

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN POLK COUNTY
THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

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Residence, 762. No. 506 Main St.
Patronize One Another for the Upbuilding of Town and County.

IF YOU WERE BORN IN AUGUST

YOU will have unusually clear judgment, originality, great personal magnetism; will be emotional, good at planning for others, strong in your likes and dislikes. You will be certain to succeed if you will act instead of building air-castles. You should strive for balance and self control. You should not marry too young, preferably a person born in September, October or December. To harmonize with your characteristics you should wear green, brown or red in any shade and diamond, ruby or jasper ornaments.

1914 AUGUST 1914
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Information has come from Europe that \$60,000,000 will be expended immediately in the United States for food supplies by representatives of the warring nations. The special needs from the west are prunes, evaporated apples and other dried fruit. Commissioned buyers are now on their way to the Pacific states for the purpose of contracting for these articles.

Those elected to the legislature this year can better serve the state and their constituents by using their influence to keep out freak legislation and to repeal bad laws already on the statute books. It is dawning upon the people that we are getting entirely too many laws on our books—laws that are worthless, laws that are of no benefit, laws that work extravagance instead of economy. The next legislature will do well to undo some things that have been done instead of adding to the burdens of legislation we already have.

A TIME TO GIVE THANKS.

It would be a chastening and beneficial experience for the critics of President Wilson's Mexican policy to sit down and go over their criticisms of a few weeks since. Where would the world be if the United States and Mexico were at war today? At this moment all mankind turns to the United States. Never before in the history of the race has a people faced such a responsibility. With the six great powers of Europe already at war or trembling on the verge, this nation is the center of the world's hopes. The great ships of the seven seas seek asylum in our harbors; nations facing panic stretch out their hands to us for gold; we shall be called upon to feed the hungry, to do many a gracious deed to those needing the offices of the Good Samaritan, perhaps to mediate between bleeding and exhausted foes. And we are in position to respond to these appeals, people in prosperous security, because our hands are clean of blood and we are at peace with all the world.

Suppose we had been engaged in a war of subjugation in Mexico, with all its colossal economic waste, when we were called upon to sustain the tottering business structure of the world. Suppose, today, the whole of South America were one red blaze of indignation because of our invasion of the territory of a Latin-American people. Suppose our financial structure, along with the strain of the moving of the enormous crops and the incidental disturbances from overseas, were weighted with the necessity of financing a costly war, with all sources of international credit dried up. Suppose there were no abode of high civilization on either continent, no single nation of wealth and power to whom the hope of mankind might turn as the abode of peace. Is it not time to give thanks for the patient wisdom of the president?

It does look like those Mexicans ought to realize that they are not even a side-show now with their little affair, in comparison with the big show staged across the water, and that they ought to ring down the curtain for a time. While traveling in Turkey a few months ago a woman of Ashfield, Massachusetts, was informed by some fellow countrymen whom she met that the Oregon Agricultural College is doubtless the best school in which to educate her son. Upon reaching home she began an investigation that has convinced her of the truth of the information, and has since written the college registrar that she will bring her son to Corvallis for his college course. Turkey is almost half way around the world from Oregon, while Massachusetts is almost the length of the continent distant, yet both places send students to the Oregon college.

Some time ago the Albany Democrat asked R. A. Booth, the Republican candidate for United States senator, where he got his extensive timber holdings. He has failed so far to take advantage of the kind offer of the Democrat to use practically a column of its space to answer the question. Meanwhile a lot of Republican papers of the state are trying vainly to divert the people's attention from the question and the people are waiting

Children Cry for Fletcher's
CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years

Expectantly to hear the answer to the Democrat's question: "Mr. Booth, where did you get it?"
"I am confident that with the help of God, the bravery of the German army and navy and the unquenchable unanimity of the German people during these hours of danger, victory will crown our cause," Germany's emperor is quoted as saying. The titled gentleman may put it any way he pleases, but we don't believe that God has anything to do with the scrap over there. All the other nations engaged are also "trusting God to give victory." Doubtless God will be compelled to disappoint some of them. However, the many years those nations have been piling up burdens of taxation to prepare for just such a war, we believe, will prove an alibi for God being mixed up in it at all.
President Wilson is not to be caught napping. With all the manifold duties resting upon his shoulders, he has not overlooked the fact that food stuffs are being boosted in price without reasonable excuse. The foreign war is no excuse for raising prices on many food stuffs; to the contrary the prices ought to be going down instead of up, since the foreign markets are temporarily destroyed. President Wilson, knowing such to be the case, and that handlers of such commodities are doubtless taking undue advantage of the consumers in boosting prices without reason, has ordered the attorney general to start an investigation and, if possible, prosecute those who may be violating the law. We may look for results in the near future.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

An editorial utterance in the Oregonian showed symptoms of another bad case of belly-ache. It said: "The Oregonian is more or less pained to note that its Democratic neighbor, the Salem Capital Journal, chooses to ignore the questions courteously referred to it for reply last Wednesday by this paper. It can only surmise why they were not answered." Sweet injured innocence. O, gripping colic!
Then between gripes, the "pained" Oregonian proceeds to opine: "If it is the duty of a Democratic newspaper, or any newspaper, to support the made-in-Oregon movement, why is it not its duty to oppose a custom tariff that admits to the Oregon markets free of duty many products also produced in Oregon?"
Here is where the Republican simplicity of the Oregonian swells like a Kansas cyclone. Everybody knows—except the Oregonian—that under Republican protection, monopoly has grown to the extent that prices for the common necessities of life have climbed to the skies. The Republican protective tariff has protected too much. It has played into the hands of the sugar, coal, leather, flour and meat trusts, and a host of others, who have forced prices steadily upwards until a laboring man cannot feed and clothe himself and family. But the Oregonian is "pained" by any attack on the stand-pat bandit. The Chicago meat packer, through the defense of such journals as the Oregonian, and the manipulation of huge cold storage plants, have been able to control absolutely the meat supply of the United States and hold meat prices high above the reach of the poor and laboring classes. The packers, like the Oregonian, have been posing as apostles of wisdom and charity before the public, but the eyes of the public are getting opened. The packers just withdrew ten million pounds of meat they had in cold storage and shipped it to Canada for Europe. There is where the supply of meat is conserved for the people of the United States. There is the gentle hand of monopoly. But the Oregonian pulls at the pap of monopoly—and so when a Democratic press and Congress and President conclude the people need a little more of competition in the business of making a living—the Oregonian is sorely "pained."

Stevenson's Retort.
An interesting letter is Stevenson's in reply to an autograph hunter who had spelled his name with a "ph" instead of a "v."
"The few lines with which you have found time to honor me," he replied, "contain certain indications of your character on which I take pleasure in dwelling. They show you so illiterate that I cannot judge your admiration flattery, they show you so careless of giving trouble to me that I am myself careless how much offense I may convey to you, and they are so ill penned that I am tempted to hope you will discover a difficulty in perusing my answer and place it unread in your collection. The next time it shall occur to you to trouble an author as you have troubled me find out—I do not say what he has written; far less would I suggest that you should read it—but find out how he is in the habit of spelling his unpretentious name and give him upon that point the flattery of imitation."—Chicago Herald.

Making Shot.
Even among sportsmen there are probably many people who are not acquainted with the manner in which shot is made. The process is carried out at what is known as a shot tower. A tall tower of metal or stone with a tank at the top filled with molten lead. The bottom of this tank is perforated with holes, and there is a slide underneath it, also perforated. This slide is pulled from side to side, and every time two holes come opposite each other a small quantity of molten lead falls through. As these drops fall through the air they assume a globular shape, and if the tower is of sufficient height they solidify before reaching the bottom. Here they fall into a tank of cold water and are cooled. When the shot has been made it is worked more quickly than when it has to be larger.—Pearson's Weekly.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Bill Steele, Brooklyn's New Pitcher.



Photo by American Press Association.

Bill Steele, former pitcher for the St. Louis Nationals, is now wearing a Brooklyn uniform, and he is expected to help keep the Superbas out of the cellar and possibly to lift them from seventh place to a higher standing. Steele, who is a right hander, has been with the St. Louis Cardinals for two or three seasons and has at time shown flashes of form, but his work has not been consistent. Recently he has been used principally as a relief pitcher. For the Cardinals during the present season he played in seventeen games, has been credited with winning two and is charged with the loss of two. During the seventeen games he tossed eight passes and struck out thirteen. Steele was bought outright by Owner Ebbets.

Doping the Pitchers.
This is the tale that is being told, not only in the secret councils of the Cleveland team, but even unto those who sit outside for news.
It appears that one of the Nap pitchers had trouble with his arm. They all have that kind of trouble, but this was a kind of special trouble. So this pitcher consulted a doctor.
"Doc," he said, "this wing is stiff, and I want something to flubber her up."

"Here's the dope," answered the doctor, taking a dark bottle from the shelf. "I'll inject a big dose of this in your arm, and in the morning you'll be all right. If you're not, drop in again." In the morning the pitcher was there. "Doc," says he, "the darn thing is stiffer than ever. I can't move it now." "Impossible!" answered the doctor. "What did I give you?" "Something out of that dark bottle on the second shelf."

A Popular Turf Official.
The American turf never had a more popular or better known racing official than Colonel Matt Winn of Louisville, Ky. Colonel Winn's first active participation in turf matters was in 1890, when he was appointed manager of the New Louisville Jockey club. This old time organization, had been conducted on obsolete lines, with the result that the directors had a great financial burden to bear. Colonel Winn immediately put into play progressive ideas by tossing aside ancient rules and regulations until he whipped things into such shape that in a few years he not only brought both racing and financial success to Churchill Downs, but also attracted attention to himself throughout the western country. Today the New Louisville Jockey club is one of the foremost racing organizations in the country.

Jap Wrestlers Coming.
Headed by Tachiyama, champion, a troupe of fifty-four Japanese wrestlers are on their way to this country. Tachiyama has been the undisputed champion of Japan since he won the title in a series of desperate matches with contenders for the crown left by Uhtachiyama, an old veteran, who was declared to be the greatest of all Japan's champions.
Tachiyama has amassed a fortune estimated at half a million dollars during his career. He is a big, good natured man, standing about six feet three inches and weighing about 315 pounds. He is said to be quick in spite of his enormous size. Many of these wrestlers seem to be mountains of flesh, which is an advantage at the Japanese style of wrestling—in short, furious bouts much like two bulls locking horns.

Racing at New Orleans.
A race meeting covering ninety days next winter is planned by business men in New Orleans, who are raising a fund of \$50,000 to guarantee expenses. They have leased the historic fair grounds. It is said, and there will be no interference with the oral betting system.

Tommy's Question.
Tommy-Papa, when a thing is bought it goes to the buyer, doesn't it? Tommy's Papa—Yes, my son. Tommy—Then how is it that when you buy coal it goes to the cellar?

Its Drawback.
"Don't go into the well digging business." "Why not?" "Because it's sure to get you in a hole."—Baltimore American.

Love of the brother we see will help us to the love of the Father we do not see.—William Watson.

To the Public

Following the usual practice of water works, from the first construction of water works in Dallas up to about 1912, I made a uniform charge of \$6 for each service and connection. The average cost being more than that, I carried the deficit to my investment in the plant. Many circulated the report that I was making a profit on each service, so in 1912 I made a rule charging the actual cost to each individual service. Those on the long or short side of the street protested and claimed it cost more than the old uniform charge. To eliminate myself as much as possible from the controversy, in 1913 I made a ruling to charge the same as Portland for the tap alone, leaving the consumer the task of carrying the service to the curb, and then I had an increased number of protests, on the ground that the plumber's charges were higher than mine. At the hearing before the Railroad Commission held in Dallas June 15, 1914, one of the plumbers testified that he had charged one of our patrons for trenching-filling 3/4 inch pipe and laying; (no other material) at the rate of 22 7-10 cents per running foot. All the above methods having proven unsatisfactory to the consumer, I issued an order that after July 1, 1914, I would install all services, the cost being a part of my investment in the plant. This is to give notice that after the above date all services, tapping, will be free to the consumer.

H. V. GATES
Dallas, Oregon, August 1, 1914.

HOW THE CAPTAIN WON HIS BRIDE

Martinet Commander Put to Rout by Cupid's Friends.

Why Colonel Prim opposed Captain Plumer in his suit for the hand of the colonel's daughter, Marian, no one in the garrison could find out. Before the captain evinced such aspirations his commander showed an especial partiality for the young officer, who was the most popular man at the post. The change can be accounted for only in that distaste of a father to giving up his daughter to any man.
The colonel carried his antagonism against the captain so far as to keep his eye open for derelictions of duty on the part of his inferior. Did the captain when called upon to report in person at his commander's headquarters do so with a single button on his uniform coat unbuttoned he was sure to receive a snarled reproof. Was there a speck of dirt on any of the many composing the captain's company on parade the colonel declared the whole company a disgrace to the service. Plumer soon saw the necessity of constant watchfulness, but he was very unsentimental, and no cure was sufficient to head off the colonel's reprimands.

One morning when Plumer was officer of the day Colonel Prim, looking out of the window of his quarters, saw him crossing the parade without his sword. Raising the sash, he ordered his subordinate to come up. Fortunately for the captain, an officer was passing, looked it to his belt, then mounted to his colonel, whom he saluted respectfully.
"Captain," growled Prim, "why in— He stopped short, his eyes fixed upon the sword."
"Captain," he continued in a more subdued tone, "I didn't like the appearance of the men at guard mounting this morning. Tell the sergeant that if he marches a guard on again without every man's boots being blacked I'll break him."

"Yes, colonel. I didn't see you at guard mount."
"I wasn't there, sir, but I saw them from my window."
The same afternoon the colonel again saw the captain from his window passing over the parade and again without his sword. He called the delinquent officer to come up. Before his arrival Marian came into the room.
"Sis," snapped her father, "do you see Captain Plumer coming?"
"Yes, papa."
"Has he a sword?"
The girl was about to say no when she remembered that for her lover to be without a sword while on duty would be a delinquency and would incur a reprimand. Then she wondered why her father asked such a question. The result was prevarication. She looked up in feigned surprise.
"What's the matter with your eyes, papa?"
The colonel sank into a chair. "I knew it. It isn't my eyes," he moaned. "I've had queer feelings in my head lately. Something's going wrong in my brain. I saw Plumer awhile ago crossing the parade. I thought he hadn't a sword and called him up here. He had his sword. Now I see him again, and he hasn't. But he's coming up. Not a word of this!"
There was a knock at the door, and the captain entered. A sword-borrowed agent—hung from his belt.
"Captain," said his commander, "you may—I called you up to say—that there will be no dress parade this evening."

Queer Story of a Grave.
A curious barren mound is to be seen in Montgomery churchyard. Whatever the cause, there is plainly to be seen a strip of sterility in the form of a cross among a mass of verdure. With the mound a melancholy legend is connected. It is called "Robert's Grave," and the story is that beneath this barren hillock lie the remains of an innocent man who was hanged on mistaken evidence. It is said that while the man stood on the gallows with the rope round his neck he solemnly declared, as a proof of his innocence, that grass should never grow on his grave. And even so it was and is. Any one who attempts to frustrate the fulfillment of this prophecy by sowing grass on this spot pays the penalty with his life. Instances are given of individuals who have been rash enough to do so and have met their doom soon afterward.—Cardiff Western Mail.

Stammered to Himself.
To those who stutter or stammer let me suggest my personal cure. At about fourteen I was attacked by a bad habit of stammering and couldn't start a remark without it. The other boys laughed at me, and elders projected complicated cures. But the absurdity of the situation appealed to me. Why couldn't I say "st" at once without the preliminary stammer? It was obviously necessary to stutter, often before saying "No." Well, why shouldn't I stutter to myself? The method was adopted. When a sentence had to be started the stammer was carried out in silence—if a dozen "st's" had to start a "No." And after a few days of deliberate speech, with the stammer done in silence, I was delivered entirely from the habit.—London Standard.

Notice of Final Settlement.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Emma Vassall, deceased, has filed his final account with the county clerk of Polk County, Oregon, and that Saturday, September 26, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the County Court room of the Court House at Dallas, Oregon, has been set by the County Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections to said final account, and the settlement thereof. Dated at Dallas, Oregon, this 27th day of August, 1914.
WALTER O. VASSALL, Administrator of the Estate of Emma Vassall, deceased.
Brown, Sibley & Bell, Attorneys for the estate.

Passing It On.
If Father Noah lived today He'd think it worth his while To carry germ-proof drinking cups For every animal.
—Cleveland Plaindealer.

If Father Noah lived today He might escape mishap, If on the seas he didn't taunt A beligerent Jap.

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