

Memory Bells

Connie looked down to the busy street, through a blur of snowflakes. At least, Connie told herself determinedly that snowflakes were accountable for the blur; then, she wiped her eyes.

"It's Merry Christmas," she said to her old yellow dog, who ever heard of Christmas the Merry? So cheer up, and let's join in the game."

"Shopper" just around the corner stood longest of all, at once into Connie's bright eyes a speculative light. The dog was full of small framed pictures of them with the Christmas. There were the usual children looking up broad, there were landscapes of fields with distant windows. Connie studied them all; she was in vision the winding hill the place where she had spent summer vacation; the church swaying bell in the steeple, the little bridge over the deep, the stream where countless had sat and courted. The old dog had been Connie's volunteer, and she with the pink coming in her withered cheeks, the brown husband had asked, and answered—his question. The dog had been Connie's volunteer, and she with the pink coming in her withered cheeks, the brown husband had asked, and answered—his question. The dog had been Connie's volunteer, and she with the pink coming in her withered cheeks, the brown husband had asked, and answered—his question.

Mr. Hubert Armstrong came directly to business.

"Your sketches have for me a double interest, Miss Carroll," he said.

"You have drawn remarkably some of the happiest scenes of my boyhood. Scenes which I am ashamed to say I had half-forgotten. The world of business absorbs much of human kindness I am afraid, and sometimes a struggle for success causes us to leave much that is tender behind. I am grateful to you for awakening in me that tenderness which I had almost buried."

The man's voice broke huskily. He drew forth an old sitting-room picture.

"Peace on Earth" was the name she had given it.

"That," said Hubert Armstrong, "is the living room of my home in Hillcrest—the place where I was born. This white-haired woman's profile is the peaceful profile of my long-lost mother. That little bulging stocking might have been my own stocking, just as it used to hang there years ago—Tell me—his tone was eager, "how did you come by your dream?"

"I visited last summer," Connie told him, "in that same old house in Hillcrest with Mrs. Martha Snow, who invited me."

The man nodded hastily.

"I see," he said, "it is quite simple after all. Martha Snow is my mother's widowed sister." A dull red crept to his cheek.

"I had almost forgotten that Aunt Martha asked me years ago to allow her to continue on in the old home-stand. It was left mine by will. So she's there yet, and the church bell still chimes out for Christmas!"

"You have sounded the memory bells for me, Miss Carroll."

It seemed that the purchaser had almost forgotten her in his musings. Now that she looked at him closely his face was threaded by lines of care, his fine eyes sorrowful beneath their sternness. Connie put forth a friendly hand.

"Why," she said, "so you are Martha Snow's nephew. Then there can be no question of bargain between us, the pictures are freely yours."

The man spoke abruptly.

"You paint to sell do you not?" he asked. "Isn't that what your studio is for?"

Connie shook her head ruefully.

"Mostly," she replied, "my studio is just to live in."

"And you live alone?"

"I am quite alone in the world," she told him gravely.

Then her irrepressible smile broke forth.

"Unless," she added, "you would count Prowler?" She caught the cat in her arms.

"I—live—alone—too," Hubert Armstrong said slowly.

"I know what it means. There's not much difference between the gilded walls of an apartment and these walls of yours here."

"Not when it comes to loneliness," Connie agreed. "We were going to look much more cheerful," she went



Connie Studied Them All.

on, "when you interrupted us with your knock. I was climbing the ladder to hang a holly wreath."

"Let me do it for you," the man said. Before she could refuse his assistance he was on the ladder, the wreath in his hands.

"That's better," Connie told him as she stood looking up at the crimson berries.

"It's the first time in years," Hubert Armstrong said with a boyish laugh. "That I've done that sort of thing. Gives me a thrill of old Christmas. Makes me wish for a fireplace with a filled stocking before it. The fireplace of your picture makes me long to go skating on a creek—your creek, back at Hillcrest. Makes me want to taste turkey again over the old dining-room table."

"Yes!" breathed Connie, "and hear the church bell ring out across the snow."

Eager-eyed the man gazed into those other eager eyes beneath his own.

"Let's do it," he said impulsively.

"Let us have a real, joyful old-fashioned sort of Christmas, you and I, back at Aunt Martha's. I will call her on the phone. It would delight her heart."

"It would be just 'peace on earth' to me," Connie said happily.

And that Christmas eve as she gazed wide awake through her attic window the moon shone down through the holly wreath.

"Merry Christmas," whispered Connie while the old moon smiled benignly with a promise of happy Christmases to come.

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WHEN BLANKET IS REMOVED

Russians May Be a Great People When the Bolshevik Cloud Has Been Dissipated.

Nobody can tell what a horse looks like until his blanket is taken off. Who knows! When this unspeakable bolshevik screen is removed maybe the Russians will emerge as a great race. Every people has done hard and queer things at times. "Glad" writes in the Philadelphia Press.

Oxford university is, perhaps, the intellectual center of the earth, and yet Oxford was so benighted that it burned the books of John Milton, as blasphemous. It was Oxford, also, which declared during the Revolutionary war, "that Americans as a people have forfeited their lives and their fortunes in the justice of a state."

Now look at the other side. In that same war, the czar of Russia refused to sell 20,000 soldiers to King George to fight against George Washington.

And we, here in the United States constantly abuse the Turk, who kills an Armenian now and then, and forget how we killed the Indians for three centuries. On one occasion, the zealous Christians of New England, not far from Harvard, shut up 700 Pequots in a modern prison and, according to John Fiske, all but five were burned to death or murdered.

So I say that in the next century the Russian and the Turk may travel around the circle as fast as John Bull and Uncle Jonathan have in the last hundred or two years.

WHEN LIGHT DAWNED ON HIM

Young Man Understood Why the Maiden at First Shrank From His Warm Embrace.

After the glory of the setting sun it was dark. The man felt afraid as he stumbled on after his companion who, woman-like, went straight ahead, regardless of all obstacles.

Angry murmurs from the unseen people whose toes they trampled on followed them like the wash of a steamer. But she paid no heed; to him fell the duty of muttering apologies.

Just as despair was seizing him he saw her straight ahead. She had obtained a seat. And investigation showed that the one next to hers was empty. Into it he sank thankfully. The picture was one of love and bravery, with the usual fair heroine and handsome hero and beetle-browed villain. As they watched he slipped an arm around her slender waist and drew her to him.

She struggled for a moment, much to his surprise. Then she yielded, and he felt her nestle close to his manly chest.

Five minutes later the picture ended, and the lights went up. Then he understood—he was embracing the wrong girl.—London Answers.

Beautiful Oregon Waterfalls.

Waterfalls that rival in beauty the most splendid cataracts of the Pacific northwest have just been discovered on the western slope of the Cascades in Oregon. Although within 40 miles of Portland, a city of 250,000 people, no white man, so far as the records show, had ever seen them until recently.

The falls lie almost in the center of Bull Run forest reserve, set aside by the government to protect Bull Run river the source of Portland's water supply. The reserve is closed to all visitors except employees of the government, and of the city of Portland, who may go there on business, a precaution taken to protect the timber of the watershed against fires that might be started by careless campers.

The reserve, which includes 222 square miles of mountains and forest, was set aside by congress in 1892, and has been closely guarded ever since.

Seems Like Decree of Fate.

After being in a number of the worst battles fought during the World War, where he successfully dodged bullets and all other death-dealing missiles to the extent of saving his life, although hit 22 times in a way to cause grievous wounds, Richard J. Foran, thirty-two years old, was instantly killed by lightning a few days ago while standing under a tree a short distance from his home near Paterson, N. J. The bolt marked his forehead with a scar, as well as his right thigh and right leg from the knee to the ankle; tore off the rim of his hat, both shoes and his trousers from the hip.

Foran served in the war with the Three Hundred and Ninth Machine Gun battalion and seemed to have led a charmed life. But when old Jupiter Fulminator hurled a bolt at him there was no escape. Fortune had deserted and his career was ended.

Mark Memorial Trees.

Regardless of how thoughtfully the trees have been selected and how thoroughly the planting has been done, there remains intelligent care to have them live and thrive, says the American Forestry association of Washington, which will register your memorial trees on its national honor roll. Many planters have been disappointed with the results of their work because they considered their job completed when the last shovelful of soil was placed around the tree.

Neat Worker.

"Father, please let me marry Jim. He's so neat. Why, when he was in France he got two medals for cleaning out dugouts and mopping up."—The American Legion Weekly.

We wish to extend to you

PEOPLES CASH STORE

Salem, Oregon

The People's Friend

OREGON GROWER NOTES FOR THE FRUIT MAN

With the rather bad weather to be expected during the next few weeks, the fruit grower can put in his time on inside work, mending boxes, etc. It is also suggested that now would be a good time to remodel dryers if necessary, rather than to wait until the busy season.

It is not too late to spray with Bordeaux for anthracnose. Although rather late, better late than not at all.

Growers who have pruning might begin now to relieve the rush of work next spring.

Good results are obtained by the application of nitrate soda on loganberries during the month of March. Some report increased diameter as well as of length of cane. Those who intend to use this fertilizer should be placing orders.

The business of the Oregon Growers Cooperative association has assumed such proportions that during the month of November, checks were issued for \$540,199.23 by the association and its affiliating company the Oregon Growers Packing corporation, according to a report of W. I. Staley, secretary and treasurer.

The good results of advertising and cooperation were shown in an address recently delivered by C. I. Lewis of the Oregon Growers Cooperative association, before the state Horticultural society, in session at Eugene.

Four years ago, Mr. Lewis said, the peach growers of California were a discouraged lot. Many were grubbed out as peaches were selling for two cents a pound, below the cost of production.

The growers got together, formed a cooperative association and by judicious advertising, created a demand for certain peaches. This year's crop was sold for \$8,000,000, an average of \$340 a ton to the grower. The California Peach Growers association is now four years old. It has 6,500 members and controls 40,000 acres. Co-operation, among growers, Mr. Lewis said, had in four years brought the peach industry in California from almost financial ruin to an established prosperous business.

SUNDBERG PHONE MANAGER

C. B. Sundberg resumed his former position as manager of the Willamette Telephone company last week. After an absence of a year and a half, Mr. Sundberg has again taken up his duties as general manager of the Dallas, Independence, Monmouth and Falls City branch of the telephone company. H. M. Richardson, former incumbent has gone to Portland and will later go to Washington state, where he will have charge of a telephone exchange.—Observer.

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Keep It Fresh

Our meat is perfectly fresh and sound when we sell it to you, and if you keep it that way in your ice box until you are ready to cook and serve it, you will be well pleased with its flavor and tenderness. Try our meats.

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