

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Polk.

Mary A. Heth, Plaintiff, vs. Charles N. Zumwalt, Defendant.

To Charles N. Zumwalt, the above named defendant.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons to wit, Dec. 5th, 1913, and if you fail to answer for want thereof, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the possession of the property described in the complaint, to wit: Beginning 17.41 chains North of the SE corner of the Wilson Lee Co. L. C. in Secs. 22, 23, 26 and 27 in T. 8 S. R. 6 W., W. 1/2 Mer.; thence North 9.90 chs.; thence S. 89 degs. 55 min. W. 46.30 chs.; thence S. 89 degs. 25 min. W. 9.85 chs.; thence N. 89 degs. 59 min. E. 46.34 chs. to place of beginning and for one dollar damages and for costs and disbursements of this action. This summons is ordered to be published in the Polk County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Polk County, Oregon, once a week for six consecutive weeks, by order of Hon. J. B. Teal, County Judge of said Polk County, Oregon, by an order dated Dec. 4th, 1913, in which you are required to appear and answer within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons.

First publication Dec. 5, 1913.
G. O. HOLMAN,
12-5 Jan 16 Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Sine Andersen, as the Executrix of the estate and Last Will and Testament of Christian Andersen, deceased, has filed her final account of the administration upon said estate in the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, and said Court has appointed Monday, the 5th day of January, 1914, at the hour of

eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the County Court room, in the Court House at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, as the time and the place for the final hearing of said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

Therefore all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified and required to be and appear at said time and place so appointed for the final hearing of said final account and then and there show cause if any exists why said final account should not be allowed and approved, and said estate forever and finally settled and said Executrix released and discharged.

Dated this 2nd day of December, 1913.

SINE ANDERSEN,
As Executrix of the estate and Last Will and Testament of Christian Andersen, deceased.
FRANK W. FENTON,
Attorney for said estate. 12-4-1-2

Notice to Creditors.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk.
In Re The Estate of Albert Davidson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Albert Davidson, deceased; all persons owing debts to said estate will kindly pay same to the administrator and all persons having claims against the estate of the said Albert Davidson are hereby notified to present the same, duly authenticated according to law, to the administrator at 20 Washington Bldg., Portland, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit from December 5th, 1913.

CHAS. G. BENSON,
Administrator.
B. M. BENSON,
Atty. for Adm. 12-5 1-2

—All kinds of engraving from visiting cards to wedding invitations furnished at The Observer office.

Origin of Vaudeville Turns.

We are indebted to John Chinaman for the modern vaudeville "turn." There were theaters in China when our ancestors were wandering about dressed in skins and blue paint, and the actors in those faroff times were just as anxious to please their patrons as the modern "artist" is to get the applause which gladdens his heart and—more important still—sends his salary up. The play over, each member of the troupe came forward to receive the applause to which he thought he was entitled, and one of them hit on the bright idea of performing some simple trick to prolong the enthusiasm of the spectators. His example was speedily followed, and these tricks soon became obligatory. One actor would produce a cat or a monkey from a hat; another would imitate an animal or "swallow" an object which he afterward found in his boot. Each tried to surpass the other, and feats of strength and dexterity were soon added to these simple tricks.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite a Run.

It's an overworked word, that poor little monosyllabic "run."
"I found a run started in my best stockings this morning," said the woman, "so I thought I'd run downtown and go into —'s, where they are having a great run on silk hose. They ran an advertisement in this morning's paper, you know. Well, I ran my eye over the bargains on the way down and I saw so many things I needed for the house. Well, I'd run my legs off by that time, but I don't run a bit at —'s, so I was in despair until I got some money of him—he's more generous than the general run of men—but when I got to the counter they'd run out of my size. Wasn't that a terrible run of luck?"
And so she ran on and on and on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Made in Manchester.

The gentleman came on the railway platform with a boy as just as the train was about to leave for Manchester. He put the machine into the van. A ticket collector followed him to the compartment and asked if he had a ticket for the bicycle. He had not, and as the official on the step was writing out an "excess" receipt the train began to move, whereupon he came in and traveled to town. The gentleman who had made this trip compulsory engaged the collector in conversation and found that the man would have to cross Manchester to get a train home again. "Why," he said, "then you'll pass not far from my office. Would you mind taking this letter there for me? I should like to get out at the next station and come to town by a later train." The dazed collector meekly agreed. It was a fine example of how to collect "excesses."—Manchester Guardian.

Painting Pictures on the Floor.

Albert Moore, the great artist whose works may be seen in the Tate and other public galleries, scorned the ordinary poses of the painter. He preferred his easel to an easel and painted all his great pictures, so dainty and charming, on the floor. His tubes of paint and his brushes and other accessories of his art were scattered about him, and he lay flat on his stomach, seldom remaining in one position five minutes at a time.

The celebrated painter of "Christ Leaving the Precorium" and the illustration of Milton and Dante, that strange genius, Gustave Dore, had the same habit. The floor was his easel whenever possible, and, as he was a stout heavy man, he seldom rose to an upright position except for his meals, and not always then.—London Telegraph.

Edward Young's Tragedy.

In Garrick's time the church had a decided leaning toward the stage. The great actor suffered a plague of stage struck clergymen. He read many of their plays and produced at least one. The Rev. Edward Young of Weymouth parish and of "Night Thoughts" fame wrote a tragedy of "The Two Brothers," which Garrick produced. Its reception was a tragedy. It was only fit to make an "ebony" of a theater. Young, however, had counted his chickens. He had promised £1,000, the expected proceeds of his author's rights, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. And here he shone. He dipped deeply into his private purse and made up the thousand.—London Chronicle.

Keep the Air Fresh.

Nothing causes illness more than stuffy rooms. We often hear people complaining that they took cold when they came out into the night air. Yet it was not the night air which did the mischief, but the poisonous atmosphere in the room itself, due to the accumulated exhalations of many lungs, etc. Had the apartment been well ventilated the so called chill would never have occurred.—From "Nervous Breakdowns."

Treading the Grapes.

In the wine regions of Spain the method of treading the grapes is everywhere about the same. The grapes are well spread out in the press, and barefooted men or men wearing sandals or wooden soled shoes tread them.

Truth Teller.

Marion—Did you ever receive a love letter? Adeline—Oh, yes! Marion—From whom did you receive it? Adeline—The postman.—Kansas City Star.

Ignorance is less distant from truth than prejudice.—Hiderot.

Borax in the Laundry.

The uses of refined borax are manifold. It is infinitely better than soda for washing purposes. It may be used in the proportion of a large handful to ten gallons of boiling water, and will effect a great saving in soap. If you are about to wash delicate laces or cambric use an extra quantity of powder. The effect of borax is to soften the hardest water, and, being a neutral salt, it does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen or any other delicate material washed with it.—New York Globe.

A SILVER MUG

By BENJAMIN CARTER

One morning my chief received a telephone message that a wealthy gentleman named Toothaker was found dead in his bed. He had gone to bed the evening before in perfect health. On the discovery of the body a physician had been summoned and had declined to make an investigation as to the cause of death without some one being present to represent the police. The doctor had on one occasion unintentionally destroyed evidence in a murder case, and this had made him careful. I was sent out on the case.

I found the doctor waiting in the library, and he told me all he knew about the deceased. He lived alone with a niece, a girl of twenty, who, it was supposed, would inherit the property. There were also servants in the house. I went with the doctor to the death chamber without having seen any one of the household. The corpse lay on the bed, beside which was a small stand and on the stand an empty bottle, the label of which indicated that it had contained ale. I noticed that there was no glass or mug from which the liquor had been drunk. Having concluded our observation of the room, we went downstairs, and the doctor, leaving the matter in my hands, departed. I asked to see Miss Alice Toothaker, and she sent word to me to say that she was unmoved by her uncle's death and wouldn't her maid do as well. I asked the maid who had carried the ale to her master. She replied that she had done so about 10 o'clock the night before. Mr. Toothaker frequently drank something at that hour, and she had placed the ale on the stand beside the table. I asked her how that he had drunk, and she said he always took ale from a silver mug. What had become of the mug she did not know.

Investigation showed that the only person interested in Mr. Toothaker's death was his niece, who would inherit a fortune from him. He was a widower, but had recently been paying attention to a woman much younger than himself. My theory was that Miss Toothaker was the guilty person. There was one link that I could not find. I felt sure that the silver mug from which the deceased had taken the ale was the key to the situation. I believed that Alice Toothaker had removed it. But none of the servants could tell what had become of it, and Miss Toothaker claimed that she did not know who had taken it away. Nevertheless I was convinced from her looks and the stammering way she answered my questions that she had taken it herself.

I wrote a chain of circumstantial evidence against her that I felt confident, if it did not convict her would strongly point to her guilt. Feeling sure that she knew all about the removal of the silver mug, I relied on her being forced by the prosecuting attorney's searching examination to reveal the mystery of its disappearance. There was one feature of the case that puzzled me. Though I was sure she was prevaricating about the mug, she did not bear herself like a person guilty of a great crime. True, she appeared anxious, for she knew she was suspected, but she showed an occasional confidence in the outcome.

When she was arrested she showed no surprise. She had evidently proved herself to be a woman in store for her and only begged for a speedy trial. Fortunately for her, the case was brought on a few days after her arrest. Her attorney was evidently convinced of her innocence and seemed to me to be confident of procuring her acquittal. He listened attentively to the statement made by the state attorney as to what he proposed to prove, occasionally giving his client a look. She needed it, for so ingeniously was the evidence to be brought out woven together that it looked very bad for her.

When the statement had been made and the evidence against the prisoner was all in her counsel, without referring to any part of it, called the maid who had carried the ale to Mr. Toothaker. Having brought out the fact that she had done so, he asked her if one of her duties was to polish the silver. She answered "Yes." He then drew from her that she had polished the mug from which the deceased drank the ale on the afternoon previous to his death, and, to the best of her knowledge and belief, no one had touched any part of it except the handle.

The attorney then called the butler of the Toothaker household, who brought in a glass clock cover, under which was a silver mug.

I knew now that I had been outwitted. The attorney showed each jurymen, using a glass, the imprint of a thumb on the body of the mug with the forefinger missing. He then told his client to hold up her hands, and all her fingers were present. Then, stating that some one had been in the room with a maimed hand, he rested his case, and the judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the prisoner.

It turned out that Alice Toothaker had been the discoverer of her uncle's murderer. She had examined everything about the bed and discovered the hand print on the cup. Foreseeing that she would be suspected of the crime, she had taken away the mug to make sure that it would not be tampered with.

The real murderer was in time traced and convicted by a missing forefinger.

Storms of Life.

As storm following storm and wave succeeding wave give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

Flag Bunting Test.

The United States government's test for color in bunting is six hours' immersion in salt water and six hours' exposure to the sun.

He is not many who yields to fits of anger, but he who yields composure and kindness.—Marcus Aurelius.

A Typhoon in Japan.

My room on the second floor rocked and swayed, and it seemed as though the building could not hold together. After awhile I grew accustomed to the motion and the noise of breaking glass and dropped off to sleep, but a terrific crash right by my ear brought me up with a start. The sheet iron shutters of my windows had finally succumbed to the fury of the gale and, although fully eight inches outside of the glass, had bent in until the windows, sash and all, lay shattered on the floor. A drenching torrent whirled in through the crack between the resisting shutters, seized a screen and hurled it clear across the room on to my bed and then seized the bed and bounced it savagely up and down. Then part of the roof took leave and slid past my window with the nerve racking clatter of ice pouring into an empty steel bin.

By dawn the typhoon was satisfied with what it had done and moved on out to sea. I retrieved my saturated clothes and went downstairs.—Melvin A. Hall in Century.

Unconscious Memory.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them. There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would penne fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Faint Hearted Poet.

Samuel Rogers, the English poet, whose house in London was noted as a literary center, was very fond of the society of ladies and was a great favorite with them. Yet he never married, and in his latter years he used to regret not having done so. Rogers' "nearest approximation to the spiritual tie" was with a girl whom he had ever seen. At the end of the London season she said to him at a ball, "I go tomorrow to Worthing." He did not go with her. Some months afterward, being at Haulch, he saw that the attention of every one was drawn toward a large party that had just entered. In the center of which was a lady leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

Mission of the Russian Fleets.

Admiral Lesoffsky lay in New York harbor during the winter of 1903, and another year in San Francisco harbor for the same period. Thurlow Weed is authority for the statement that Farragut in his presence at dinner asked Lesoffsky why he was idling the winter away. The Russian answered, "I am here under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred." In general conversation he allowed it to appear that the particular contingency was that a foreign power should attack the United States. The same authority records a confirmation of this matter by Prince Gortschakoff in St. Petersburg, who showed the Czar Alexander's own order.—New York Sun.

Simple Transposition.

One of the artists had just finished singing "Sally in Our Alley." The song appeared to affect Popsen. I gave him a dig in the ribs and inquired:

"That song, old man?"
"That song," he began, "brings to my mind an incident of many years ago which happened when I was a boy. How well I remember the commotion, the wall of the governor's, the shrieks of the mother! I had a little sister named Sally, and one day we were playing marbles (we called them 'alleys') when all of a sudden Sally swallowed one of my best 'glasses.'"

"But what's the connection with the song?" I asked.
"The alley in our Sally," replied Popsen as he edged away.—London Answers.

Ebony Backed Brushes.

When you clean the ebony brushes on your toilet table rub petroleum jelly over the backs before you wash the bristles, as this prevents the soda or ammonia in the water from injuring the ebony. The jelly should afterward be removed by polishing the back with a dry cloth.

Entertainment For All.

"A pretty girl can get a lot of entertainment out of her mirror," observes an exchange.
True! So can a plain girl who thinks she is pretty.—Boston Transcript.

No Deception.

Wife—You deceived me. When you married me you said you had a job on the road. Hub—Well, so I have; only it's a long time in arriving.—Baltimore American.

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New Years to Us Means Renewed Efforts

We wish to extend New Year's greetings to our customers and prospective customers.

In particular we desire to say a word of thanks to the many citizens who realize that our task is no small one, and that under the best of conditions our difficulties are numerous.

Their encouragement has helped us to do our work better.

The spirit of our organization is that of SERVICE.

We have said before that our company wants no revenue it does not EARN.

The money invested in the property which we operate works steadily 24 hours a day toward the upbuilding of this city and the material welfare of every resident.

There is a sharp distinction between capital that works for the common good and capital so invested that no one but the owner derives benefit.

People, work and ACTIVE capital make cities and values, jobs and payrolls.

Our company tries to be a beneficial force in a progressive and favored community.

We look upon every customer as a valued patron.

We endeavor to earn a moderate return upon a necessarily large investment by giving a full measure of honest service to the greatest possible number of people at rates far lower than the average prevailing throughout the United States.

Like all other persons, the members of our organization make mistakes; it is often physically and financially impossible to do the things we would like to do, but!

Every individual with this company will start the year 1914 inspired by renewed determination to render satisfactory service in the most pleasant and most efficient way.

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Information:

For further information, address J. H. Ackerman, President, Monmouth, Oregon.

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