

CLOSING OUT SALE

The Big Sale at the Polk County Mercantile Co.
Will Positively End Saturday, March 22d
Prices Lower Than Ever

THIS MAMMOTH STOCK MUST BE CLOSED OUT

Ladies' \$1.50 value Kid Gloves, Sale Price was 98c, now - 75c
Children's 25c val. Colored Hose " " " 19c, now pair, 13c

The Above is a Sample of Our Extra Reduced Prices

Remember the Place **Polk County Mercantile Company** Dallas, Oregon

Points for Mothers

The Small Daughter's Hair.

The modern mother has learned wisdom in many ways, not the least of which is the arrangement of her small daughter's hair. She no longer tortures the little one whose locks hang limp and straight with curlers in an attempt to rectify nature's mistake. Instead she accepts the mistake—in fact, does not even look upon it as such—and makes the modern little girl look just as pretty minus curls as she would with them.

Most of us remember the days when every well brought up child had her front hair either cut into a fringe straight across her forehead or else pushed back painfully and tied tightly in the crown of her head.

Today we realize that nature knows what suits little girls a great deal better than do other mothers.

Take that chubby mite, for instance, who has fluffy hair that will never grow very long and that can't help running into little curls. A middle parting would make her locks too putatively demure, thinks her mother. So the division comes a trifle to one side, giving scope for the services of a big bow that ties back the heavier portion of the hair. This "almost middle" parting always suits a round, faced child.

In a new evening style for an older girl the hair is parted for about two inches on the brow and brushed softly back behind it. A piece of satin ribbon is passed round the head, hiding the divisional line between the parting and the brushed back hair.

The ribbon ends are safely pinned together and concealed either by one of those tortoise shell clips that we growups find so useful, or by a plain enamel buckle to match the ribbon. Then, unless the little lady has a head of very exquisite shape, the hair with its ribbon circlet is gently loosened at the back, giving almost a turban effect.

There is still another style that always suits the long faced and high browed child, and if she has hair of the kindly sort that you can twist into curls with your fingers so much the better. Make the side parting very low on the forehead and don't "scrape" the hair into that charming bow, which should never be made up and mounted on a slide.

By the way, if your little girl's hair refuses to curl, please don't resort to pins or pins. It is ten chances to one that straight hair is becoming in her case, so try the effect often of a loose shift over each shoulder, or—suppose that the hair is too thin for this—

the shoulders.

A Nursery Party.

Great fun results when invitations are sent out to a "nursery rime lucky hunt." Naturally the little people know all the old familiar rimes, and if they do not the sooner they set about learning them the better. The hostess will find many things that she needs for her party in the shops. The purchases are hidden about in as many rooms as possible, and then when the children arrive the hunt begins. Somewhere in the room should be displayed nursery rime pictures, but care must be taken that no words are visible.

Presently, when hunting is successfully over, the children sit down, and a gayly colored lucky bag or basket is placed in the middle of the room. Now each pair of small feet have to move across the floor until they stand by this most attractive thing, but this is done in turn. The child whose name is first called holds out the result of her hunting, perhaps a tiny animal, and then says over the rime with which it is connected. This means that hands may draw out a tiny bag or box of sweets from the lucky bag, or basket, and the wise hostess suggests they shall not be opened at the moment. The presence of these things prevents anything like shyness on the part of the children, who are only too eager to draw. Everybody who does not succeed in saying the rime correctly the first time is given another chance. The singing of a nursery rime means that small hands may have two journeys into the lucky bag.

Many animals, birds and insects may be hidden by the organizer of a nursery rime lucky hunt—cat, dog, the black sheep, white horse, cow, bull, horse. Sheep of ordinary hue must not be forgotten. Cocks, hens, robin redbreast, demure Jenny Wren, blackbirds, crows, may all be safely hidden in the same room with charming kittens. The calf, the rat, the mouse, the pig, all make their bows in the pages of nursery rime. A quaint little ball suggests the enterprising Jack and Jill; a toy clock or a mouse, Dickory, Dickory Dock; a tiny riddle, Old King Cole; a toy cupboard, Old Mother Hubbard; silver bells or cockleshells, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary; a horn speaks of Little Boy Blue; a spoon, the one that the dish can away with; a spider, Little Miss Muffet; a miniature pie, a Little Jack Horner. There are, indeed, many things which any hostess can obtain most easily. The smaller the article the easier to hide. The tiny animal figures to be purchased for a penny at toy shops answer the purpose most excellently.

Heavy Materials For Auto Roads.
The excessive cost of keeping macadam roads in repair has led the commissioners in some counties in Pennsylvania to contract for the construction of roads with hard surfaced materials.

It is claimed that the swift running automobiles set up the finer materials and scatter them to the four winds and in a short time actually blow the road away.

THEIR MOTHER TONGUE.

As It Was Spoken by the Englishman and the American.

An American in London, living in a private hotel, inquired of an English acquaintance how it was that every one in the house immediately recognized his nationality. In "Vagabond Journeys" Mr. Percival Pollard records the conversation.

The Englishman looked at our American friend for a moment and then ventured this definite explanation:

"Oh, of course, don't you see, they would know you, you see, like a shot. I mean to say, you see, that it's quite odds on, don't you see, that you are, that you are, you see! Eh?"

The American chewed on this a little and then remarked, apropos of nothing:

"Say, ain't it a fine thing we speak the same language? Yes, sir! That's what keeps the two countries so close together—the language. Still, as I was saying, I can't make up my mind whether it's my foot or my language. I'd like to have a real heart to heart talk with you about some of these little details of the language that binds us together, tongues across the sea, as it were. Come and have lunch with me at the Cecil."

"Quite sorry! I just went and had a bone an hour ago."

"Beg pardon?"

"Oh, I mean to say, of course, don't you see, I had a grilled bone at the club."

"Well, there's another thing I'd like to talk to you about when you have time some day. That's the exact definition of the week end. I've noticed that when your lawyer or stockbroker, and so forth, says he's going away for the week end it means that he's leaving Thursday evening and not showing up again until Tuesday morning. There goes a boy from E-ton; I can tell him by his clothes."

"From where?"

"E-ton," repeated the Yankee. "Ascents on the 'ton,' doesn't it?"

"No; don't you see, it's just E-ton."

"Oh, rimes with 'meatin' eh, dropping the 't' carefully at the same time as the voice and otherwise concealing the alphabet as much as possible? Well, well!" and the American pulled up his horse. "Ain't it great we speak the same language?"

THE EMPEROR'S STAR.

It Simply Had to Be Put on the Cross on the Church Spire.

Emperor William is the busiest man in Germany. He reviews or approves all decisions in public matters, supervises all art and architecture and lectures everybody. In illustration of the deference paid to his wishes in even the smallest details, they tell in Berlin, writes Mr. Samuel G. Byrthe in Everybody's Magazine, the story of the star above the cross on the spire of the Emperor William Memorial church.

Of course the Kaiser insisted on retaining the plans of the church. The architect brought the plans to him, and the Kaiser scratched out what he did

not like and made such additions as he fancied before he gave them the Imperial O. K. The church was built. There was to be a big gilt cross on the spire, and it appeared in its proper place. But, much to the general astonishment, when the cross was put up a large, many pointed star was raised above it on a heavy rod. The Berliners could not understand the star. They inquired. The architect said the Kaiser had added the star to the plans.

The plans were examined. Then it was found that in revising them the Kaiser had let fall a drop of ink from his pen, which hit the paper just above the cross. The architect studied a long time over this blot of ink. There could be no appeal, no inquiries. He finally decided that the blot of ink signified a star above the cross, and he put the star there, making it to correspond as nearly as possible with the outline of the blot. The star is still there.

The First Hinge.

The first hinge was probably that of the oyster. The thorny oyster of the Pacific coast has its two shells joined together by a hinge as good as any found in any hardware shop of the country. There are other hinges found in nature, but that of the oyster reaches the highest perfection. We have made little advance upon this device in all of our years of patenting and inventing.—St. Nicholas.

An Expert.

"I never have any trouble with my gowns."

"How is that?"

"You see, my husband belongs to the fire department."

"Well?"

"And he can hook me up in forty-five seconds."—Washington Herald.

She Had.

"Have you any unmarried daughters, Mrs. De Willoughby?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Vanderbloom. My daughter Minnie was unmarried last week by Judge Cutten," replied the lady.—Harper's.

A Query.

Fair Patron—The papers say you handle mail here by the ton. Postmaster—Yes, indeed. Fair Patron—Well, my fiancé is going away for a couple of days. What kind of a special rate will you give me per ton?—Woman's Home Companion.

Good For an Occasional Beauquet.
"He offers me a platonic friendship."

"Take it," advised her girl chum, "until something better comes along."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Properly Follows Good Roads.
You show the city community in this or any other state where there are good roads, said a speaker at a good roads convention, and I will show you a community where there are no point

marked buildings or towering lanterns, a community where there is the air of prosperity, thrift and progress.

MONSTER HEADDRESSES.

Women at One Time Wore Fleets of Vessels in Their Hair.

Marie Antoinette had a passion for extraordinary headdresses. One structure that she invented was forty-five inches in height and was composed of many yards of gauze and ribbon. From the folds sprang bunches of roses, and the entire edifice was surmounted by a waving plume of white feathers. It is recorded that when Maria Theresa received a portrait of her daughter wearing this headpiece she exclaimed: "This is no daughter of mine! It is the portrait of an actress!"

The Duchess de Chartres, determined to surpass the queen, designed a headpiece two inches higher. It was made up of many plumes waving at the top of a tower. Two waxen figures, representing the little Comte de Beaujolais (the brother of Louis Philippe) in his nurse's arms, were worn as ornaments. Beside them a parrot perched at a plate of cherries, and the wax figure of a black boy reclined at the nurse's feet. On different parts of the tower were the initials of the duchess's husband, her father and her father-in-law, made from her own hair.

At this time France and England were at war. In a naval engagement the French frigate *Licorne* struck her flag, but the *Belle Poule*, another French vessel, crippled the Hector, an English man-of-war. As the Frenchmen were about to board two English vessels bore down to their consort's assistance, and the *Belle Poule* sailed away. The English fleet returned to Plymouth with two prizes, the *Licorne* and a French lugger.

The French, although they had lost a frigate, proclaimed a victory. The queen and her women wore headpieces that represented the *Belle Poule* under full sail plying a sea of green gauze in pursuit of the English frigate. This construction was known as the "coiffure *Belle Poule*."

The wife of an English officer living in Paris deemed the headpiece an insult to the English navy and determined to resent it. At the next public occasion therefore she appeared carrying on her head five English line of battle ships, a French frigate and a lugger. An arrangement of silk and gauze represented Plymouth harbor, while the English ships, with their prizes, were entering. Each vessel carried a streamer that bore its name, and on the edifice at the back the word "Plymouth" appeared in glittering beads.

The audacity of the spirited Englishwoman struck every one dumb except the chief of police, who invited her to cross the frontier at her earliest convenience.—Tooth's Companion.

"Singing Mice" For Harvard.
Cambridge, Mass.—"Singing mice" are the most recent addition to the collection of rodents in the observation of Charles Colburn of the Harvard physiological department.

The five rodent vocalists, all females, were found by a New Yorker who was attracted to his foot chest by sounds of high chattering that resembled more the notes of canaries than mice.

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