

Polk County Observer

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DALLAS, OREGON, SEPT. 1, 1911.

The way to build up Dallas is to patronize Dallas people.

Men who want the earth invariably get it—when they die.

THE GAME HOG.

In a recent issue of a Portland newspaper there appears a cut of four persons and several strings of salmon trout which they took from the waters of the Coquille river recently in a few hours' angling. According to the statement of the leader of the party shown in the picture, who is a Portland merchant, the string contains 297 trout. The leading fisherman says fishing is "good in the Coquille." He is undoubtedly right, but, if a few more hogs of the same variety as that which composed his party, find time enough to get away from their business on a short vacation, it won't be their fault if the fishing ceases to be as good as at present. It is such actions as this above noted that makes game laws necessary and that causes the expenditure of large sums annually to force people to obey them. We don't know whether there is any law against such wholesale slaughter of fish as that shown by the Portland party, but if there isn't there should most certainly be one enacted. The sort of exultation or feeling that induces people to pose in a picture accompanied by such indisputable evidence of their hoggliness, is certainly not one of sportsmanship. No true sportsman will slaughter game or fish merely for the joy of it, but, when he secures enough for his needs he finds no further entertainment in killing just for the "fun of it." The game hog is responsible for the extinction of many valuable game animals, and he has come to be an individual who is despised by all true sportsmen. Why he should persist in bragging about his prowess in the slaughter and pose as a "sportsman" in the public prints, is unexplainable unless attributable to an unnatural egotism.

Such displays should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of all true men and women who hold in their hearts a proper appreciation of the life of the forest, field and stream. Any man who will kill merely for the sake of killing, is not a good citizen, any way you approach him.

A score or more of Eastern tourists, who came to the Pacific Coast for a visit, were so favorably impressed with the beauties of Oregon and the many

advantages to be found here, that they decided to remain and, in an advertisement in a Portland newspaper, offered the unused portions of their tickets for sale. In this they were guilty of disobeying the law, but they were ignorant of it, and no prosecution will follow. This instance serves to show the injustice of some measures. It would seem that the railroads ought to be compelled to honor those tickets. They were paid for, for a round trip, and when their holders fail to use them on the return journey, the railroad is getting something for nothing. In other words, it has fulfilled only one-half of its contract. It agrees to transport John Jones from his home in Poseyville, Ind., to Portland and return for a stated amount. Jones pays the amount and departs on his journey. Arriving at his destination, he decides to remain, but he must forfeit his ticket. The railroad is ahead just the amount of expense it requires to haul Jones back to his Indiana home. Railroadage may be different from other businesses, and one often has reason to believe that this is true, but there is no justice in permitting the carriers to dodge their contract.

The Seattleites who, incensed at his decision in a noted fight between a street railway company and its patrons, hung Judge Hanford in effigy the other night, are probably strongly in favor of the judicial recall.

The Salem newspapers are welcome to anything they may find in the columns of The Observer which they deem worthy a place in their columns, but they are urged to give proper credit for same, merely as an act of newspaper courtesy. This also applies to other newspapers in this vicinity.

Champ Clark's bitter attack upon President Taft, following the latter's recent speech in which he told a few self-evident truths affecting the Democratic majority in congress, shows that the armor of the urbane Speaker has been pierced. It is only one of the indications that President Taft is still on the job and preaching the doctrine of Republicanism as forcefully as of old.

Following the hottest weather in history, people in the Middle West on Monday and Tuesday were shivering in a temperature in the smaller forties while heavy frosts destroyed corn and growing crops. While all this has been happening in the East and Middle West, people on the Pacific Coast have been enjoying their usual brand of weather, free from worry over frosts and crop failures. Why folks prefer to exist East of the Rocky Mountains is an enigma.

Everybody should get in and boost for Dallas' first Harvest Festival and Carnival. It will be the means of bringing a large number of people to the city and it will offer an unrivaled opportunity for the display of the products of Polk county soil. The committee has provided a long list of amusements for the sightseers and there are no dull moments in sight during the entire four days. Neighboring communities have promised to take part in the festival and in order to make the days set apart for them successful in every way, some original attractions are promised.

The recent horror in an Eastern motion picture theater, when scores

of people were killed following a senseless cry of "fire" by a small boy, has given rise to much activity on the part of the authorities of various cities. This has resulted in agitation for more thorough facilities for exits in the theaters and in many instances it has been found that proper provision had not been made for emergencies. The thought of what might occur in many of the motion picture theaters of the country, following a sudden alarm of fire, causes one to shudder with apprehension. But, while conditions are often well-known, it requires a horror like that of last week, or the Iroquois disaster, to move the authorities to action. For a time, then, reforms are promulgated and things are run with a stern hand until matters are placed on a comparatively safe basis. As the years go by and no disaster results the people grow careless and forgetful and relax their vigilance, and death and destruction follows.

"Rats" are taboo in the fall hair-dressing fashions, according to an announcement from a famous New York milliner. What's this? Is it possible that the supply of queues in Chinese cemeteries is falling?

THE LOAFER

(By Himself.)

A terrible state of affairs was that disclosed by the last report of the county assessor, in which he shows that there has been a startling decrease in the number of dogs in this county during the past year. This is something that should be investigated. Is it possible that we are drifting to a "dogless age?" Will the time come when the gladome bark of the plentiful pup will be hushed and the cute antics of Fido but a lingering memory? Perish the thought.

Where are the pups of yesterday?
The pups we used to know,
Whose joyous bark in the nighttime dark,
Led straight to the hearth's warm glow.

Where are the pups and the festive fleas,
And he howls at the summer moon,
And the frantic spat of the Thomas cat
Disturbed at his midnight spoon?

The high-browed pup, and the lowly cur,
Have barked their last bow-wow;
Out under the trees, without their fleas,
They're peacefully sleeping now.

According to the press dispatches a man in Honolulu is very much comforted over having his "toes returned." It appears that he lost his toes and advertised for them, and through this medium located his missing anatomy. The man in question is some big gun or other in the government employ and, a few years ago, he suffered an accident of some sort that required the amputation of two of his toes. The surgeon left the cut off toes behind and their former owner pinned them together and hung them over a

clothes line. The dry Hawaiian air promptly petrified the toes and turned them a beautiful gray color that polished easily. So the former owner had a jeweler mount one of them as a scarf pin for himself and the other was made into a brooch for his wife. Each wore their ornaments for several months, and took great delight and pride, it is said, in relating to friends how they came in possession of their unique ornaments. I can imagine a conversation in a high-brow Hawaiian drawing room on a sultry afternoon in May: "Oh, Mrs. Puyster, isn't that a perfect love of a brooch you have, where did you get it?" "Oh, I had that cut off my husband's left foot, that's his big toe, you know." "Indeed, isn't that just too cute for anything? I must speak to Mr. Dinwiddle and have him see if he can't furnish me with one." And think of the varieties of toes one would find. There would be the big, flat toe of the Missouri farmer, and the long, slender toe of the Boston bean artist. Fat toes, and lean toes, and short and stubby ones, resplendent in all their fossilized beauty, would glisten and sparkle from the soft lace at milady's throat and gleam in gray brilliance from the red necktie of her fat husband. "What to do with our toes" has long been a problem that has vexed the minds of our learned students of humanity. Some have insisted that "wigging" would help but now we may keep them immortal by hanging them down through generations yet unborn who, in after years, will gather round the hearthstone and sing the praises of dad's digits. This modern enlightenment is a great thing, sure enough.

I see that Dame Fashion has decreed that the hobble skirt must go, and that the skirt of the future will be much shorter than formerly, exposing the ankle to view. Well, well, expose the day. Fashion is bound to have some sensible modes.

There may be nothing doing in this column next week. Arnold's shows are coming to town and I'm liable to be busy. I used to know the "Albino beauty" when she officiated in a Portland hash house, and the Indian snake charmer is an old patent medicine peddler who measured distances along the dusty highways of Indiana years ago. The whole bunch are old friends of mine, and I'll be glad to see them back.

My papa had some whiskers, red,
That waved in summer's breeze
Which rustled soft among the leaves
That grew upon the trees.

The zephyrs through those tousled locks
With whizzing tone would play,
And papa always soaked 'em well
When lapping consommé.

But papa was right proud of them,
Those whiskers, I declare,
And when he'd don his Sunday best
Those lilacs too, were there.

While papa chewed the fragrant weed,
It kept his jawbone loose,
And through that waving spinach, red,
He'd strain the yellow juice.

But, finally he lost the bunch,
When, on a fatal day,
He wandered through our pasture lot
And a goat ate it for hay.

President Taft will visit Salem on his western journey, arriving there from California at noon on Friday, October 13, and will remain until 2 o'clock, when he will depart for Portland. Polk county admirers of the president will be out in force and assist in honoring the man, not alone for the position he occupies, but for the policy he has pursued.

In Dallas Pulpits

Church of Christ.
Services Sunday, September 3:
Bible school 10 a. m.
Sermon, 11 a. m.; subject, "The Labor Question." Laboring men especially urged to be present.
Christian Endeavor, 7 p. m.
Sermon, 8 p. m.; subject, "High Test Christians."
You are cordially invited to attend each and all of these services.
LEON L. MYERS, Minister.

Methodist Church.
Services Sunday, September 3:
9:45 a. m.—Sunday school.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching by the pastor; topic, "Church Membership."
7:00 p. m.—Epworth League.
8:00 p. m.—Preaching by the pastor; topic, "Sum in Addition."
At the morning services there will be opportunity for parents to have infants baptised; also any others presenting themselves; and any desirous of coming into full membership will be received, and also by church letter. Thursday evening each week, prayer meeting.
All are welcome.
GEORGE F. HOPKINS, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.
Services Sunday, September 3:
Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Morning service, 11 a. m.; topic of sermon, "The Pragmatic View of God and His Universe."
Christian Endeavor meeting, 7 p. m.
Evening service, 8 p. m.; topic of sermon, "In the Shade of the Juniper Tree."
You are cordially invited to worship with us.

Special Music—Morning.
Voluntary, "Cantilene," Trilant.
Response, "Great Spirit Come"—Lorenz.
Offertory, "Adagio"—Ashford.
Anthem, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus"—Adams.

Evening.
Voluntary, "Lowly Before Thee"—Neat.
Quartet, "Remember Now Thy Creator"—Rhoads. By male quartet.
Anthem, "O, That I Had Wings"—Sudde, By Choir.
Solo, "The Penitent"—Van de Water.
Quartet, "The Heavenly Guest"—Gabriel.
Offertory, "Serenity"—Swift.
EDGAR W. MILES, Pastor.

Court Tomorrow.
Judge William Galloway has announced that he will be in this city tomorrow to hold circuit court in Department No. 2, for the September term.

No "bitter taste" in biscuits made from Cleveland's Baking Powder. Why? Because it does not contain Alum, like the cheap egg, phosphate baking powders. 8-25-2m

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LOOK! Polk County's 1st Annual HARVEST FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL

ARNOLD'S SHOWS
RUNNING ALL THE TIME

ARNOLD'S SHOWS
RUNNING ALL THE TIME

Dallas, Oregon, September 6, 7, 8, 9

Something Doing Every Minute. Balloon Ascensions daily, Slide for Life and other Great Free Acts every day. Free Baseball games, Band Concerts each evening, Public Speaking, Parades.

Wednesday, Sept. 6 - - - Artisan's Day
Thursday, Sept. 7 - - Independence Day
Friday, Sept. 8 - - - Falls City Day
Saturday, Sept. 9 - - - Dallas Day

Great Baby Show on Saturday!
Bring Out All the Babies.
Public Wedding on Saturday!
\$50.00 in Household Furniture to Couple Getting Married.
DON'T MISS IT!

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE: The Salem, Falls City & Western Railway Co., Regular trains as usual. Special trains leaving Dallas for Falls City and Black Rock at 10:15 p. m. Friday and Saturday nights, August 8th and 9th.