

OREGON CITY COURIER

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OREGON CITY, FEB. 20, 1903.

The Mark Hanna propaganda for ex-slave pensions were better postponed until the midsummer silly season.

Tariff reform is the Schiboleth of all parties at this time; but there will be no tariff reform until the Democratic party comes into power in 1904.

The record of the present session of Congress will be thousands of private pension bills passed, thousands of solemn pledges repudiated and nothing worth the doing accomplished.

The unanimous passage by the House of the anti-trust bill is a harmless bit of pleasure that will be accepted by the heads of the corporations in the spirit in which it was meant.

Herbert Spencer has predicted a great cataclysm in the United States. Mr. Spencer does not believe that the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few can continue without making the social structure top heavy.

When Congress adjourns, those North Western Republicans who voted the Republican ticket on the promise that the tariff would be "reformed by its friends" will have been taught a powerful lesson.

The expensiveness of running the White House under a Republican Administration has increased in three years 1000 per cent, yet they would tell us common people that this is a poor man's government. Possibly they mean that the poor man pays the expenses.

A Republican Senator in Congress recently purchased a graphophone and a miscellaneous lot of discs. When it arrived he started to entertain some friends with it and the first thing it produced was an anti-tariff speech by Representative Sulzer of New York. It is now in the repair shop.

Senator Hanna's ex-slave pension bill is generally regarded as the first announcement that the Ohio boss is a candidate for the Presidential nomination on the Republican ticket in 1904. The scheme may be used to swindle thousands of negroes but what does that matter if it makes them believe Mr. Hanna can give them the cash equivalent of "Forty acres and a mule."

Mr. Rockefeller is in fair way to have impressed upon his understanding the potent fact that his forte is endowing universities and indemnifying himself by a compensating raise in the price of illuminating oil. Apparently he is not a success in the role of telegraphic anti-trust legislation lobbyist when it comes to congress. He may buy or bully a State Legislature, but in the case of the National Assembly he has, in either manner or matter, "bit off more'n he can chew."

In every mart of the world, in all ages and especially in this good year of 1903, the "Laborer is worthy of his hire." The Courier is the friend of Union Labor. As capital combines to increase the earning power of money so labor must combine to increase the earning power of muscle. "Brain and Brawn" must combine to meet combined capital on a corporate greed. The laborer has no chance as an individual his only opportunity to win is with all his craft to join hands and wage a war for equitable wages, reasonable hours and fair pay. The Unions should not go to extremes but be considerate and conservative. They want to keep the good will and respect of the communities in which they work, they want to hold the good opinion of the country at large. When they do this they will win in the affections and good regard of all men. That they will do this we have abundant confidence as those who are at their heads and managing their affairs are invariably fair minded men who want to do the best not only for themselves but for the country at large. "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

The country correspondent to a weekly country newspaper is to that class of papers what a staff correspondent is to one of the big metropolitan dailies. A paper like the Courier attempts with each week to write

the history of Clackamas county in all its details could not prove a success without the country correspondent. It takes the news, the happenings, the little things in life from each community in this county to make up a resume of the history of the county for a single week. The Courier has fifty scallied country correspondents who are watching each day in every neighborhood of the county for the items of interest and things of value that go to make up the life of each community for each week. We want our correspondents to do their very best, to write all of the news and nothing but the news and help in that way to make the Courier a really good Country weekly, one that we will all be proud of as a Clackamas county institution. Next Summer we propose to have a meeting of our correspondents and an outing together with our office force in some lovely spot in the county a banquet and a feast, where we can get closer together and each of us better understand the wants and need of newspaper work.

The sun shines just as brightly in Oregon as it does in Kentucky. The sky is just as blue. The breeze which sweeps in from the Pacific is as salubrious as God's atmosphere in any part of the world. Many may tell you that in Oregon it rains, and rains, and rains all of the time. We want to testify to the fact that for one entire week it has not rained a drop and for seven days the sun has kissed the earth and given a promise of future fruitfulness as lovely as Gods promise anywhere. Oregonians native to the soil do not appreciate the beauties and the splendors of this magnificent climate. In all the east there is today a reign of the frost king. He has locked the wheels of commerce, he has chained the cars of travel. The plains are white with snow and the rivers are locked with Titan hands. Stock is dying from frost and want of food, animal life is in jeopardy and all are cold and freezing. Amid all this in Oregon, in the Willamette valley, in Clackamas county, the sun is shining like a Spring was here, the flowers are blooming in gardens, and the violets are bursting with beauty and the world don't know it. We are afraid to advertise our advantages and resources for fear that some one might take advantage of them and settle in our midst. Wake up Oh, Oregon City. Wake up Oh Clackamas county. The time is ripe for good works. Are you ready. Do you want to reap the harvest to which you are entitled. If so wake up and get ready. Quit kicking and put your shoulder to the wheel for the good days are coming.

The Courier has begun active work on its anniversary edition. It is proposed to issue a very handsome book of 100 pages the last of May on the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the Courier. The edition will be devoted to a write up and illustrations of every material resource and wealth producing agency in this great county. The book will be the best edition of the kind yet attempted on the Pacific Coast. It will be a great credit not only to the Courier but to Clackamas county and to all of its people. We ask all merchants and business men in Oregon City and other parts of the county, lawyers and doctors, farmers and traders, owners of timber lands and water power, street railways, and mills, lodges and secret societies, churches and schools to subscribe for space in this edition. It will do you good. The cost will be trivial. If you have farm or stock or timber or anything else that you would like to have well written up and illustrated we want you to take space in this edition and blazon to the world the many good things which Clackamas county possesses. Liberal patronage will make the book better and the write ups more complete, the history of the county more extended. There never was a better time to advertise the county than now. Other counties are spending hundreds and thousands of dollars to tell the world of the good things they have. Clackamas county is better than any of the others and her story ought to be well told and published to all parts of the world. We are going to do our part and more and want as many citizens of the county as will to help us. When our solicitors call on you give them a hearing and a fair order for space and we will do the rest.

Next Sunday at St Paul's Episcopal church there will be an early celebration of the Holy Communion at 8. Sunday school at 10. Morning prayer and sermon on "Why I am a Churchman" at 11. And evening sermon on "Washington the Man, the Patriot, the Churchman" at 5 o'clock. Miss Foster will sing a solo at this service. Everyone cordially invited.

Mrs. Burmeister fell over a piece of hose that had been carelessly left lying on the street last Thursday and sustained a dislocated arm as a result of the fall. The hose being the same color of the sidewalk was hardly noticeable and a number of persons stumbled over it. The arm was treated and the injured lady is on the road to recovery.

WHO'S WHO

MINSTRELS MAKE A BIG HIT

Home Talent Give Rest Show of Season.

It is seldom the good fortune of a community to possess as good a galaxy of talent as was displayed at the amateur performance which was given at Shively's last night to as large an audience as could possibly be gotten into the house. The doors were opened at 7 o'clock and long before the curtain went up the sign was displayed at the door "standing room only" and a large number were turned away on account of there being no room to accommodate them, and those who were fortunate enough to procure seats were treated to an entertainment which few professional companies could equal and to excel we doubt if any of them would attempt to, after seeing the program rendered as it was, put on the boards on last evening. Everything went with a snap and a bang which showed that the company had been under careful training and in the hands of a skillful tutor who had been painstaking at the many rehearsals which the boys had undergone.

From the curtain raiser, "My Old Kentucky Home" to the finale by the old Plantation Quartette everything was a hummer and worked as smooth as clock work. As the curtain went up the entire company sang the chorus of "My Old Kentucky Home." At the ascension of the curtain Mr. Randall was discovered in the center while on either side of him was arranged in a semi-circle sixteen of the brightest entertainers selected from the best talent of Oregon City. In the center just back of the interlocutor upon a raised disc could be seen an old soldier with head bandaged and disabled drum, and on each side of him a youth prepared to enlist in the cause of Freedom. At the extreme rear was displayed "Old Glory" beautifully draped. A beautiful tableau was shown, the background of which was a large star eight feet in diameter studded with red, white and blue electric bulbs, which gave it a most magnificent appearance. The center figure of the allegorical tableau was the "Goddess of Liberty". On each side of the stage were arranged large chandeliers of tri-colored electric lights, making an elaborate and imposing scene. As soon as the circle was seated Mr. Howard fired a broadside of end jokes and witty sayings into the audience which at once astonished and delighted them and the jokes all being new they brought forth many a laugh, and his sallies of wit put everyone in a good humor and they were well prepared to for the balance of the show to follow, his manner of handling himself on the stage showed that it was not a new business with him, but he must have had much practice before the public.

Next came Mr. Fields in a baritone solo entitled "Rose My Rose", and he certainly did justice to the number. Mr. Fields was in the best of condition, and together with a magnificent voice he filled the old hall as it was never filled before, and was compelled to answer a deafening encore, which he did and returned to his seat amid a thundering applause. Then came Mr. Rapp as modern up-to-date jester, and he sustained the role to perfection, each jest a gem in itself. His make-up was a dream, and one must rub his eyes to see if he was not back on the old plantation among the real old time witty dorkies. To be in earnest in jest is an accomplishment which few possess, but he possesses this faculty in a marked degree, and the tears of merriment were brought to eyes of many by this exponent of burnt cork comedies. His song, "I Hope You Choke", was a rhythm of rag time melody, and the show had to wait for the "echo" of the applause to die away before they could proceed.

The beautiful tenor solo by Mr. Charles Blum entitled "Sleep On, Dream On," was indeed a dream in its way, and the singer did ample justice to the number. Now, here you are! Here comes our old-time friend and end man, Mr. Charlie Pope, and say, the way he went at "sun with those repartees of true negro wit" was a caution to the natives. He "didn't do a thing" to them but just kept on saying funny things and kept the whole crowd roaring, and his song "I Am So Tired of Livin', I Don't Care When I Die," was a "peach." Yes, indeed, it was ripe too, and everybody was wishing he would shake the tree and get some more.

"Devotion!" a beautiful ballad, as sung by Mr. Kerton, was of that high order which exhibits the extreme, that character which minstrelsy so popular, a moral which shows the difference between the sublime and the ridiculous, and he rendered it so true to the title and so in keeping with the theme that there was nothing further to be desired, and he was most heartily encored. The next number finished the first edition of the first part, which was a recitation entitled "St. Peter at the Golden Gate," by Mr. J. H. Howard, the trend of which can be traced in the last four lines. It would cause a revolt, a strike I know I'll sent you down to the imps below. Go back to your masters on earth and tell them they don't even want a scab in hell. The poem was rendered in an impressive manner, and an object lesson was taught to those who wished to learn and educate themselves along these lines.

The second edition of the first part introduced Messrs. Billy Logus and Jimmy Church, and as soon as they were seated Billy Logus went to work just like an old-timer with shot and shell and kept the audience guessing what was coming next, and while he only had eleven (data a coon's lucky number) he expected to continue his good luck and do better. His end song "Mandy, Won't You Be My Best" was one of those peculiar

comical productions of negro eccentricities that is always in favor with the public, and his rendition of the same was up-to-date and showed a display of energy and talent which was a revelation to those who were not posted on the talent possessed by this rising young artist.

"The Heart of a Girl" by Mr. Frank Alldredge was next on the program, and the sweet tenor voice of this gifted young gentleman was well adapted to this most beautiful ballad, and the touching words and music of the song as well as the mellow voice of the singer won its way direct to the hearts of the listeners, and they would only be satisfied after a repetition of the number. Then there was Joe Goodfellow with his side-splitting-mirth-provoking "telephone" gag, and it was a stunner, and the way he could talk with the spirit world was a caution, and one and all pronounced him a cracker-joke.

Oh, say, there was Jimmy Church. Here's where he "butts in" although he advised the company and everybody else not to "butt in," that was the title of his red hot end song and he just got everybody thinking that the council was timely and well put in, and the song was in the usual strain and well rendered, his make-up was faultless and he made a magnificent representation of a great big "coon". After this came the song of the evening, "The New Born King," by Len Conter. This number alone was well worth the price of admission, and to say that he is a magnificent singer is to certainly fall as far as using the proper term for it is certainly impossible to do Mr. Conter justice.

"In the Valley Where the Blue Birds Sing" by Mr. George Swafford was indeed a beautiful production and he certainly did the number ample justice. The sentiment of the piece was very sweet and the voice of the singer was in keeping with the subject. It was beyond doubt one of the successes of the evening. In concluding the first part, Mr. Ted Osmund as a soloist sang "The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground" with a chorus by the entire company. A beautiful tableau was displayed during the singing of the chorus at which time the first part marched off the stage, at which time is discovered a beautiful still-life picture of "The Spirit of '76".

The second part was opened by the Falls City Quartette, composed of the following gentlemen: Mr. Osmund, Mr. Swafford, Mr. Blum and Mr. Boylan. This quartet has been under constant practice for some time and was organized expressly for this show, and the way in which they rendered their parts was indeed a treat. Their songs were well selected and their voices in perfect harmony, and to have failed to hear them was indeed to be regretted. They have made a reputation for themselves which they should be proud of and being an excellent aggregation we will no doubt hear them again. Meldrum and Bock, kings of the baton, were the next pair of celebrities to entertain, and they did even more than one could hardly expect in this line, for he remembered that to be even an indifferent artist in this specialty one must have constant practice, and the boys, who are well known to every one, surpassed all former efforts in their manipulations with baton.

Billy Logus then came on with his great act as the "Lobster Mobilist" doing stunts on his smoko-koko-mobile, "Mt. Pelee" in which act he introduced his song hits "The Three Last Seats For Smokers" and a "Certain Party". This act was of the "slap bang" order and everybody had to keep "rubbering" to see where they were going to get off. Then came Mr. L. Conter, who was billed as Oregon's greatest buck and wing dancer, and he sustained the reputation to perfection. Elmer McCullough entertained the audience with a darkey sketch entitled "My Bicycle Girl," and it was considerably above the average sketch of this class. The actor tried to convince the audience that he was a little light in the upper story, which was difficult for him to do until he demonstrated the fact by exhibiting a lighted candle hid under his hat. He was compelled to respond to an encore and rendered the lovely ballad "A Picture No Artist Can Paint".

Mr. Tom P. Randall, interlocutor, certainly displayed much tact as a master of ceremonies, and the success of the entertainment is largely due to his management as also to Mr. Charles W. Kelly, who did so much in assisting the program of this show from the time of its inception. The meritorious show was brought to a finale by the Plantation Quartette introducing an old plantation merry making, in which Mr. Ed Taylor, who here plainly proved the fact that he has reached the acme of perfection in the delineation of old man character, incidentally sings the song "When De Moon Comes Up Behind De Hills" Assisted by Messrs. Woodward, Fields and Alldredge, who had been sleeping on the levee until awakened by the singing and dancing of "de old man" when they join in on the chorus. At the conclusion of the song Uncle Ephrum informs them that he has invited the boys and girls around to have a good time and a dance. At this cue in the sketch in came Chauncey Ramsby, made up as a darkey and played the Arkansas Traveler, when next came Ed Fields in negro costume and being possessed of a banjo, the two soon formed an organization, known as the "Darktown Orchestra". At this stage in comes the visitors from all sides and soon all participated in an old fashioned Virginia reel and at the right moment down goes the curtain amid continuous applause, and all returned home with a kindly feeling toward the boys for having so royally entertained them, and when they conclude to give another show in the future they will be glad to assist them.

The people of Logan rarely do things by halves and they turned out in force to the Woodmen's entertainment, Basket social and dance. All three features of this "triple alliance," were successful from every point of view. The baskets brought nearly \$40. Some of them went for \$2 each. A. L. Keenan of Portland, was auctioneer and made an address on Woodcraft. A notable feature of the program was an exhibition of the flags of all nations, each presented by a boy or girl, giving a short historical sketch, name of present ruler, style of government, population and area, Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia presided.



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We want to know all the people in the county who intend to do any painting this spring. It doesn't make any difference how little or how much. We would like to know. We have a proposition to make that will interest anybody who intends to paint, be it a house, roof, barn, fence, carriage or farm implements. Send us a postal card of what you think of doing in this line.

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NEARING THE END. LEGISLATURE WILL ADJOURN SINE DIE ON FRIDAY EVENING. This is the Last Day and No Senator Yet Named. Many Laws of More or Less Importance Put on Statute Books.

NO NEW STATE HOUSE. There will be no executive mansion for the governor of the state of Oregon. The house decided that matter Tuesday morning by a vote of 26 to 24, upon the motion of Gault, the appropriation of \$14,500 for the purchase of the E. N. Cook residence was stricken from the appropriation bill. This action was taken more largely on the statement of Governor Chamberlain that he would not occupy the residence than for any other reason. It was the general sentiment that it would be bad policy for the state to spend this money, especially if the house would be vacant. BICYCLE GRAND LARCENY BILL VETOED. Governor Chamberlain Tuesday afternoon, vetoed Senate Bill No. 14, making the theft of a bicycle subject to imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of not less than one year. He thinks the law as it stands is sufficient. He thought the punishment contemplated was too severe, basing his judgment upon his observations while serving as public prosecutor in Multnomah county. In most cases, he said purloiners of bicycles were boys of youth, who were not actuated by any criminal intent, and if they were sent to prison for their acts, the reform school rather than the penitentiary was the proper place for their incarceration.

PAY OF LEGISLATORS. The cost to the state for the per diem and mileage of the representatives foots up nearly \$8,000 the exact sum being \$7,811.80. Each representative, with the exception of the speaker, who is allowed five dollars per day, receives the same per diem, which amounts to \$120 for the session. The mileage varies according to the distance traveled. The Marion county representatives receive the smallest amounts for mileage, 30 cents for the two miles traveled. E. H. Test, of Ontario, Malheur county, receives the biggest plum, as he traveled 992 miles, his mileage amounting to \$148.80. Some of the representatives while residing comparatively near the capital have been away on joint committee trips and thus receive more than they otherwise would. To Alex Follett falls the honor of receiving the smallest sum for his services, it amounting to \$133.

Sunday Morning's Oregonian contained a long article which purported to be an account of the game but the most important part, truth, was lacking. Only one or two statements made were facts and they were so exaggerated that they almost lost the truth. A reply was sent in by the General Secretary but for some reason it has not appeared in print. A comparison of the records of the two teams will be sufficient to convince any body as to which team is harder to get long with. Portland prophesied a fight and would not have been contented had they failed to get it. It is hoped that the reply will appear later in the Oregonian but in case it does not, friends of the Oregon City Association will do a favor by making the true facts known.

BASKET BALL. OREGON CITY HAD A MIX UP WITH PORTLAND. Unfair Play and Unfair Methods Used to Down Our Boys. The Oregon City basket ball team went to Portland last Saturday evening to play a game of basket ball with the All Star team of the Portland Y. M. C. A. on the floor of the latter team. The players were very evenly matched as regards the play and it was not until the last five minutes of the game that it was possible to say what the outcome would be and which side would be the winner. Portland started the ball rolling by throwing two baskets and their sympathizers thought it would be a one sided affair but the next two were thrown by the Oregon City players and things took a turn. Every man was in the game and all played as if their lives depended upon it. A considerable roughness was indulged in and Humphreys (Oregon City) being the lightest man of either team of course got much the worst of it and at last was practically disabled and after this Mackie who had thrown but two goals during the former part of the game now threw five in rapid succession. It was this last which made the score seem so one sided. Durand who is said to be the quickest man on the Portland and a sure shot at the basket made two goals at the beginning of the game and after threw never a one. Peters did the guarding of him. Edgar Williams and McKenzie, centers each made three baskets. Dave Williams threw three and Arthur Williams one. The umpiring was lax and the longer they played the rougher they became until about two minutes before the close of the last half McKenzie tried to force Arthur Williams into the wall but was met by Edgar who caught him by the throat and brought the would-be pugilist to the floor and held him until the worst was over. Bush who had been noted for dirty playing got into the mix up and is still carrying a lump on the back of his neck for it. Not more than a half minute of play was lost by the disorder and the game went on as before. The final score stood 29 to 19.