

Polk County Observer

Published Each Tuesday and Friday.

BY LEW CATES

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OUR LITTLE BOW

It is customary, we believe, when a publication changes ownership for him who assumes control to set forth the aims and objects of such publication and the policy it will pursue in the future. To the writer this is an easy task. Primarily our object in becoming possessed of The Polk County Observer is to make money. This is understood. Not however, that we expect to amass great wealth, for very few so-called county newspapers ever attain such an exalted position in the financial world. We do expect, nevertheless, through earnest and conscientious labor to more than keep the wolf from the door. We shall strive to make The Observer an important factor in the moral, social, intellectual, commercial and industrial advancement of Dallas and Polk county, faithfully and energetically endeavoring to fill the requirements demanded of a progressive newspaper. It will stand for all that is orderly, lawful and decent in social life, ever ready to contribute wherever and whenever possible to the betterment of the community and the material interests of its people as a whole.

The Observer in the future, as in the past, will keep in keen touch with every species of local activity, and hopes to become a still greater impersonal force in the upbuilding of Dallas and the surrounding territory. It will chronicle from day to day in concise and comprehensive fashion the happenings within its field, distinguishing as best it can between legitimate news and senseless gossip. In brief, its aim will be to completely cover the newspaper field. The writer has made mistakes in the past; he will make mistakes in the future, for to err is human, but those errors will be unintentional and without thought of doing injustice, and hence such errors should be subject to leniency on the part of the reader. Politically, the policy of The Observer will continue to be republican, with which party the writer has been affiliated for to these many years, reserving the right of independence in its expressions of opinion where good of party is concerned.

In entering upon our duties we desire to express our appreciation—the 18-cent variety—to those citizens of Dallas through whose encouragement we have cast our lot in this beautiful and prosperous Willamette Valley city for their good offices, and to solicit the assistance of every public-spirited member of the community to the end that Dallas may boast of a newspaper in keeping with its progress. We desire to share credit with the progressive element in the further upbuilding of this city.

Assuring one and all that we shall appreciate any and all favors extended us, we make out little obsequies and "dig in." LEW A. CATES.

SPENDTHRIFTS

As notable a change as any in present from past manners and habits of society appears in the financial and economic conditions. The poor of today differ from those of a half century or even of a generation ago. They earn more and they spend in an increased number of ways. Nor are the rich of 1914 similar to the wealthy of 1881 or of 1864. The luxury of the two eras has little in common. This spends ostentatiously where that spent quietly if lavishly. Americans are credited by Europeans with being the pioneers in modern luxuriousness and wasteful squandering. Annual expenditures of American tourists abroad are rated as reaching several hundreds of millions of dollars. They demanded the sybaritic caravansaries of London called modern hotels, fourteen of which last year are said to have enjoyed a turnover of \$12,000,000. Catering to the luxuriant tastes of London's foreign clients from all over the world has become one of the modern Babylon's most profitable businesses.

But railways and steamships are

the champion spenders. A train de luxe makes away with more funds yearly than an extravagant millionaire. An Atlantic liner has more luxuriousness than an average palace in England. One feature of this modern extravagance has a political and social significance. It is to be hoped that it contains no sinister implications. It is that this extravagance is universal. Millionaire and laboring man alike meet in the democracy of the general abundance of good living and possession of necessities of life that fifty years ago were considered luxuries.

CONSIDER THESE THINGS

Times of public enthusiasm and public display are appropriate. They do much to arouse popular interest in citizenship and in the progress of a community. But, after all, it is in the daily pursuit of community building that the character and purpose of citizens can best be measured. Here is to be found the steady level from which to most truly judge how high the real loyalty that abides rises in the life of the people. The logical way, in fact the only way, to build this immediate section up to a point where nature, human enterprise and energy combined can reasonably anticipate its being lifted is by a hearty and general co-operation that shall jealously guard every avenue which leads to the ultimate goal, and by a determination on the part of each individual to aid in its further development. This is not to be brought about by inspirational speeches and addresses on the part of gifted men, however valuable their suggestions and pleadings may be; this is not to be promoted by articles from the press, however timely and true they may be in their conclusions; this is not to be accomplished even by annual agricultural and industrial expositions, however splendidly carried out may be this program or enthusiastic may have been its promotion by the earnest men who pushed it forward to success. While each is admittedly a powerful factor in the forward march of progress our future greatness depends, in the final analysis, on the people of today and their attitude toward one another. We, rich and poor, employer and employed, business man, farmer, mechanic and laborer, must exhibit faith in the present by erecting a fence around the home dollar, remembering that money sent abroad returneth not.

The "Made-in-Oregon" campaign now in progress throughout this commonwealth, and brought forcibly to our immediate attention through the efforts of the Dallas Woman's Club, is one of vital importance to every inhabitant. When simmered down it means protection to state industries. But let us go still further and make our campaign one of community protection as well.

It is in constant, steady contribution of its citizens, in cash, in time, in good words spoken and earnest efforts made for its prosperity, that greater community development is to be made possible. It's doing things that count. They are not necessarily large things done in a spectacular way. In fact, these show up large, but they are only worth while as giving impulse to the actual, practical everyday life that we each live and in which the community must always most largely depend for its onward march. Let's do things with a single purpose that we shall not only be able to demonstrate our past glories and our present progress, but what is of far more significance shall reach forward to the things that are beyond and get a grip on the future that shall compel us to retain our place among the most progressive and stirring communities of the entire country. There is no ledgerman about the development of a locality. It comes about always because those who are a part of it are true and loyal to its best interests in little and unobserved but very practical ways.

ABOUT OSCULATION

The proposition to completely abolish the gentle practice of osculation by anti-kissing crusades and health societies is the subject for scoff by those of us who have a grain of sentimentality left in us. If, as alleged by the investigators of this proposed wide-spread movement, life is to be wrecked or shortened as a direct result of disease germs transmitted from one person to another by the kissing route, let us welcome our fate. What a cold, cheerless world this would be without spooning; without the time-honored custom of kissing just before good-night is said. Just imagine, if you can, a kissless courtship. Can one contemplate a more uninteresting predicament? We

would like to get a momentary peep at the individual who would approve of such an unheard-of thing.

While the Observer, like Dr. Wiley, has reached that stage where it confines its kissing entirely to immediate relatives and babies, it is not because it fears the transmission of germs. Reminiscently speaking, imagine a darkened moon on a moonlight night, with the beams playing tag around a couple idly swinging in a hammock while the mid-summer zephyrs gently waft from the distant meadow the smell of new mown hay—let the anti-kissing society attempt to invoke the referendum in such a case and see what would happen. All the obstructionists this side of—the azure blue—couldn't sustain it. The pair would immediately shift their base of operations to a more secluded spot.

Stop kissing? It can't be done. So long as good red blood courses through the veins of the American youth—and the adults and the aged, too, so far as that is concerned—that most delightful sensation which is experienced when lips touch and arms clasp, and "two hearts beat as one" will continue to exist. Disregard the edict of the crusaders and, in the language of the poet, go to it.

WE BEG TO DIFFER.

A valued exchange, heretofore considered as possessing more than an average intelligence, in printing a news story says "it's an old man's fault if he's poor." Ofttimes it is. The aged men and women, who drag out their weary lives in a hopeless effort to hold on are frequently the victims of their own sins. The old man who begs a crust of bread may be a wretched record of an illspent life. And yet he may not be. He may be more sinned against than sinning; he may be turned out into the storm, as was King Lear, by his ungrateful children, or by the ungrateful children of his neighbors. The tottering, decrepit, dissolute old man may be the senile child of the boy who worked at 8, of the young fellow who was cast into jail for a trivial offense.

It is not true today that the righteous in their old age never beg bread. The chances of life are many, and a man may work and save, and yet in the last hour be penniless and friendless. The honored bank may break, the trusted friend defraud; even the insurance company may fail to insure. And there are men, honest and intelligent men, and great men and geniuses, too, who cannot keep their heads above water, and who are driven by their very humanity into a penniless old age.

The statesmen of America, and all Americans are statesmen just as much as all mole hills and all mountains are elevations, are dividing on the subject of the continued utility of the Constitution of the United States. To some it is Holy Writ, a fetish, to others it is a Bible, a document to be interpreted reverently perhaps, but in the light of history and science; they do not consider it inerrant. To another class it is a rhetorical treatise, with some absurdities in statements and prolix of misunderstanding. They point to the fact that through this Constitution we are ruled by men who have been in their graves for more than a century. They hold that it was written for a collection of small farming communities whose aggregate population was less than that of our largest city today; they say that it was written by those who had not, nor could have had, any conception of our territorial extension, physical resources and commercial development and power. Apart from what these various schools may think, it is certain that the Constitution was made for man, and not man, for the Constitution. It, therefore, can and doubtless will be changed, not suddenly as by annihilation, but gradually and by substitution. "Our little systems come and go, they have their day and cease to be." In the light of endless time and space the Constitution of the United States is a little system and transient.

If the Apostle Paul could again walk the streets of ancient Tarsus and view the strange phenomena of electric illumination he would be non-plussed at the progress made by his birthplace, notwithstanding the fact that he was a booster for Tarsus—for did he not speak of himself as "a Jew of Tarsus, a citizen of no mean city?" A news item says Tarsus now has its streets lighted by electricity, that force which has revolutionized transportation, sent its rays of light into the remote corners of the earth, given potency and power to innumerable pieces of machinery,

CAPTAIN GLENNON, IN COMMAND OF WYOMING.

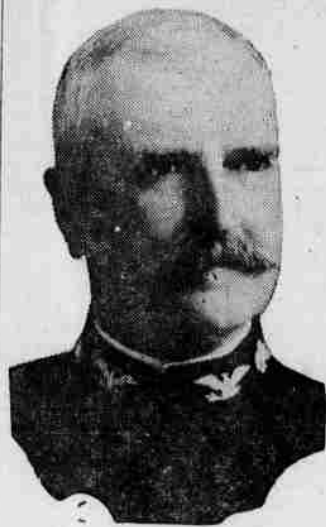


Photo by American Press Association. Captain James H. Glennon is in command of the Wyoming, the official flagship of Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet.

conveys our thoughts across continents and under seas, and makes it possible to communicate with man in mid-ocean.

From present indications the Chattanooga to be held in Dallas in June will be an unqualified success. The talent secured for this event is of the highest order, and Manager Miles is extremely proud of the program as arranged. This annual event cannot fail to prove beneficial to Dallas, and every citizen of the community should put a shoulder to the wheel and make it even more successful than the most sanguine expectations of the association under whose auspices it is conducted hope for.

As a result of the recently enacted democratic tariff law, Oregon is receiving from China eggs fit only for the crematory, beef from Australia and potatoes from other foreign countries, while the home producers' potatoes are either rotting in storage or selling at a low figure. Tubers are coming into eastern seaports by shiploads, absorbing freight charges and beating our farmers to the markets in their own country.

If the farmer of the present day does not succeed it will not be because he is not being offered every possible assistance. The United States department of agriculture is conducting extensive investigations to solve his problems, while the state is co-operating along the same lines through agricultural experiment stations.

Dallas and vicinity offer the home builder all the requirements for a contented life. The soil, insures good crops. The merchants want the products of the farm. The rural telephone goes to the door; the climate is superb; transportation facilities are fair. Withal we offer the home-builder our "best room" in Dallas.

There is comfort and joy in the thought that we are to have a good apple yield this year. Otherwise we might have to eat Ben Davises.

The modern mother does so much to spare her children it is a wonder she doesn't think up some plan of taking their pills for them.

You may shatter, you may break the speed ordinance if you will, but the scent of gasoline will cling to it still.

Shears, Sawbuck & Co. were not represented at the "Made-in-Oregon" banquet last Wednesday evening.

KILL THE CATARRH GERM--USE HYOMEI

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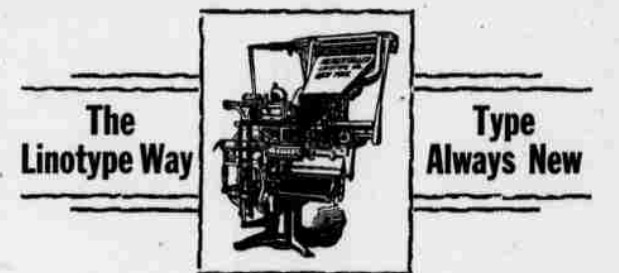
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