

HOFFER'S VIEW OF IT.

What the Editor of the Capital Journal Thinks of Oil Prospects.

Dallas has good prospects of becoming a great oil field if such a thing is ever to transpire in Oregon. Then Beaumont, Texas, will be forgotten and a city will be built at the old county seat of Polk that will put Salem in the shade. Out about three miles, on the Ben Whiteaker place, drill has been going on since December 1. The pipe is down 1,300 feet—a 10-inch steel casing. George H. Enory, of Portland, is president of the Oregon Oil and Pipe Line company; John Farrell is president of the Dallas Oil company, Ed Bidwell, of the Dallas foundry and machine shops, is vice-president, and V. E. Fiske is secretary. J. L. Castle is treasurer and is running for county treasurer on the assembly ticket.

The Dallas Oil company has bounded 120 acres on the McRee place 2-1-2 miles west of Dallas, where operations will commence in a few weeks with an 82 foot California derrick and rig of the latest type.

About \$20,000 has been invested and expended on these two wells. This field has the approval of M. M. Taylor, a general expert for the Standard Oil company, who has drilled more than 100 other one man in the United States.

Gas burns 10 feet high over the drill hole of the Whiteaker well. The hole always brings big showings of oil. The gas comes up through 1,200 feet of water and this shows what a gas pressure there is on the well.

F. L. Ziegler, who has bored oil wells in Ohio, Indiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado and California, is in charge of the drilling and says the work so far is about the same in formation as in Oklahoma. The oil and gas field in that state is one of the most extensive in the United States. He says the best wells have the least gas, the drill going through to the oil sand. In West Virginia and California wells are large producers at 3,000 feet deep. Most wells are producers at an average depth of 2,000. Oil men have been here from California, from Seattle and Victoria, who say the outlook is excellent from every standpoint. The success of the Dallas oil wells would benefit Salem and the whole Willamette valley.

FORMER DALLASITE.

Death Comes to Wife of Former Editor of the Itemizer.

During the year 1882-3 the Itemizer was edited by Rev. John S. McCain, it occupying the building where Mrs. Martha Burns lives, and he, wife and daughter lived in a house on the site of Chapman's undertaking parlors. McCain passed away some years ago and now his second wife follows him. Mistaking a door leading to the basement for one leading from the kitchen to the dining room, Mrs. J. S. McCain, of Medford, Friday plunged head first into the basement to the farmer home at Salem, sustaining injuries to her person which caused her death a few hours afterwards. Mrs. McCain was the mother of Ray L. Farmer, of the firm of Wade, Pearce & Co., hardware merchants and came to Salem a few days before to visit her son. Friday forenoon she went to meet the postman and upon her return to the house, began passing the mail. So intently did she become occupied with it that, after entering the house and while making her way as she believed, from the kitchen to the dining room, she mistook the door leading to the basement for the dining room door and fell head first into it. In falling her head struck against the hard stone floor, and when picked up she was unconscious. Medical attention was summoned, but her injuries were fatal and she died shortly after the accident. She was 71 years of age and leaves, besides her son, a brother in Idaho and another in California. The funeral was held at Medford Sunday.

SHORE-BELSHAW WEDDING.

Spokane Girl Marries Man From Dallas.

A pretty home wedding was that of Miss Hazel Belshaw and Walter W. Shore of Dallas, Oregon, which was solemnized last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Belshaw, E 303, Indiana avenue. The marriage took place at 8 P. M. W. W. Hindley, of Pilgrim Congregational church officiating. The bride was attended. She wore a handsome gown of blue crepe silk. Her bouquet was a shower of sweet peas. The decorations in the rooms were particularly attractive and were done with pink carnations and sweet peas.

The nuptial music was a pretty feature. Before the ceremony, William Clark sang "The Dawn" by D'Harden and "Humoresque" was a piano selection by Miss Neva Green.

Following the ceremony refreshments were served to the wedding guests, of whom there were 35.

Mr. and Mrs. Shore have gone to the Coast for a honeymoon trip and will make their home at Dallas, where Mr. Shore is engaged in a mercantile business with his father.—Spokane Review of August 10th.

Obituary.

J. D. Carroll was born October 14, 1818, in Clark county, Indiana, and died August 5, 1910, in Union, Oregon, of heart failure. He was married to Amanda N. Bennett in Clark county, Illinois, in 1840, and emigrated to Oregon in the spring of 1864, arriving at Union the 25th of September of that year, where he has lived continuously since. He lost his wife June 18, 1897. They were the parents of eleven children, two of whom died, one in infancy, the other, J. M. Carroll, well and favorably known as an attorney in Union, died December 23, 1905, in this place. Mr. Carroll joined the Masonic fraternity in 1893, and was the last surviving charter member of the Blue Lodge of Union. There were present at the funeral six members of the immediate family: J. E. Carroll, the oldest son; Mrs. A. Garren, of North Astoria; Mrs. Alice Cooper, of Dallas, Ore.; Mrs. Alice Cooper, of this city, with whom Father Carroll lived; Hal Cooper, of Portland, a grandson; and Mrs. E. H. Vernon, of V. Vernon, Wash. Others of the family not able to be present are: W. T. Carroll, Eugene; E. L. Carroll, Fowler; Colorado; Mrs. A. McGregor, Vancouver, B. C.; and Mrs. Fannie Wilkinson, of Pandion.—Union Republican.

In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough. Sold by all dealers.

ALL TO BUSY.

Farmers Come not to Town to Hear Toose and Hoffer.

The political debate at the city park Saturday afternoon did not draw any great attendance of farmers. Quite a number of the towns people and a few outsiders braved the strong wind blowing to listen to the arguments put forth, but everyone seemed to be not overly anxious. From the talk on the streets about the debate public opinion seemed to be that Toose was the best speaker, but that Hoffer had the right on his side. Frank Mulkey, candidate for Hawley's seat in Congress, came over with Colonel Hoffer from Salem, and made a still hunt for votes during the afternoon. If the talk heard on the streets Saturday afternoon is any criterion, the voters of Polk are overwhelmingly against assembly methods, and in favor of doing their own voting without dictation from the bosses.

HURT IN RUNAWAYS.

Independence Citizens Meet Accidents Last Week.

Last Friday evening the horse which F. Moseman drives to his milk wagon, ran away, causing serious injury to Mr. Moseman, who was delivering the evening milk to his customers. He had stopped at the residence of Van Dorn, and after taking in the milk was returning with the empty bottles, when the horse became uneasy and started to run. Mr. Moseman, being near, was unable to get into the wagon and get hold of the lines, but just then the horse swerved to one side with such momentum that Mr. Moseman was thrown out. He was thrown with great force on one knee in such a manner that the ligaments were torn loose and the knee injured so that he will be unable to walk with it again for a number of weeks. Very little damage resulted to the rig. Mrs. Carrie Peck met with a severe accident last Sunday evening. The accident occurred when Mr. and Mrs. Peck started out for a drive. They had driven up in front of the Williams & Peck blacksmith shop where Mr. Peck got out to get a buggy whip. He had barely left the rig when the horse became frightened and ran away. At the bank corner the horse ran the buggy into the sidewalk, where Mrs. Peck was thrown out. She struck the concrete walk on her face sustaining severe lacerations, spraining her right wrist and bruising her right shoulder.—Enterprise.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Dallas People Have Absolute Proof of Deeds at Home.

It's not words, but deeds that prove true merit. The deeds of Doan's Kidney Pills. For Dallas kidney sufferers, have made their local reputation. Proof lies in the testimony of Dallas people who have been cured to stay cured.

Mrs. Mary Hubbard, Levens street, Dallas, Ore., says: My back and hips were painful and I could not stoop or move quickly without suffering most severely. I had been using Doan's Kidney Pills for some time and they entirely cured me. I can say that this preparation is an excellent one for kidney complaint." (Statement given August 29, 1907.)

RE-ENDORSEMENT.

On December 8, 1909, Mrs. Hubbard added to the above: "My former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills still holds good. This remedy has been of great benefit to me and I am always pleased to say a word in its favor. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan, Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other."

Claud Kurte Honored.

C. G. Hefley and daughter, Florence, left Wednesday morning of last week for Newkewin and arrived there in the evening in time to partake of the 6 o'clock dinner given by Mrs. Claud Kurte in honor of the birthdays of Messrs. Peter Kurte and Donald Bolter. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kurte and daughters, Nollie and Susie, Mrs. M. E. Hendricks and little daughter, Mr. Marion, of Minnville, Miss Lena Griffith, of Portland, Mr. Donald Bolter, Mr. and Mrs. Hefley and daughters, Florence and Joe, and Mr. and Mrs. Claud Kurte and two children, Ernest and Doris. The rest of the evening was spent on the beach by camp fires.—Monmouth Herald.

Married at Newberg.

Harry G. Phelps, of Newberg, and Miss Dottie Smith, of Polk county, were united in marriage by Rev. Geo. C. Ritchey at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Phelps in Newberg, Wednesday evening August 10, 1910. May long life and happiness attend them is the wish of their many friends both here and in Polk county.—Newberg Enterprise.

One View of the Matter.

Dallas has had no case in its police court for the past three months and the citizens of that place feel justly proud of such a recommendation for their city. Dallas is one of the many towns in Oregon that has no saloons, and consequently very little business for a police court, which, in cities where it flourishes deals almost entirely with the drunks. Such a condition puts the ban of untruth upon the oft repeated assertion that there is more drunkenness in dry towns than there is in those having saloons.—Amity Standard. The Standard's conclusion in the matter might be correct had not Dallas equalled that record a number of times when she had three and four saloons running.

Wonder Who He Means?

No man who produces a newspaper that is at least twenty-five years behind the times from a mechanical standpoint should be elected state printer. The office should have a practical, up-to-date member of the "art preservative," one who would be a credit to the "profession," and not one whose production has the appearance of having been "set" with shoe-pigs and printed on a hay press.—Cottage Grove Sentinel.

THE JEWISH SABBATH.

Its Influence on the Habits of the Hebrew Children.

The Hebrew Sabbath, including its complicated preparations, is rich and impressive material for a child's imagination. On Thursday evening the mother already prepares dough, goes to market, cleans the fish, etc., says the American Hebrew.

In the morning comes the baking of "challahs" (breads). How bewitching for a child to watch the mother making different shapes of dough, smearing it with egg and decorating it with braids of different shapes and forms. A Jewish child gets the first lesson in modeling by making make believe "challahs."

In the evening the mother prepares to meet the Sabbath. The child partakes in the household occupations and therefore gets habits of industry, order and regard for the rights and ideas of others and the fundamental habit of subordinating his activities to the general interest of the household.

This is especially true in regard to Jewish households where everything seems to be prescribed by law. Before darkness sets in on Friday the housewife lights in the dining room extra candles or a special lamp in honor of Sabbath and reads the blessing. Quite often a child not yet able to talk will cover his face with his little palms, imitating the gestures of the devoted mother. The returning from the synagogue, the appreciation of the "Good Sabbath," the Kiddush, the blessing over wine, the special menu and the holiday spirit of all who participate have undoubtedly a soothing, beneficent influence upon the child. After supper the time is spent in resting.

FIRST SHAPE OF EELS.

Strait of Messina Revealed Mystery of the Snake-like Fish.

In the strait of Messina are channels of immense depth, through which a wild tide surges, and owing probably to irregularities at the bottom there are whirling eddies which have the effect of bringing up from the depths below many marine creatures which are rarely seen except in the deep sea trawls.

It was here that the larval form of a fresh water eel was first discovered, an incident which threw a blaze of light on the life history of a very mysterious fish. All kinds of theories had been given forth with regard to the propagation of the eel. Some naturalists declared they bred in fresh water, others that they visited the estuaries for spawning purposes, but thanks to the discovery of Messina and later captures of the eel in its larval form it is practically certain that after mature eels drop down our rivers in autumn they lie there to exceedingly deep water in the sea and there deposit their eggs.

From the egg comes a little ribbon shaped creature, the larval form. In due course this changes into an eel of still smaller size, strange to say, and these small eels or eelers afterward ascend our rivers, and there remain until they reach maturity, when they in their turn descend to the sea and history is repeated.—London Telegraph.

Horses in Literature.

In sacred writ it has been worthy of record that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, while the description of the war steed in Job is accounted one of the finest parts of that piece of literature. In Greek myth and English satire the qualities ascribed to Centaur and the Houghhounds testify sufficiently to the high regard in which the horse has ever been held. The name of Bucephalus is inseparably coupled with that of Alexander. At least one Roman emperor had divine honors paid to his charger. Who can picture Don Quixote sleeping on his armor without seeing the princely Rosinante tethered under the dewy night? And the stirring incidents of John Gilpin's ride conclusively proved that the racing blood of far removed equine ancestors was not entirely wanting in the degenerate descendant.

Got All He Asked For.

Another "meekest man" has been found. He lives in the city and conducts a thriving business. The other day a needy individual approached him and said: "Say, mister, I'm hungry and would like to get a nickel to get a cup of coffee and a roll. I have four pennies and only need one more. Please give me a penny."

The man after searching himself said: "I haven't got a penny. All I have is a nickel. Give me your four cents in change, and I will give you the nickel."

The beggar requests that his name be not mentioned in connection with the item.—Chicoutout Enquirer.

Doubtful Praise.

Stippler—Did Miss Kittle admire your paintings? Dobler—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobler—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise. Dobler—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves in the Meadow."—New York Journal.

Music Lovers.

"How do you know those people are sincere lovers of music?" "By the fact," replied Miss Cayenne, "that they compelled their youngest boy to stop trying to learn to play the piano."—Washington Star.

Soup Marks.

Guest—You called "Mina." Is that the blond, the dark one or the old woman? Walter—How do you know our cooks? Guest—By the soup.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Her Very Picture.

He (trapped)—I adore everything that is grand, exquisite, eminent. I love the pictures, the serene, the perfect in life. She (flushing coyly)—Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?

Our Neighbor.

What is meant by our neighbor we cannot doubt. It is every one with whom we are brought into contact, whoever he be, whom we have any means of helping.—Denn Stanley.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE PROCRASTINATOR.

We delay daily all the day In idleness and song. And then we wonder why it is We do not get along.

And when the day is at a close We sigh half the night, And still we cannot comprehend Why things don't work out right.

We sit serenely in the sun And whittle on a stick Or tune our little light guitar And simple music pick.

And when the day comes to an end In looking at the score Discover we are only where We were the day before.

We make resolves as to our rest We tumble in at night That on the day that's just ahead We'll work with all our might. And when the morning comes along We quite forget to try. And it resembles to a T. The one that's just gone by.

And so we run our life along In planning to succeed. And if we drag a living out In luck we are indeed. And while we wait and wait While eons roll away And rest as sweetly as the ones Who labor every day.

A Setback. "Too bad about Joe." "What's the matter?" "He sprained his arm, and they are afraid he never can pitch again, so his folks are going to make a doctor or something of that sort out of him."

Needs to Be Careful.

"That girl has a lot of money." "Then she would better look out." "Why?" "She is likely to have a job lot of husbands if she doesn't."

Up to the Collector. Teacher—A man bought ten bushels of potatoes for 30 cents a bushel and sold them for 10 cents a peck. Did he gain or lose and how much?

Willie (whose father was in business)—Depends on who he sold them to.

He Lacks It. Man wants a little here below. With I should truly smile. He wants a little, don't you know, And wants it all the while.

As Usual. "What's the matter with her?" "You know she has always wanted the experience of being in love."

"Yes." "Well, now she is in love, and she is mad about it."

Somewhat Backward. "He doesn't seem to keep up with the times." "Not quite."

"I suppose he will be learning to ride a bicycle next year."

Convincing. "He is a truly good man." "Is he really?" "Yes; he admits it."

PERT PARAGRAPHS. Ever notice how you suspect either the motive or the sanity of the individual who isn't awfully after the 5?

Being upright and straightforward is trying to the soul when ways and means are devious.

The man who didn't mean to hurt four feelings ought to be fed his own medicine.

Anyway, it is a lot nicer to be a leader than a driver.

Money is good for a great deal if there is a great deal of money.

Her Transformation. Irene was a little street waif. A kind hearted woman called her into her home one day, gave her a bath, brushed her hair and arranged it becomingly, trying to give her a clean pretty ribbon, then stepped back to view the result. A friend who was present remarked that there was such a change one would scarcely know that it was the same child. Then the little girl spoke up timidly. "But my name's Irene yet, ain't it?"—Delineator.

Mr. O'Donnell and the Hour. An excellent bull was perpetrated in half past 1 o'clock. Mr. O'Donnell was the author. He rose suddenly to his feet and cut into the debate with, "At this late hour of the morning, Mr. Speaker."

"Early hour you mean," from the government benches.

"Well, Mr. Speaker," he continued, "at this early hour of the following day."

True Enough. Irritated Citizen—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with that street organ and leading such a lazy life? Street Organist—Lazy life? Why, sir, with me it is one long daily grind.—Echo.

He Lived Well. He—Yes, he lives on the fat of the land. She—What is he? He—An anti-fat medicine manufacturer.—Comic Cuts.

Life's a reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.—George Eliot.

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