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WHAT IS THE AURORA BOREALIS?

Warren H. Miller, the naturalist, prides into the mystery in POPULAR ELECTRICITY AND THE WORLD'S ADVANCE FOR October. You will enjoy his article and wonder at how little you knew of this fascinating phenomenon. Among other articles that grip you are:

A MARVEL OF THE AGE



Romantic story of an entire Blue Ridge Mountain district revitalized and made over by a monster power development.

THE ANCIENT TANKS OF ADEN
A glimpse at those world-old Persian reservoirs, defying time where it never rains, is hotter than Hades and mighty unhealthy for a white man.

ILLUMINATED FLYING FISH
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A WIRELESS STORY.

Call From the Pacific That Was Heard in the Gulf of Mexico.

It was "eight bells" on a ship lying at anchor down in the gulf of Mexico. The men had retired for the night to their bunks and hammocks, and the wireless operator, alone in his watchfulness, was "listening in" at the head phones.

Suddenly, out of the pitchy darkness of the sea, a message that curdled the blood in his veins leaped down the antenna and hummed its fearful contents, "S. O. S.—S. O. S.—S. O. S." And a few minutes later, in response to the customary reply, "What is your position?" the answer flashed back, "125 degrees 27 minutes 37 seconds west, 47 degrees 33 minutes 10 seconds north."

That meant that out on the Pacific ocean 140 miles west of Seattle, Wash.,—2,850 miles away—a vessel was calling for help.

The call of the Pacific! The operator hardly believed it. With tremulous fingers he repeated the call to the station nearest to the vessel in distress. But already the wireless watchers along the western coast had caught the message, and relief was on its way. Clear across the entire North American continent, over land and sea and mountain ranges, the ship's cry had been heard.—World's Work.

BARREN PALESTINE.

Its Forests Are Gone and the Jordan is Now a Feeble Stream.

One of the most remarkable illustrations in all history of the ill effects of the disappearance of forests may be observed in Palestine. In the days when Joshua conquered the promised land Palestine was a wonderfully fertile country, a land flowing with milk and honey. The Lebanon mountains were heavily wooded, and a large population was supported in comfort.

The general deterioration of the forests brought about, however, a gradual deterioration of the country. The hills of Galilee, which had long served as pasture lands for large herds of cattle and sheep, are now sterile. The Jordan has become an insignificant stream, and several smaller rivers are now completely dried up throughout the greater part of the year. Some few valleys in which fertile earth washed down from the hills had been deposited have retained their old fertility. The land today supports only one-sixth the population of the time of Solomon.—Christian Herald.

Table Manners in the Old Days.
Modern table manners compare favorably with those of the past. Mrs. Hannah Woolley, author of "The Gentlewoman's Companion," the standard seventeenth century book on etiquette, found it necessary thus to warn her readers: "Gentlewomen, discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more than that way your throat would swallow."

In carving avoid clapping your fingers in your mouth and licking them after you have burned them. Close your lips when you eat and do not smack like a pig. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bappies. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself.



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ORATORICAL AND NERVOUS.

An Old Cobbler Who Won a Laugh and Favors From Napoleon.

On Napoleon's arrival at Mar-la-Tours the mayor, a farmer, tried in vain to make the speech he had prepared. Bowing and scraping, he stood fascinated by Bonaparte's scrutinizing black eyes—an unhappy squirrel in the gaze of the rattlesnake.

Close behind the trembling mayor stood an old shoemaker, in figure a true Don Quixote, clad in his working dress. "Why don't you speak, you fool?" he muttered from time to time to his leader. At last his patience gave way. He pushed the mayor aside, advanced, with his left hand removed his greasy cotton nightcap, with his right lifted the horn spectacles from his nose, made his bow and delivered the oration: "Emperor, you are on your way to thrash the Prussian rogues once more. I hope soon to see you return crowned with glory, and I have nothing more to say, but that Caesar and Alexander were botches in comparison with you."

The emperor laughed and inquired of the old man whether he had any sons. "Yes; four are in the army—two of these in the guards." Their names were taken down, and the honest shoemaker soon saw them raised to the rank of officers and found himself provided with a comfortable pension.

A CORNER IN WHEAT.

It Didn't Take the Usual Course of Deals of That Nature.

John Willer of Scarborough township had a good crop of spring wheat one year—almost the only good crop for miles round. He thrashed it out during the winter and cleaned it carefully, but did not sell it. "Seed wheat will be scarce in the spring," he said to his wife. "I'll keep it till then."

One day in April a man who lived several miles farther out in the country drove up to John Willer's barn and said he wanted to buy a load of seed wheat. The farmer did not answer him at once.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Willer," said the would be purchaser. "I've got the money to pay for it right here."

"Now, that's just what I wanted to know," said John Willer, and his face brightened perceptibly; "I'm glad you told me. Lots of my neighbors need seed this spring and haven't the cash to pay for it. If they can't get seed on credit they can't get it at all, and I want to help them out. But if you've got the money you can get seed wheat anywhere. So just drive on into town. You'll find plenty there."—Youth's Companion.

No Place For Postmen.
The new postman was called before the office superintendent for a reprimand.

"You were seen loitering in the neighborhood of that big fire down the street," the superintendent said.

"I only stopped a minute," the man pleaded, "and I was already eight minutes ahead of schedule time."

"It is not a question of time, but safety," the superintendent replied.

"The last place on earth a postman can afford to loiter is in the vicinity of a big fire. On the contrary, he ought to make a detour to avoid it."

"By neglecting that simple precaution more than one postman has had his leather bag drenched by a stream from the hose and a lot of ruined letters charged to his conscience if not to his pocketbook."—New York Times.

English Words in German.
Like the word "sport" and many other English words for which the German language has no adequate terms, the word "strike" has become one of common usage in Germany. "Start, finish, mutiny, trick, snob, smart, partner, detective, picnic, film, handicap and hundreds of other words," says a letter on the subject, "are used in their original form, with not a letter changed. Panic has been made into 'panik' and check into 'scheck,' record as 'rekord' when the German uses the word, and strike, in order to preserve the proper pronunciation, is written 'streik.' These words look English enough when you see them printed, but when you hear them you involuntarily think of the 'English spoken here' signs."—New York Tribune.

Camp Candlesticks.
A camp candlestick can easily be made with a piece of stick. Choose a straight stick about eight inches long and one inch thick. With a good knife sharpen one end as you would a lead pencil or a stake. Then split the other end into four parts, taking care not to allow any to snap, and strengthen the point where they meet by binding with string. The candles can then be placed between the four branches and held in position with string. The pointed end is then stuck into the ground and the candlestick is ready for use.—Boston Herald.

MONKTON'S SCHEME

By F. A. MITCHEL.

"Winterhorne," said Mr. Monkton, proprietor and manager of Monkton's Monthly Magazine, "I want a story written on certain lines, and you are just the man to do the job. Get away from the city. You can't do such work in town. Go down to the Mascott House, in Florida, where you won't have anything to think of but your creation. Here's a check for your expenses going and coming, and I'll write my old friend Charlie Burton, the landlord of the hotel, to send me the bill for your keep."

Winterhorne was given the theme he was to work up and charged to find a real model for his heroine. He was much pleased at the prospect before him and started with a light heart. On the way down he tried to lay out a plan, but he found that plans usually came to him after he began to write, not before. The season had not yet opened at the southern resorts, and he found little to distract him at the hotel where he stayed. He was making a beginning when one morning after breakfast who should come up the steps from the hotel conveyance but Miss Feliger.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Winterhorne, "what brought you down here?"

"What brought you?"

"Monkton sent me down to write a story on a special plan he's taken a desperate fancy to."

"He sent me down on the same errand."

They compared notes as to the character of the work each was to do and found they had been given different themes and different lines of treatment.

"I wonder," said Winterhorne, "what he sent us to the same place for?"

"I can't imagine."

"He's got some scheme on hand—something for a feature to attract attention to the magazine. And he said nothing about my being here?"

"No. He proposed this hotel because he wanted to patronize the landlord, who is an old friend of his. He was very busy when I came away, and I think he forgot about your being here."

"I have it!" said Winterhorne suddenly.

"What?"

"His scheme. Didn't he tell you to find some real model for your hero?"

"Yes, he did."

"And he told me to find some real woman for my heroine. His plan is to have me take you and you take me for a model, without either knowing that the other is doing so. He'll make an announcement to that effect—just how he'll manage it I don't know—then publish the stories one immediately after the other."

"What! Give us away?"

"He'll probably use the stories under assumed names."

"Mr. Monkton is a very bright man."

"He'll gain thousands in circulation by this scheme alone."

The scribbles found the genial warmth more conducive to longing than working. If they had hit upon the editor's scheme their having done so would tell. They sat together under the exuberant tropical foliage listening to the birds sing or on the sands, lulled by the music of the splashing waves. Now and again both of them, conscious of taking money for work that they were not doing, made spasmodic efforts to get something done. They agreed to humor their employer by taking each other for a model.

The season came and went before they brought their work to a finish. When they returned they submitted the manuscripts to the editor, who took them home with him to read. One day when they were both in the office he called them into his private room together and said:

"What have you two been doing down there in Florida? I sent you down for a purpose, but I don't see that anything has come of it."

"Indeed, Mr. Monkton," said Miss Feliger, "we divined your purpose and did the best we could."

"Divined my purpose, eh? What was it?"

"Why, you had a scheme to get two stories wherein the authors should take each other for a model."

"Oh, I did, did I?"

"I don't see what other purpose you could have had," said Winterhorne.

"Do you suppose I would have tried to rope you in with so thin a scheme as that? If I did I got most awfully sold. You've made Winterhorne out to be a pig, and he's made you talk like an idiot."

Both authors flushed at this.

"I didn't send you off for that purpose at all. I had a different one in view. You, Miss Feliger, have been trying to earn a living at scribbling, which down you are not fitted for, and were breaking down. You needed a husband to support you. I concluded that Winterhorne would fill the bill and sent you to Florida to make a match. I'm pleased with the success of my scheme. Winterhorne, permit me to congratulate you. Miss Feliger, I wish you happiness."

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed the former, "how did you get on to it?"

"How? Why, I sent a third author, a woman, to write you both up. She's got a story that will place Monkton's Magazine in the first rank of periodicals."

After a little squeal of surprise from Miss Feliger they all broke into a hearty laugh.

PURE FOOD LAW REQUIRES PRINTED WRAPPERS ON BUTTER.

Under the Pure Food Law all butter made for market must be properly stamped with name of maker, giving also weight of the rolls. The Observer is prepared to furnish these wrappers on short notice at a reasonable price and neatly printed. For full information call upon or address,

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First Boat Goes Through Great Gatun Locks In Panama Canal

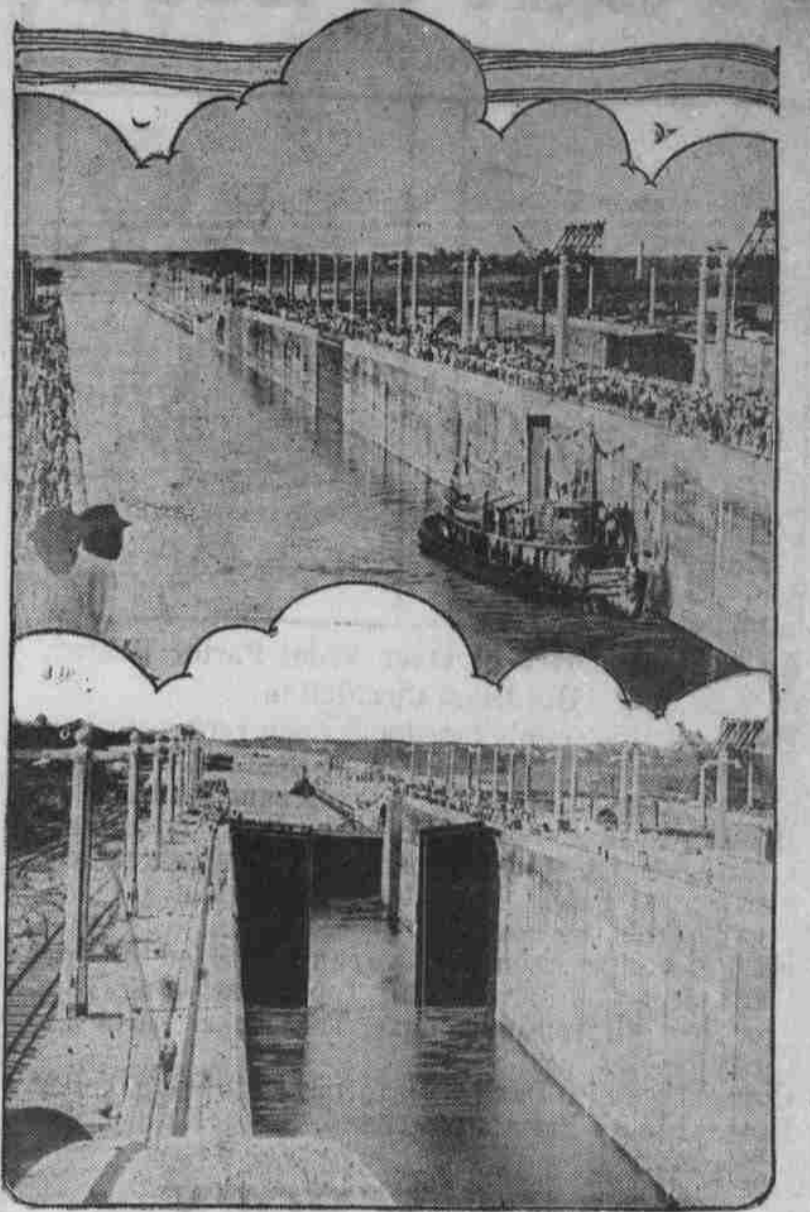


Photo copyright, 1913, by American Press Association.

The greatest locks on the Panama canal are the Gatun lifts, connecting the Atlantic ocean entrance with Gatun lake. The locks are now in working order and are giving entire satisfaction, according to early reports. The first boat to pass through them was the tug Gatun, used in Panama canal work. The top picture shows the tug in the first lock, having entered from Colon harbor, through Limon bay. The tug made the ascent through the three locks to the lake in two hours, but the triple lift could have been accomplished in an hour and a half if an attempt to make time had been made. Crowds of officials, tourists and workmen lined the top of the lock walls and cheered as the tug went from lock to lock, each of which is 1,000 feet long. The total raise from the Atlantic sea level to Gatun lake, which is the highest point in the Panama canal, is eighty-five feet. The bottom picture shows two of the emergency gates open. These gates can be used in the case of short ships, thus dividing the 1,000 foot chamber into smaller sections so that so much water need not be used. They can also be used in case of accident.

RUINED THE PAINTING.

Curious Fate of Burne-Jones' Favorite Water Color.

A very curious history is that of Burne-Jones' favorite picture, "Love Among the Ruins." The original picture was in water color and was sent to Paris by a firm of art publishers for reproduction and in that city forwarded to their photographic studios in the suburbs. The picture unhappily preceded the letter of instructions regarding it warning the photographer of the medium in which it was painted, so that immediately on its arrival it was brushed over with white of egg to bring out the colors for photographing an excellent procedure in the case of oil pictures, harmless and very efficacious.

But, as to the Burne-Jones picture, Love was very soon among his own ruins, for every swish of the brush brought off the final touches and left a mere smeared ground. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was heartbroken at the loss of a work on which his reputation, he considered, would in great measure rest and on which he had spent many months of patient toil and the very perfection of his execution in the realization of one of the most poetic conceptions that had sprung from his fanciful imagination.

"Love Among the Ruins" was painted during the years 1870-3. In October, 1893, it was destroyed, and by the following year the oil version was finished, but was scarcely a consolation to the artist for the loss of his first and more spontaneous work.

ANIMALS IN OPERA.

Some of Them Raised Up Their Voices With Weird Effect.

Few persons realize how many animals appear in opera. By this I do not mean such animals as the tenor who played the part of Lohengrin and was told by Von Bulow that he was the knight of the swan rather than of the swan, but real bona fide animals. They extend all the way from Monteverde to Wagner.

About A. D. 1600 it was not unusual to have lions or elephants upon the operatic stage. One can never tell what these animals may improvise in their parts. I know of a case where an elephant caused a most hasty exit of the orchestra in London long ago, when the father of B. E. Woolf, the Boston critic, was conducting.

The donkey in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" has not a speaking part, yet once that I know of he lifted up his voice and made Canio's great solo an unexpected duet. Balaam himself was not more astonished than was the tenor on that occasion.

In spite of the saying, "Thou shalt not yoke the ox and the ass together," Piere caused these two to sing a duet in "The Children of Bethlehem." On this occasion the ass was a tenor, but I do not believe that Piere meant any reflection upon the high voiced fraternity.—Louis C. Elson in Musical Observer.

Couldn't Be Divided.

In Felix Moscheles' "Fragments of an Autobiography" occurs the following: Mme. Schumann was wanted to play at a little musical reunion, but she did not respond. Mr. Moscheles was deputed to approach her. "Was she inclined to play?"

"Particularly disinclined," was the discouraging response.

The envoy tried again and mentioned her husband's "Carnival." "One

part I particularly love, the 'March of the Davidbunder.' If I could only hear you play just that page or two!"

This roused her. "Page or two, indeed!" she cried. "Wenn man de 'Carnava' splett, splett man ihn gans." (When one plays the "Carnaval," one must play it all.) And she played the whole.

Feyther and the Pasyon.
After a Saturday afternoon tramp in Cheshire, writes a correspondent in the Manchester Guardian, I stopped at a little whitewashed inn, where I heard the following rustic story. On a bench outside half a dozen farm workers, with faces and bare arms richly sunburned, were relating reminiscences of bygone times.

"Did Ah Iver tell yo' about ma poor owd feyther and the passon?" asked a well whiskered sturdy veteran. "No? Well, passon meets feyther one day, an' ses 'e, 'John, Ah could find yo' a bit o' a job blowin' t' organ up at t' church o' Sundays if yo' don't mind.' 'Aye, thankee, sir,' ses feyther. 'Ah'd be very glad, but Ah doubt Ah hevna wind enough.'"

"Sustenance Space."
When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground produced for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them, what Professor Penck has called his "sustenance space."—Mark Jefferson in Atlantic.

Appreciation.
"You never carry that beautiful umbrella I gave you," she said reproachfully.

"I can't afford to," he replied. "I feel as if I would have to take a taxi-cab to keep from getting it wet."—Washington Star.

Political Economy.
Gabe—What is political economy? Steve—Getting the largest number of votes for the least money, I guess.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Catching Cold.
Wet feet or clothes "give us cold" because the evaporation absorbs the heat so rapidly from the surface of the body that its temperature is lowered beneath the normal, thereby straining the organs of the body and resulting in what we call a cold.

Water Safety.
In Massachusetts all streams of water unsuited for drinking must be marked so that the fact cannot be overlooked.

His Status.
Mrs. Hook—Colonel Hook is a congressman at large, isn't he? Honk—Yes. They haven't arrested him yet.—Puck.

All that thou givest thou wilt carry away with thee.—Turkish Proverb.

Shut Your Mouth.
"One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.—Exchange.

Fortune has often been blamed for her blindness, but fortune is not so blind as men are.—Samuel Smiles.