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 - PACKARD,
 - HOBERT M. CABLE,
 - MILTON,
 - HARRINGTON,
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- AND MANY OTHERS.

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We are pleased to announce to our patrons that we have recently opened a Meat Market on C street, near our former location and will always supply the trade with a choice line of all kinds of meats. Call upon us if you have choice beef, veal, and other meats for the markets.

A. NELSON

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about your auto, how much better you enjoy your outing. When you know that we've looked it over and you don't have to worry about this, that or the other thing getting out of order. What a satisfaction to you. Be on the safe side and bring your car here before starting out.

THE INDEPENDENCE GARAGE, S. H. Edwards

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will positively water proof any surface to which it is applied and is especially adapted for old leaky composition, metal or shingle roofs. REMOLITE is a perfect heat resistor, being the best manufactured for stacks, boilers and all surfaces subjected to intense heat. Can be applied while surface is either hot or cold. Call and see color card and get prices.

Independence Seed & Feed Store
"THEY HAVE IT"

SHOULD WATCH THE LAWYER

Mother-in-Law of Client Has Suspicions of Attorney Who Advised Client Not to Get Divorce.

"Did you see the lawyer?" her mother asked.

"Yes."
"What did he say?"
"He said I had a very poor case. He told me that nearly every man lost his temper sometimes and said harsh things to his wife. Did father ever treat you that way?"

"We are not discussing your father. Did you tell him that George had refused one night when he didn't get home until after 8 o'clock to explain?"

"Yes. And he said I would have to get specific evidence if I hoped to obtain a divorce."

"What did he mean by specific evidence?"

"I asked him that. He explained that I would have to be able to swear that George was where he had no right to be that night."

"Well, for goodness sake, does he think you could be out following your husband around all the time? Did you tell him that George had nearly \$2 less when he got home that night than he had when he went away in the morning?"

"Yes, I told him that; but he said it didn't prove anything. He even advised me not to try to get a divorce and to be reasonable."

"Reasonable? Mabel, that man isn't all right. Oh, how I pity his poor wife. She seems so happy, too. The poor, blind thing! It only shows that all men are alike. I must tell her, the next time I see her, to look out for him."

MISUNDERSTOOD.



"Have you and your husband never had any spats?"
"My husband has a pair, but I wouldn't wear the nasty things."

Muffled Knocks.

"Mibbs, I'm glad to see you living in a respectable neighborhood. Have you got over your feeling of strangeness yet?"

"It's fine to be able to ride in your own automobile, isn't it, old chap? I suppose they demand a chattel mortgage on one of these machines when they sell it."

"This picture doesn't look a bit like you, Miss Oamley, but it's very pleasing to look at."

"Gumwell, you write a beautiful hand; I've seen your signature at the bottom of so many promissory notes, you know."

"I wish I had as much money as you have, Rogers; I'd—er—spend a little of it occasionally."

Kicking With the Tide.

Percy Houghton, the football coach, was talking about queer football games.

"There was a Thanksgiving day game in Philadelphia," he said, "that was played in a deluge of snow and rain, with Franklin field a foot deep in cold, gray slush."

"The Cornell man, who won the toss, said rather bitterly before the game began:

"Do we have to play in this field?"
"Yes, of course you do," was the impatient reply. "Come, come, you've won the toss, which end do you take?"

"Well," said the Cornell man, shaking his head at the gray waste of waters spread before him, "well, I guess we'll kick with the tide."—Philadelphia Press.

Favorite Fiction.

"It will be no trouble at all, I assure you."

"Yes, sir. This gas engine will start just as well in cold weather as in warm."

"I knew him when he wasn't knee high to a grasshopper."

"I shall take great pleasure in doing all I can to secure the position for you."

"My friends, I don't want you to vote for me if you disapprove of my record."

No Faith Healer.

"Oh, mother," sobbed the young wife, "I've discovered that John does not trust me!"

"Why, my child, what has he done?"
"Well, you know, I cooked my first dinner for him today and he invited a friend to dine with him."

The sobs broke out afresh. "And, oh, mother, the man he invited was a doctor!"—Pathfinder.

Why He Switched.

"I notice, senator," said the beautiful girl, "that you are advocating a good many things which you said four years ago would ruin the country."

"Yes."
"What has caused you to believe in them?"

"I don't believe in them, but the public seems to."

COUNTRY FILLED WITH GAME



CROSSING A FORD IN EAST AFRICA

FROM Mozambique to Mombasa is a four days' sail, passing the delightful, palm-covered island of Zanzibar on the way, writes Sir Henry Seton-Karr, C. M. G., a big game hunter. This island deserves a longer visit and a fuller account than I had time to pay or am able to give. But a ten-mile motor drive and a short day's visit afforded a glimpse of its luxuriant cocconut and clove plantations, its beautiful vegetation, its narrow eastern streets and brass-studded doors, and its heterogeneous colored population.

Mombasa, or rather Kilindini (Mombasa being the town), is a fine harbor, the best of shelter, fairly free of access, and with good anchorage. Moreover, it is an increasingly busy port, and a standing witness to the foresight of the late Lord Salisbury when he faced the responsibility of the Uganda railway, of which it is the terminus and the outlet.

My immediate objective in visiting the newest English colony was a month's safari from Nairobi and some big-game hunting. So I left Mombasa by the first available train, and in twenty-four hours had ascended 6,000 feet, through palm grove, tropical jungle, thorn and grass-covered plain and mountain ranges, to the high tableland that makes British East Africa possible as a white man's colony and another cradle for our race. Of this tableland Nairobi is the capital, and the social and political center. Incidentally I was informed that 290 young British wives in and around Nairobi had produced among them during the last two or three years no fewer than 120 bonnie white babies—120 "bundles of possibilities" for the furtherance and future extension of British dominion and Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Great Variety of Sport.

Never have I seen anything like the quantity of big game in any part of the world such as now exist in their thousands in British East Africa. Even Western America thirty years ago had nothing like this wealth of wild fauna. I rather doubt if South America in its pioneer days equaled it in this respect. For some hours before reaching Nairobi thousands of sebra, hartebeeste (kongoni), gazelle of various kinds ("Grant's" and "tommy's") can be seen from the railway carriage windows dotting the plains and grass-covered, tree-sprinkled hillsides through which the railway runs. Herds of wildebeeste are almost always in sight; also other varieties of buck or antelope, such as Impala and oribi. Also an occasional rhino, and frequently a herd of giraffe.

One has heard so much of hunting parties visiting Nairobi of late years and returning in every case laden with spoils and trophies of the chase, that I had a sort of feeling beforehand that the game would soon be all killed, unless one hurried up and went soon. But now the mystery was solved. The country is so fertile, pastoral and extensive, and the climate so equable, that it is capable of maintaining an almost incredible amount of game.

The game is there, and has not been recklessly slaughtered and squandered in the past. It is now only shot in a sportsmanlike manner, under strict regulation as to numbers and locality—some rarer kinds being absolutely protected—and only on payment of a substantial license fee; and so the consequence is that, if anything, the game is increasing in numbers, not diminishing. In fact, the boot is on the other leg. The question is whether, in some districts, the commoner kinds of game are too numerous and should not, in the interests of settlers and their fencing and crops, be greatly reduced in numbers or even altogether killed off.

So far as my own hunting experiences are concerned, I enjoyed a most delightful and productive three weeks' safari, during the course of which I shot about forty head of big game, either for meat or for trophies, including eighteen different varieties, among them a great python sixteen feet long. I am bound to confess, in my view, that there is no great sporting merit in obtaining the ordinary common big game trophies of East Africa, such as wildebeeste, hartebeeste, the various kinds of gazelle and smaller antelope, zebra and warthog, all of which are to be found on the open plains and outside long grass and jungle. It is merely a question of how long one stays out and how many cartridges one uses.

Poor Opinion of Lion.

There are, however, other varieties of big game much harder to find and shoot, and in the hunting of which some woodcraft and intelligence, as well as straight shooting, are required,

and there is more danger to be faced. The dangerous game are the lion and leopard, the rhino, buffalo and elephant. As a matter of fact, these are all hard to find in the grassy, jungly ravines and thick forests in which they hide during the day. Lion hunting, in particular, is the most "chancy" sport possible. This great carnivora only feeds at night, and kills once in twenty-four or forty-eight hours—some authorities say the latter. He is somewhat generously styled the king of beasts, being, as a rule, a sneaking, crawling, night-prowling brute, hiding away in deep ravines and thick reedbeds until night comes, when he goes forth to hunt. Some sportsmen have been years in Africa without getting a shot at a lion; others drop across one in the first week.

I was not fortunate enough on this trip to get a shot at a lion, though I saw three, and heard several others at night grunting and roaring close to camp.

My most exciting experiences were with buffalo. This great mammal is a fine sporting beast, and I have the greatest respect for him. On the whole I consider him to be the most dangerous game I have ever hunted. He is massive and powerful, extraordinarily quick in his movements for so large and heavy a creature, endowed with great vitality and very hard to kill. Also he plays the game of hide-and-seek in the grassy ravines and jungle of his native home with much success; and when hunted and wounded, turns on his pursuer with the utmost determination and ferocity. In fact, he plays the game to perfection.

REWARD APPEALED TO HIM

Saving Girls' Lives Would Be Attractive if Unlimited Kisses Followed Brave Action.

While reading the paper 'other morning I noticed that a sweet Boston lass who was saved from being run over by a train by a brave man, rewarded him with a kiss.

This trifling little incident has suggested to me wonderful possibilities along this line. Soon as I can find the time to get around to it, I'm gonna go into the life-saving business—in the life-saving of charming young ladies. I'm just gonna hang around railroad tracks and on street corners where traffic is thickest and where there is a congestion of motor cars and at all other dangerous places I can find—just stick around, you understand, waiting for an opportunity to save some sweet thing's life for her.

Yassir, I'll butt right in where angels fear to tread—carrying my life in one hand and my courage in the other. When I see a sweet and altogether charming maiden standing bewildered on a railroad track or in front of an oncoming truck or behind a buzz wagon that is backing up, I'll holler, "Fear not, fair creature—I will save you!" Then I'll jump right in, pick her up in my arms and carry her to safety.

Having saved the girl's life for her, I'll stand there waiting to be kissed, and if she doesn't kiss me I'll be pretty doggone sore. If she doesn't kiss me, do you know what I'll do? I'll send her dad a bill for saving his daughter's life.—Boston Post.

Poison Kills in Forty-nine Years.

Abraham D. Tompkins is dead at Tarrytown, N. Y., indirectly the victim of a poisoning plot 49 years ago. In February, 1864, Tompkins' sister Theresa received a letter from a jealous lover warning her not to keep company with a certain young man. She did not heed the warning, and arsenic was placed in the well. She was the first to be taken ill, and died within a week. Another sister was bedridden for 25 years before she died. Tompkins was paralyzed through his left side from the poison, but although a cripple he had been able to run a little news store. The man who placed the poison in the well was never caught.

Kills Two Wildcats.

Charles A. Myers, a flagman on the Pennsylvania railroad, killed two wild cats with a club he was carrying. Myers was flagging the rear of his train on the Columbia and Port Deposit railroad at Haines station when attacked by the animals. The train had stopped near a strip of woods and the wildcats, half-grown ones, attacked so suddenly Myers had scarcely time to defend himself. He came out of the battle with his face scratched and his clothes torn to shreds.

LITTER NEEDED BY POULTRY

One of Most Essential Requirements of Chicks, as It Promotes Growth and Development.

(By C. C. SHERLOCK.)

Outside of food, grit and water, litter is the most important thing about the poultry house. It induces exercise, which is essential to the growth and development of the chicks. The poultryman should always be careful as to the material he supplies for the litter. Be sure it is clean and dry—never use musty or moldy litter. It will be disastrous. Many hens have been killed in musty litter.

The litter should be of a material easily digested, for it is a well-known fact that the fowls consume a large per cent. of their litter. Dry leaves make a good litter, but cannot be digested. Straw is excellent for the older fowls, but it is not advisable for the baby chicks.

Cut clover or cut alfalfa make the best litter one could provide for the chicks. It is easily digestible, inexpensive, and is easily procured. Sand makes a good scratch material, but the little chicks are apt to eat too much of it, as they do not have a very good idea as to what they should eat. A mixture of cut clover and sand sprinkled on the floors of the brooders is hard to beat.

Never allow the litter to become damp. Dampness is the greatest enemy of chicks. Remove it every day and oftener if the weather is very damp.

OUR MOST DESTRUCTIVE BIRD

Cooper's Hawk is Strong Enough to Carry Away Good-Sized Chicken or Cotton-Tail Rabbit.

(By W. L. MATEEL)

Cooper's hawk may be taken as a type of the group of hawks whose habits are responsible for the condemnation of birds of prey as a whole. This group includes three species: Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk and the goshawk. They are often spoken of as blue starters, a name which expresses a characteristic difference in their manner of hunting from that of other hawks. The



Cooper's Hawk.

course over the country at great speed and capture their prey by sudden darts, seizing their victims while in full flight.

Cooper's hawk, which occurs throughout the United States, is preeminently a "chicken hawk," and is by far the most destructive species we have to contend with, not because it is individually worse than the goshawk, but because it is so much more numerous than the aggregate damage done far exceeds that of all other birds of prey.

It is strong enough to carry away a good-sized chicken, grouse, or cottontail rabbit. It is especially fond of domesticated doves and when it finds a coté easy of approach, it usually takes a toll of one or two a day. Practically every stomach of Cooper's hawk examined in experiments have contained remains of wild birds or poultry.

POULTRY NOTES

Feed your fowls a variety of foods. Get in plenty of litter for the winter scratching.

Alaying flock of fowls will drink about seven quarts of water a day. Hens will not lay when permitted to run about the farm in the wet and cold.

A large part of the food for poultry should be grains because they are natural grain eaters. Green food of some kind is necessary to make hens do their best in the line of egg production.

All laying and growing chickens must have some kind of meat food in order to do their best.

Sudden fright and excitement at once tells on the egg crop. Never allow strange dogs about where the hens are.

Light framed birds that mature quickly, such as Leghorns and Minorcas, should not be kept with those of the heavier fowls.

The male bird is the most important individual in a breeding pen through which to raise the egg laying qualities of young fowls.

Visit the chicken house at night. Note the quality of the air, and the breathing of the birds. If the house is stifling, it needs more air.

White of the egg is recommended in cases of fracture in chickens, for soaking the bandages, thus binding them together and stiffening.

Exercise produces warmth, provides pleasure and promotes health, therefore it is well to let hens hunt in a deep litter of straw for all their grain.