

Polk County Observer

THE HOME PAPER

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

TO OUR FRIENDS.

On the first of November the ownership of the Polk County Observer and The Observer Printing Company passed into the hands of Messrs. Gerald Volk and J. I. Parcel. They are old and experienced newspaper men, and under their management, I feel that The Observer has passed into safe and competent hands.

W. H. TOTTEN.

WE ARE GLAD TO MEET YOU.

We are newcomers, and after visiting nearly every county in the state, with the sole object of locating, we arrived to the natural conclusion that Polk County had the best future prospect.

The present owners are aware of the fact that we are following after a very efficient management, and we also know by years of experience in the newspaper field elsewhere, that the people of this or any other field have their share in the making of their home paper, and we ask you one and all to come to our assistance in increasing if possible the high standard this paper has maintained in the past.

The late strings of The Observer office is on the outside and you are always welcome to call and your visit will be appreciated.

Cordially yours, GERALD VOLK, JAS. I. PARCEL.

JUST PLAIN VULGARITY.

Henry J. Allen is not an admirer of "The Lure" and he says: "A lot of hysteria is now being expended over a new play called 'The Lure'."

It is the latest brothel play. It is filthy and gives an untruthful picture of life. No moral lesson is taught by it. It is just an unhappy sordid picture of degradation which corrupts the mind.

It merely rubs the moral stench under the public nose and ought to be suppressed in the name of old fashioned honest decency.

Too many liberties are taken today with the public under the guise of problem plays and problem novels.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST.

A little play slate believed to have been used by a school boy 4,300 years ago, has lately been exhumed from a school building in Babylon.

Towards one corner were queer pictures which formed the writing of that ancient time. And now after 43 centuries curious white folks have dug it up and deciphered what the lad was trying to write. It appears that the young lads of that day studied pretty much the same subjects as Young America does now.

A number of our exchanges last week devoted from seven columns to four lines in telling of their visit to the State Editorial meeting at Portland. Seven columns is too much and four lines not enough.

Two hundred and eight thousand

pounds of butter has arrived on the coast this week from Australia. Free trade is getting its work in early. No doubt the commission houses will tell the producer that they will not be able to pay as much as common, but will the consumer get his butter cheaper? Time will tell.

We will bet a stogy that we can put our finger on the man who will be the next Postmaster of Dallas. (Now don't get excited as we have eight fingers and there are not quite that many candidates. See?)

We have heard of Crawfish cooked in wine and of Watermelons cooked in wine but the Journal last Sunday had a headline reading "Man Cooked in Wine."

The banks and saloons are in the same class today—strange is it not? Both have to be kept closed—legal holiday.

Revival Grows in Interest.

Evangelist F. M. Brooke in his revival at the Christian church in this city is demonstrating the possibility of conducting a successful evangelistic campaign without resorting to the heavy emotional methods so often used by evangelists.

For nearly two weeks Mr. Brooke has spoken upon a broad range of subjects and each sermon has been a great mental, moral and spiritual uplift. Those who have attended are united in their opinion that never has a greater series of sermons been presented in this place from any pulpit.

The question box is a feature of the meeting and the evangelist treats all questions in a manner that demonstrates a thorough knowledge of the scriptures as well as great breadth of knowledge upon other subjects. The music under the leadership of G. E. Curtis grows better with each service.

Some of the subjects upon which the evangelist will speak this week follow:

Tuesday, "The Old Time Religion." Wednesday, "Can a Man Live a Christian Outside of the Church." Thursday, "The Abiding Kingdom." Friday, "Why did Jesus Die?" Saturday, "Sound Banking." Sunday morning, "The Law of Service." Evening, "A Man Without Fault."

MILL NOTES.

Manager George T. Gerlinger proposes still greater improvements for the next in order is a large fire pump of not less than 600 gallons per minute of water capacity.

The present fire fighting apparatus is not as efficient as it ought to be, neither is it sufficient to control.

The planing mill is running very nicely with its electric drive and as nearly each machine has its own motor, delays are greatly eliminated, unless something happens at the power house.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Isle of Yachts.

Cowes had many ups and downs before it finally attained its destiny as the headquarters of yachting. Sir John Oglander, writing in Stuart times, says, "I know when there was not above three or four houses at Cowes, but he had counted 300 ships at anchor there, and I was and am persuaded that if our wars and troubles had not unfortunately happened it would have grown as famous as Newport."

The wars complained of were the civil wars. Foreign war had been a fine thing for Cowes, since the warships bought the island's produce there. But the civil wars struck the gentry hard, and Sir John adds the coming of lawyers as another curse. The first attorney was expelled from the island by the governor as a public danger. "Now peace and law hath beggared us all," says Sir John.—London Chronicle.

Books by Weight.

Many years ago in San Francisco there was a bookseller who had an intimate knowledge of fiction prices, but who was all astray when it came to general literature or scientific works. A customer having selected a volume would ask the price and, without so much as bothering to look at the title, if he saw that it was not a novel, the seller would roughly weigh it on his hand and name the sum. Many a bargain was picked up in that way, but as the bookseller also bought on the same principle, he never lost anything to speak of.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bracelets.

Bracelets have worn from time immemorial, but few wearers of the golden bands of the present day know that they were once used to distinguish the insane. Before lunatics were confined to insane asylums they wore an armband for distinction.

Top of the Rhine.

Mrs. Robinson—And were you up to the Rhine? Mrs. de Jones—I should think so, right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!—London Tri-Str.

Crocity and fear shake hands together.—Balsac.

LORD SOMEBODY OR OTHER

By M. QUAD

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If an American wants to go abroad on a cash capital of \$500 there is no law to prevent. When I started out with my friend Killam, who was an artist instead of a journalist and had \$50 less capital as well, we took steerage on a steamer and planned to do Europe on foot and avoid all extravagance.

As to how we got along until we struck Greece and a certain event happened is of no great consequence. We tramped here and there, ate, slept and had a fairly good time.

From Athens we went on a tramp up the country, viewing tombs and ruins by the way, and after putting in two days at Marathon we started out one morning for a hamlet called Histropus. After a long tramp I found a place to take a nap.

At the end of two hours I was awakened by some one giving me a smart kick on the hip, and I roused up to see that we had been taken prisoners by four brigands. The fellows had come down off the mountains about four miles away, having probably been notified by a messenger from the village. I have many times read of the picturesque Greek brigands, but the four who gobbled us up that day must have gone out of the picturesque business some weeks previous. They were a ragged, ugly lot. The leader spoke English fairly well. It was the leader who had kicked me, which I have always taken as a compliment, and as I sat up he saluted me and said:

"My lord, you will please consider yourself a prisoner and come along without resistance."

"Now, don't make any mistake on me," I replied. "If you are counting on capturing a rich Englishman you will get badly left, for I am an American, and a poor one at that. As near as I can make out from this short range, you are brigands."

"I am Bobetto," he said as he laid his hand on his heart and bowed low.

"Excuse me that I never heard of you before. You are a brigand and in it for money, and this is your band."

"My lord is correct."

"Now, about this lord business. Let us have an understanding. Who do you take me for?"

"An English lord, my lord. I have been expecting you for several days. The name I cannot pronounce, but I know you to be the gentleman. Have no fears for your safety, as it will be a case of ransom."

"This is kind of you. If you take me for an English lord who do you take this other chap to be?"

"Your companion, sir. His name I heard, but cannot give it. He will also be held for ransom."

Then we started for the west. The particular retreat of this band was halfway up a mountain and consisted of two brush huts and a fire in front of them. As soon as we had arrived at the huts Bobetto brought out stationery and commanded me to write to the English minister at Athens and obtain the sum of \$10,000. Both Killam and I burst out laughing at this demand and after a little while I said to the leader:

"Of what use to play the fool in this matter? As I told you before, we are Americans and poor men at that. We can raise about \$200 apiece, but not another cent."

"You may be Americans, but you are my lord just the same," replied Bobetto.

"But there are no titles in America. If I should write to the American minister he would take it as a joke."

"But you must write," persisted the wooden headed rascal. "You must write to the American minister that if he does not send us \$10,000 by our messenger your ears will be sent him in a package."

I read the letter to Bobetto after it was written, and he was perfectly satisfied that it would fetch the cash in reply. It was sent off by a messenger, who would be gone at least ten days, and then we went into "retirement."

For the first five days of our captivity we were closely guarded, and there could be no thought of our escape. Then, as we appeared to make ourselves at home, the vigilance of the brigands relaxed.

On the eighth day came our opportunity. The artist whispered to me: "Let's end this right here and now! You tackle the leader, and I'll go for the other fellow."

The "other fellow" was at the fire heating the brandy together. We rose up in unison and made the attack. I gave old Bobetto a kick on the jaw which knocked him over and caused a painful howl, and Killam hit his man such a blow on the neck as to render him unconscious for half an hour. There were two guns in camp, and we seized them and made for the highway, only a mile distant. Before departing I gave the leader a tap on the head to quiet his yells, and so far as I know we were not followed a rod. We reached the highway just in time to get a lift in a passing cart and in a couple of hours were in Marathon. As to the letter, it was delivered at the consulate, but was looked upon as a joke, and the messenger was sent off empty handed. We might have lost our ears on his return, but were not there to have them sliced off. Bobetto died two years later, as I read in the papers, and it is said that he was badly disfigured by a broken jaw—the one "my lord" gave him with an American calf's shoe.

Lick's Luck.

James Lick, the founder and endower of the great astronomical establishment in California, was born in very humble circumstances, we are told, at Frederickburg, Pa., Aug. 23, 1798. Having made a small fortune of \$20,000 or \$40,000 by commerce with South America, he invested it in San Francisco and while as yet the great city of the Golden Gate was but a strip of wild blown sand between the mighty Pacific and the now famous bay. The gold fever broke out in the spring of 1849, and the little cluster of

wooden shacks became all at once a center of attraction to thousands from all over the world. The 600 inhabitants increased to hundreds of thousands; hotels, villas, places of business, rose like magic for miles after miles along the bay, and in the sudden phenomenal rise of the price of land James Lick found himself one of the rich men of the world. It was thus that he got the money for his large bequests to science.—New York Mail.

When Freedom Shrieked.

It is much to be feared that the great Pole, Kosciusko, is known to most Americans simply from the line in a famous poem. "And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

One might suppose that the hero fell in battle. In fact, he died serenely in Switzerland at seventy-one after failing to maintain the independence of Poland. His fall was political and military, but not physical.

It should be remembered that the great Pole was the most distinguished engineer officer in the armies commanded by Washington; that he fought and labored long and well for the patriot cause. It was he who laid out the defenses at West Point which Benedict Arnold tried to betray to the British, and in a sense the Military academy is a monument to him, for he lived to see it started on its glorious career.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mustaches.

A mustache is what you choose to make it. Almost every man has the raw materials at his command, and he can cut them or cuddle them as he sees fit. Some men beat their mustaches savagely back into their upper lips, refusing them growth, shave them remorselessly once or twice a day and never let a hair of them see the light of day. Other men coax and cajole their mustaches to emerge, pet them, pamper them, protect them and view the resultant hirsute effects in the light of artistic achievements. But not all mustaches are artistic. Some are stubby, and some are scraggly, and some are simply unmowed hair. Now and again we encounter a work of superior excellence, an accomplishment in mustache making, a feat in facial foliage.—Saturday Evening Post.

Easily Identified.

While rambling around with his father one afternoon little Johnny came to a miniature lake on which two swans were swimming.

"Papa," said Johnny, pointing a chubby little finger out over the lake, "is that the father swan or the mother swan?"

"Which one do you mean, Johnny?" asked the old man, glancing in the direction indicated by the boy.

"I mean the one over there," answered Johnny, "the one with all the feathers pecked off his head and isn't allowed to have the biscuit or nothing."

"Yes, my son," promptly rejoined papa, with just a suspicion of a sigh. "That's the father swan, all right."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Interpreter Wanted.

Curling, like its sister Scottish game of golf, has its own vocabulary. Here is a dialogue in which a Scot in the antipodes tried to illustrate the "kittle pints" of the game to his New Zealand friends.

"What's a pat-lid, Mr. Macpherson?" asked an inexperienced member of the venerable "skip."

"Div ye no see, ye gowk?" said the skip. "Ye ding yer stane cannily, but nae see fine an' the hog it; nae haird' flog nor jinkin' turn, ye ken, but tentlely, that it eye gangs snoorin' an' stratched as an elderd walk, hog snotherin' among the guairds, till ye fan' on the verra tee. When ye've done that, liddle, ye've made a pat-lid, and ye may bear the greel!"

The Prosperity Pose.

When you are down on your luck keep a stiff upper lip and a smiling countenance. Don't let the world know that you are down or everybody will want to give you an additional kick. Put on an air of prosperity; everybody will help to boost you upward. Men will want to hang on the coattails of your success in the hope of tearing a strip off for themselves.—Dramatic Mirror.

Solves the Mystery.

"When I get to New York I wonder how all those teeming millions manage to grab out a living."

"Say on."

"But when I leave, with a depleted bank roll, the mystery is not so great as it was."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Question Answered.

Doctor (after examination)—Madam, there is nothing ailing you. You have a constitution of iron. Obese Patient—I have often wondered what made me so heavy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Alike in One Way.

La Ribes—I wonder why it is that the government puts a woman's likeness on nearly all coins. Eddie—I guess it's because money talks too!—Kansas City Star.

When Britain Fought For an Ear. Perhaps the most extraordinary example of Britain going to war for "no reason at all" occurred in the reign of George II. One Robert Jenkins, an English merchant-captain, trading from Jamaica, arriving in England in 1738, reported that the sloop had been boarded by the Spanish coast guards and that, though no proof of smuggling had been found, he had been tortured and his ear torn off. All England flew into an uproar. "Jenkins' ear" divided parties and shook Walpole's ministry itself. The house of commons sent for Jenkins, and he was told to bring his ear with him. The incident grew into a crisis, though Walpole did his best to persuade people to keep their heads, but the popular indignation was so great that the next year the government was compelled to declare war against Spain.—Pearson's.

Found Her Unmashed Letters. Gibbs—My wife explored my pockets last night. Dibbs—How did she come out? Gibbs—As all explorers should. She acquired enough material for a lecture.—Boston Transcript.

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