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Canby, Oregon

31st YEAR

OREGON CITY, ORE., ~~WEDNESDAY~~ FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1913.

No. 3

A POINT WHERE GREAT MEN DIFFER

THE COURIER EDITOR AND CHAUNCEY M. FALL OUT

PALTER, PATRIMONY, PRUNES, Vs. Cornbread, Sowbelly and a Few Days of Real Life

"I never saw any pleasure in hiding in the woods and catching fish nor in tramping with a gun trying to kill something. I am not a fisherman, and I am not a sportsman. But to take a trip to some new place, or to go to Europe and there meet persons of strong character, wit, and culture who control government policies and create public sentiment, and talk with them under favorable circumstances gives me a sense of pleasure that nothing else can. The rarest kind of pleasure is to dine with men and women of brains and culture, because at the table the sparkle of wit, the jest, the story, and the good things intellectually come out. Under such conditions one gets real enjoyment and the mind finds pleasure afterward in dwelling upon the recollections.—Chauncey M. Depew.

It's all according to one's taste, I don't think much of yours, but that's your business. You travel hundreds of miles across the big drink to spend three hours over a wine supper and talk with men who have a Sir ahead of their names, and "get a sense of pleasure out of it that nothing else can give."

It sure doesn't take much to make you feel good. Weeks and weeks before the royal splurge you practice your piece and dig for new jokes. You work out facial expressions, read up on court etiquette, and practice gestures. You try the dignity stunts, pose for distinctiveness and cultivate a royal crust.

Wine, wit and white shirts. Palter, patrimony and prunes. Sitting three hours around a table turning your rings, and waiting for a chance to break in and shine.

Filling up on champagne, slopping over a little along toward morning and waking with a hard cider headache.

Hob-nobbing with the aristocrats and getting your picture in the London dailies.

And Chauncey calls this the rarest kind of pleasure.

There is a familiar saying that great minds run in the same channels, but they don't.

When I get a month or two off I don't go banquet hunting or run somebody down and spring a late story on him, but I get as far away from wit, culture and hobbie skirts as the railroads and a pair of cayuses will carry, and have a vacation that means something.

In August or September I am going down in Arizona and Mexico for a vacation, and I will get more out of the few weeks' trip than Chauncey will with his English snobbery if he lives until he is United States senator again.

A vacation to my mind should be something different, a getting away from the familiar, a kicking back to nature—getting away where monotony does not drip on you.

Give me the odd corners, and the new scenes; the campfire and the blanket; the game trails and ruins. Give me the free life and a chance to work off the staleness—a change.

But not for you Chauncey. Think of a New Mexican bed bug fastening his jaws on your royal legs or an Arizona chigger digging a hole into your royal back.

No culture in rancid bacon and baking powder pones; no intellectuality or sentiment in sleeping with an unwashed miner in a 'dobie.

But there's change, health, appetite interest, zest, knowledge.

Better skip a speech and go down with me Chauncey. The Johnnies can spare you.

BUNCHING UP

A Crazy Age for People to Want to Flock Together

It's strange but the success of anything these days is measured by the number of people who attend it.

Our rose festival was a splendid day's entertainment. People went home advertising it as a fine success.

But let us suppose that but a hundred or so people attended, then it would have been declared a "frost," a failure, tho' the program and entertainment were the same.

People like to bunch and touch elbows. They are like sheep. The bigger the bunch and the harder the jam, the better they like it. Where the crowd is densest is where they want to wedge in.

And not only is this true of a rose festival, but true everywhere, and this bunching tendency is a matter that is attracting serious consideration.

It is stripping the farms of the

young fellows; it is killing off the little hamlets; it is making fewer and bigger towns and cities.

Men and women crave excitement, noise and bustle. They dread monotony and silence.

We have a broad line in Portland and farmers searching for help in the fields.

A farmer is planning to rent or sell and move into Canby. Oregon City looks good to the Canby man; Portland is the place desired by the Oregon City man; the Portlander wants to go to Chicago, Chicago to New York and New York to London.

And what are we going to do, what can we do, to change this condition? Those who are on the pavements must leave, and those who are on the farms want to get to the electric lights.

What are we going to do about this matter? Can you suggest?

DON'T RUSH THE BURIAL

The Corpse is Very Healthy and Very Lively as Yet

Here is an Enterprise "argument" against the recall of the county court. It's great stuff. It's so defensive, so full of "Food for Thought."

Up at Canby the other day they had a funeral, and the corpse of the late departed was being slowly covered with dirt, when one of the bystanders, who had been sprinkling dust unto dust, was seen suddenly to reach hastily into the partly filled grave, and draw therefrom a sheaf of papers that had fallen from his pocket. In spite of the solemnity of the occasion there was a slight snicker, for it was seen that the papers that had sought rest in the sepulchre of death were the sheets of one of these recall petitions. Of course it was just a coincidence, but it was strange that a thing so nearly dead should drop into a grave.

"His editorial" is certainly in good taste and place, and it will be so pleasing to the relatives and friends; but it's along the usual line of the Phonograph.

The trouble with the Enterprise managers is the circle they are in. They only see and hear the things they want to see and hear.

The Phonograph has another guess coming on the recall. It will soon find out that it is the liveliest and hottest thing that sheet has ever tried to stop through misrepresentation.

It will soon find out that hundreds of taxpayers and the best men of Clackamas county are behind the movement to have a new county court and that their names are signed to the recall petitions.

There is an old saying that the man who laughs last has the longest and loudest laugh. The Phonograph doesn't know anything about the extent of the recall nor the number of men who have signed it. The other side DOES know.

This "thing" you think is "so nearly dead" Bro. Brodie, will surprise you. Just wait a little before you arrange for its burial—unless you can use the grave for the diggers.

RECALL NOTICE

All recall petitions in circulation are asked to be sent in to the committee at the Courier office not later than Monday of next week, June 30.

This means every petition in circulation in the county, whether filled or otherwise. Be sure that they are sworn to before a notary, and be sure that every sheet on which are signatures, is sworn to, otherwise they are worthless and will have to be returned.

Please give this matter prompt and careful attention.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Why Discriminate?

Courier:—I note the press comment on the action of your mayor permitting street speaking by the Socialists. There is a reason why—conditioned that it be free from profanity, obscenity, etc.

Recently, while passing through your city, I had occasion to stop on the street for a short time and find a convenient opening, halted in front of a saloon, leaving my wife in the car, who was subjected to street profanity from the men about the saloon, while I did my errand.

Why is soap-box profanity worse than street profanity and on what ground does your mayor allow the latter and deny the former?

CITIZEN

Excursion and Picnic
Sunday, June 29th, at Estacada Park, Dancing, Athletic Sports, good prizes, Best Union Music, Admission 25 cents to dance. Given by Kirkpatrick Council No. 2227, Knights and Ladies of Security. The public is cordially invited to come and have a good time. The best of order will prevail. "Jeff will make the coffee."

Will Build Two Greenhouses

H. J. Bigger has purchased two lots on Center Street between Second and Third and has let the contract for the building of two greenhouses, work to start in a few days. Mr. Bigger thoroughly understands the nursery business, and there is a good opening here for his undertaking.

BROWNELL COMES TO BEATIE'S AID

SWITCHES PIONEER ADDRESS TO COURT WHITEWASH

"MY POLITICAT RIVAL" BUNK.

Fullsome Praise, but no Defense to the County Court Charges

That George C. Brownell thinks the recall movement is becoming dangerous to his bosom friend Bob Beatie was advertised to the people of Wright's Springs Saturday, when Mr. Smooth with plenty of handy language, switched a pioneer's address from the days of '49 up to a defense of Judge Beatie and his county court of 1913 with so short a cut that many of his hearers thought he should be arrested for speeding.

Mr. Brownell's scheme was Exhibit A for beautiful nerve. Had he advertised that his talk would have been a greasing for Judge Beatie there would have been few to attend the process. But he went back to the hard old days and dragged in a pioneer or two for a sitting. He roped 'em in on the quiet and when he had them where they had to stand for it, he set Judge Beatie up as a patriot hankering to die for the good of Clackamas county, Oregon, U. S. A., and with all styles of English he took a man whose virtue is set on a hair trigger and changed him into a George Washington.

Oh, you George C. Brownell! Big patent medicine heads in the Phonograph state that Brownell "roused to eloquence by attack on Court praises political rival Beatie."

Wouldn't that make you jump off the bridge?

Brownell defending his enemy! Brownell throwing a halo over Beatie's head, because he was being wrongfully and falsely accused!

And while this Disciple of Blackstone and Other Things, whose reputation is not as sweet as violets wet with Oregon dew, was drawing a picture of Judge Beatie looking as innocent as a Madonna, the taxpayers were busy getting signatures to a recall petition that means as much the recall of George C. Brownell as it does Bob Beatie.

His political rival! George is un-consciously funny. He is embarrassing to himself. It takes sheer gall and a steel nerve to try to slip this one over, when 95 per cent of the taxpayers of the county know his position with the county court; know that he is the man behind the throne; the man who deals the cards and that he became a Judas Iscariot to the Republican party in order to run the layout.

Defending his enemy! Isn't that one to crack your sides over?

Why Brownell has been the auction carpet sweeper on the county court since the day he elected Beatie. He elected him, made him county judge and betrayed West Point to do it, and if you think he doesn't sleep in the same bed and eat out of the same spoon with Beatie, just try to get a little dinkey appointment or favor from the county, and see who is king.

But we all know this, so let's jog along to Brownell's talk and see how he took up the charges, one by one, and how he "defended" them. Here's the opening text:

I want to say right here that while Robert Beatie is a democrat and has been a political enemy of mine, if there is anything in this county that I despise it is this same recall movement and the men who are backing it, and their motives.

Now the men back of it don't care a yellow darn whether Brownell despises them or not, but if this gentleman will drop out to the Courier orifice we will show him the names of over a thousand voters of Clackamas county, among them the most representative men and biggest taxpayers.

And when Mr. Brownell says he "despises" the men in this movement he is saying something that will come home to roost.

Here is another of Mr. Brownell's telling points:

"When Robert Beatie was sheriff of this county he had in his keeping thousands of dollars of the peoples' money, and he accounted for every cent of it. The charge was never made against him that he was dishonest! Not even Bob Schuebel ever dared to hurt that charge at him.

Is this recall movement for sheriff or county judge? Sheriff Mass has in his keeping thousands of dollars. So has the county treasurer. No charge has ever been made that they were dishonest. We aren't out with a recall for Sheriff Beatie.

Perhaps as county judge he has made mistakes. Perhaps the county commissioners have made mistakes—did anybody ever hear of a county court that did not; or of a business man that never made mistakes in the details of his business? But none of the mistakes that the county court may have made have been costly. They may have let certain jobs

without bidding, but the figures will show you that when they did, the county got the work done just as cheaply as any of the bidders volunteered to do it.

The figures won't show anything of the kind, and George C. Brownell knows it. If they would, why didn't he use these figures instead of a hemorrhage of halo, and show up where the investigating committee left?

Why didn't he show by figures where that \$7,000 or \$9,000 above the architects' figures went to on the county court house addition, and why did not he account for that \$163,000 of county expenditures above the former county court, on a same basis?

And WHY did they let contract after contract for bridge building without bids or competition when Sec. 627 of Lord's Oregon Laws plainly states what SHALL be done?

Mr. Brownell, didn't you openly champion Bob Beaty for county judge and stand up in the circuit court room and proclaim him "Honest Bob"?

Before the bridge contracts were let to the Coast Bridge Co., were you not in close communion with the contractors for days?

Before the timber cruising contract was let to Mr. Nease, were not you and he in consultation for several days and did not you and Judge Beatie take long walks about this time?

Were you not consulted and did you not have a part in the framing of all the contracts of any importance since the present county court has been in office?

Will you answer these, Mr. Brownell?

Will George C. Brownell explain this, and while he is at it, will he explain why that big timber cruising contract was plugged through so silently, and without competition, and will he say what part he had in that deal?

And here is another defense: The charges made against Beatie are outrageous. They are so outrageous that the people who make them don't dare to make them definite; they don't dare come before you and say outright that Judge Beatie ever took a cent that he wasn't rightfully entitled to.

Mr. Brownell is doing the kid act now. No one to our knowledge has ever charged that he has stolen money, and no one for a minute thinks that any man advised by George C. Brownell would be caught with the goods on him. The investigating committee never made such a charge. The recall petitions do not make it. If Mr. Brownell would read the front page of a recall petition he would be more familiar with his case, and would not appear so ridiculous in his defense.

The reasons given in the recall are that the county court has been careless and extravagant in the management of the county business; that bridges were built without publicity or competitive bidding; that the timber cruising contract was let without any public notice or competition; and that Lord's Oregon Laws have been ignored by the Court.

These are the charges, Mr. Brownell. Aren't they DEFINITE? Why don't you defend them instead of spreading white wash?

And when you get them taken care of, tell us where that \$163,000 melted away to; tell us why the court house work wasn't let to the lowest bidder and from \$7,000 to \$9,000 saved; tell us why the court made a present and hearty free franchise of the county to a Portland gas company. And when you have these answered, we will ask you some more.

"Who are these men who are making the charges? There's Ed Olds, who is sore, and mad, and disappointed because he didn't get some bridge work. There's Bob Schuebel. Schuebel is a nice man, but he doesn't know what the county court is doing—his charges show that. All this stuff in the newspapers has been misrepresentation and lies and slander, but in all of it they haven't dared to accuse Bob Beatie of taking public money.

It doesn't matter a darn who the men are who make the charges. The matter is are the charges true? If these newspaper reports are "misrepresentation, lies and slander" why are not libel actions brought? Why don't they pick Olds, Brown, Schuebel and the rest of the fellows in jail? Why don't you bring an action, Mr. Brownell, and force us to make good? Ever think that this was about the easiest way for an innocent man to vindicate himself?

"Talk about a recall, why haven't they tried it on other commissioners? Grant Dimick went into office and promised to get the county out of debt in two years or resign. He didn't do either. Why didn't they cry for a recall for him? Why have they picked on Bob Beatie, who has never been known to be dishonest, and than whom there is no bigger, broader, more square man in public office in this county today.

By the same reasoning you might ask why they didn't recall you when you were senator? This is kid talk. My six-year-old boy wouldn't put up this mean. We aren't recalling past history—it's the county court we are after. We don't charge they are thieves and can be proven such by their own records. If this were the case, it would be a matter for the grand jury. There would be no need for a recall. And sometimes when I read such nonsense I wonder how George C. ever got his reputation as a lawyer.

The fact that Mr. Brownell has

THIS YEAR GO TO OLD CHAUTAUQUA

A PLACE FOR REST, RECREATION AND EDUCATION

ARE 24 SPLENDID PROGRAMS

Session Audiences Will in All Probability Total 75,000.

The staid old auditorium at Gladstone park will soon be just about the busiest place in the country. Promptly at 10:30 on the morning of July 8th, the first of the 1913 Chautauqua auditions will assemble, and from then until the night of the 20th, there will be something doing almost every minute of the day in the famous old structure. During that time, it is a conservative estimate to say that a grand total of about 75,000 listeners will fill the benches at the sessions. Surprising as it may seem, still it is a fact that each day (morning, noon and night) the auditorium shelters an average attendance of 7,000. Some of these folks, of course, attend but one program; others enjoy two, while hundreds go back the third time each day. This ability to "come back" is one of the features of Chautauqua life. The slogan of the management is: "ALL PROGRAMS FOR ALL PEOPLE." Twelve days of diversified educational, literary, scientific and musical features, so arranged to avoid monotony, transform the old auditorium platform into a constantly-changing stage with constantly changing players, and incidentally keeps the monster audiences in constant interest.

A brief mention of afternoon and evening programs alone that will be given in the famous old auditorium, is made at this time. Mentally sandwich these 24 big programs with daily band concerts, solos, daily baseball games, fifty summer school lectures, some fireworks on the closing Saturday night, ideal camp life, and many other features, and you will have a small idea of the many things in store for you at the 20th annual assembly.

Opening Day, July 8th—2:00—Sierra Quartette, the premier mixed quartette of the west. Silpha Ruggles, soprano; Carl Edwin Anderson, tenor; Mabel Hill Redfield, pianist and accompanist; Ruth Waterman Anderson, contralto; Lowell Moore Redfield, baritone.

8:00—Pamahasika and his Pets—A treat for the children, young and old. Second Day, Wednesday, July 9th—2:00—Sierra Mixed Quartette. 8:00—Sierra Mixed Quartette.

Third Day, Thursday, July 10—2:00—Tyrolean Alpine Singers—a high-class organization of native Swiss musicians, vocalists, yodlers and instrumentalists; native folk-songs and peasant garb. 8:00—Tyroleans.

Fourth Day, Friday July 11—2:00—Lecture, Ng. Poon Chew, the Chinese statesman, on "Modern China." This should interest all patrons, as we are often prone to overlook the good qualities of our Mongolian brothers in this great Western country. 8:00—Lecture, Frederick Vining Fisher, "The Panama Canal and The Exposition."

Fifth Day, Saturday, July 12—2:00—Recital, Frances Carter of New York, "The Blot on the Scutcheon." Mrs. Carter will head the elocution department of the Chautauqua, and will be on the grounds during the entire session. 8:00—Grand Chautauqua concert under leadership of Prof. F. T. Chapman, violinist; Pauline-Miller Chapman, mezzo-soprano; Maudwyn Evans, the Welch baritone; Carmel Sullivan, harpiste; Prof. J. H. Cowen, chorus director; Miss Goldie Peterson, soprano.

Sunday, July 13—Sixth Day—2:00—Sermon by Dr. Hinson of Portland White Temple. Dr. Hinson, known as one of the most eloquent divines of the northwest, will have charge of the daily Bible class work, at 10:00 a. m. each day. 5:00—Sacred concert. 8:00—Maude Willis, recital: "Everywoman." Miss Willis comes to us from the East, highly recommended.

known Beatie intimately for fourteen years is bad for Beatie. His chances were mighty slim before George made this announcement.

Nick Blair can count himself lucky that Brownell did not say a word in his favor.

But seriously now, you taxpayers, what do you think of this line of defense bunk? It has a fat lot to do with the charges and issues—eh?

You know how your taxes go up, up, up every year. You don't believe there is any real reason for this enormous taxation and expenditures every year. You don't believe that these hundreds of thousands of dollars of hard earned tax money should be dumped into political mud holes and be called roads every year. You don't believe the contracts and franchises have been legal or necessary. You want relief.

Then pick good men, strong men, honest men and put them in place of the present county court and see if you don't get it.

as a dramatic reader of great merit. Monday, July 14—Seventh Day—2:00—"The Third Degree," Chas. Klein's masterpiece, read by Miss Willis.

8:00—Dr. Matt S. Hughes of Pasadena, Calif., lecture: "The Penalties of Progress." Dr. Hughes is one of the Pacific Coast favorites and will be one of our finest lecture features.

Eighth Day, Tuesday, July 15—2:00—Lecture Col. Bain, the Kentucky orator, subject: "Our Country, Our Homes and Our Duty." Colonel Bain is a veteran of the American lecture platform and is a man of national acquaintance.

8:00—Lecture, Mr. E. G. Lewis, the founder of the American Woman's Republic, subject: "The Siege of University City." Ninth Day, Wednesday, July 16—2:00—Lecture, Dr. Hughes, "Abraham Lincoln."

8:00—Recital, Mrs. Frances Carter, "The Spanish Gypsy." Tenth Day, Thursday, July 17—2:00—Miss Grace Lamkin will have this afternoon for her grand "Fag-bant." Miss Lamkin's work is an exclusive feature of this year's session, and consists of "Supervised Play." She makes a personal charge of every youngster on the grounds, not only to the delight of the "kids" themselves, but also to the hundreds of grateful mothers on the grounds.

8:00—Lecture, Col. Bain, "A Searchlight of the Twentieth Century." Eleventh Day, Friday, July 18—2:00—Lecture, Walt Holcomb, son-in-law of Sam Jones and also a lecturer of national repute. Subject: "The Horse Race."

8:00—Lecture, illustrated, Prof. B. R. Baumgardt, noted scientist, globetrotter and Chautauqua man, subject: "Venice the City of Golden Dreams." Twelfth Day, Saturday, July 19—2:00—Lecture, Walt Holcomb, "The Evolution of Humor and Wit."

8:00—Prof. B. R. Baumgardt, "The Fjelds and Fjords of Norway." Thirteenth Day, Sunday, July 20—2:00—Lecture, Colonel Bain: "If I Could Live Life Over."

8:00—Prof. Baumgardt, "An Evening With the Stars."

Don't think the above is the full program by any means. Lack of space prohibits us from publishing the full program this week, but the Courier will, in its next issue, give a detailed list of some of the many features that take place on the grounds—outside of the big auditorium.

How Judge Beatie Breaks Even with Those Who Oppose Him

Henry Henric, road supervisor of District No. 14, (Maple Lane) called up Judge Saturday evening and asked him what the chances were for getting a road roller to roll the road he is making. The Judge answered he could not have one, that he had better call up his friend, W. F. Harris or Chris Muralt, perhaps they could help him and then hung up.

Harris and Muralt have been circulating recall petitions and the road supervisor has signed it.

Some time ago some Equity man asked whose court house this was, and now someone will be just horrid enough to ask whose road machinery this is?

Someone will want to know if these rollers and crushers, bought largely by the farmers of this county, are to be used by the county court to club men into line, to be worked on the roads where the supervisors "play the game" and to be denied to those who dare to sign a recall petition.

But these farmers should recall how the Equity Society forced Judge Beatie to eat crow. He told the sheriff not to let Equity members hold any meetings in the court house. The farmers made an issue of it and appointed a committee to wait on the county court, when Judge Beatie reversed himself like a jumping jack and voted to let them and all other societies use the rooms.

Farmers of road district No. 14 should get busy and see who this road machinery belongs to.

Civic Committee Should Act

A year ago the handsome bluff frontage at the head of the Seventh street stairway was every day used by many residents and visitors, as it is one of the finest viewpoints from the bluffs. This year it is waist high with grass and strewn with timbers and boards from the fire alarm tower which was never completed. It's too bad for the city to mar this sightly place. Ordinances are framed to compel private parties to clean up and keep curbs free from weeds and grass, but the city allows its property to become a disgrace.

The civic committee had better go after the city.

Good Time on Sunday, June 29

Kirkpatrick Council, No. 2227, will entertain members and the public with dancing, athletic games, etc., at Estacada Park. The finest orchestra in Portland has been engaged for this special excursion and picnic, and plenty of refreshments will be sold on the grounds. Admission to dance 25 cents. Come and spend the day in Estacada, the beautiful city on the Clackamas River.

Too Late

We tried to pound it into you last week that you should get your letters in a day earlier, as the Courier is now issued on Thursdays. You didn't heed, and you were too late for this week.

LET'S GET AFTER WATER MATTER

THE CANBY PROPOSITION SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED

TYPHOID WILL SOON BE DUE

We Have Waited Nine Months, and it is Time to Stir

It has been nearly nine months now since typhoid broke out and gave this city such a set back, and we are no nearer a pure water supply than we were then.

In about three months fall rains will rinse the Willamette valley of its filth, bring it down here in a stream of poison, and we will have to drink it.

And people are yet boiling, boiling, boiling.

There has been a proposition made to the city that would settle the water matter, settle it quickly and leave the risk and expense up to the other fellow. Engineer Robert Dieck recommended it. So far as we can learn there is not a question of the purity of the source and no question as to the volume of the supply.

The source is the Canby gravels. The proposition is for outside people to bring it here and give it to the city on a per centage basis, the basis to be agreed upon, and with the privilege of the city taking it over at certain periods.

This would stop further test wells, which are pretty much guess work, and further expense, which is running up daily. It would stop a bond issue and further city indebtedness, and as we understand the matter, the water would not cost consumers any more, if as much, as present.

Now if this proposition is what the promoters state it is, and many who have looked into the matter say there is no question of the water's purity nor its volume, then why doesn't the city go into it thoroughly, determine these points and then have a special city election and let the people pass on it—if they don't want the responsibility.

One of the councilmen recently stated in a meeting that it would only cost \$65 to hold a special city election and this or double this would be too small an expense to put between people and health.

The people are becoming restive under delay. They dread the fall and winter rains with conditions as they were last year.

They want water that doesn't have to be boiled, fried, doctored or analyzed before drinking. They don't care a rap about retaining the present water system. They want safe water, want to have it before they have to move out.

The Courier knows a dozen families that have left this city because of water conditions. No doubt scores of families who would come are kept back by the same reason. One man, whose wife had typhoid fever last fall, moved back to Idaho last week. He said there was no hope for water before the fall rains and he would not take the chances again.

This Canby proposition is one we should thoroughly look into, and if O. K., then act.