

Polk County Observer

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

THE LURES OF YOUTH.

In last week's issue of the Saturday Evening Post is a story that will appeal to all who have not forgotten the glad, free time of youth. We refer to "Mary Smith," by Booth Tarkington. Those who are familiar with Tarkington hardly suspected that he could write a story with so much of the human interest in it; that he could break away from problem subjects and get right down to the soul and weave words, and thoughts, and actions into a tale that brings a pleasant smile and warms the coiled hearts that have long since forgotten the days of the past when all the world was a battlefield to be conquered and made subservient to their needs.

If you haven't read this delightful story, by all means do so at once. You will be richly repaid for the time it requires if you have still within your make-up the ability to hark back in retrospect to the time when the heart beat young, and life was glad, and free and fresh, like the first, faint smile of Spring or the diamonds of dew on the moist lips of the newborn rose.

It's a story of what is sarcastically styled "puppy-love," but let those who dare, smile at that tender emotion. Those who have felt it—and who has not—know that nowhere, and at no time in all the cycles of the seasons has there ever come to the heart a warmer thrill than that which took up its abiding place there when you first discovered that "Mary Smith" was the "only girl" in all the world. Like Henry Mellick, that charming figure of his junior year at college, life at once assumed a changed aspect. "The old life" seemed commonplace and futile, and a new field opened before you. You suddenly realized that you had reached man's estate and you yearned to tackle some of the mighty problems that were confronting ordinary men, and in a moment solve their riddles and show them how brains and pluck and ingenuity could accomplish wonders. You built mighty castles with lofty spires and countless minarets, set high upon the walls of the world and people, with the numberless services you had rendered mankind.

In a twinkling your whole sphere of endeavor had undergone a change. That life's duty for which you had been trained suddenly grew ordinary. Not that you didn't care for it, but from your new viewpoint, you knew that you were fitted for nobler things. No drudging in an office or menial service in a mercantile pursuit, at the beck and call of the public, for you, well, hardly. You could establish empires, if anybody wanted one, or you could find an opportunity. People would honor you, and call you from the humble walks of life to positions of power, where your ability would entitle you to remain, securely entrenched in the hearts of your countrymen. All this was the result of "Mary Smith" and the enthralling spell of her personality. To be sure you probably hadn't graduated from knickerbockers so very long ago, and probably Mary's dresses hadn't lengthened below her shoe tops, but such things were mere incidents and of no moment, whatever. Possibly your father or mother looked askance at your passion, but they were to be pitied. They could never have loved as you did. They certainly never had known the absorbing passion, the complete, overmastering worship, such as you bestowed upon Mary Smith, and what small pains they took to make light of your infatuation only served to fan the flame to a brighter blaze. You "nursed" your love in secret. You slipped out into the grove and, seated on a moss-grown log, you gazed longingly toward the south, or the east, or the west, or in whatever direction the divine girl lived, and you sighed and sighed, and your heart thumped until your suspender buckles rattled, and a sizzling warmth of hot emotion stepped your soul.

But, no matter to what heights your imagination bore you, no matter what worlds you conquered, or what stupendous problems you mastered, it was always for Mary's own sweet sake. In fancy she walked beside you, her presence and her love was an inspiration, and to win her smile you would overcome obstacles and lay the treasures of the world at her feet. The other fellows used to loaf around the church door on Sunday nights and those who had the "sand" boldly stepped out from the long line on the steps and promptly a gloved hand was slipped through the crook of an elbow, and the happy journey home began. That was all over for you that Now, you bravely called at the South mansion and escorted the Angel of Light who dwelt there to church. And how your heart beat, and on what cloud-swept heights you walked, as you felt the light pressure of the Angel's arm against your coat sleeve. There were no short cuts for you that night—"the longest way" round was the shortest pathway home." And there at the gate, under the shadow of the old maple, with the lights of the big home glimmering through the honeysuckle, and the roses that climbed up in a mass of color on the porch, with the Angel's sweet personality near, your brain reeled even while you talked in subdued tones, and sighed ever and anon, with her soulful eyes sparkling in the dim light, and her breath fanning your cheek, you wondered if you dared—but you didn't,

and finally, when the parental summons came for Mary, sounding through the night, like a rude blast of the trumpet that ended your moments of joy, you bid the Angel good night and walked home on air, with a heart as light as the ghost of the thistle-down that kissed your face on a summer day.

It was puppy-love, as they call it, but no passion could be more complete, soulful, overmastering. It engrossed your waking hours and ran riot through your dreams. As you look back now, after the gray has silvered your temples and your girth prevents the use of last season's trousers, you know that that same puppy-infatuation was pure as the snow that clings to the sides of the wind-swept mountain, and its entrancing mastery of your soul is one of the brightest spots that lingers in the memories of the past.

It was the lure of youth, the golden spring-time of the soul, but every heart beat was true, every inspiration was uplifting because of it, and it has had its effect upon your life. Puppy-love may be the jest of others, the object of their sarcastic jokes, but those who have felt it are none the worse for the experience, and the man or woman who never enjoyed its absorbing passion has missed one of its enchanted spaces in the pathway that leads from the cradle to the grave.

There are Mary Smiths and there are Henry Mellick Chesters in the world today—just as in the years gone by, and they are fighting the same battles, enjoying the same emotions and sighing the same sighs that you fought and enjoyed and breathed when you were young and, before you grew too sarcastic, just hark back to youth's golden dream and remember again the lure of youth.

That Dallas will possess a fruit cannery just as soon as sufficient fruit is raised in this vicinity to keep one in operation, is the statement made by the Armsby people, and we believe that that promise is sufficient for all purposes. The majority of people have no idea of the immense amount of material required to operate a cannery successfully. The fact that several towns of the Willamette valley have had cannery buildings erected, and the machinery installed, only to remain inoperative for years, simply because the acreage of fruit not sufficient is evidence enough that there was no demand for such institutions. The Armsby people represent one of the largest canning companies on the Coast. Institutions controlled by this company have been located in all the big fruit centers of California and will be opened in Oregon as soon as the visible supply will warrant the investment. This being the case, The Observer does not believe it wise for Dallas people to consider the question of furnishing a large sum of money to build an equip an institution which an outside concern will consent to come here and operate. We must have a market for our products. It is true, but that question will settle itself in good time.

More than 20,000 Oregon Republicans indicated their choice of LaFollette in the April primaries. The Wisconsin senator was second in the race in this state. Senator LaFollette has announced his allegiance to the Republican party and has bitterly attacked the Bullmoosers in his magazine, and publicly. He will soon take the stump in defense of his progressive principles and will advocate the election of the Republican national ticket. Those wild supporters of the Roosevelt party who are declaring that their god will sweep Oregon in the November election, have another fight coming. In a few minutes that these 20,000 LaFollette Republicans, or even a portion of them, will cast their ballots for the man who defeated their candidate, and even prevented a compromise which might have made his nomination at Chicago possible. On the other hand, our Democratic friends who are claiming that the Wisconsin man's support will go to Wilson, are not counting the fact that these men are Republicans, that they have remained true to the organization and, following the advice of their leader, undoubtedly will be found lined up as heretofore, with the party rather than against it.

The aesthetic Oregonian refers to a gathering of women members of the Roosevelt party as "lady" moozers. Oh, little. What's the matter with "cow" moozers? When the women get into politics there is no reason why they are not entitled to the official insignia of their party.

The attempt of some of the newspapers of Oregon to remain on the fence politically in these strenuous days, are pitiful.

"Salem Mills to Make New Mush" reads a headline in a Salem newspaper. How typical of Salem.

Magnetic Boy.

Some time ago a stir in the scientific world was created by a 12-year old boy whose magnetic influence was so great that his presence in a room would cause tables and chairs to be overturned, pictures would fall from the walls, and even wood piles would tumble down when the child happened to glance at them. According to the McMinnville Telephone-Register, the boy, whose name has been forgotten, is now living with his mother, Mrs. A. B. Taylor, who has remained and resides at McCoy, and demonstrations of the character which created so much excitement in Portland are said to be practically done away with. The boy is living an ordinary life, going to school, playing baseball, and doing a thousand other things that only a normal, healthy American boy can enjoy. The secret of the wonderful magnetic demonstrations exhibited by the child several years ago has never been learned.

Ballard's SNOW LINIMENT

It neutralizes poisons, subdues inflammation, relaxes contracted muscles and restores healthy conditions. For rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. there is nothing like it in the whole list of curative agents. It is more effective than the strong, harsh liniments that are rubbed in for rheumatism, neuralgia or sciatica. Its wonderful penetrating and relieving influence is very grateful and is always followed by beneficial results. Price 25c. Sold by James F. Ballard, Prop., St. Louis, Mo. Use Stephens Eye Salve for sore eyes. It cures.

"GOIN' HOP-PICKIN'."

"Goin' hop-pickin'?" queried Jimmie, aged 12, reclining gracefully against the postoffice corner. "You bet, ain't you?" "Auh, I can't say I'm crazy about it. Nobody but goils and yer grandmothers pick hops any more and I sottenly hate 'em be classed wid them," came the earnest rejoinder.

"What's the diff, we don't have to have any thing 't do with them, and I'll never get that gun 'less I do, so I'm goin' 't pick," the younger lad finished up decidedly. "Oh, yer folks goin' this year?" "Oh, Krebbas, I 'spose." (Disgust-edly.) "Gee, don't ut make yuh sore," sympathized Jimmie. "They got the swellest swimmin' hole down at McLaughlin's, and you bet I'm goin' in ever day. Well, guess I'd better be mang, Algy."

Practically all of young Polk county is interested in a like manner. Youngsters from the age of 6 years up have earned and spent over and over again the amount of worldly goods they expect to earn in the hop fields. And not only the children are interested, but the older folks as well, have been making big checked aprons and voluminous sunbonnets, sleeve holders, etc., and every one of them expect to make their fortune sweltering in the hot sun. It will be a perpetual shower bath this year over the edge of a huge wooden box or basket until the fluffy blossoms fill it to the brim, whence follows the shrill cry of "check," or "box full," or "measure," or its equivalent. On through the long tedious day the pickers pull, and snatch, and grab, and thrust, until 6 o'clock comes, and with a bunch of little red or green, or blue tickets pinned on the front of their shirt waists they start for home and rest. But after all there is fun in it, and a long, merry, bunch of humanity could not be found than a hop wagon crowd traveling the dusty road to town.

In some of the large yards, dance halls are built, stores, houses, water, wood and all the conveniences and comforts of the modern life are provided. In the evenings huge camp fires are built and old and young alike gather around with laughter and jesting, until the hour before bedtime is the merriest of all. This year when Algy returns from the hop fields his little brown paw will squeeze onto perhaps \$10, and the long-coveted gun will soon repose in state behind the kitchen door and after that nothing in the world will matter to Algy.

MUCH SPACE FOR FAIR SHOWS

Board Finds Difficulty in Securing Sufficient Room For All.

SALEM, Aug. 20.—So extensively has the State Board of Horticulture planned for the free attractions at the state fair this year, it is becoming difficult to furnish sufficient space for both the attractions and the concessioners. The Parker shows, conceded to be one of the largest carnival firms in this country, has requested the board to set aside nearly two times the space occupied by it last year, while the "Circus" board has requested of the West are flocking toward Salem in a frantic search for space.

Never before in the 51 years' history of the Oregon state fair will there be such an array of free attractions as there will be for the fifty-first session of the board. The board has expended approximately \$4500 for music and free entertainment, while the stakes and purses offered in the speed program amount to \$30,100.

Runaway Log Train.

A freight train of 17 cars of logs got beyond control at the bridge over one day last week, and raced from Black Rock to Bridgeport at 50 miles an hour. Fortunately no damage was done, though the engineer was threatened with heart failure.—Falls City News.

The Oregon State Immigration commission is at work on a state booklet that will be a valuable work for attracting settlers. A thorough and accurate compilation is being made of state statistics, so that the most valuable information will be available for the wandering immigrant. It is expected an edition of 200,000 copies of this book will be published for general distribution before the end of the year.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sorn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Advertisement for Ballard's Snow Liniment, detailing its benefits for various ailments like rheumatism and neuralgia.

S. A. Miller, a Milton peach grower, has tacked upon the fence enclosing his orchard a sign bearing the legend, "Peaches Free; help yourselves to all you want."

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar Honey is the best for coughs, colds, croup, grip, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, and all throat and bronchial troubles. Sold everywhere, look for the bell on the bottle. Sold by Conrad Stafirin.

Thomas Bush, of Maple Grove farm, near Knappa, grows over tur-nips 23 inches, seed radishes 21 inches and summer squashes 19 inches around, and bean vines 11 feet long and still growing.

We Do Not Recommend Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for anything but the eyes. It is a speedy and harmless cure for granulated lids, scrofulous sore eyes, styes, weak eyes and dimness of vision. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sold by Conrad Stafirin.

Roseburg News: There is an old madrone tree on the ridge about five miles east of town that is about 30 feet in circumference, and in the branches of this giant of the forest a platform 40 feet square might be built.

Croup People with children should keep a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey on hand at all times. Croup is worse at night when it is sometimes hard to get a physician. Look for the bell on the bottle. Sold by Conrad Stafirin.

Newberg Graphic: With the number of ice cream cans that are being shipped back and forth between Newberg and Portland, it would seem that it would justify some enterprising man to engage in the manufacture of ice cream here at home.

Internally Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain cure cures colic, flux, diarrhoea, cramps and all bowel complaints. EXTERNALLY:—Cures sore breasts, corns, bunions, toothache, neuralgia, and all pains. Sold everywhere. It is antiseptic. Sold by Conrad Stafirin.

Rock River Armit: Louis Slivers of Evans valley last year harvested 16,000 pounds of perfect onions from a quarter of an acre and expects to do equally as well this year. By crossing he has developed what is probably the only Southern Oregon onion.

Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve is a creamy snow white ointment put up in air tight screw cap tubes. Will cure any case of sore eyes and will not injure the eyes of a babe. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sold by Conrad Stafirin.

Ontario Democrat: A few years ago when a hundred families left Ontario for a few weeks' outing in the mountains, it made quite a noticeable dent in the population, but with the increased number of inhabitants of late years, the absence of a few hundred people is not noticeable.

A Clean Salve Is desirable. Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve is a creamy snow white ointment and guaranteed for all skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, chaps, etc. 25c. Sold by Conrad Stafirin.

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LODGE DIRECTORY

REBEKAHS—Almira Lodge No. 26 meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. NOLA COAD, Noble Grand. ORA COSPER, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Dallas Camp No. 209 meets in W. O. W. Hall on Tuesday evening of each week. TRACY STAATS, Consul Com. W. A. AYRES, Secy.

WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT—Mistletoe Circle, No. 22, Women of Woodcraft, meets in Woodman Hall second and fourth Wednesday nights in each month. EMMA JOST, Guardian Neighbor. SADIE LYNN, Clerk.

A. F. & A. M.—Jennings Lodge, No. 9, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Masonic hall on Main street. Visiting brethren welcome.

W. L. SOEHREN, W. M. WALTER S. MUIR, Secretary. UNITED ARTISANS—Dallas Assembly, No. 48, meets on first and third Mondays of each month at Woodman hall. Visiting members made welcome.

MRS. EMMA B. MILLER, M. A. WILLIS SIMONTON, Secretary.

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DATES OF SALE: May 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 17, 18, 24, 29, 1912. June 1, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 27, 28, 1912. July 2, 3, 6, 7, 11, 12, 15, 16, 20, 22, 26, 29, 30, 31, 1912. August 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 12, 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, 30, 31, 1912. September 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 29, 1912. Stopovers and choice of routes allowed in each direction. Final return limit October 31, 1912. Details of schedules, fares, etc., will be furnished on request.

W. E. COMAN, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Observer Ads Bring Res