

MUCH INTEREST SHOWN

UNION REVIVAL MEETINGS AT TRACT LARGE AUDIENCES.

Evangelist Taylor Preaches Strong Sermon—100-Voice Chorus Is Special Feature.

Monday evening the campaign for souls opened at the armory. The building has been seated for an audience of eight hundred. On one side, on the wall, appears the motto: "Get Right With God," and on the opposite side another motto: "Saved to Serve," and over the rostrum appears, in artistic letters, "Dallas for Christ," designed and executed by Mr. Jackman, the new artistic decorator, who has just come to town to live. At the south end of the auditorium, a platform runs clear across from wall to wall, and extending outward about twelve feet. On this platform are seated a chorus of 100 singers, the pastors of the participating churches, and the two leaders of the evangelistic campaign, Rev. George W. Taylor, the evangelist, and his son, Paul Taylor, the chorist and soloist. Evangelist Taylor began his work in Dallas last Friday at the Evangelical church. The meetings continued in the church Saturday and Sunday evenings. Sunday evening, standing room was at a premium. Evangelist Taylor is a Kentuckian of the old school. His present place of residence is Los Angeles, Cal. He is a preacher of the first order. He is one of the most fearless speakers on the Pacific coast. His style is unique, his personality magnetic and winning, his message direct, and his faith in God and man of the Pauline type. He is a rapid speaker, and like most orators from the southland, he uses plain language, abundant illustrations, and his delivery at times is intensely dramatic. His son Paul makes an ideal choir leader, and as might be anticipated, is in perfect sympathy with the preaching and the great purpose of the special services. Like his father, he is dramatic, even in singing his beautiful and effective solos. He has been instrumental in gathering together a chorus of about 75 voices and it is expected that ere the week closes the number will increase to the round hundred. Evangelist Taylor's sermons are intensely interesting whether you are a saint or a sinner. His phrases and sentences are short and epigrammatic. What he says is easily remembered. His logic is simply irresistible. He is fearless in attacking the inconsistencies and hypocrisies of professing christians. The first five addresses were directed largely to those already in the church. They were given in the following order: 1. The Holy Spirit—the all essential power for holiness and service. 2. Prayer—the vital breath of christian experience. 3. The bible—the revelation of God's will, and the atonement of Jesus Christ; the instrument of the Holy Spirit; the infallible guide and food for the soul. 4. Personal work—winning men and women one by one as a fisherman catches fish. 5. Faith—absolute confidence in the promises of God through Jesus Christ. Dr. Taylor's prayer at the close of the sermon is a direct, personal and intimate talk with God, asking that the message reach the hearts of the people and produce the conviction that wins. The services will continue indefinitely every night, beginning at seven thirty with a song service led by Paul Taylor and his great chorus.

PARK SERMON NO. 4

(By J. C. Rieck.) Brothers and Sisters: We will now contemplate the poor groceryman. There he goes; that man in the once white apron who looks like a bar-keeper from Kalamazoo. Yes, pity him. Everybody knows he is in distress. The letters he gets from that Mason, Ehrman & Co. credit man are lacking in poetical style. If he had time he would rather read the Saturday Evening Post, the Polk County Observer, or the "Sunny Monday Crawfish," "which never crabs." He is about to live all the diplomats brother Woodrow Wilson has not sent home to collect his bills. He gets up wearily in the morning with his liver on the bum. Nevertheless, he valiantly jumps into the front trench of his store to fight the battle of life. Mr. "Jim Jams" had dropped in quite early and has had time enough to note what the grocer has net in stock. He promptly demands it and being denied evinces a mild disgust and of course, buys nothing, nix "car nix," for which the dealer, however, was quite prepared. But the worst is to come. For the information and guidance of the disappointed merchant he commences to quote Sears Roebuck prices. Yes, sir, quotes Sears Roebuck prices to him. The grocer winces and sways under that blow, but instead of seizing the near-by umbrella, ramming it down Mr. "Jim Jams" throat and then opening it with demoniacal glee he holds on to himself and the counter, smiles a wan sickly smile and meekly invites Mr. "Jim Jams" to call again. There behold your outraged, downtrodden grocer in the dust, a martyr. Martyrs have great souls and the qualities of great men. Save him! save him! The entrancing Mrs. Chautauqua

Roberson has entreated him to "love everybody" with the accent on everybody. Sancta Simplicitas! how can he? He has tried so hard to live up to her invoice of eleven (11) commandments. Oh, eloquent and gracious lady from far-off India or Indiana, forgive him. He is but mortal clay and the pain he has up his back is no sign that wings are sprouting between his bent shoulders.

As the day grows older our grocer's troubles multiply. The smell of the produce wherewith he loses his substance has become a stench in his nostrils. The loving wife, knowing there is a heap o' trouble on her old man's mind, goes out into the store to cheer him up by telling him "he is an old grouch" and "a hurtin' business."

Away to the park, to the city park, with him before it is too late and he is billed for Salem. If by this time he is a feeble, tottering wreck, drag him, push him! Well, we got the poor blighter to the park. It was a tough job, but there he sets on the bench between those tall trees. But look! Is it possible such astounding transformation? He has not been in the city park ten minutes when he lifts up that bowed head, pulls down his vest, wipes off his chin and commences to sing, yes sing in a clear, mellow tenor voice:

"I wish there was no w-a-a-a-r I wish there was no fighting I sit in the car and smoke a cigar ta rafata ta da."

No, he is not delirious because he pulls out the cigar a kind-hearted designing drummer has treated him and blows rings. This is conclusive evidence that he has fully recovered his old-time poise and equanimity. The bewitching charm of the city park has done its beneficent work. Being under the impression that his first song and dance has been "encored," he proceeds to give a horrible imitation of the Swiss Yodlers, then briskly, with an elastic step, he walks back to the store and cheerfully grinds ten pounds of musty coffee for Mrs. Grundy on the old mill. He bids Jimmie to take in them "vegetables" and close up. By the way Jimmie, he says, "you are such good boy, here is a nickel, go blow yourself, good night."

What shall the hardware merchant do to keep from getting harder everyday of his hardware life? But enough. Now let us sing the beautiful old song:

"Oh, birdie we are tired now We do not care to hear you sing You have sung your happy song all day Now put your head beneath your wing."

Come sisters come, kiss us good night. My dear sisters and brothers, you are dismissed. Our devoted family has prevailed upon us to say no more. Fare you well, and if for ever—still fare you well.

CLUB NOTES

(Communicated.) The first regular meeting of the Woman's club was held in the library on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Metzger presiding and Mrs. W. L. Ford occupying her position as secretary for the first time. Many interesting communications were read, after which the heads of different departments spoke of plans for the season's work. Mrs. Stafin, chairman of the Civic department, announced a meeting and silver tea to be held in the library on the third Tuesday in October, to which the ladies of the community are invited. The Civic department expect to continue their agitation for park improvement and hope to accomplish something worth while with the aid of the city council, who are said to be also considering the matter.

Miss Collins announced that a meeting of the Young Women's department would be held in the library on Tuesday evening, October 12. The music and literary sections are not quite ready to resume meetings. The program committee announced attractive plans for the general meetings, Mrs. Sarah A. Evans, president of the State Federation of Woman's clubs, having promised to be present for one meeting. The secretary was instructed to write a letter of appreciation to Mrs. Evans, who has so faithfully served as president of the state organization for the past ten years. Also a letter of sympathy to Mrs. MacGregor, on account of the serious illness of Mr. MacGregor, and to Mrs. Boyd, whose little daughter Jessie is suffering with typhoid.

Delegates who will represent this club at the state convention, to be held in Salem, October 25-26-27 are Mrs. Metzger, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Cosper and Miss Bureh. Alternates elected were Mrs. Starbuck, Mrs. C. G. Coad and Mrs. Van Orsdel. Many of the members present expressed their intention of attending some of the sessions.

The president reminded the members of the annual bazaar on the first Friday in December, the date of which was fixed last year at the time it was decided to make the bazaar an annual affair.

The president also announced her intention to act as hostess for a social hour following the business session of the next regular meeting, at which time reports from the convention will be read.

Dry bran is a good feed for chickens the year round.

It has been truly said that the only real help is self-help.

DOINGS IN POLK COUNTY

STORIES BY THE OBSERVER'S CORRESPONDENTS.

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

CROWLEY.

Seth Riggs and sister, Miss Emma motored up from Portland last week to visit relatives and attend the State fair.

Mrs. J. W. Gay and daughter, Miss Cora, moved to the Kings Valley vicinity last week, as Miss Cora will teach school at the Maple Grove district this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant of Dallas were callers here the middle of last week.

J. L. Gay and family returned from Tillamook county the middle of last week and made a trip to Brownsville the latter part of the week.

A party of military surveyors were in this vicinity surveying, this week. Cass Riggs was a McCoy caller Monday.

George Smith was hauling wood from Salt Creek the first of the week. Oral Mallicoat is attending school in Monmouth.

Mrs. J. W. Edgar was a visitor at Mrs. J. C. White's the middle of last week.

Isaac Robertson sawed wood the first of the week for Charley Warren and R. J. Williamson.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the fair on Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

F. M. Edgar was a business caller in Dallas Tuesday.

Lloyd Mallicoat moved his household goods to Clackamas county last week, where the family will make its home this winter and Mr. Mallicoat will teach school.

Mrs. S. T. Smith and Mrs. Clarence McCrow and little daughter of Smithfield were visitors at Mrs. G. C. Smith's Friday.

R. J. Williamson and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edgar spent Sunday at Jim Edger's near Salem. Miss Verda Williamson will spend the week there assisting Mrs. Edger with some sewing.

C. H. Farmer shipped hogs from McCoy this week.

MONMOUTH.

The Normal training school building is rapidly being completed. Contractors are working on the last story and if the rains hold off another week everything will be under cover.

Charley Newman is getting along fine with his new house on Independence street. When completed this will be a fine structure.

A. N. Poole expects to finish the house he is building near Parker about next week.

Joe Tetherow is still having gravel put on the road south of town. He desires to make the road fit for travel summer and winter.

The popping of shotguns can be heard on every side this week. Some Monmouth people desire to see a law enacted prohibiting hunting on Sunday.

Mrs. T. Boldin celebrated her seventy-first birthday anniversary on the third of this month and her granddaughter, Miss Bertha M. Henry of Corvallis enjoyed her birthday anniversary on the same day. Miss Henry visited with her grandmother on that day and both received many presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Henriekson of Harman, Wis., were the guests of Mrs. Caning, Mrs. Henriekson's sister, the latter part of last week. They have gone on to San Francisco by water and will return and complete their visit on their way home. They expressed themselves as liking this part of Oregon very well.

Burnes Powell and wife of Portland were in town Sunday greeting friends and relatives, of which they have many. Mr. Powell was born and raised in Monmouth and was graduated from the Normal. He is now a full-fledged attorney and is making his mark at his work.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Pettit of Washington, formerly of Monmouth, spent Sunday greeting their many friends in Monmouth.

W. P. Fisher is visiting with his daughter in Portland.

O. E. Cook writes from the east that he is having a good time and that his wife's health has improved wonderfully. She was quite poorly when she left here.

So many went to the State fair from Monmouth that the town was almost deserted last week.

F. Chambers (commonly known as Jake) of Kings Valley was in town Saturday. His mother was of the King family, the first settlers of Kings Valley in 1846. Mr. Chambers is one of the leading farmers of the valley and is also in the mercantile business there.

Edward Huber, Sr., of Olif is in town this week visiting his nephew and niece.

Reece McKeenolds of Southern Oregon is in town this week visiting friends and relatives. He was formerly a resident of Monmouth.

This is an old-fashioned Oregon fall, the farmers are wanting rain, but when it does rain, then they will not be satisfied.

J. Grimes has sold his interest in the meat market here and will retire from business.

OAK GROVE.

Jesse Williamson and William Ed-

gar came over from Crowley Tuesday and helped saw J. W. Edgar's wood. Thad Stevens was a Dallas caller Friday.

Isaac Robertson was a business caller in Salem the middle of last week.

Seth Fawk was a Dallas visitor the middle of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallen of Corvallis were visitors at J. W. Edgar's one day last week.

Mrs. Frank Farmer called on her mother, Mrs. Fawk, last Friday.

Seth Riggs and sister of Portland were visitors here last week.

Frank Fawk was a caller here Sunday.

Isaac Robertson sawed wood this week for J. W. Edgar and Mr. Warren.

Mr. Hansen was hauling hops to market this week.

GETS WAGES, ALSO DRUNK.

Blacksmith Given Verdict in Circuit Court and Celebrates.

M. B. Jensen, a blacksmith, was awarded about \$80 in a suit for wages in Judge Belt's court on Wednesday, and proceeded to celebrate his legal victory. Jensen is from Brownsville and the idea that his working hours as well as his vacation had to be spent in a dry town galled the "mighty smithy." Somewhere he got a plentiful supply of whisky and within an hour after the award had been made Jensen had a most glorious drunk. His young wife, panic stricken, attracted the attention of John Shaw, who had to exercise his diplomatic talents to get the blacksmith in bed.

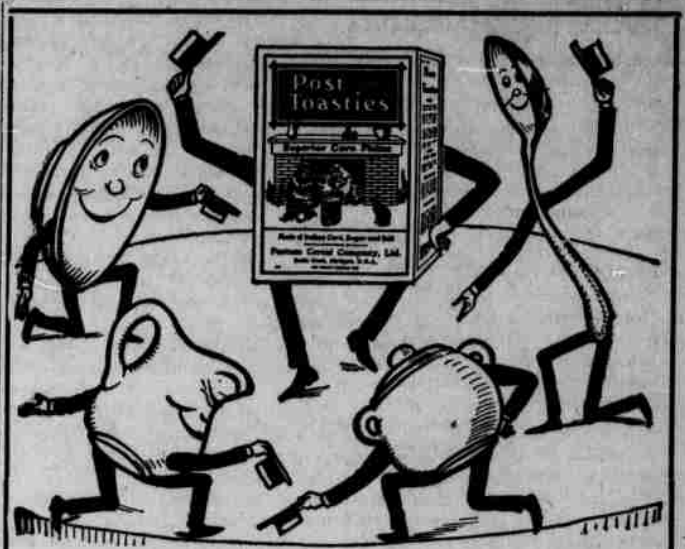
DAMAGE CASE NON-SUITED.

Action That Has Been Hanging Fire Thrown Out by Judge Belt.

The damage suit filed by George Billings against H. L. Fenton was non-suited in the circuit court by Judge Belt on Wednesday. This case has been hanging fire for a long time and the plaintiff has shown no special anxiety about pushing the issue. His attorney, Smith & Shields, appeared before the court on Wednesday and requested an extension of time. Judge Belt saw no reason for this, and the attorneys could offer none that was valid, so the case was thrown out of court.

Metschan Recovering.

Phil Metschan, Sr., an early resident of Polk county and proprietor of the Imperial hotel at Portland, is recovering from a recent severe illness that for a time threatened his life. The elderly gentleman is still unable to leave the sick-room, although he continues to improve.



Welcome to Our Set.

Charming new flavour, exceptional crispness, and nourishing substance, insure for

New Post Toasties

a welcome on any breakfast, lunch of supper table.

The new process of manufacture which imparts these qualities, not to be found in other corn flakes, raises tiny, pearl-like "puffs" on each flake—a distinguishing characteristic of

New Post Toasties

Your Grocer has them now.

GIVE THE OBSERVER A CHANCE TO FIGURE ON YOUR JOBWORK

WHAT'S DOING IT?

Strange, isn't it? But it is true, isn't it? The way some of your old friends and customers send their money to folks they do not know and for goods they have never seen.

You would naturally incline to the belief that people would prefer to buy goods after having had an opportunity to inspect them, and to make the purchase from people whom they know.

There was a time when shopping was largely a matter of personal contact. Today the distant store and the mail order house get into close touch with thousands, who are made acquainted with their goods and their methods of doing business. How is this done? Advertising—constant and effective advertising.

Many arguments are used to make customers out of the readers of advertising. These advertisements draw business from you and the other local dealers.

Consider the results obtained by the national magazine advertisers, and you will cease to wonder what is the magnet that draws to the city department store and the catalogue house, hundreds of miles away, the trade that you should enjoy. It is surprising that they do not take more dollars out of this community than they do.

Now mind you, The Observer is not talking just for its business but for yours as well, and for your neighbor's. For if you do not thrive, The Observer will not. Naturally, and somewhat selfishly, The Observer is interested in this community.