

ROYAL Baking Powder Saves Health and Saves Money and Makes Better Food

Polk County Observer
THE HOME PAPER

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

WHY NOT ORGANIZE

Since coming to Dallas, we have learned that there is no G. A. R. Post in this city, and we have talked to some of the old soldiers here who all unite in saying that they would like to have a Post established here.

Why not get busy, it only takes ten old soldiers or sailors and ten musty dollars to start with, surely this can be done.

If the soldiers and sailors of Dallas will get together and organize a Post, then a Relief Corps can be organized which always is composed of the loyal women of the community and is not restricted as to age.

The Relief Corps is the life of the Post and is constantly giving some entertainments, etc., for the benefit of the worthy who need their assistance, and the women always know when and where good can be accomplished.

There is some talk going the rounds now about organizing, don't let it all be talk, talk is all right after the organization has been completed, but organize first and then spin your old yarns which will be better enjoyed.

If an organization is not accomplished in the near future it never will, for the old soldiers are rapidly passing.

Let some old soldier make the start, get the petition made out, sign it and carry it around and get it signed up, and the rest will be easy.

ALL AROUND

Gleanings of Interest From our Exchanges and Elsewhere.

Chicago is reported as having a \$250,000 champagne flood New Year's Eve.

John Purroy Mitchel was sworn in as mayor of New York City January 1st, amid impressive ceremonies.

A woman in Eugene holds the record for both divorces and marriages. She has been divorced twice and married three times in 111 days. Can you figure out how it is possible.

A crowd of nearly 500 unemployed men early New Year's morning marched through Chicago's business district, entering restaurants and demanding food, breaking windows and puncturing automobile tires.

Only forty-four lynchings, known to be such beyond doubt, have occurred in the United States during the year 1913. This is the lowest number on record, more than 50 being recorded

last year and as many as 250 in some previous years.

The total number of motor vehicles licenses issued in this state in 1913, according to the annual report of Secretary of State Olcott, was 13,975, and the number of chauffeurs receiving licenses was 1472. The fees aggregated \$56,873.

New York City leads London in population by 1,000,000, according to figures made public by Dr. W. H. Guilfoyle, statistician of the Board of Health. He fixes New York's population at 5,376,966, a total based on the city's presumptive growth since the last count.

The Oregon Senators have received applications from more than 150 persons asking for positions to be assigned to Oregon, in connection with the administration of the income tax law. Three of these places pay \$1200 each per annum and the other \$1000 with \$1200 for expenses. All the applications have been transmitted to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who will make the selection of four officials early in January.

Oregon City has a mayor that is evidently onto his job, for he voted the franchisees granted to the Carver and Clackamas Southern railroads, on the grounds that the franchisees gave away the city's docks, and that otherwise the city's rights were not properly safeguarded. The strange thing about it is the council sustained his veto, unanimously.—Salem Journal.

The formal contract between Multnomah County and the firm of Wadell & Harrington, which is to have supervision of the construction of the new interstate bridge across the Columbia River, was signed by Commissioner Holman and Lightner, representing Multnomah County, and John Lyle Harrington, representing the engineering firm, but is now being held up by the commission for further action.

Last night ten saloons closed in our city. One fellow who had a "glorious (hic) good time" the night before had forgotten the verdict of the voters, and had not provided his hip pocket with a brace. He came out of a rooming house, and headed for the nearest emporium. The door was closed. He stared a minute in wonder, then comprehension broke over him. He looked up the street, down the street with a look of genuine disgust over his dry face. And then he exclaimed, "oh hell!"—Oregon City Courier, January 1st.

Big Game on Three Rivers.

By Rev. George H. Bennett.
Two urechins were in high glee when their dad came home one day and told them a party of sportsmen consisting of a lawyer, a hardware merchant and a preacher would pull their freight for Three Rivers on the morrow; and they could go along if they would promise—but what's the use! Of course they promised everything.

Old Sol was just wiping the mist from his eyes and peeping over Table Rock, when a wagon-load of tents, merchants, frying-pans, lawyers, shooting-irons, preachers, provisions, urechins and fishing-tackle rumbled down the dusty road and out of town, headed for the Coast Range.

We crossed the beautiful Willamette Valley, dotted here and there with fruitful orchards of apples and pines, and covered with large acres of green hop yards and golden grain. The middle of the afternoon found us, sweltering on the road near Willamina. We were jolting along, half asleep, and praying for rain, when a big cloud of dust was seen rolling down the road from the southwest.

We wondered if a runaway team was bearing down upon us; but in a few moments the cloud of dust reached us, and with it came the sea-breeze which quickly cooled us off and made

us put on our coats for comfort. We made our camp on the banks of a murmuring stream above Sheridan that night. After a plunge in the clear mountain stream, and an appetizing supper, we spread our blankets under the low spreading cedars.

Our road led us through the Grand Rhonde reservation, a charming valley of rolling fields, rimmed around with evergreen hills. Old Fort Yamhill still stands there and overlooks the little valley. General Phil Sheridan, who never lost a battle and never a fight, was at the time in command of this military post. The old block-house has fallen into disuse and is preserved now only as a reminiscence of the stirring pioneer days. The Indians occupy small but well kept houses, but with the aboriginal teepee close by. The redmen appear to be thrifty and contented. They cultivate the land and raise good crops, as their splendid fields of wheat and hay testified.

The road then crossed high, fern-covered hills, and then thence descended into fertile bottom lands and wound through shady groves of lofty firs.

We measured one of the giant trees which had fallen. It was seven feet thick, and 286 feet in length. A great tract of land of country in this part of the Range has been ravaged by fire. The Indians have a tradition that nearly a hundred years ago the Great Spirit became angry with them by setting forests afire with his lightning. Hundreds of square miles of magnificent fir and pine timber were destroyed, and today vast numbers of immense logs lie bleaching on those mountain slopes.

We paid our passage through the toll gate at Dolph, but did not stop for dinner, as we wished to push on down Three Rivers and camp before dark. That economy of time was however, the temporary undoing of the dealer in stoves and tinware and one of the urechins. The hardware man ate so many thimble berries and sour luckleberries that he nearly turned himself wrong side out that night; and the urechin moved his face over so much cold grub he couldn't look a spud in the eye till the next day.

Next morning the hunt began, and something was doing the first day. The sky-pilot and seller of cutlery came in towards night after a fruitless chase, and were met by the urechins who were laboring under vast excitement. They reported the attorney had shot a bear. It happened early in the day, and he had been back after help to bring bruin in. Night had settled down and shut out the glories of the mountain tops, and we were heating up the cold beans and boiling some spuds with the jack-ets on, when we heard a war whoop on the hill. Then we heard a crashing in the brush, and then the jurist strode into the firelight and then something happened; whizz-z-z-z-z! and something hit the agent for grindstones in the ribs, nearly knocking him into the fire. It was only a bear's liver, tied up in a red bandana, in a fast in-shoot from the hand of the barkeeper. But, say it woke up the camp.

The inner men and urechins were well padded with fried berries' liver that night, and we listened to a thrilling narrative. "It seems the limb of the law had shinned up the mountain that morning, and was standing around up there waiting for a client to come along, when his weather-beaten eye discovered a black bear. Bruin was swalking down a big log, and was minding his own business. But the attorney, true to his profession, was looking for trouble; and so he opened fire on his bearship with his doughty krag. It appears that old piece of artillery was a little out of kilter, so the sighting was mostly guess work. Two shots however, waked the old boy up, and he came charging down the log with gleaming teeth and bloodshot eyes. But the third shot knocked the bear meat off the log. All this naval display happened at about three hundred yards.

Our legal friend then got a mountaineer with a couple of cures to go along, and went after his quarry. The beast led them a merry chase up and down a half-dozen brushy gulches, and finally ran into a wally under a huge log in a deep, gloomy ravine. The rancher with his ears trailed him to his lair. And then the fun began. The dogs would dash in and nip him, first on one side, and then on the other, and so kept him see-sawing under the log. Pretty soon he poked his head out into view, reaching for one of the dogs, and the settler gave him a snap shot at thirty feet. The heavy bullet caught bruin over the right eye and lodged back in his left ear. But is settled the bear. And so the urechins dreamed that night of playing pom-pom-pull-away with black bears.

In the morning all hands set out after bruin with a pony. The lawyer, the hardware man, the circuit rider, the rancher and two cures had their hands pretty full lugging that bear-skin and four quarters of meat and four big shooting-irons up out of that bottomless pit, to the pony tied on the top of the mountain. The rancher with a quarter of bear on his back walked on a small log in a level place, when the log broke and he fell in out of sight some eight feet into the rank herbage. But we climbed the heights, and at last the pelt and remains were snugly tied to the pack-saddle. Then all hands went off hunting for a while. Nothing was doing, as the deer were not at home that day, so we gave it up.

When we came back we found

the bridge tied to the stump all right, but the pony had vanished. He had walked leisurely away. Then he pricked up his ears and trotted off. And then he saw something out of the tail of his eye that quickened his pace, and then he began reeling-off that trail twenty feet at a jump as though old Satan were after him.

We stumbled over a quarter section of bear at the first turn in the trail. The pony was then hitting only the high places, and we speedily picked up more bear meat. Down the trail that scared piece of horse-flesh went in a wild stampede, and then in a fearful burst of speed he let go another section of bear.

When we reached the barn at the foot of the mountain the cayuse was standing quietly in the yard with the saddle under his feet, but no bear skin was in sight. So we had to lump along on the back track and circumnavigate that peak for an hour in search of that pelt. We came at last to a bend in the trail where the pony rounded the curve at a mile-a-minute clip, and there it had jumped off and taken to the brush. So that blooming bear came near getting away after all.

But it was a fine beast. It was big, rawboned and rangy; and withal was juicy and well flavored, and tasted just like a shepherd dog smells. So we baked and boiled, stewed and fried Ursa Major, but somehow the longer we would chew a piece of the remains the bigger it would get. At length we gave it up, and "jerked" the remainder a-la-venison for distribution among our many admiring friends.

Sunday morning came and the disciple of Blackstone said he would take his old krag and go up to the big barn, to look at the sheep! He said he would take his 30-30 and stroll down to the berry patch to look at the crows! But the parson decided to take a religious snooze in the tent. While the elder was thus wrapped in slumber and lost to this sinful world, the urechins came in and said, "Pa, do you care if we go up the creek with our poles?" And afterward they both swore the preacher said he didn't care. So away they went, and when they returned they had seventeen rainbow trout, and the Sabbath, as the Indian would say, was "his cocklelit," badly broken.

One morning the judge and the chaplain, with a couple of dogs, went up into a brushy terrace to look after a bear that had been trespassing there. Whole troops, battalions and firing squads of deer flees, buffalo gnats, gallinippers, and "no-see-ums" were over on the trail or in ambush for us. Small flocks of band-tailed pigeons are found in the Coast Range. Their soft cooing, as they sit on a dead branch of a lofty fir, adds a home-feeling to the charm of the mountain solitudes. Our dogs nosed around for a while, and then took a pretty hot track. They gave tongue, and the music was worth hearing, but they soon ran off over the mountain and out of hearing. But by nimble had mounted big logs for a bird's-eye view of the chase. While closely scanning the billows of fern, a yellow dog was seen running through the thickets, and jumping the rocks and logs. It turned and ran toward the legal fraternity. The old krag belched fire and hail but failed to stop him. The "gutter" then wheeled toward the exhorter, and as it leaped over a monster log, he turned loose his old Remington at the yellow dog's head, and shot off a hind quarter.

When the smoke drifted away the yellow dog proved to be a fifty pound low-head. But it counted for a venison, and fell to the lot of the preacher, and the urechins were happy.

Humanizing Houses.

Houses are curious things. We take a morsel of illimitable space and wall it in and roof it over. Suddenly it ceases to be part of God's out of doors and becomes an entity with its own atmosphere of its own. We warm it with our fires, we animate it with our affections, we furnish it with such things as seem good in our eyes. We do this to get shelter for our bodies, but we acquire as well an instrument for our spirits that reacts on us in its turn.

In other words, as we live our way into a house, slapping it to our need, the bricks and mortar, the paint and plaster, cease to be inert matter and become alive. Superficial sociologists have taunted women with being "more amiable or plantlike" than man, but I count it her second glory. The plant is an organism that "slowly turns lifeless into living matter," and this is the thing that woman has done from the beginning with her shelter. In our houses we achieve almost an organic extension of our very selves.—Cornelia A. F. Comer in Atlantic.

Orelans as Food.

The ortolan, a bird smaller than our quail, an inhabitant of southern Europe in summer and of Africa in winter, is highly prized, especially among French epicures, for the delicate flavor of its flesh. The ortolan is netted alive, kept in a dark place and fed on millet, oats and other seeds until it becomes enormously fat, when it is killed for the table. This artificial fattening of the ortolan dates back to ancient days of Rome. A Parisian paper tells of a financier who invited four friends to a dinner at his country place and sent to Paris to a famous restaurateur to provide a feast for six persons. When the account was presented it totaled up 1,200 francs—that is, \$240. "Outrageous!" said the financier. "Monseigneur," said the restaurateur, "you have had twenty ortolans at 25 francs each. That alone is 500 francs. This would be much like paying \$5 each for well fattened English sparrows."

—Trespass notices, weather proof, for sale at Observer Job office.

DIRECTORY

FILE NOTICE

The general alarm is rung from the office of the Telephone Company. Every Telephone in this city is a Fire Alarm Box. In case of fire, call Central Operator in the ordinary manner, giving her your name and telephone number. Then the nearest cross street location to the fire.

(For example thus)

(This is John Doe, Telephone No. 244)
There is a fire at Main and Court.
If the public will carefully observe this notice, it will greatly facilitate matters and give the Firemen an opportunity to pick the best route, and locate the nearest hydrant to the fire.
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Circuit Court convenes first Monday of February, August and November.
HON. WEBSTER HOLMES, Judge
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SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

Third Wednesdays of June and December of each year.

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Departure of Mails from Dallas Post-office, Daily, except Sunday.
PORTLAND—7:35; 10:20 a. m.; 7:15 p. m.
SALEM—7:35; 10:20 a. m.; 4:20 p. m.
PORTLAND—CORVALLIS—No. 1; (south) 10:20 a. m.; 4:20 p. m.
BLACK ROCK—11 a. m.
FALLS CITY—7:45 a. m.; 2:50 p. m.
INDEPENDENCE—1 p. m.
MONMOUTH—1 p. m.
PORTLAND—CORVALLIS—No. 75 (north) 6:40 p. m.
DUELL—1 p. m.

SUNDAY

PORTLAND—2 p. m.
SALEM—12 p. m.
PORTLAND—CORVALLIS—No. 1; (south) 10:20 a. m.; 4:20 p. m.
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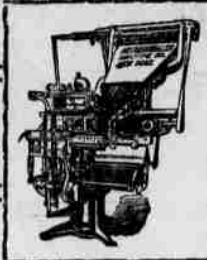
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REBEKAHS—Almira Lodge No. 26 meets first and third Wednesday of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall.
NOLA COAD, Noble Grand.
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WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Dallas Camp No. 209 meets in W. O. W. Hall on Tuesday evening of each week.
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A. F. & A. M.—Jennings Lodge, No. 9, meets second and fourth Fridays of each month, in Masonic hall on Main street. Visiting brethren welcome.
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