THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN POLK COUNTY

THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER

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Patronize One Another for the Upbuilding of Town and County.

HON. GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN
The Itemizer's preference for United States Senator.

The man who wants to work eight hours per day—no more and no less—and wants to compel such jobs for everyone else working for wages, will generally be found waiting twenty-four hours a day for a job, and hollering about hard times.

With his years of experience as tax collector in the sheriff's office, no man in Polk county is better qualified for county treasurer than John Richter. The law now places the collection of taxes in the hands of the county treasurer until they become delinquent. Mr. Richter knows the tax rolls of the county from A to Z and consequently is the most logical man for the office.

Judging from the tremendous amount of his perfectly good printer's ink the secretary of the Republican county central committee is using, the "organization" must have opened a good sized barrel of something other than ink in its efforts to recapture the offices in the courthouse.

Some people are wanting to put Ed. Smith back into the office because "he made a mighty good county clerk." This is admitted even by the Democrats. But has any one noticed that the public's interests have suffered since Asa Robinson has been county clerk? Mr. Smith held the office for four terms and is now asking the voters to return him there just because he was a "good clerk." Mr. Robinson's claims for re-election are based on the same argument, with this difference—he is asking only for his second term, not his fifth.

Many people seem to think that the postal savings system is a sort of a bank, where they can deposit money and draw it out at any time. While that is to a certain extent a fact, yet it was not the purpose of the department to make the depository in any way a checking system. The aim was to offer a safe place of investment for those who placed their trust not in banks and to offer the guarantee of the government that their money would always be available and as safe as in the Bank of England.

The proposed lecture course for Dallas this winter is a splendid thing, but to be successful it must have support. One dollar and a half is a small sum to pay for five splendid lectures or entertainments of the same standard as those of the Chautauqua course. There is little probability of any other entertainments or lectures of similar nature here the coming winter, as the Woman's Club has announced that it will present nothing of the kind, and the usual band concerts are, in all liklihood, a thing of the past. When the solicitor comes around buy a pair of tickets and assure yourself five pleasant evenings at least, and at the same time help out a good cause.

A plan is being worked out whereby a proposition will likely be submitted to the voters of the city at the regular election next spring to vote a tax for the support of the Dallas band. This is a good idea and should, and no doubt will, have the support of the voters. In the meantime, however, some arrangement should be made by the commercial club or some other organization to keep the present band intact. If it is allowed to die this winter it will be a difficult matter to re-organize it in the spring. The band is one of the best mediums of advertising the city that Dallas has ever had and money could not be better expended than in its maintenance.

THE DAY OF PRAYER.

President Wilson's proclamation calling a day national day of prayer for last Sunday for the cessation of war in Europe probably is without precedent in this or any other country. But, if so, it is the most beautiful precedent that has ever been set in any nation. There are prayers for peace in our prayerbooks, and days of prayer for the speedy termination of wars have been often fixed by official proclamation in countries engaged in them; but for a neutral nation of more than 90,000,000 of people to get down on its knees and pray for peace in other countries is the most impressive, as well as one of the most unusual, spectacles ever presented on earth. And if anything can make a path for peace "where men can see none," we believe unselfish supplication from the heart of a great country can open the door of divine compassion.

THE INCONSISTENT OREGONIAN.

The editorial and pictorial colic which the Oregonian is having almost daily over the present Democratic tariff law would be pathetic if it were not so amusing. In its zeal to discredit the Wilson administration and prove that the free trade features of the tariff law are a failure and bringing financial ruin to the country, the Oregonian forgets that it was once an advocate of free trade and a champion of the "dear peepul." And that was not so very long ago, either—a matter of four or five years. In its leading editorial on March 9, 1909, the Oregonian said:

To the people who bear the principal burden of the Dingley duties a cent or two added to the cost of a pair of shoes, a butter ladle, a tin cup, is a pretty serious matter. it means the difference between a surplus and a deficit in the family budget. In the last analysis, the protective tariff, as we now have it, makes it harder for the shop girl to live without selling her virtue and for the workingman to feed, clothe and school his children. At the other extreme, it adds to the superfluities of the Pittsburg millionaire and swells the revenue of Standard Oil.

And again on January 29, 1910, this great and mighty newspaper, which is now denouncing free trade said editorially:

The Oregonian is a believer in a tariff for revenue only. Not for protection at all.

On several occasions recently the Oregonian has considered it its duty to critize the Itemizer for its temerity in upholding the administration and its policies, and particularly our support of Senator Chamberlain and his congressional record. Here is another opportunity for it to reply to the Itemizer and explain its change of heart on the subject of the tariff.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

Mrs. Gilbert P. MacGregor
Press Committee.

The initial meeting of the Woman'sClub under new officers was called for Tuesday, the 6th, Mrs. Metzger in the chair. The program, "Discussion of Proposed Amendments," brought out a good attendance, about fifty members being present. It is desired by officers and club members alike that the open meetings shall be promptly called at the appointed hour, consequently at half after two the meeting was called to order.

The business meeting was held first and occupied a full hour. Among items that needed discussion was the resignation of Miss Della Viers, elected in May as chairman of the young women's section. Her place was not filled and the president offered her services as chairman for the ensuing month. In the meantime a chairman will be secured for this very important division of the club.

In the new business brought before the meeting were three subjects of interest: The Woman's Club to be responsible for the "Tag Day" necessary to secure funds for the library's new books. Second, a kindergarten is to be started by two young women of Dallas, who will call for the children and will return them to their respective homes. Also, these young ladies offer their services at reasonable prices in darning and mending and any light house-work that the Dallas housekeepers will entrust to them. Miss Amy Hibbard and Miss Bessie Southwick may be found at the John Smith residence, north of the New Scott hotel. Third, If a sufficient number can be secured Mr. Joseph Goetz will start a class n French. There are some names already pledged and any one intrested in this matter would better communicate with Mrs. MacGregor.

Vacancies in two committees were filled by appointment of the president: Mrs. Riley Craven in the educational committee, and Mrs. John Sweeney on the social committee.

The Federated Clubs meet in Eugene the 12th of this month. The four delegates chosen to represent the Dallas club are: Mrs. Metzger, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Patterson. The alternates, Mrs. George Gerlinger, Mrs. Cosper, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Lee Crider.

The club is fortunate in having Miss Stella Johnson as one of its new members. She opened the program with a Chopin Impromptu and by giving "To a Water Lily," MacDowell. A beautiful touch, an intelligent interpretation, a musicianly feeling are marked characteristics of Miss Johnson's playing. The music section of the club is most happy in securing Miss Johnson as one of its interpretors.

In the discussion of the "Proposed Amendments" that followed the business meeting there seemed to be a surprising unanimity of opinion. If this group of organized women, known as the Dallas Woman's Club, is any criterion, the "vicious" amendments proposed will not be successful. Throughout the discussion the feeling that women were going to prove a factor in the state's better development was intensified and was finally expressed in earnest words by a member honest enough to publicly reverse her first stand on equal suffrage.

The measures chosen for discussion were 306-307, "Maintenance of Roads," negative, Mrs. Oscar Hayter; 312-313, "Normal School Questions," negative, Mrs. Robinson; 320-321-322-323, "Eight Hour Law," negative, Mrs. J. G. Van Orsdel; 326-327, "Exemption Tax," 336-337, "Specific Graduated Tax," negative, Mrs. Eakin; 332-333, "Prohibition," affirmative, Mrs. Kersey; 334-335, "Abolishing Death Penalty," affirmative, Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Patterson was not present and there was no one to plead for this measure. Miss Tufts was not prepared by previous study, b utin a general way objected to capital punishment. In eager succession a half dozen members followed, giving their reasons for retaining the death penalty. 342-343, "County Officers' Terms," Miss Viers. Miss Viers being absent, this measure was not discussed. 348-349, "Proportional Representation, Mrs. Barnes; 3521353, "Industry and Public Works," socialistic, negative, Mrs. Cosper.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Election Nov. 3, 1914.

For United States Senator:—
GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN
For Congress:—
FREDRICK HOLLISTER
For Governor:—
DR. C. J. SMITH
For State Treasurer:—
B. LEE PAGET
For Justices of Supreme Court:
WILLIAM GALLOWAY
W. M. RAMSEY
W. T. SLATER
T. H. CRAWFORD
For Supt. Public Instruction:—
J. A. CHURCHILL
For Attorney General:—
JOHN J. JEFFREYS
For Circuit Judge:—
WEBSTER HOLMES
For State Senator:—
C. L. HAWLEY.
For Representative:—
WAYNE D. HENRY
THOS. W. BRUNK
For Sheriff:—
J. F. MORRISON
For County Clerk:—
A. B. ROBINSON, JR.
For County Treasurer:—
J. E. RICHTER
For County Surveyor:—
SANDFORD B. TAYLOR
For Coroner:—
R. L. CHAPMAN
For County Commissioner:—
GEORGE CLANFIELD

—Paid Adv.

Published under the authority and by order of Polk County Democratic Central Committee and paid for by J. R. Sibley, Secretary.

VOTE FOR
S. B. TAYLOR
Candidate for
COUNTY SURVEYOR
(Paid Advertisement.)

C. R. CANFIELD
Republican Nominee for
County Surveyor of Polk Co.
On a platform of Efficiency, Economy and Science, I solicit your vote.
Pd. Adv.

FRED J. HOLMAN
Republican Nominee for
TREASURER POLK COUNTY

A full day's work and faithful service.
Your vote is solicited.
(Paid Advertisement.)

JOHN W. ORR
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE
for
My oath of office is my platform.
I respectfully solicit your support.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP

Swinburne's Odd Adventure on the Coast of Normandy.

FACED A MADDENING DEATH.

A Perilous Feat That For a Time Entombed Him In a Narrow Tunnel of Solid Rock and Came Near Putting a Premature End to His Mortal Career.

In his youth Swinburne was a famous swimmer, and for years he used to retire in summer to the picturesque little village of Etretat, on the Normandy coast, there to breast the waves and to wander about the chalk cliffs and gaze forth from some coign of vantage upon "the blown, wet face of the sea."

One day he met with a singular adventure, which has never been told in print, and came near putting a premature end to his mortal career.

At one point of the coast a vast natural arch nearly 100 feet in height is formed by a flying buttress at right angles to the general line of the cliffs, which plants its foot below high water mark on the shingle beach. The central mass of this buttress fell or was eaten away by the waves in prehistoric ages, leaving a pointed gothic doorway of remarkable symmetry and mightier than any ever built by man.

It is a famous landmark of the coast and is to be seen in countless marine pictures painted in the latter half of the last century.

The outer springer or pier of this gigantic arch is submerged at floodtide, but when the water recedes it is seen to be pierced by a small hole or tunnel, also of natural formation, passing clear through the substance of the chalk from one side to the other. This hole is partly choked up with the flint pebbles of which the beach is composed, but space enough remains for a man to crawl through.

The passage is about sixty feet in length, but is bent in its course, so that when halfway through daylight cannot be seen in either direction. It was a local feat of the athletic young fishermen of the region to wriggle their way through the tunnel at low tide.

Swinburne had witnessed one of these performances and made up his mind to attempt the passage himself. He chose a day following one of the fierce storms of late August. When he reached the spot the sun was setting and the beach was deserted. He did not think it worth while to remove any of the rough tweed outing garments that he wore, but got down on his hands and knees and began worming himself into the darkness of the hole.

At first all went well, but as he proceeded the passage narrowed and the slimy walls of the chalk rock so impeded his movements that he was unable any longer to use his arms freely, but could only push with his feet and undulate his body. He had reached the bend of the tunnel and the darkness was absolute. He still pressed on, but only to find himself wedged in yet more tightly.

A minute more and he realized with horror that he could no longer move an inch either forward or backward. The waves had heaped the pebbles up in the center, and he was now firmly embedded within a hundred thousand tons of solid rock.

It was evening. There was no chance of any one's coming to his rescue. No one had seen him enter the tunnel, or had been informed of his purpose. His presence there might not be discovered in days or weeks, and meanwhile the tide would have risen and fallen many times, and he would have been helplessly drowned.

In black darkness, powerless to stir, he must lie and wait for the certain end. The recession and rise of the tide would take, he calculated, not less than six long hours, and his best hope was that madness would render him unconscious long before the end came.

But as he lay there a sound came to his ears that chilled his nerves with a fresh terror. It was the sound of a wave breaking at the farther mouth of the tunnel. The tide was rising and in a few minutes it would begin to fill the narrow passage.

The realization of this fact paralyzed him for a moment; then it stimulated him to almost superhuman effort. Forcing himself on his left side, he succeeded in getting his right arm out beyond him. It gave his body a little more play.

By desperate but systematic wrigglings and twistings he was able to work away from beneath him some of the loose shingle, and to gain a little forward. The exertion was tremendous and far beyond his natural strength, but he was working for life or death. It was a race between him and the tide.

The end was sudden. The tunnel abruptly enlarged. He could now crawl on hands and knees. As he scrambled forward, trembling and gasping, a rush of water met and submerged him, but it carried him with it as it receded. It flung him forth into the open air like a wreck of seaweed, bruised, choking and exhausted, but alive, with the blessed sky above him. Another wave caught him and drove him up on the beach, and he retained just sense and strength enough to scramble up a little farther, beyond immediate danger.

"I know," he said afterward, "the feelings of a soul saved from hell."—James Welton Gray in St. Louis Republic.

The water wagon never skids.—Kansas City Star.

Size of the Sea.

An officer of a liner once remarked that most men seemed to be as ignorant about the size of the sea as they are of the distance between the heavenly planets. Here are a few facts: The Pacific covers 68,000,000 miles, the Atlantic 30,020,000 and the Indian ocean, Arctic and Antarctic 42,000,000. To stow away the contents of the Pacific it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide and one mile deep every day for 440 years. Put in figures the Pacific holds in weight 948,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. The Atlantic averages a depth of not quite three miles. Its waters weigh 325,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and a tank to contain it would have each of its sides forty-three miles long. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

Ready For Any Sacrifice.

Even when the London Times was sold at a high price its agony column was entertaining. Now that a copy of the journal costs only a penny the column is still more agonizing. Witness this advertisement:

"In order to save his aged parents from distress, gentleman (foreigner) wishes to sell himself for any purpose. Willing to do right away anything. I sincerely desire an offer."

If this cry had been uttered in the old days Satan would have appeared in a pleasing form and with courteous address waited on the gentleman in despair. Only a scribbled signature, only a penful of blood, would have been necessary, and the aged parents would have rolled in luxury. This is a sadly prosaic age.—Boston Herald.

Feasted on Candles.

Russian soldiers, according to the author of "Eat, Drink and Be Merry," esteem tallow candles a great luxury. He facetiously describes how they came across a huge store of them among the French baggage on the retreat from Moscow and summarily snuffed them out of existence. "Never were they consumed in such a style before. The enraptured warriors drew them across their mouths—like a bow across a fiddle—and left only the bare wicks as a proof of now easily their coverings, so necessary for lights, can be readily utilized for livers."

Literary Tragedy.

Ned—That was a hard blow to literature yesterday. Ted—What was that? Ned—Why, lightning struck a house, setting fire to a magazine in the cellar, which exploded, shattering the first and second stories and killing two authors who were at work on the third story.

A Roundabout Reply.

"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die? Tell me!"

"Please don't suggest such a thing," was the reply. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy."

That Tired Feeling.

Little Fred—Are you tired, Uncle Joe? Uncle Joe—No. Why do you ask? Little Fred—Papa said you came home last night with an awful load.—Chicago News.

Getting There by Degrees.

Dox—How are you making out on your resolution to economize? Dix—Fine! I got my running expenses slowed down to a walk.—Boston Transcript.

The Dallas Merc. Co.

Friday, Oct. 9th
At 3:30 P. M.

Buster Brown Souvenirs for all the Boys and Girls

Everybody Come!

Take This to Yourself Mr. Farmer

IF you produce 40 bushels of corn to the acre your cost per bushel is less than that of your neighbor who raises only 20 bushels.

Therefore, you could sell more corn for a dollar than your neighbor.

The same principle applies to shoes.

Roberts, Johnson & Rand make more shoes than any other manufacturer. The more they make the less they cost to make. This saving goes into extra quality.

There are lots of good shoes, but—

"Star Brand Shoes Are Better"

Made in all styles, grades and sizes—all prices—for men, women and children.

Every pair is made of honest leather. No substitutes for leather are ever used.

We have a big stock of the Genuine "Star Brand" Shoes, with the maker's name on the sole and their star on the heel.

Don't just go into any store and ask for them, but come to us.

The Golden Rule Store
Dallas, Oregon