

Polk County Observer

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DALLAS, OREGON, SEPT. 29, 1911.

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



Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

GOOD ROADS.

Hon. Ira C. Powell, in an interview printed elsewhere in The Observer, strikes the keynote regarding good roads legislation. His sentiments will appeal to every practical farmer and settler in the state. Mr. Powell is anxious to see legislation that will "give us a good system for permanent road building for the benefit of the producers and not merely an automobile line across the state." Amen to that. The benefit of good roads and their influence upon the development of the country cannot be denied, but it is entirely wrong to use large sums of the taxpayers' money in constructing costly highways that are not needed, merely to gratify the speed mania of the auto owners. There are localities in every county in Oregon whose progress has been retarded, and whose settlement has been hindered by the failure to construct proper means of ingress and egress, while the money they pay for road purposes has often been spent in constructing "trunk lines" along heavily traveled roads, simply for the benefit of the autoists.

The Observer believes in good roads and plenty of them. It believes that the people's money cannot be spent in more substantial and praiseworthy manner, than in constructing highways which will permit the producers to market their crops at the minimum of expense, but good, common sense should be used in bringing about this condition. Why should a county be bonded for a large sum merely to construct a modern highway between two important cities, when people living a few miles from the thoroughfare find themselves unable to reach it with an ordinary load, and while other communities in the same county have only a bridge path or difficult trail as their means of communication with the outer world?

A permanent system of road building is what is needed, and one that will offer an opportunity for remote communities to have easy and cheap communication with the market of trade. Enact such a law, and Oregon legislatures will do more for their state than the passage of all the inane reform measures which could be brought forth by U'Ren in ten years. What the state needs, and needs badly, is more common sense in the state house every two years and less "isms." Phantom chasing may prove an exciting occupation but it generally fails "to bring home the bacon."

ON TRIAL FOR ITS LIFE.

Oregon's system of government is facing a deadly peril. A bloated corporation has taken the matter to the Supreme Court of the United States, claiming that the right of the people to make their own laws is unconstitutional, and that the initiative and referendum is a humbug. The Pacific States Telephone company refused for three years to pay a certain portion of its taxes in Oregon, claiming that the state had no authority to fix the valuation by means of a law enacted by the initiative. The company lost out in the trial court and in the State Supreme court, but they have taken the case to the court of last resort, and a decision is expected shortly. Millions of people will be affected by the result of this fight. While Oregon was the prime mover in the initiative and referendum, other states have adopted it, and many others have the matter under consideration.

It seems hardly probable that the government's highest judicial tribunal will declare unconstitutional a system of government which has been so widespread in its adoption and which has prevailed for so many years. Not for this simple reason alone, but because it is probable that its constitutionality would have been attacked long before this, had any of the competent legal lights who have opposed it in the past, been able to find a flaw in its construction or its operation. The initiative and referendum certainly comes the nearest to government by the people of any plan that has yet been proposed, and, on its face, the scheme appears to be well within the provisions of the constitution. That there are many objec-

tions to it is true, but this opposition comes more from faults found in the operation of the law than the plan itself. Perhaps, in the event that the system shall be sustained, improvements will be made in it, until its objectionable features shall be overcome and it becomes what it is really intended to be—a government by the people—and it will not, as at present, offer a vehicle for the promotion of the wild and fanatical ideas of some disordered minds.

The paving history of all communities is the exact duplicate of every other. When the thing is first started there are those who object, and object with all their might. The knockers are out in force and declare that the "town isn't large enough," and that paving will amount to "confiscation of property." Yet the work invariably goes on and, after it is once started, it never ends. Everybody wants paved streets. Corvallis offers a practical illustration of the truth of this statement. No more determined opposition ever developed anywhere against paving, than the knockers of that city brought forth. Yet the paving went on and now, from nearly every street in the city, come requests from the property owners for paving. They see the benefits of it, and the rise in property values on the streets that are paved, is a shining example of what will happen on their street, if it shall be improved. Not content with the paving, Corvallis is now contemplating the installation of cluster lights. Each progressive community in Oregon must adopt these modern improvements if it expects to reach importance, commercially. Some of these days, Dallas will grow tired of its mud and its gloomy streets at night, and start an agitation for more modern methods. It's sure to come and the moss-backs may as well drag out their old, threadbare arguments in opposition.

The defeat of Mayor McCarthy in San Francisco at the first direct primary elections ever held in California, last Tuesday, should be a source of gratification to all lovers of good government everywhere. McCarthy, as a statesman and head of a great city, is impossible. He is no more fitted for the position than was the obscure Schmitz, and the people of San Francisco have evidently discovered that fact. It is to be hoped that the success of James Rolph, Jr., and his supporters last Tuesday, will inspire the adherents of reform in San Francisco with renewed zeal, and that the city will soon emerge from the travail and factionalism which have stood as a blot on its escutcheon for many years. Good for San Francisco. She is making a good start for the big exposition.

The owner of a steamboat on the Willamette river objected to the story of his leaking craft printed in a Corvallis newspaper and gave his explanation of the affair. He says "only four persons got their feet wet in transferring the passengers, and the water they waded in was not over knee deep." People who don't know any better than to get their feet wet while wading in only knee-deep water have no business living in Western Oregon.

So far as Americans are concerned, the scrap between Italy and Turkey may go on as it pleases and the Italians may have all the fun with Turkey that is possible. Our time will come along in the latter part of November.

THE LOAFER

(By Himself.)

Well, here I am again. I have been laying off the past month and I've had a most delightful time. So, probably, have the readers of The Observer, who have enjoyed a respite from my "weakly" effusions. But I assure you I'm on the job again for keeps.

During my absence, the following epistle found its way to my desk: "Dear Loafer—I am greatly perplexed and need a few soothing words of information. Knowing that you haven't anything else to do, I appeal in all frankness to you. Why is it, therefore, that when the big toe of the left foot wears a hole in a sock and you change it to the right foot, the big toe of the latter sticks out through the aperture? Why do they reverse? Is it due to a perversion of feet—I mean fate? I am a bachelor and this has puzzled me a great deal. I have read all available works of philosophy, including Socrates, but find no explanation. Hank de La St. Claire says that it only happens in extremes, and although he has strong supporters, I take no stock in his yarn. Trusting that you will give me the hole truth and nothing but the truth, I remain, yours, Hosea." I am somewhat at a loss how to answer this. In the first place the man admits that he is a bachelor, which statement condemns him. He isn't entitled to any consideration from me or any other ordinary human individual. But, Hosea, this sock problem is one that has puzzled humanity for ages. I think, however, the trouble you speak of could be avoided if you didn't reverse. Why should a man with a hole in the big toe of his left sock, switch things, and try to wear the left sock on the right foot. No one but a blundering bachelorette would do that. Again, you're wrong about Socrates. He was not a disciple of sockology; he furnished in Plato's time before the signs of socks. You should have read up on sockology, which takes its name from the socks on its lamp. But the only modern authority on socks, and he is no more, peace to his soul, was a person named Simpson, who formerly called Kansas his home.

He knew more about socks in a minute than I'll know in a year. Some church-goer might enlighten you, too. I understand they occasionally sing the sockology in meeting houses—or is it the doxology, I never can get them things straight. My advice to you, Hosea, and it's the last word in such matters, I'll admit—is to get married and you'll be mighty lucky to have socks either with or without holes.

Not long ago I was riding on a railroad train that was skimming over the rails at a pretty lively rate when the engine smashed into a team of horses and a hay rack that a man was riding on. Instantly there was a smash-up and one horse was killed and the man knocked clean out of his senses. The train was backed up to the crossing and everybody got out to investigate. There lay the poor fellow on the ground and nobody knew what to do. But there was a little woman on the train that knew. She waded into that motley gathering of rubbernecks and got busy. She told 'em what to do, and she kept 'em at it until they did it. She applied "first aid" to the injured man and did more good than all the rest of 'em put together. The most the men did was to stand around and get in her way. I tell you, it just did me good to see that little woman hustle and not make any fuss about it, either. She grabbed her grip and seized a bottle of something or other and saturated it on her handkerchief and applied it to the lips of the sufferer while the train waited and somebody telephoned for a physician. Finally, they carried the man aboard the train and ran it to the station where an automobile, after a long delay, appeared, and started with the feller for the hospital. Then the little lady resumed her reading and the train sped onward through the night. All of which reminded me that one little woman, with a good deal more sense than a dozen big, strapping men, who call themselves the "lords of creation" and squirt tobacco juice all over the pavement, as they make the boast. Ouch.

That Awful Bell.

Can't you hear that bell a ringin'? Sounding forth its brazen knell, Don't you know the tune it's singin', As it peals, that awful bell; Ding—Dong, Ding—Dong, Hear the ringing of that bell.

Here's good-bye to fields and river, Fond farewell, vacation days, Lads that loved you, loved you ever, Now to school must find their ways. Ding—Dong, Ding—Dong, Oh, the doleful tune it plays.

Barefoot feet that, midst the clover In the long vacation time, Wandered where the rippling river Sang its joyous tunes in rhyme— Ding—Dong, Ding—Dong, Last bell, Johnnie, almost nine.

Who would think that summer's end-ed? Time's a flyer, so we've found, First we know our clothes are mended And September's rolled around— Ding—Dong, Ding—Dong, Listen to that awful sound.

"Readin' now, and writin', spellin', 'Rithmetic and jog-fry, too, And lots of other things—no tellin', What the teacher's goin' to do. Ding—Dong, Ding—Dong, It's no wonder the boy is blue.

This rainy spell we had recently, was food for the knockers. Lots of 'em stood around on the street corners while the wet drops trickled from their leaky noses and wailed their doleful tune. "Oh, this rain will spoil all the fruit, and the hops, and everything else," they said and seemed to take an inane delight in repeating it. Those fellows who take pleasure in the misfortunes of others, or what they really hope will prove misfortunes, ought to be strapped down, face up on the court house lawn, and, with their mouths propped open, permit the rain to run down their necks and drown 'em. Suppose the rain is detrimental—what good does it do to howl?

Portland people say they are seeing Mr. Brooks' comet every night, now, and the newspapers are full of directions on how to find it. The best way is to take your girl and go sit on a bench in the cool and leafy park at 10 o'clock at night. It may be a trifle chilly, but you'll see the comet all right. Try it.

BARNES' SHOW CREDITABLE

Animal Circus Draws Good Houses and Pleases People. With few exceptions as an animal circus and one of the best small shows that is traveling through the country, Al G. Barnes' show which visited Dallas for two performances yesterday, pleased two large audiences that filled the tents to practically their capacity, afternoon and night. Some of the trained animal acts were very good, that of the seals, especially, being excellent. The entire show was clean and praiseworthy and there was a noticeable lack of attempts at graft and other questionable incidents.

C. S. Wheeler, who lives near Hood River, has raised a corn crop this year that will make 90 bushels per acre. He exhibits ears 11 inches long. The crop was made in 90 days.

William Hunsaker, of Pine Valley, prospecting with companions, recently found a stone, supposed to be a meteorite, 12 feet long, and weighing many tons. It was furnished by the finders that the meteor is one that was seen to fall in that region in 1885.

Another Restaurant. W. D. Haydon, a recent arrival from Walla Walla, Wash., has leased the building immediately north of the Japanese restaurant, on the corner of Main and Mill streets, and will establish a restaurant there.

Open Bowling Alley. A. P. Starr and D. F. Harris have been busy lately making preparations to open a bowling alley and billiard and pool room at No. 326 Main street, near the corner of Mill. They intend to name the new place "The Elk."

Mrs. Bess T. Baker took first prize as best pastry cook in Polk County. She always uses Cleveland's Baking Powder.

In Dallas Pulpits

Presbyterian.
Services Sunday, October 1:
Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Morning service and communion, 11 a. m.; topic of sermon, "The Patient Teacher and the Slow Scholars."
Christian Endeavor meeting, 6:30 p. m.
Evening service, 7:30 p. m.; topic of sermon: "The Message of William Makepeace Thackeray, as given in 'Vanity Fair.'"

You are invited to worship with us. Good music and a cordial greeting.
Special Music—Morning.
Voluntary, "March in G," Swift.
Response, "In Remembrance," Fears.

Offertory, "Prelude," Tritant.
Anthem, "Nearer my God to Thee," Ashford.
Evening.
Voluntary, "Devotion," Flavel.
Male quartet, "Savior, I Will Praise Thee," Fillmore.
Anthem, "Our Refuge and Strength," Wilson.
Male quartet, "Come, Spirit, Come," Townner.
Offertory, "Andante," Booth.

Methodist.
Services Sunday, October 1:
9:45 a. m.—Sunday school.
11:00 a. m.—Sermon by the newly appointed pastor, Rev. D. L. Fields, until recently in charge of Leslie Methodist church, in South Salem.
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League.
7:30 p. m.—Sermon by the pastor.

United Evangelical.
Services Sunday, October 1:
10:00 a. m.—Sunday school.
11:00 a. m.—Preaching; topic: "The Uttermost Parts of the Earth."
6:30 p. m.—Keystone League of Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m.—Preaching; topic: "Repent Ye."
The public is most cordially invited to any and all these services.
C. P. GATES, Pastor.

Christian Science. Services, Adventist church, Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Lesson sermon, "Unreality."

What makes Cleveland's Baking Powder sell? Quality and price. 3-lb. cans, \$1.00; 5-lb. cans, \$1.65. Ask for the cans with the screw top and metal handle under regular cover. 8-25-2m

ADIGRAMS.
Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no advertising done.

NEWS OF PEOPLE YOU KNOW

Comings and Goings as Told by Our Exchanges.

Miss Lillian McVicker, who has been teaching school at Point Terrace, returned home the first of the week and will teach in the Lincoln high school of this city.—McMinnville Telephone-Register.
Oscar Zook returned home from Dallas Monday, having given up his work in the bakery there.—Monmouth Herald.
William Gilson, of Dallas, visited his son, Charles Gilson, in this city the first of the week.—McMinnville News-Reporter.
Charles Lynn, the barber, and wife went out Friday to Dallas, for a couple of weeks' visit.—Newport News.

CARES FOR WOMEN TRAVELERS

Railway Company Provides For Comfort of Patrons.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—Care of its women travelers is one of the principal aims of the Southern Pacific company, and in pursuing the fulfillment of this policy the officials have recently placed uniformed maids upon all of the ferry steamers crossing San Francisco bay. Sickness is sometimes the fate of the women travelers, and the maids have already demonstrated their usefulness in this respect. The duties of these maids are to look out for the comfort of the women passengers. The uniform is for the purpose of identification, and all that is required by the passengers is to request her services. At all of the larger stations of the Southern Pacific company uniformed maids are employed, and they have proved to

No. 55 Leads

All blue votes must be in by Oct. 1, 1911

No. 2	21,620	No. 66	16,195
" 3	16,625	" 67	7935
" 4	12,575	" 79	11,665
" 8	7900	" 112	7325
" 52	7540	" 122	21,120
" 53	886,465	" 137	6220
" 54	14,925	" 151	6785
" 55	954,005	" 152	28,330
" 61	931,810		

Come to our store, see and try this splendid instrument. We will tell you all about our plan of giving this piano away. This is a present worth having. This Piano is of the celebrated Upton make. It carries the manufacturers' Ten Year Guarantee.

UGLOW CLOTHING HOUSE

Men's Fine Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishings, Etc., Florsheim Shoes
DALLAS, - - - OREGON

A memento in the possession of Mrs. F. A. Stewart, of Bandon, highly prized, is a mallet made of the axle of the first wagon ever brought across the plains by J. Dewey and was afterwards owned by Mr. Riley, Mrs. Stewart's father.

Grand Fall Display Ladies' Cloaks and Suits



LaVogue
Unquestioned values in Ladies' Fashionable ready-to-wear Garments

Stylish Suits at from \$15.00 to \$40.00



Ladies' Coats at \$10.00 to \$30.00



You will find at this store, the big city styles at much less than city prices. This is an aggressive statement, but you can prove it for yourself by investigation.

Our La Vogue garments represents the highest type of tailoring. Material and workmanship guaranteed by the makers. It's to your advantage to select your garments early; better choice now than later on.

THE BEE HIVE STORE

A Reliable Place to Trade
DALLAS, OREGON