

DOINGS IN POLK COUNTY

STORIES BY THE OBSERVER'S CORRESPONDENTS.

Personal Paragraphs Pertaining to Movements of People Whom You All Know.

OAK GROVE.

Mr. Trueblood was baling hay in this neighborhood again last week. Seth and Emma Riggs of Portland visited at Webb Lewis' one night last week. Mrs. Frank Farmer was a caller here the latter part of last week. Grandma Crowley returned from Portland recently and came to Oak Grove last week to visit awhile. Seth Fawk was a business caller in Salem the latter part of last week. Mary and Rebecca Walker of Portland have been visiting relatives here. Mrs. John Young of Greenwood visited her daughter, Mrs. Seth Fawk one day last week. Miss Zanna Van Dorn, who has been visiting Mrs. Seth White, returned to Salem last week. A large number was in attendance at the Ladies' Aid meeting at Mrs. W. W. Fawk's last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edgar spent Tuesday with H. M. Edgar and family of Dallas. The Martin boys sawed wood in this vicinity last week.

CROWLEY.

F. E. Valliere and son have been hauling baled hay to Dallas for Mr. Grant. Henry White sold a fine team recently. Plin Wilson was binding grain last week for George Smith. C. H. Farmer shipped a load of sheep from McCoy last week. Mark Holmes was a Dallas caller Friday. R. J. Williamson and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edgar motored to Dayton Sunday to visit friends. Mary and Rebecca Walker of Portland have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Malcolm Pewtherer. George Smith and Jim Buttrick hulled clover for the Palmer boys last week, going to McCoy Friday. Mr. Trueblood baled hay last week for Mr. Valliere and Mr. Hamilton. Miss Pearl Dennett went to Dallas last week. Charley Knower was a recent Dallas visitor. F. M. Edgar and son, William, hauled several loads of lumber from Dallas the past few days. Little Frank Whaley of Rickreall is staying with his Grandma Smith, while Mrs. Whaley is cooking on the cook wagon. The Martin boys of Greenwood sawed wood last week for Malcolm Pewtherer, J. F. White and Finley. Seth Riggs and sister, Emma, motored up from Portland last week to visit relatives here. Malcolm Pewtherer was marketing some nice tomatoes in Independence last week. Mrs. Frank Starbuck of Portland, who has been visiting relatives here, went to Salem last week. A number from this vicinity attended the band concert in Dallas Saturday night. Mrs. John Williamson and son of Salem were recent visitors at R. J. Williamson's. Stella Smith is helping Mrs. Whaley cook on the cook wagon. R. J. Williamson and family and Mrs. Gay and daughter, Cora, were visitors at J. W. Edgar's of Oak Grove Saturday. Kaner Trent was a Rickreall caller Sunday.

OAK DALE.

The George Sellers thresher is threshing for Jim Hubbard, Ben Thompson, O. E. Dennis and others this week. Grain is turning out well. Hops are backward here as in other places. Looks as if we would not pick hops any earlier than usual, in spite of the advanced season. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bird and children of Pioneer visited at Ben Thompson's Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson and G. D. Robinson also spent the day there. Don Miller is able to be around once more after his long siege of sickness. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis and Joe, Frank and Ruth, visited over Sunday with the family of Junious Ward at Independence. Mrs. Ward is Mr. Dennis' sister. Mrs. J. D. Chitwood and son, Harry, and daughter, Hazel, all of Borning, Clackamas county, made Oak Dale a flying visit Sunday. They visited their old home, now owned by Jim Wilson of Dallas and called at John Robinson's and O. E. Dennis' homes. They motored up in Harry Chitwood's car. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sellers and children, Mrs. Arthur Hepner and children and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hubbard have gone to Agate Beach for an outing. B. A. Wright has sold his home here to a family by the name of Ollson, lately from Canada. Mr. Wright has moved his family to St. Johns. Thursday evening a number of the neighbors gathered at the Wright place to bid Mr. and Mrs. Wright farewell and wish them success in their new home. They have made many friends while here and we are sorry to lose them from our midst. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Murgley and sons, Chas. O'Leary, Miller Tedrick, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Me-

Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Chas Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Card, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bruce, Fountain Murphy and Mrs. Mima Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sherwood of Dallas will stay at the Sellers' home while they are away.

MONMOUTH.

The whistle of the thresher engine and the hum of the thresher can be heard on every hand, which shows that the farmers are taking care of their bountiful harvest. Wheat is going from 20 to 46 bushels to the acre. A. H. Cravens and wife returned from their visit to Cascada and Bandon, on the coast, Tuesday. J. B. V. Butler, wife and son, returned from San Francisco this week. Doetor J. F. Calbreath and family of Portland are guests of his brother's family, D. M. Calbreath. Elmer Gilliam and family of Dallas were recent guests of E. R. Pike's family. Mrs. Bertha Newman and family of Shedd, Linn county, are guests of her sister, Mrs. F. M. Fisher. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Pitzer of the Luckiamute valley were in town on business Monday. Isaac Simpson, one of the leading farmers and dairymen of the Luckiamute, made Monmouth a business visit Tuesday. Men and teams are at work excavating for the new training school building. Grain is rolling into the Monmouth warehouse at a lively rate. The two road districts leading into Monmouth have put about 1000 yards of gravel on the roads, besides grading of the same, and yet some are finding fault with the county court. C. C. Lee made a business trip to Albany this week. In order to work to a better advantage, A. N. Poole and family have moved temporarily to Parker, where he is building a school house. Tuesday, we made a trip into Marion county, east of Independence, and there we found everybody busy. The hops look well. Orvil Butler has about the finest crop of oats we have seen.

ZENA AND SPRING VALLEY.

Jas. French spent Sunday in Salem with his mother. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Catton visited over Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Catton. Miss Dora Walker and Miss Emily Jeffries returned to Salem Wednesday, after a pleasant visit here with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Henry. Mr. Dike is hauling his hay to Salem. Robert Miller of West Salem, and Aubrey Crawford of Salem, have been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Haavey Crawford. Wm. Squiers and family spent Sunday with relatives in Salem. Mrs. Samuel Barker is entertaining friends from Salem. Last Wednesday, while driving to Salem, Capt. P. F. Clarke's horse became frightened at an automobile which dashed into the buggy while passing, causing the horse to overturn the buggy, which was about demolished, and throwing Mr. Clark out to the ground, where he was dragged for several yards over sharp stones. Mr. Runcoorn caught the horse, and another passing auto (the one that caused the accident "beat it" as the boys say) took Mr. Clark to the office of Dr. J. N. Smith in Salem. He was badly bruised and received several bad, but not serious cuts on the head, and internally injured, causing a high fever for several days. Mr. Clark is over 86 years of age and it is a wonder that he escaped with his life, but he is recovering nicely from the effects of the accident.

SMITHFIELD.

The farmers are busy threshing and hauling grain. The grain is very heavy. The farmers are looking around for more sacks. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Heinrichs are delivering books which they have sold. We are having Sunday school in the Smithfield school house in the afternoon, beginning at two o'clock. Mr. P. J. Bones has had bad luck. Two of his horses got foundered Friday and died. Smithfield Farmers Prosper. When winter oats weigh from 106 to 108 pounds to the sack and there are three bushels in the sack, farmers around Smithfield believe they are entitled to recognition as grain producers. John Diehm, who came to Dallas Wednesday to enjoy a rest after threshing his large crops of wheat and oats, says that on one plot where the yield was about 73 pounds to the sack last year he cut 131 pounds this season. The average on other plots on Mr. Diehm's place is about 108 pounds, or 30 bushels of grain. On heads of oats Mr. Diehm has counted as many as 60 large kernels of grain. The yield was so heavy that farmers failed to make sufficient provision for sacks to handle it all, with the result that, in many cases, threshing crews are dumping the grain on the ground as it is measured.

Robert Warwick Tonight.

The Orpheum tonight will present Robert Warwick in "The Man of the Hour," one of George Broadhurst's most successful dramas. The stage fame of Warwick in this play is too well known to the general public to need more than the mere announcement to tax the seating capacity of The Orpheum playhouse.

It's usually too late for congratulations when the happy couple have been married more than a week.

MY FIRST CASE.

(By J. C. Rieckli.)

I am a lover of the soil. Mother-earth with its mysterious infinite possibilities and respect an intelligent farmer above any other man. I have always considered that the fates served me a senny trick in not granting me to be a farmer. My foremost original ambition was to come to America and show "Uncle Sam" exactly how to make real genuine Swiss cheese with those cute little cavities glistening with briny moisture. Alas! the nearest I ever attained to a practical realization of that dream was making bricks in a Nebraska brick-yard. Such is life. We must learn the lesson of resignation. When I was bran new to this great country, and as green as grass on an Oregon hill-side, in the spring time, I hired out for a few weeks to a German gardener in Westchester county not far from New York city. In casual conversation with my employer, Mr. Katzenjammer, I impressed upon him the fact that I was a graduate of an agricultural school (Potato University) in Switzerland and had also participated in a course of veterinary surgery, etc., never dreaming of any ultimate consequences. The good man became proud of me and foolishly told the neighborhood all about it.

The country-side bordering on Long Island sound was covered by the beautiful estates of rich New Yorkers. One fine day an elegant conveyance drove up occupied by a dignified elderly gentleman and some ladies. Presently I was advised by Mr. Katzenjammer that my services as a veterinarian were in immediate demand. It appeared that an aristocratic Jersey cow of the bluest blood, owned by the aforesaid gentleman, had gone wrong that morning and was in a bad way. As soon as I somewhat recovered from the shock I endeavored to back out on various grounds, but without avail. The party happened to be one of the most liberal customers of my employer and the latter repeatedly said: "Karl you must make good."

Ye Gods! True enough that professor had come out to our institute from the city of Bern to give us a lecture once a week, including some practical demonstrations, etc. However, I was a dreamer in those days and the interior department of a cow had no fascination for me. I had what you might call a speaking acquaintance with cows in general, but I am ashamed to confess it, although a graduate of that institution, no "Bossie" had ever even been milked by me. I did not think it right to deprive a cow of her juice. Here, however, I was up against it right on the start while still afflicted with the "Heimweh," a condition of mental agony to which the Swiss are probably more susceptible than any other nationality. A stiff upper lip has carried me through many a crisis during a rather eventful life and I determined on a bold front. My English being of the most fragmentary kind, the gardener's charming young daughter, Rosie, was sent along as the official interpreter. After reviving my memory of our professor's hocus-procus, I had hurriedly picked up a common tack hammer and a beer bottle cork, which I found on the premises, and the two mile walk with Rosie to the estate where that unfortunate cow was waiting for my ministrations, gave me time to devise a plan of how to meet that first emergency in a dignified professional manner.

Arrived on the ground I bid Rosie tell those people to bring forth the cow where I could get a good look at her. A plow boy in a nearby field was lustily singing the popular song then in vogue, "Oh, Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me," and strange to say this melody gave me confidence and inspiration. I cast a professional eye over that Jersey lady and carefully sounded its torso by means of that tack hammer and beer cork. In the region of the lungs I placed my ear to the cow's body, closely observing the face of my as yet unsoaked watch. Without hesitation or a flicker I diagnosed the case as one of "rheumatic lung fever." Ever since then I have had a burning curiosity to know exactly how Rosie communicated that information to those serious looking people.

My uncle Arnold, back in the old country, was a pioneer and authority of the hydropathic school, successfully operating two large resorts where people of wealth would go to be treated for real or imaginary ills. To do him honor I decided to apply his methods to the cow in question. "Tell those people," I bid Rosie, "that the case is not over serious. Pile a couple dozen wet gunny bags on the cow's fore part, covered by at least three dry blankets and by all means keep her out of a draft and on short dry rations." During the following three days I actually prayed for that cow's health, but on the fourth day the pressure was relieved. The butler of the estate showed up quite cheerfully with a roll of greenbacks in his hand and instructions to settle my account, at the same time reporting my late patient as good as new. However, I politely but firmly declined the fee.

The great P. T. Barnum was right. The American people evidently liked to be humbugged. I had achieved a professional reputation which subsequent events proved. I preferred to leave that reputation intact and it was about time for me to go west anyhow. I had been carefully reared to be a conscientious christian gentleman, but what would you have?

CO-OPERATION AND GREATER PROGRESS

The Interests of Farmer and City Folk Being Practically Identical There Should Be United Effort for the Betterment of Conditions.

Since coming to Dallas, two and a half years ago, we have felt the need of greater co-operation between the farmers of Polk county and the merchants of Dallas, and have come to the conclusion that with the assistance of our rural friends we are in position to render aid that will result in mutual benefit to all concerned. Polk county is known far and wide as the "Blue Ribbon County of Oregon," from the fact that here are grown crops unsurpassed by any section of the state, for which fame the farmers are responsible, they producing the crops that make this enviable title possible. Here are grown the choicest of grains, grasses, fruits, vegetables and hops, and it is for the further promotion of these industries that we contemplate holding "a county fair," on a small scale, each month during the year, where seasonable products may be displayed and where our rural friends and neighbors may assemble and confer with each other regarding the best methods of raising such crops as are shown. We firmly believe that such an institution cannot fail to augur to the good of all, for through conversation regarding those things in which we are most vitally interested further enlightenment and greater progress are sure to come.

The Polk county fair, a most praiseworthy event, is held but once each year, but not all the crops are here displayed because of the fact that some produce does not mature at the right time of year. What we would like to see is an exhibit of the farmers' produce as it matures—something can be shown each month of the year. For example, take the month of June, we have strawberries, and everyone knows that this berry is seen at the county fair only as the preserved article. Why not have a strawberry display, that everybody who raises strawberries may strive for a prize. Those who fail to receive a prize, will be interested in knowing why so that in the following years they may take the lead. And the same applies with equal force to other crops, and thus the educational feature is presented.

READ OUR PLAN:

We stand ready and anxious to co-operate with the farmers of the county to bring this thing about, not from a mercenary standpoint, but because we feel that we can be helpful in further developing the unrivaled natural resources of the county. The material interests of the farmer and the city are practically identical; what helps one helps the other, and it is only through co-operation that greater advancement may be attained. We purpose to devote our large show-windows to the display of such crops as may be exhibited from month to month, and besides offer

TWO PRIZES OF \$6.00 AND \$4.00

respectively—for the best and second best exhibit, quality to be the consideration in making the awards. The person entering the contest would simply do so by number that the judges would not know the identity of the exhibitor until after the awards had been made, the judges to be chosen from non-interested persons. Following the awarding of prizes the names of the growers would be attached to the exhibit, and if not perishable left in place a week or longer that others might study it to their advantage.

This would cost the farmer absolutely nothing, and would, we believe, prove an incentive to them to strive for better crops of every description. It would also be the means of advertising the farms of the county, and raise them in value with a contemplating purchaser. One interested in buying a ranch wants to know what it will produce. This opportunity is here afforded, without money and without price. We desire to be of service to the entire community, and after studying the problem for months, believe we have hit upon a plan whereby this end may be accomplished.

SALES DAY IN CONNECTION

And while this monthly display is being made on a given date, hereafter to be decided upon, why not hold a market day in connection. Every farmer has something on his place for which he has no use, while some other farmer is desirous of owning this very thing. For instance, you have just bought an automobile and wish to sell a buggy or hack, or you have a plow, or harrow, or drag; a cow, horse, wagon, chickens, incubator, or what not. You could bring them in and we would sell for you at auction without any fee whatsoever, or if you preferred to send us a list of the things you had to offer we would advertise it in the county papers in advance and charge you nothing for the service. This latter plan would be most advisable, as then others would know what would be offered each sales day. We have abundant room adjacent to our store for holding such a sales day, and here farmers might "strike their own bargains" if they so elected.

We are desirous of getting the opinion of farmers from every part of Polk county regarding this plan, and also as to whether we might expect their co-operation in making the undertaking a success, and therefore ask each reader of The Observer to fill out the enclosed blank and mail it to us without delay, making such suggestions as you may deem worthy of our consideration. Please cut out the coupon and mail. Do not pass it by with the thought that some one else will take your place in this project. We want YOUR co-operation.

F. E. DAVIS,

SUCCESSOR TO DAVIS & HORN.

The Reliable House Furnisher, DALLAS, OREGON.

Cut this out and mail it today.

Mr. F. E. Davis, Dallas, Oregon.
Dear Sir: We have read your proposed plan for holding a monthly exhibit of the products of Polk county, and hereby signify our willingness to co-operate with you in making it a success.

Yours respectfully,

To Address..... Sign here.....

If you think this plan is not practicable, please tell us why, using the following lines, or better yet, write us in detail.

Sign here.....

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