

Polk County Observer

Published Semi-Weekly at Dallas, Oregon, by the
OBSERVER PRINTING COMPANY

EUGENE FOSTER,
W. H. TOTTEN.

Subscription Rates:

One Year\$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months40
Strictly in advance.

Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1907, at the post office at Dallas, Oregon, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



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

THE UNIVERSITY REFERENDUM

The Observer is in receipt of a lengthy communication from one H. J. Parkison, of Portland, opposing the State University appropriation and defending the application of the referendum thereto. So far as The Observer is concerned it has not the pleasure of the gentleman's acquaintance, neither does it know why Col. Parkison is butting in to this matter, unless simply to use the privilege every man has to convert himself into a special guardian of the welfare of the people and to thus air any little "ism" that he possesses let the effects be what they may. We do know, however, that we do not agree with the gentleman in his fight on the appropriation. The Observer has always stood for a better and broader education, and anything which tends to this direction, and is legitimate, will have this newspaper's support. Fortunately for the present publishers of The Observer, perhaps, they are too recent citizens of Oregon to be familiar with all the various ramifications connected with the appropriation, and the referendum against it, and we can only view it in its broader sense, and form our conclusions thereby. What we do know is that the legislature appropriated \$503,000 for betterments at the State University and to further the educational advantages of Oregon. We also find that those who are opposing the appropriation and supporting the referendum, are in favor of the consolidation of the Agricultural college and the University, that still others are in favor of a centralized school system while still another class, and the most unreasonable of all, are invoking the referendum because they wish to "punish the legislature for its log rolling proclivities" as Parkison says in his letter.

The fact that the three motives above cited have been used in opposition to the appropriation seems to us to constitute a most forcible argument in its favor. The Observer is unqualifiedly opposed to consolidation, is not in favor of a centralized school system and does not believe in injuring our educational institutions by surrounding them with uncertainties merely to "punish a log-rolling legislature."

So far as we can discover the legislature of Oregon has never been enthusiastic in support of the educational institutions of the state. That is why the institutions of our neighboring state of Washington are rated so much higher than our own and why their student bodies are so much larger than Oregon's. Economy is right and proper when aimed at extravagant expenditures, but our educational institutions are a poor target for such marksmanship. Parkison suggests that it is his desire, and also that of a large following, to remove the university and the agricultural college from "the realm of petty politics." Right there is where he has the support of The Observer. But it appears that he, and the friends of the university referendum are doing all in their power to plunge both institutions still further into the mire of politics and that of the petty and "peanut" brand. Disgruntled and chagrined in their efforts to throttle the advancement of educational advantages in Oregon, they invoke the aid of a system that is open to criticism and seek, by the flimsiest of arguments, to strike a stunning blow to an institution which is entitled, and has a right to expect, the united support of all the people. The reprehensible tactics employed to defeat the appropriation is simply shown by the frauds unearthed in the referendum petition which should condemn it in the minds of all honest people. Parkison admits that the application of the referendum is in the nature of "destructive legislation" still he attempts to defend it by declaring that "the constructive legislation which will follow will certainly overcome any ill effects that may be charged up against the Oregon system." Here is where we again disagree with the Portland champion of the referendum. The Observer does not believe in tearing down in order to build up, especially when the methods employed are so steeped in fraud as those which our courts have declared surround the attempt to defeat the University appropriation.

Referring to the communication, printed in another column, signed

"Old Fancier," The Observer desires to state that misinformation made this paper say in a recent issue that "no entry fee was charged the poultry exhibitors" at the recent show. The article referred to was intended simply to cover the goat exhibits where no entry fee was charged and pens, feed and water, were furnished free. Inasmuch as "Old Fancier" declares that the entry fee charged was the usual one, the poultry exhibitors should not complain. It was a matter merely within the poultry association, neither Dallas or the Commercial club had anything to do with it.

AN "UNDERSTANDING?"

Latest reports from Oyster Bay indicate that Roosevelt will not be a candidate for the presidential nomination and will not accept if named. Furthermore, it is probable that he will say so in good time and announce his friendship for President Taft and he may even urge his renomination. Friends of the president have intimated all along that the alleged breach between the former president and the present occupant of the White House had been greatly exaggerated and that, while the two men have not agreed as to policies, still at heart, Roosevelt has no wish for another term as chief executive and that his first choice for the office is its present occupant. President Taft's elevation to the presidency came largely through the friendliness of Roosevelt, although he had a large following of his own, and it is highly improbable that the latter would so soon experience a change of heart and ally himself with the opposition. Some even go so far as to declare that there has been an "understanding" between President Taft and former President Roosevelt which accounts for the former's apparent confident survey of the field.

But the Roosevelt rumors have had the effect already of puncturing the LaFollette boomlet, which may have been the reason for its launching, and that influenced the Colonel in not coming out openly and denying it. All this lends color to the intimation that Taft and Roosevelt really understand each other and that the latter is in league with the former's friends to bring about his nomination with the greatest possible dispatch. While Roosevelt is not nearly as popular with the people as was the case several years ago his strength is still prodigious and any candidate whom he openly favors is sure to benefit to a very great extent.

Viewed in the abstract the presidential situation appears to be clearing up in the Republican ranks while it is growing more complicated with Democracy.

BOTH FIT.

The editor of the Polk County Observer refers to the editor of the Standard as a "mollycoddle." Which application, brother, Billy Sunday's or the "Rooseveltian."—Amity Standard.

Take your choice, it's immaterial and either explains the situation.

It doesn't hurt to be honest. The rabid partisan newspapers that readily print anything and everything attacking Governor West's prison policy, even when such statements are false, fail to be fair and print the other side. Only recently a letterman who had been permitted to leave the prison on his promise to return home, worked all summer and paid off a mortgage, after which he returned to the penitentiary to remain. While a few newspapers printed the story a number of the anti-West editors "failed to see it." Regarding this question of "prison policy" as applied by Governor West, The Observer believes that the governor will win in the end, and that the time will come when policies of this nature will be the rule, rather than the exception, throughout the country. And when this is true, there will also be found a marked decrease in crime.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme court delivers a body blow at the prohibitionists, in that it is held lawful for intoxicating liquors to be shipped into a "dry" state or community. The decision arose over the refusal of an express company to accept shipment of intoxicating liquor consigned to "dry" territory because the laws of the latter state prohibited such shipments. The supreme court holds that the law is wrong and that the express company as a common carrier under the regulations of interstate commerce, must accept the shipment.

Such an exhibition as that held in Dallas, Oregon, recently, is bound to have a very stimulating effect in keeping up interest in the breeding of choice Angora goats. It once more brought out the very best mohair producers that the western part of Oregon is famous for, and these are rightly the best that can be found in the United States. The quality of their fleeces is not excelled anywhere.—Pacific Homestead.

Because a Southern newspaper printed a story about a number of robins being seen in the streets of Atlanta in an intoxicated condition, the story is being characterized as a nature fake. We do not doubt the story. Why, even in Portland, robbers have been seen on the streets, with comfortable souls aboard.

A brighter era is dawning for Albany. A new wheel came for their

street car the other day and patrons of that modern city contraption will bump the bumps no more.

THE LOAFER

The fellow who wrote the following must have been the recipient of a gift box of cigars on Christmas. Listen to this:

"If some young men who strut around smoking a stinking, filthy roll of tobacco called a cigar; their lips and fingers all stained with foul juice, and continually expectorating over floors and walks, could only see themselves as others see them, they would never want to see or hear of tobacco again. The tobacco habit is one of the dirtiest, filthiest and foulest things a young man can contract."

Something's the matter with that fellow. He has developed one of the most exaggerated cases of plain grouch that I have met in many days. I'm really sorry for the fellow if he feels that way about it. If he doesn't care to enjoy the seductive attraction of the weed, he doesn't have to, but that is no excuse for flinging forth a spasm like that. If he doesn't know the supreme enjoyment that goes with an after dinner cigar, or the contentment that comes from a pipe of fragrant tobacco, if he has never reposed in his chair with his pedal extremities carefully and comfortably elevated and watched the wreaths of smoke curl upward conjuring up pictures of the past and of the future, then he's missed something which probably accounts for his grouching. The fellow who can enjoy a good smoke is pretty generally a good sort and has a heap sight more friends than the one who howls about it and gives vent to expressions like the above. If one doesn't like tobacco one doesn't have to use it, but why abuse those who differ from him? Come, old top, be a good sport and forget the grouch.

The young folks gave a dinner the other night over in Newport to raise funds to build a "walk to the cemetery." The object was a worthy one and if folks want to dance their way into the cemetery over a nice board walk they should by all means be permitted to do so. This calls to mind a remembrance of my boyhood days spent in a little town in Iowa where the cemetery was about the only "show place" at the disposal of the people. We had a "walk to the cemetery" and on every pleasant Sunday, the cemetery was the mecca of those who strolled for pleasure. I used to go there myself but, even then, I couldn't see any particular pleasure in wandering around the grave stones and reading the inscriptions. It was further, out to the fair grounds, but it always pleased me better to go there, sit in the empty "grand stand," and gaze at the weed grown race track, than to stroll amid the marble shafts in the beautifully wooded tract on the hillside. But the cemetery was the only approach to a park that the town had, so it was used to the limit. When Cousin John's folks came from Ohio to spend a week at our house the first place we took them was the cemetery. We showed them the big granite column that Banker Stone had erected over the grave of his "first wife" and that paved the way for a bit of gossip regarding the rumors that Stone and his second wife didn't get along very well and that Mrs. Jones who went there to beg a dollar for the preacher's salary, and had been admitted to the front parlor, said that the first Mrs. Stone's enlarged picture had disappeared from the place over the mantle where it had hung since the fall that Stone and his wife had made that visit to Chicago. We showed our Ohio relatives the graves in the potter's field and told how the village drunkard had passed away and nobody had cared enough about him or his family to save his remains from reposing in that lonely portion of the "silent city." Oh, it must have been an enjoyable afternoon for the Buckeyes. The young swains and their sweethearts used to stroll out to the cemetery on pleasant Sunday afternoons and make love under the shady maples down where the rippling river slipped past in soft and dreamy gurges. To be sure the birds trilled their happiest chorus amidst the whispering leaves, and the sun shone, and the breezes kissed our cheeks with a soft caress, but still, the hallowed precincts never were quite forgotten and it was the last place one would seek, it always seemed to me, for a pleasure siesta. It's the last place folks expect to go, and the average run of humanity doesn't want to get too familiar with it before they go to stay.

A disastrous conflagration occurred in Forest Grove the other night according to the newspapers. A telephone pole caught fire and immediately a general alarm was rung in and every piece of apparatus in the city responded instantaneously. The great fire illumined the country for miles around until folks in Hillsboro thought Mt. Hood was erupting. An immense crowd gathered and watched the grand sight and commended the efforts of the brave firemen to

extinguish the blaze. One brave fellow shinned up the pole and rescued the glass insulators while another carefully removed the "Don't Hitch Here" sign from the base of the structure. The complete destruction of the town's pole appeared imminent but the efforts of the brave fire fighters finally prevailed and the conflagration was arrested. Folks ought to be more careful of their telephon-poles.

WANTS SYSTEM IN ROAD WORK

Road Supervisor Declares Reform is Necessary in Road Building.

Editor Observer:—Ten years ago you would see but very little in print about good roads. Today nearly every paper has something to say on the subject, in fact, the campaign for good roads is one of the foremost issues today.

The cause of this activity is the automobile. In 1905 there were 218 autos in Oregon; in 1911 we had 6383. The New York State Automobile association is asking for the state of New York to spend \$50,000,000 for good roads. I presume the auto men of Oregon will be asking for a like amount in a few years. Most of the autos are owned by business men. They are clamoring now for a road from Portland to Salem on the East side, and return on the West side, and they also want a road to the Coast via Dallas and Falls City to Newport. I will admit that it would be a very good thing to have these roads—if the automobile men would pay for them. But we farmers who pay three-fourths of the taxes, don't care about a road to Newport, or to Portland. We are interested most in getting from farm to market.

We hear a great deal said about bonding our county to build roads. I think it would be very unwise to spend a vast amount of money until we get a system to build permanent roads. It is a fact that 40 per cent of the road money is wasted, and it would be a folly to bond our county and state until we have a system to build roads and get full value for our money.

We spent on our county roads \$50,000 last year. This money was spent under the supervision of 21 road supervisors; these 21 men probably had 21 different ideas of road building, and 21 different kinds of roads resulted. They all did probably as well as they knew how and the county paid for their mistakes. There is less thought given to the expenditure of the road fund in Oregon than any other public fund. Take for instance our school fund; see what care is taken to get the best results. They have their county superintendent, also a supervisor to visit the schools and they get the best instructors in school work possible to instruct the

teachers at their institutes to get the best results and to get full value for the money expended.

Suppose the teachers of Polk county were turned loose; each teacher would have a system of their own. What condition would our schools be in at the end of a year? I don't think we will get good results building roads until the supervisors organize and form a system of road building and have all work done on the same system under a competent road builder. I happened to be one of the 21 supervisors last year. I did the best I knew how, under the direction of the court, but after my work was done, I could see my defects and of course the county had to pay for my mistakes. Now, if some system could be adopted to make good substantial roads, and every dollar paid out by the county bring its full value, then and not until then, will the taxpayers of Polk county willingly pay their good money into the county funds.

So, I think first, there should be an organization formed; second, we must have a system; third, we should have full value for every dollar expended.

EVAN EVANS.

Dallas, Oregon, Jan. 24.

Hens vs. Turkeys.

Editor Observer:—When quite a young boy (a matter of about 50 years ago) I contracted a severe case of "Hen fever." It became chronic and I have remained an ardent fancier of pure bred poultry ever since; have bred over 50 varieties of chickens. Not alone for the pleasure I have derived from it, but have tried to make a little money out of it as well. But the feed question has always been a serious drawback, consuming a very large part of the income. After reading Mr. J. M. Card's article in The Observer of January 12, I see that I was never "on to the job."

He tells us that he kept 25 brown leghorn hens and two turkey hens, raised 100 chicks and \$12.75 worth of turkeys (and of course there were some males also to feed) at a total cost of \$27.50 for 12 months. I am not from Missouri, but I should like to be "showed."

He says he can take 300 leghorn hens and clear \$1000 a year. After doing a little figuring, I can't see why a man should fool away his time on hens at \$2.50 profit per hen, when there is so much more money in turkeys. Why, do you know, when I figured up his profits on two hen turkeys and multiplied it by 200, it fairly took my breath—\$65.25 profit on one, multiplied by 300, equals \$20,625! Not many years required to have the rating of a Carnegie, Rockefeller or a Gould. If this isn't a "get rich quick scheme" where do

you find it. It certainly is a great discovery and a man who can do this is entitled to have his name handed down to future generations beside that of Fulton, Morse, Franklin, Edison, Wright and Curtis. Turkeys for me from now on. "Turkeys is the Slogan."

In your report of the Dallas Goat and Poultry show you say its great success was due to the liberality of the Commercial club and the business men of Dallas. I agree with you there. You state that no entry fees or charge for pens or coops was made. While this is true of the past department, it was not so with the poultry; 25c had to be paid for every bird entered and an additional 10c if entered as a pen, or in other words it cost \$2.25 for 5 birds entered. That looks anything but free to me. I do not write this as a kick, by any means, as that has always been the price, but to correct the impression your article would have on the public.

One more thing with the awarding of prizes and I will close. Most people have the idea that when one breeder takes first and another second prize, the former must have much better birds. Not always. It often happens that birds score the same, then the one that comes the nearest to standard weight has preference. Therefore the second is just as good as the first. This is for the benefit of some whom I have heard talking on the subject.

OLD FANCIER.

Dallas, Ore., Jan. 24, 1912.

Candidates' petition blanks for sale at The Observer office.

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