

Polk County Observer

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

THE LOSS OF THE TITANIC

In the absence of authentic information which can only be had with the landing of the survivors, and information they may have to impart, we can only surmise as to the causes which led to the wreck of the world's greatest vessel, and the loss of more than 1300 precious lives on the New Foundland banks last Monday morning. From out of the darkness and the silence, pulsing through the misty waves of the fog bank came the starting cry "C. Q. D.," that stirring summons sent out by a vessel in distress. "We have struck the ice and are sinking" was the further message the wireless told and then—silence. Silence which could only mean the worst, but, buoyed up by hope, a score of steamers whose wireless operators heard that agonizing cry for assistance, hurried to the scene of the wreck, only to find, as we now know, a few of the many passengers on that fated ship floating about the sea in open boats, or chilled and frozen, clinging to life-belts in the icy waters while the most magnificent vessel ever built, a monster of the ocean, supposedly unsinkable, lay on the ocean's bed, two miles below the surface, a mighty sepulchre for the 1300 souls who went down to death in her last plunge.

One is appalled at the awful catastrophe. Aere words fail to convey the chill that strikes the heart of everyone as he reads of this terrible tragedy of the sea. Even if he has no personal interest in the vessel or its human freight, the knowledge that so many souls have been snuffed out almost in a twinkling, brings to his mind a saddening throb for the many homes bereft and the hearts that mourn for loved ones who sleep beneath the sea. The loss of the Titanic is the greatest tragedy of the sea that history holds; all others sink into insignificance.

Not alone in the loss of life, which was far greater than all others, but in the great number of prominent people lost, men whose names are household words on two continents, and in the vast volume of treasure which lies miles deep in the embrace of the restless ocean, will make the catastrophe stand out as the one awful event in the history of the world.

One cannot grasp at first the full scope of this mighty deed of death. Here was a vessel speeding through the ocean at passenger train velocity, a monster leviathan of the deep, in which had been incorporated every device and improvement known to modern shipbuilding science to safeguard life and property, representing an expenditure of \$10,000,000, a craft which it was supposed could successfully cope with the dangers of the deep and bring its human freight safe to land; manned by capable masters, thoroughly schooled in the dangers of the sea, knowing their calling as no others knew it, yet, notwithstanding all this, she meets her doom as thousands of smaller craft have met it, and plunges to the bottom in four hours after crashing into an ice-floe that lurked in her pathway, an unseen yet ever present danger to ships on the Atlantic highway of the deep. How puny are the efforts of man to cope with the works of Nature. We may build our great ships, we may expend fortunes in equipping them with everything that human ingenuity may devise for the comfort and safety of the passengers yet, in a few short hours, all is rendered useless and the palatial monster with its millions in furnishings, its valuable cargo of treasure and precious stones but, more than all else, its human lives, find no safety when face to face with the menace of the deep, and the angry sea easily levies its frightful toll on rich and poor alike.

When the story of this awful wreck shall be finally told it will probably be found that the ship was rushing through the waves at express train speed. It was the maiden voyage of this great vessel, and her owners and her captain were desirous that her first trip should be a fast one. Everything has been sacrificed to speed in these latest ocean marvels, at the same time that safety of life has been considered. The traveling public demanded still more rapid passages across the Atlantic, and in compliance with this demand, the shipping companies have for years been engaged in a strife to outdo each other in building larger ships and increasing their capacity for speed. It mat-

tered not what dangers might assail the navigator—he was instructed to make time regardless of all else. Did he encounter the fog bank, he must force his ship through it unmindful of the dangers that might lurk in its impenetrable depths. Did the winds arise and lash the angry waters into mountainous billows, he must drive his speeding monster straight into the teeth of a living gale, trusting to the staunchness of his craft and the faultlessness of his machinery, to bring him safely through. The passengers who had paid their money for transportation demanded that the vessel cross in the shortest possible time, for much money may be lost when a millionaire is absent from his desk.

Speeding thus on Sunday night, the Titanic crashed into a floating ice barrier, rending her steel sides on the cruel and jagged crags. She backed away, a broken and wounded monster, the waters rushed in through the rents and overwhelmed the mighty ship and her load of passengers.

While little is known of the wreck, and there is no explanation of the real causes which led to her destruction, it is possible that the very size of the vessel might have contributed in a large measure to her destruction. A vessel of such mammoth proportions, equipped with immense power and forced through the water by triple screws, attains an awful momentum, and when her prow struck the great ice barrier the impact might have been great enough to simply rend the mighty ship from stem to stern, making her safety devices, ordinarily effective, useless and of no avail. If this shall be the true story of the wreck, the modern mania for speed will have claimed a host of the victims who demand such methods.

CONSERVATION OF SOULS.

We have had conservation movements for the preservation and salvation of almost everything under the sun, the very latest being a movement for the conservation of masculine human souls. At least the national convention of the Men and Religion Forward Movement to be held in New York next week, styles itself a "conservation congress." While the congress proper does not begin until Friday, a conference of the experts who have been holding meetings all over the country, in an attempt to spread the movement for bringing men into the churches will commence with a mass meeting tomorrow, according to dispatches from the metropolis. During the next four days, experts will teach the laymen of New York how to capture the male non-church goer and bring him into the fold. Hundreds of distinguished men, including President Taft, have agreed to deliver addresses, but the only woman admitted to the program is Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, who will speak to a masculine audience on the "Social Evil."

New York may be an excellent place to hold such a congress, for a visit to almost any protestant church on Sunday, it is said, will disclose the fact that the metropolis male is not given to worship, at least not the kind that requires his attendance at Divine services. The Catholic men, it is declared, are a little more faithful in this regard, but not enough to hurt them. The Men and Religion Forward Movement, its promoters hope, will change this condition, and teach men that they can't hope to get to heaven on the strength of the piety of their wives.

In opening mail one day recently the writer was surprised to find a publication issued in Boston and named "The Remonstrance," which is printed solely in the interest of the "Society for the Prevention of the Further Extension of Equal Suffrage." It is edited by women and numbers among its contributors some of the foremost women of the nation. By this we do not mean the professional spellbinders, but the women whose brains and abilities have made them national figures in art and literature, rather than on the stump. The paper indicates that there are, in every state of the union, branches of this society, and all have strong organizations. This it appears is only another evidence that all of the women do not want the ballot, and among this number are included those who have attained greater heights intellectually than some who are the most insistent in declaring that equal suffrage should prevail.

If a "post beginning makes a good ending," Portland baseball fans have much to be thankful for in the hope of a fair-raising finish of the present season in the Coast league. The champs have consistently dropped same after game and the flux of last season appears to be still on the job. The Northwestern team is doing better, however, and if the present ratio continues, it is possible that Portland sentiment will look with more favor on the class it organization before the season is over.

Boys New Automobile.

W. L. Soehren, manager of the Soehren Warehouse company and the Dallas Water company, is the owner of a new E-M-F auto, purchased the first of the week in Portland. He returned with the car Tuesday night, accompanied by Mrs. Soehren and L. E. Wilkes, of Hillsboro. Mr. Wilkes is a civil engineer in the employ of the government, and an old friend of the Soehrens.

Lane has the only modern ice cream parlor in the city and he takes pride in pleasing his patrons. Every

LOONACY.

I'm in love with the laugh of the lonesome loon.
Who lies on the lonely lakes;
Who howls at the maiden moon—
O, it's murderous music he makes,
'Tis the shriek of a soul that is seared with sin,
A terrible, torturing tune;
Yea, a damnable, doleful, demoniac din
Is the laugh of the lonesome loon.
—Cleveland Leader.

But give me the glug of the gluttonous gull
As it swishingly shies near the shore,
And murmurs melodies dithyrambs dull—
O, the bird is a bibulous bore!
It plunks itself plump 'neath the watery wave
A cursory carpet to cull;
You bet you! A beggarly beast to behave
Is the gurglesome gluttonous gull!
—Chicago Tribune.

Yep, the laugh of the lorn and lonesome loon
Is horrid and harsh to hear,
And the glug of the gull is a curdling croon,
Right eerie to the ear.
But the bleacher bugs' wild howl of hate,
And the umpire's squawk of pain
As a pop bottle plunks on his perturbed pate
To me is the sweetest strain.
—"Gravy."

Now the mannical laugh of the lonesome loon,
Right eerie may be to the ear,
And the gurglesome gull of the gull's wild croon
Is doubly wild and drear,
But give me the song of the geoduck sad,
As it skates o'er the tidoflat land
Or suns its plumes on a hickory gad
Or jocosely struts on the sand.
O, the howl of the geoduck is lugubriously sad
As it jocosely struts on the sand.
—Aberdeen World.

Yes, the lonely lute of the lazy loon
Lingers long o'er the listless lake
And the gurglesome gull, midst the gathering gloom,
Gives a querulous, quivering quake.
The pop-bottle's plunk, and the geoduck's glee
On the shimmering soft sea sands
Is a shrill, shrieking sound, you see,
Which none of us understands.
But fair is the feel of the frolicsome flea,
And sweet is his siren song
As he sits secure on your back, by gee,
Then bites, and hops along;
Oh, fine is the feel of the frolicsome flea,
As he bites and hops along.

Editorials of the People.

Signed communications will be printed under this head from responsible parties but their publication does not necessarily imply that they express the sentiments of the editor.

Has Oldest Rifle.

Editor Observer: Mr. Loose, I suppose, has the oldest rifle, but I believe that I have the oldest rifle. I have in my possession a rifle that my father bought in 1851, and brought across the plains in 1852. Can anyone beat that? If anyone doubts the statement, just refer them to F. J. Hayter, Dallas.

C. C. McCRACKEN,
St. Johns, Oregon, April 16.

An Egg Record.

I have 15 White Minorca pullets just one year old; weighed a lb. each at 8 months, and have laid 747 eggs, an average of 49 2/3 eggs to the hen during the year, and only one of the 15 has ever offered to set in that time; and that one only just at the close of the year. Their eggs have averaged two pounds to the dozen.

O. L. FRANCIS,
Hillsdale, Ore., April 15.

DIES AFTER A LONG ILLNESS

Mrs. Cornelia DeHaven Answers Call at Ripe Age.

Mrs. Cornelia DeHaven, mother of Oscar DeHaven, died at the home of her son, near Dallas, early Tuesday morning, April 16, 1914, after a lingering illness of many months, aged 84 years, 5 months and 10 days. Her maiden name was Chingman.

On July 19, 1821, she was married to Henry Clay DeHaven. Two children, Mary and Oscar, were born of this union, the daughter dying when but two years of age.

On March 2, 1855, the family was bereaved by the death of the husband and rather, then only 25 years of age. The deceased made her home continuously with her son, coming to Oregon 21 years ago with his family.

From her early years she was interested in all forms of Christian work, especially as an active member of the Methodist Episcopal church and the W. C. T. U. In her domestic life she was a faithful wife, a loving mother and an exemplary Christian.

Besides her son and his family, she leaves a sister and three brothers to mourn their loss.

The body was taken to Halsey and laid to rest in the Pine Grove cemetery, beside those of loved ones gone before.



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COURT HOUSE PICK-UPS

Court Items, Real Estate Transfers, Farm Names Filed and Other News Briefly Told.

Marriage Licenses.

H. A. Goode to Laura S. Poling.
Bernard Bramhall to Flora Killian.

Probate.

Estate of Martha V. Whitman. Final order entered.
Estate of Bertie M. Guy. Final account of administratrix allowed as filed and distribution ordered.

Guardianship of Cleo Elberta Guy, a minor. Petition for appointment of guardian granted. Bond fixed at \$1,500. Mabel Guy appointed guardian. Bond filed and approved. N. L. Guy, C. J. Guy and E. V. Dalton appointed appraisers.

Guardianship of Elmer Arnold Martin et al, minors. Guardian licensed to sell personal property at private sale.

Guardianship of Carl B. King, Geo. King and Elmo L. King, minors. Petition of Charles S. King to be appointed guardian granted. Bond in sum of \$1200 required. Letters to issue on filing approved bond in sum of \$1200.

Real Estate Transfers.

W. H. Hill to William McGhie, 80.42 acres in tp. 6s, r. 6w, (w. d.) \$2000.

Warren P. Cressy et al to Lucinda Baldwin, S. 13 1/2 ft. of lot 2 and all of lot 1, and strip of land S. of lot 1, in Torpe's add. to Independence (w. d.) \$200.

John Franklin Walters to H. H. Broughney. Lots 1 and 2 in blk. 1, Fairbairns (w. d.) \$100.

Alfred Eines to Tjiske Baersma, 10 acres in tp. 6s, r. 5 w, (w. d.) \$11,100.
George Boyer to Tjiske Baersma, 52.94 acres in tp. 6s, r. 5 w, (w. d.) \$250.

F. W. Waters to John Van Leunan, blk. 2, Waters' add. to West Salem, (w. d.) \$10.

F. W. Waters to William Jones, Lots 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, in blk. 6, Waters' add. to West Salem, (w. d.) \$10.

M. and S. Mahleman to T. Einfeldt, Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, in blk. 22, E. add to Thorpe's town of Independence, (w. d.) \$100.

Fred S. Holman et ux to W. B. Sexton, 14.77 acres in tp. 1s, r. 6w, (w. d.) \$2,000.

Jennie F. Osler and ux. to May C. Vine, lot 3 in blk. 6, Levens' LaCroix Homestead add. to Dallas, (w. d.) \$100.

L. O. O. F. to G. W. McIlhee, S. half cemetery lot 294, (d.) \$10.
L. O. O. F. to Rachel Todd, N. half cemetery lot 291, (d.) \$5.

AGED LADY ANSWERS SUMMONS

Mrs. Anna Reddekopp Dies at Her Polk Station Home of Pneumonia.

Mrs. Anna Reddekopp died April 12, at her home at Polk Station, after a short illness of pneumonia, aged 64 years and seven months. Funeral services were held Sunday, April 14, conducted by Rev. W. Standly, and interment took place in the Salt Creek cemetery. Deceased was born in Neuhorst, Russia, September 12, 1848, came to Oregon in 1888, and settled at Lewistown, and moved to her late home at Polk Station in 1896, where she has since resided. She was the mother of 12 children, none of whom survive her. One half-brother is her only other surviving relative.

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SALE DATES

April, 25-26-27 July, 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31
May, 2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31
June, 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31
Imperial Council Mystic Shrine, Los Angeles, April 20 to May 1st

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