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REBEKAHS—Almira Lodge No. 24 meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall. NOLA COAD, Noble Grand. ORA COSPER, Secretary.

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A. F. & A. M.—Jennings Lodge, No. 3, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Masonic hall on Main street. Visiting brethren welcome.

E. A. HAMILTON, W. M.

WALTER S. MUIR, Secretary.

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SOME YESTERDAYS IN DALLAS

Dr. Mark Hayter.

City politics in those days were no less lively than at present. There were usually two tickets placed before the people. First a call would be made for all legal voters of the town to meet at the city hall, at a given date for the purpose of nominating a ticket. A gossipy number would be there all right and a full ticket named. As it is a hard matter to get together any considerable number of men who are of the same mind, it made no difference how well-qualified the men named were, the dissatisfied ones together with those who did not attend, would get together and put out a second ticket. The first named would be the "Citizen's ticket" or "Regular ticket" or some such distinctive name while the second would be the "People's" or some other name that meant about the same. The supporters of the first usually called the second the sorehead ticket. As these methods were not calculated to promote peace, harmony and good will and as it seemed to be an assured fact that there would be two tickets in the field each election, it was agreed by both Republicans and Democrats that each would nominate a ticket and let the voters make their choice.

Saves Party's Honor.
I call to mind one year when there was little interest taken in local politics. There was a call issued for a Republican convention to be held in the city hall on a certain evening for the purpose of nominating a full ticket. When the time arrived all that showed up was "Uncle" Bill Grant and J. C. Hayter, who was at that time editor of the Observer. So they resolved themselves into a duly organized convention and proceeded to name a full ticket. Of course those who were nominated felt quite good to think they were popular enough with their party to be honored, though absent. As I remember it the next issue of the Observer gave a glowing account of the convention. Spoke of the good feeling which prevailed, lauded the ticket from top to bottom but forgot to say anything about the number in attendance.

I doubt if the Republicans of Dallas to this day realize the debt of gratitude they owe to these two men for saving the honor of the party at a critical moment. (I will say that this is the first time this story has ever appeared in print.)
In those by-gone days a household-er who did not keep a cow was considered by many as being a rather shiftless individual. The keep of a cow was not expensive, those being allowed the freedom of the town. Also taking the freedom of the adjacent farmers' fields and pastures. There were a great many thirty people here considering the size of the town. I think I am safe in saying that the most bitter feelings ever engendered in this town over any local issue was that of ordering the cows off the streets. For two elections the tickets were known as the "cow" and "anti-cow." But after the act was accomplished, the ill feelings soon died out and the religious tendency of the farmers showed a decided improvement.

The fire fighting apparatus of this period consisted of one little hand engine, "Terror Engine No. 1," one four-wheeled hose cart and a few hundred feet of hose.

For some time after the engine was bought, the only water available was from wells and the mill race. There

was one fire I remember when the creek was available. That was when the engine house of the railroad pumping plant which stood down by the railroad bridge, burned. It was August 17, 1888, the night after I returned from Lebanon. I well remember how tired and sleepy I was and how I hated to crawl out of bed to answer the alarm.

Sometime after this a number of cisterns were dug in different parts of town, which were used until the completion of the present water system.
In either June or July of '89 there was a fire which destroyed all the buildings on Main street between Dallas City Bank and the Variety Store. It is my recollection that those burned out, commencing on the south, were the Dallas City bank, J. H. Lawton's barber shop, J. C. Hayter's bakery and confectionery, the postoffice which was located in this store, and J. W. Crider's general store. These were all wooden buildings. This was a most stubborn fire and the "Boys" did well to let it spread no farther. I remember that many women took the places of men who became exhausted while working the brakes of the old engine.

This fire as well as some others which occurred about the same time was supposed to be the work of a certain "undesirable citizen" who had been living in town for some time, but there was no working evidence to warrant the arrest.

There was a fire, this same one if my memory serves me right, that we found the hose nozzle missing and had to dig up an old one that had been laid aside. Sometime after, this man, who had been under suspicion sold out. His successor, while renovating the building, found the missing nozzle hidden away in an obscure part of the attic. All of which went to show that the suspicious were well grounded. While our fire fighting apparatus was crude and the water supply limited, yet the "Boys" did some very good work.

The business and professional men appeared to take more interest in the company than they do today. There was hardly a business or profession that was not represented in the membership. It is true we had our quota of "sidewalk" members but that may be expected in any large volunteer organization.
The financial resources of the county and methods of conducting business were much different then than now. About the only products shipped from here were grain, hops, a little wool, and mohair. No lumber, fruit or dairy products. I remember one time, Mr. Wash, who was then editor of the Itemizer asked Agent Woods what was the principal item of export from here. He was told, "Empty beer kegs." I do not believe that was the case, though I think that Irv, knowing the old gentleman's antagonism to everything that came in barrels, kegs and bottles could not resist the temptation to make the reply he did. Still there was quite a movement of kegs.

About the only time of the year the farmer had money coming in was in the fall after selling his crop, consequently there was a great amount of credit business done. It was nothing uncommon for farmers to pay bills to the amount of several hundred dollars at one time. A farmer in those days with a bank account, that is an account in his favor, was an exception to the rule, but now this is all changed. Today he has a bank account with the balance on the right side, pays as he goes and he usually "goes some too."

The postoffice 25 years ago occupied a space of about 6x16 feet in a confectionery store. One man could do the work and not keep very busy either. Up at the depot, Irv, Woods was the whole thing—operator, passenger and freight agent, train dispatcher. Wells Fargo agent, office boy and anything else that occasion might demand and during his idle moments he would go down to the railroad bridge and run the engine that was used to pump the water for the locomotives. The express matter would come in a box about as large as one of our present day hop "Kings" (of which we have several) would use to keep his money in, possibly it was a trifle larger. This morning I saw Jim Braden going down the street with about all the express he could pile on his wagon. I don't believe any of us realized at that time just how little business we were doing.

In 1888 while Ira Smith was sheriff, a man by the name of Beardsley from Eola was confined in the jail here for killing a man by the name of Perryman, also of Eola. There was a rumor that there might be an attempt made to mob Beardsley and it was decided to remove him to another county for safe keeping as the jail here was not considered secure. I remember there were some friends of the murdered man in town the day this decision was made and I had quite a talk with them regarding the trouble. I was very well acquainted with all those involved in the trouble. They expressed themselves as being quite anxious to know where the prisoner was to be taken. So much so that when the sheriff left town with the prisoner—I think Nat. Holman was driving the rig, I know that it was his much-prized team "Black and Prince" that was used for the occasion—that they attempted to follow but as they only had a farm team and heavy lumber wagon, they stood about as much show in the contest as the yellow dog that attempted to chase the asbestos cat in ladies. I can see them yet as they raced down Mill street and out past Uglow's. I do not know how long they kept going, but presume the sheriff had his prisoner safely in jail in Salem before they were one half of the way there. By the way I believe old "Black" is still living.

As I write of these old times one thing brings up another until it seems there is almost no quitting place but trusting that these memories may be of interest to your readers and hoping that I may be right here in little old Dallas 25 years from now to write another installment, I am,
Respectfully yours,
MARK HAYTER

A Little Story Of a Big Town

By M. QUAD

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I stood under a lamppost on Hester street, watching the overtired children as they fell asleep, while sitting on the steps, the men as they smoked and rested, the women as they dragged themselves wearily along and purchased a bit here and there to stock the family cupboard for Sunday. On Canal, on Grand, along the Bowery, in Chatham square, men and women are laughing in good nature as they elbow each other and through the stores to purchase ornaments and luxuries. Here men and women are sullen and silent, many of them wondering where the barest necessities are to come from.

"If you won't help me we shall have to go hungry tomorrow."
It was a little old woman who had approached so softly that I did not hear her.
"Where do you live?" I asked.
She pointed to a four story tenement almost opposite.
"Any family?"
"A sick husband and four children, sir."

"Very well; lead on, and I will follow."
She kept looking back, and there was a puzzled expression on her face.
"This way—that's a child—keep to the rail—don't fear the dog—we're almost up."
"And as we reached the upper hall we turned to the right, passed down a blind hall running the other way, and presently she pushed open a door, and we entered a room lighted by a smoking lamp.
"John, children, it's a stranger come to see us," said the woman as I stood and looked about.

Here were two small rooms, three chairs, a cupboard, an old table, a wretched bedstead and more wretched bedding, on which lay a man. Across the room was a mattress, on which the children were lying as I entered. In the other room I saw a stove, a wash-tub and a bucket of coal.
"Sit down, sir," said the woman as she placed a chair.

The husband looked to be fifty years old. He had the bright eyes and the hollow cheeks of a consumptive.
"Are you a doctor?" he asked as I sat down.
"No."

"The rent is overdue, but we haven't even bread to eat," he said.
"I am not your landlord nor his agent. I simply came up to see you—to see if you were sick, to see what you needed."

"John, you know how it is with us. I asked him on the street for money, and he's come up to—to—"
"To see if you were really in need of help," I said as she paused. "Have you had any supper?"
"Just a crust for him, sir, but nothing for the rest, and but for you the children would be crying with hunger."

"Very well, I'll mind the house while you go out. Get bread, butter, tea, milk, sugar, potatoes and meat."
"You—you don't mean it?" she gasped.

The man rose up on his elbow to get a better look at me, and I saw something like alarm in his face. To quiet him I said:
"The case is clear enough. You need to get along all right, but sickness came; you could no longer work; you have reached your last penny. Why shouldn't I help you a bit?"
"It's sadly enough we need it, God knows, but—but—"
"But you can't make out why I came up here?"
"No, sir."

"Well, don't worry about it. Queer things are always happening to all of us. How long have you been ill?"
"Over a year, sir."

"And how have you lived?"
"By using the few dollars I had put by and by selling whatever we could spare until we are as you see us. I once earned my \$3 a day, sir, and no poor man's family was better cared for."

"And today you are penniless and hungry?"
"Aye, sir, and as I laid here I'd have cut my throat if I had a knife."
By and by, as we talked, the mother and children returned. I heard the latter shouting, even on the lower stairs. Each had a load, and the wife returned after a lamp, a bottle of wine and some other things. Poor soul! She was laughing and crying by turns, and to have seen those forlorn children sit down on the floor and eat the dry bread as famishing wolves devour their prey was something to pain your heart.

"It's real meat, John," said the woman as she came to his bedside—"real meat, and real potatoes, and real sugar and tea, and there is a God after all!"
"Yes, there is a God, Mary," he whispered as he wept.
And while I sat there the wife cooked supper, and the hunger of all was satisfied, and the two smaller children afterward knelt at the bedside and repeated the Lord's Prayer and were asleep three minutes later.

It was only a drop, only a little ray of hope shining through the darkness and gloom of their poverty and despair, but to have caught that one ray shined them with new strength to battle in the future, and I had touched elbows with still another phase of humanity.

Advertised Letters.

Letters remaining unclaimed at the Dallas postoffice September 15, 1913.
Baton, Mr. Geo.
Johnson, Mr. M. D.
Mallen, Mr. Dave.
Morrison, Mrs. Jaime.
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