. "You must!"

It was only when body and mind had worn themselves out with yearning that a numbness at last crept over her, and out of this grew a gradual consciousness of things about her and a returning sense of her obligation to others. She tried to answer in her old, smiling way and to keep her mind upon what they were saying instead of letting it wander away to the past.

Douglas and Mandy were overjoyed to see the color creeping back to her cheeks.

She joined the pastor again in his visits to the poor. The women of the town would often see them passing and would either whisper to each other, shrug their shoulders or lift their eyebrows with smiling insinuations, but Polly and the pastor were too much absorbed in each other to take much notice of what was going on about them.

They had not gone for their walk today because Mandy had needed Polly to help make ready for the social to be held in the Sunday school room to-night.

Early in the afternoon Polly had

seen Douglas shut himself up in the study, and she was sure that he was... when the villainous childer stopped in on the way from school for Mandy's new-made cookies she used her customary trick to get them away. "Tag, you're it!" she cried and then dashed out the back door, pursued by the laughing, screaming youngsters. Mandy followed the children to the porch and stood looking after them as the mad little band scurried about the back yard, darted in and out among the trees, then up the side of the wooded hill, just beyond the church.

The leaves once more were red and yellow on the trees, but today the air was warm and the children were wearing their summer dresses. Polly's little girlish figure looked almost tall by comparison with the children about her. She wore a plain, simple gown of white, which Mandy had helped her to make. It had been cut ankle length, for Polly was now seventeen. Her quaint, old-fashioned manner, her serious eyes and her trick of knotting her heavy brown hair low on her neck made her seem older.

Mandy walked until the children had disappeared over the hill, then bustling about, looking for the step-ladder which Hasty had left under the eaves of the porch. It had been a busy day at the parsonage. A social always meant perturbation for Mandy. She called sharply to Hasty as he came down the path which made a short cut to the village.

"So's youse back, is yo'?" she asked sarcastically.

"Sure 's back," answered Hasty good naturedly as he sank upon an empty box that had held some things for the social and pretended to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

"Massa John done send yo' to de postoffice two hours ago," said Mandy as she took the letters and papers from his hand. "Five minutes is plenty ob time for any nigger to do dat job."

"I done been detained," Hasty drawled.

"Youse always 'tained when dar's any work a-goin' on," Mandy snapped at him.

"Whar's Miss Polly?" Hasty asked, ignoring Mandy's reference to work.

"Nebber yo' mind 'bout Miss Polly. She don't want yo'. Jes' yo' done fetch that step-ladder into de Sunday school room."

"But I wants her," Hasty insisted. "I's been on very 'ticular business what she ought to know 'bout."

"Business?" she repeated. "What kind ob business?"

"I got to fix de Sunday school room," said Hasty as he perceived her growing curiosity.

"You come beah, nigger!" Mandy called, determined that none of the village doings should escape her. "Out wid it!"

"Well, it's 'bout de circus," Hasty answered, seating himself again on the box. "Dey's showin' in Wakefield to-night, an' next month dey's comin' here."

"Dat same circus what Miss Polly used to be wid?" Mandy's eyes grew large with curiosity.

(Continued next week)

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