

POLK COUNTY OBSERVER

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY

VOL. XIX

DALLAS, POLK COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 9, 1907.

NO. 20

Dainty Furniture



dresses up not only the Parlor but the Dining Room and Living Room. We are offering just now unusual values in Dining Tables, Buffets, and Dining Room Chairs.

Better see our High Grade Solid Oak Dining Sets. Don't you think that you could spend at least a portion of your salary to make your home brighter and more beautiful?

It is our business to help you do so by placing our line of

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums and other furnishings in your home. We will save for your pocket book too.

A fine line of Iron Beds for your inspection.

Goods of the Season Ice Cream Freezers, Lawn Sprinklers, Lawn Mowers, Refrigerators

Hose.

When you want

Builders' Hardware

be sure to see us, our motto: "A Better Stock and Lower Prices."

Toledo and Universal Ranges

Razor Steel Cutlery Fishing Tackle Whips of all kinds

Bird Cages Rugs of all kinds and sizes

Axminster, Brussels and Ingrain Carpets Linoleum

Pattons Sun Proof Paint

A new line of Engine Fittings including Oil Cups, Injectors, Lubricators, etc. just arrived

GUY BROS. & DALTON

The store that saves you money.

Dallas, Oregon

JUDGE BENSON'S ADDRESS

Delivered at the Celebration in Dallas, July 4th, 1907.

It is getting to be a common practice for very many good American citizens to treat the celebration of Independence Day as a jest; to smile pityingly upon those who display any enthusiasm upon the subject of patriotism, and to remark with an expression of countenance which is almost a sneer, that the Declaration of Independence is nothing more than a mass of sentimental rot, having no appreciable influence upon the life and environment of the present day citizen. This sort of talk, in its turn, leads another group of good men to assume long faces, and, with sad and downcast countenances and with many a solemn wagging of the head, to proclaim the rapid decadence of the spirit of National loyalty and the disappearance of individual patriotism.

Then, again, the busy, hurrying multitudes, harassed with the driving cares of life and having no time or inclination for abstract thought in their own behalf, hear and read these conclusions and heedlessly accept them as true. Hence it is that few listen patiently to the reading of the great declaration of our forefathers; few find the old-time thrill in the celebration of this greatest of our Nation's holidays.

And yet, my friends, it is not true that the spirit of patriotism is dying out in this country; it is not true that our people are any less liberty-loving, any less proud of this splendid Nation of ours, than at any prior time in our history. And for the sake of reminder, and to convince ourselves that we, individually, are not losing our appreciation for the land of our birth, and to satisfy our doubting souls that we still love the land of our birth, it is well, and very fitting, that at least once a year, we should assemble, as we have done today, to recall the history of our Nation; to observe its small beginnings, and glory in its present splendor.

I have all too little patience with the pessimistic spirit which is perpetually shouting the false doctrine that the country is going to the "demition bow-wow"; that "graft" is rampant, and that the commercial spirit is blighting our prospects for a happy future.

What does it matter to you and me, dear friends, if it be true that there are men whose personal ambitions cause them to forget the public weal? What does it matter, if there be men whose avarice and greed cause them to forget the duty they owe as citizens, and prompt them to robbery of the public treasury? What does it matter if there be men whose instincts are altogether selfish and bad? Was there ever a time in the history of the world when nations or municipalities were free from such as these?

Nay, friends; when the Saviour of mankind walked the earth, teaching purity, honesty, and devotion to right-living, did he not have, among his chosen twelve, a Judas, who coveted the opportunity to rob the treasury of his fellows of the price of a box of precious ointment which was broken to anoint the body of his God? When the little band of colonies along the Atlantic Coast were struggling for independence; when their soldiers were leaving the bloody imprint of their bare feet in the snow at Valley Forge, were there not among them those who, like Benedict Arnold, were ready and eager to sell and betray their cause for gold and power?

feeble; some walked with crutches, and made a pitiful attempt to keep step with the music; others brushed away their tears with empty sleeves; still others looked enviously upon the crutch and the empty sleeve, as if, in their hearts, they were saying, "These were more fortunate than I, in that they were able to sacrifice more for this sweet land than I." But when the parting salute had been fired, and the bugles had thrilled the multitudes with the last shrill notes of "aps," and the procession had broken ranks, I watched with deep interest the disposition of the flowers.

One of the veterans with empty sleeve placed his treasure of flowers upon the grave of a comrade, with whom he had marched, with whom he had tented, and with whom he had shared his last worn-out crust, and as he turned away, with wet cheeks, I said to myself, "This man has done much for his country, because he loves it."

I saw an elderly spinster, whose gray hairs, pale face, and care-worn form told of weary years of unrequited waiting and watching, lay her sweet tribute of forget-me-nots upon the mound where moldered the manly form of her soldier-boy, whom she had kissed and sent to the war. She had sent him forth with an aching heart, but a brave, false smile, and sat her down to await his return, hoping there might come a day when she could go forth to meet him, with the band playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes;" but alas, her waiting has been in vain, and now she waits with loyal heart for the summons which shall unite them across the dark river, where they may rest in the shade of the trees, and renew their vows once more. And I said, "She too has paid the price for a united Nation, because she loves it."

Again I looked, and beheld an aged father and mother, whose snow-white locks and bent forms suggested a long and strenuous life, which had not been over-prosperous; their garments were so plain and worn as to indicate poverty and hardship. In their hands they carried poor little bouquets of wild flowers, already wilting in the summer heat. They wandered from grave to grave, each time with disappointment written upon their sad faces, and looking into each other's eyes with questioning glance, as if they asked, "Where have they laid the body of our dead?" And finally they wandered wearily to another part of the cemetery and cast their pitiful tribute upon a mound whose white board bore the pathetic legend, "Unknown," and then, hand in hand, with trembling sobs, they wandered out into the glare of the busy world; and I said to myself, "They have baptized this Nation with their heart's best blood."

These scenes confirm one in the faith of our country's patriotism. These scenes assure us that the latent loyalty and love of our fatherland need but the stimulus of a just cause and a righteous indignation to flash like lightning into a throbbing, burning life!

Is the Declaration of Independence a mere sentiment? Well, yes, I grant you that it is but a memory of the past. I grant that it is but the record of an initial event in the history of our Nation. But what then? Eliminate sentiment from our thoughts; cut out everything from our environment except cold fact and material substance and this life of ours would not be worth the living. The fact is that the true philosophy teaches us that sentiment is the real, substantial thing in life, and that everything else is subordinate and unreal! Everything else is wrapped up in the sordid struggle for food and shelter, to enable us to live on, while we revel in the real joys of sentiment.

But what is there in the sentiment surrounding the celebration of the Nation's birthday which would justify so great rejoicing as this? What is there in the roar of gunpowder, the blare of the trumpet, the martial music of the bands, and the streaming of the stars and stripes in the gentle breeze that makes the gray-haired veteran feel that the years have fallen from him as a garment, and makes the barefoot boy forget for the time, his infancy and causes him for the moment to imagine himself a man?

Nay, though each and all of these are sources of just pride and self-gratification, they do not account altogether for the fact that this birthday party covers a continent, and is attended by millions; they do not account for the cheers, the triumphant songs and the tearful emotions that swell our grateful hearts.

But added to these sources of pride there come the greater, finer, more splendid elements of justification in our joy, which spring from the sentimental side of the picture.

With all our marvellous growth in square miles, in merchandise, in railroads, in luxury and in population, we have kept pace in the matter of education, art, science, literature, and the refinements of an advanced civilization.

As a people we have increased in wealth, but we have not become sordid. We have reveled in luxury, but we have not become depraved. Public life and its temptations have developed grafters, but they have been rebuked and punished.

In all the years since the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, we, as a Nation, have been steadily keeping our eye fixed upon the star of personal liberty and the right to individual happiness.

We have sought to abolish human slavery in all its forms. We worked sometimes very slowly, it is true, toward our highest ideal of what a nation guided by the light of a Christian civilization ought to be. We have ever had an alert and ready ear for the cry of the oppressed and the down-trodden, and we have not hesitated, when necessary, to raise the call "to arms" and to give of our wealth, yea, of our heart's blood to compass their rescue and relief.

We have striven to eliminate want and penury among our people, with such effective purpose, that now, none need be hungry or ill-clad in all this great land of ours.

And this flag of ours—the stars and stripes—which floats so proudly in the breeze today—what of it? Of itself, it is merely a piece of bunting—a child, with the price of one day's labor could purchase it. But who, even if he had the wealth of the Indies, could purchase what it represents?

During the "Boxer troubles" in China, when the allied armies of the civilized world were encamped round about the Imperial City of Peking; when human life was held to be of little worth; when no man without an armed guard dared to walk the streets, the poorest Chinese coolies, probably the most hopeless and helpless class of people in the world, came to General Chaffee, commanding the United States troops, and asked for American flags—the stars and stripes—and when the General asked them "Why?" they answered: "If we can get the flag of your country and place it over our hovels, no man will dare molest us—our lives and our property will be safe"; and then, when the general was silent, they clasped their hands in entreaty, and with tearful voices added: "A very little flag will do!"

And General Chaffee, proud, no doubt, of the wonderful tribute that had been paid to you and me in that pitiful request, cabled to Washington for thousands of these little printed flags, with which you decorate, and distributed them among the coolies of Peking.

Think of it, my friends! There is no man on the face of this broad earth so poor and lowly, but that he may leap to the protecting folds of that bright flag, cry "Sanctuary" and be safe!

Then, why should we not celebrate? Why should we not, on one day in the year, assemble, burn gunpowder, and be vain-glorious? Why should we not, on one day in the year, loose its muzzle, and let the eagle scream! Why should we not, on one day in the year, cast our proud banner to the breeze, and with the immortal Daniel Webster, raise one united shout: "Thank God, I too, am an American!"

Miss Ellen Johnson Dies at Her Home in Monmouth, Aged 40 Years.

Miss Ellen Johnson died at her home in Monmouth, Saturday morning, July 6, after an illness extending from the first of January. She was 40 years of age. She lived in Minnesota until 1901, when she came to Buena Vista, Oregon, where she spent three years. The last three years of her life she lived with her brother, Allen Johnson, in Monmouth. Her mother was summoned from the East by the news of her illness, and was with her during the last days. She was buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery near Monmouth by the Dallas Circle and the Christian church. R. L. Chapman, of Dallas, conducted the funeral.

Miss Johnson, conscious of the inevitable outcome of her long illness, made all possible preparation for her funeral and burial, and her wishes were carried out to the letter. Although a sincere Christian, she directed that no sermon be preached over her remains, and the simple service consisted only of a short poem and a few scriptures verses selected by herself.

The Observer office wishes the printing you are particular about.

COURT HOUSE NOTES

Items of Interest From the Records in the County Offices.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

Thomas J. Robertson and Ethel Powell; Horace M. Black and Louise H. Files; Henry Thum and Allice F. Birks.

PROBATE.

Estate of George Riggs, deceased—inventory and appraisal approved.

Estate of Peter Wheeler, deceased—bond filed and approved; same order in estate of Betsy Smith, deceased.

Estate of L. Abrams, deceased—petition for leave to borrow money filed.

Guardianship of William Sparr, an insane person—report of sale of real estate set for hearing July 26.

Estate of C. A. Mattison, deceased—continued until July 22, at 10 a. m.

Estate of John Campbell, deceased—estate admitted to probate; Margaret D. Campbell appointed administratrix; bond fixed at \$4,700; N. F. Gregg, O. E. Foelt and George Ball appointed appraisers.

REAL ESTATE.

H Hirschberg to F H Barker et al, 320 acres, t 8 s, r 7 w, \$10.

John F Jones to George Record, lot in Falls City, \$450.

J L Hanna et ux to Clara A Smith, lot in Independence, \$1.

Dallas City Bank to W G Vassall, lot in Dallas, \$10.

W G Vassall et ux to George W Myer, lots in Dallas, \$2000.

Westley Robertson et ux to L H Thacker et al, lots in Eola, \$480.

Lee Humphrey et al to Sena Dornhecker, 88 acres, t 7 s, r 5 w, \$2800.

Taylor Syron to Isaac Hinshaw, 1-5 int in 155 acres, t 6 s, r 5 w, \$770.

J M Craven et ux to Martha J Morehead, 13 acres, t 8 s, r 4 w, \$1400.

W L Gilson et ux to School Dist No. 57, lot in Falls City, \$50.

Irene Zumwalt to Frank Zumwalt, 80 acres, t 6 s, r 5 w, \$5.

Ellis Davidson et ux to J J Russell, 65 acres, t 9 s, r 4 w, \$3700.

S J and G W Plumer to J E Butler, 10 acres, t 7 s, r 3 w, \$500.

Franklin Yocum to Allyn Yocum, 735 acres, t 6 s, r 6 w and t 6 s, r 7 w, \$5.

J Fred Yates, admr estate of T E Hogg and S C Spencer, land in t 9 s, r 8 w, and in Independence, \$700.

R E Williams to Finley Morrison et al, 80 acres, t 8 s, r 7 w, \$2500.

Finley Morrison et al to Marie H Kelly, land in t 7 s, r 7 w, \$10,000.

D C Pelton et ux to Marie H Kelly, 160 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, \$6,000.

D C Pelton to Marie H Kelly, 800 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, and t 8 s, r 7 w, \$10,000.

John Middleton to Franklin Everett, 87 acres, t 7 s, r 6 w, \$1200.

R E Williams to Finley Morrison et al, 160 acres, t 8 s, r 7 w, \$2500.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

Bond of H. C. Seymour in sum of \$1000 approved.

Bond of R. B. Winalow as County Surveyor approved.

Bond of P. S. Esterday & Company for building steel bridge at Falls City approved.

Ordered that each road district be credited with the amount of taxes due on the 1906 roll.

The petition of J. L. Condon and others for a road in District 19 was continued until the August term.

CLAIMS ALLOWED.

SALARY AND FEES.

J M Grant	149 00
J E Richter	60 00
E F Smith	133 33
A F Toner	65 00
N L Forbes	4 50
H C Seymour	108 95
E S Eyvenden	6 00
J D Butler	4 50
C L Starr	33 33
A M Arant	3 00
W T Pearce	6 00
C S Graves	100 00
Ruth Graves	60 00
J K Guttry	30 00
W A Ayres	12 00
J P VanOrdel	24 00
M V Woods	30 00
A M Trent	30 00
Boothby & Lewis	5 00
Dr W S Cary	54 00
Ed F Coad	100 00
Mrs E M Smith	40 00
J E Beesley	62 50
Frank Butler	25 50
Fuller & Elliott	1,156 80
William Riddell	28 00
J H Teal	84 90
J H McNary	10 00

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

Beall & Co.	190 35
Spaulding Lumber Co.	86 76
O & W Sewer Pipe Co.	122 65
Dallas Lumber Co.	32 65
J B NeSmith	9 84
Henry Voth	105 00
F P Oglesbee	4 90
A Sampson	4 18
Frank Butler	2 50
Wade-Pearce Co.	75
T B Stone	45 50
S V & Metal Works	422 30
Capitol Imp Co.	4 00
G H Crawford	85 35
E M Smith	43 63

ONE WEEK SPECIAL SALE ON

Ladies' Misses'

and

Children's Hose

All our 25c quality, plain or fancy, sale price 19c per pair

All our 20c quality, sale price 3 for 50c

All our 15c quality, sale price 10c per pair

All our 10 and 12c quality, sale price 3 for 25c

The above prices include anything in our Hosiery Stock.

CAMPBELL & HOLLISTER

CASH STORE

W L Toozle	1 55
G W Chapman	356 15
Watt Shipp	6 10
J M Jones	304 50
W H Kimsey	2 84
Chester Guthrie	107 50
William Faulk	50 43
A Sampson	62 00
J A Tate	264 97
E A Pagenkopf	81 87

Mrs S E Robinson	12 00
J K Neal	10 10
D G Mendor	11 00
A B Taylor	4 50
H H Jasperon	27 00
C E Huntley	41 50

Dallas Water Co.	9 50
Soehren Warehouse Co.	50
Willamette Valley Co.	15 00
C L Crider	3 70
N W S Furniture Co.	7 50
Carl Fenton	4 00
Dick Elder	1 50
Guy Bros.	25 75
Reno Fritz	9 00

Glass & Prudhomme, supplies	19 44
Schneller & Sears, livery	3 00
C L Starr	7 50

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach; both need blood to do business. Nutrition is what you want, and it comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Belt & Cherrington.

Mr. Harry H. Belt and Miss Martha Paulianus Are Made Husband and Wife.

At the beautiful home of Judge and Mrs. George H. Burnett on High street, on Wednesday, July 3, Miss Martha Paulianus, one of Astoria's fairest daughters, was united to Mr. Harry H. Belt, the nephew of Mrs. Burnett, and one of the prominent educators of Oregon. Upon the stroke of 12, the young couple, accompanied by Miss Esther Anderson of Astoria, as maid of honor, and Mr. J. Zophar Tharp as best man took their positions before Judge Burnett, who performed the impressive marriage ceremony, after which a dainty wedding breakfast was served. A large number of guests were present, and many valuable tokens were received, attesting the popularity of the young couple with their fellow teachers and friends.

The bride was tastefully attired in cream silk, while the maid of honor appeared in a dainty dress of white organdie. The parlors were beautifully decorated with rare and fragrant sweet peas and the dining room was massed with the same blossoms. The bridal table was artistic with roses and jasmine, while the white table cloth was looped up artistically with the graceful sprays of the waxen leaved anilias.

The pretty romances which ended so happily upon this occasion, began several years ago at Monmouth, where the young couple were students together, and later they taught in the same school at North Yamhill. After the summer vacation they will return to North Yamhill, where they will resume their school work.—Salem Statesman.

Columbus had just landed; meeting a big Indian chief with a package under his arm, he asked what it was. "Great medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Indian. 35 Cents, Tea or Tablets. Belt & Cherrington.

Come and list with the hustlers. VANORDEL & BARRIAN.

HARVESTING IN GILLIAM

S. C. Dodson Tells of Crop Conditions, Wages, Etc., in Eastern Oregon.

CONDON, Oregon, July 4.—(To the Editor.)—As several persons from Dallas were misled by reports given out last year in regard to wages, etc., will state the conditions exactly as they are this year.

Gilliam county will have the largest crop this year that it has produced in twenty years. Yields will run from 30 to 35 bushels for wheat, and 30 to 40 for barley.

In the northern part of the county heading will begin about July 15th. In about Condon, it will be a little later.

So far as can be seen now, wages will be about \$2.50 to \$3 for most labor, although header drivers and some others get more.

Ten or twelve combined harvesters have been placed in the neighborhood of Condon, which cuts down the number of hands required.

S. C. DODSON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OSCAR HAYTER,

Upstairs in Campbell building, Mill St. DALLAS, OREGON.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

SIBLEY & EAKIN,

The only reliable set of Abstracts in Polk county. Office on Court St. DALLAS, OREGON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

ED. F. COAD,

Office in Courthouse DALLAS, OREGON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

N. L. BUTLER,

Office over Dallas City Bank. DALLAS, OREGON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

B. F. JONES

Office in Cooper Building. INDEPENDENCE, OREGON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

J. L. COLLINS

Main Street, Near Postoffice DALLAS, OREGON.

DENTIST.

M. HAYTER

Office over Wilson's Drug Store DALLAS, OREGON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

L. D. BROWN

NOTARY PUBLIC; ABSTRACTS Mill Street opposite Uglow Bldg. DALLAS, OREGON.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

L. A. BOLLMAN, M. D.,

Uglow Building, Rooms 7 and 8, Mutual Phone Main 36. Ball Phone Main 541. DALLAS, OREGON.

ORTHOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

DR. C. A. CAMPBELL

Graduate American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. Chronic Diseases and Diseases of Women and Children a Specialty. DALLAS HOTEL, DALLAS, ORE.