

OREGON CITY COURIER

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OREGON CITY, APRIL 3, 1903.



Spring, the spring, is the year's pleasant king; Then blooms each thing, then frogs sing in a ring, Cold doth not sting, the birds do sing, Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to wita-woo!

Our Guarantee.

The Courier guarantees to its advertisers a circulation greater than all other papers in Clackamas county combined. It guarantees them a paid circulation nearly twice as great as both other local papers.

Well, it is Lord "Brownell."

What is a Brownell Republican, anyway?

Which would you prefer, an honest man drunk or a thief sober.

"There will be a hot time in the old town" Saturday, April 4, 1903.

Query? How much will the seventeen votes of Clackamas County be worth in the Republican convention at Eugene.

Well, we will all go down to the convention on next Saturday and see just how Lord Brownell performs when in action.

Query? Did Eli Maddock win his fight against Brownell in the Second Ward or did Brownell win his fight against Eli. Answer, Eli?

Would you rather be a Democrat and be honest and get nothing than be a Republican and get graft and help the other fellow to get it.

We Democrats don't want anything but we are going to try to make the other fellow be honest. It's a big job and had crowd and we don't know what we can make of them but we will do our duty to the country just the same.

Senator Brownell, the "Big Thing" of the G. O. P., will meet at the Courthouse in Oregon City at two-thirty o'clock on next Saturday afternoon and name the delegates to the Congressional convention at Eugene. Who wants to go!

A man who will lie in politics will lie in business. A man who will mislead his neighbor and steal his vote is an anarchist in disguise. Look around you my friends and see if that kind of man is one of your acquaintances.

If a man is not a candidate for Congress what does he want with a delegation anyway? Possibly it is a valuable chattel and would be worth in the open market of the world—but why discuss the matter. Everybody knows that Lord Brownell will do the fair thing.

Well we are old enough in Oregon to vote and that means that we can say a few things just for fun about the common enemy. A man does not like to talk too much when he is so new in a country that he can be called a carpet bager. We are getting to be an old pioneer now.

If a Democrat who has been born and bred in the faith turns over to be a Republican for conscience sake why 's it that the next shake of the box he wants an office and immediately becomes a candidate. We presume that for conscience sake also. These ex-democrats have a conscience as elastic as a Republican National platform.

Mayor Dimick was conspicuous by his absence when the Brownell "Free

for all handicap" was paced off last Saturday. Possibly the mayor was just keeping in out of the rain. We taught him a few good lessons about twenty years ago and he has not forgotten them yet. There is nothing like knowing when "to draw to your hand" and when to "lay down."

What a man's neighbors and friends say about him is generally true. If he is a rascal it does not take long to find it out. If he makes promises he does not keep it soon becomes common property. Judged by this standard there would be some pretty "short skates" in high places not a thousand miles from the court house of Oregon City.

There are a good many kind of Republicans. There are gold Republicans, Free Silver Republicans, High Tariff Republicans, Free Trade Republicans, Tariff Revision Republicans, Internal Improvement Republicans, Socialistic Republicans, ad infinitum; but the meanest Republican of which we have ever heard is a BROWNELL Republican. He don't seem to be good for anything in particular except to be shipped as freight and sold as swine.

The Democrats of Clackamas County are going down to Albany on the 11th of this month to assist in the nomination of the next Congressman from the First Oregon district. They have no axes to grind and are looking for no graft; they will only be looking for the best man for the place and for the general welfare of the country at large. Don't you want to go along with that kind of a bunch of boys. It would do you good. There are no grafters in this crowd.

Clackamas County is the highest taxed county in the United States of America, the Philippines, Porto Rico and Sala Islands. A proper exhibit to verify this claim will be filed and exhibited at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in 1905 sworn to by an thousand Republican farmers of Clackamas County. Be it known also that this good county, the garden spot of the "beautiful river," has been voting the Republican ticket recently and periodically for some time past.

We don't wonder that the Republicans of Clackamas County got sore once in a while when they look around and discover that nearly all of the good places have been parceled out by Lord Brownell to Renegade Democrats. Only a few more years and the rank and file of the Republican party will only be "Hewers of wood and drawers of water" and Lord Brownell and his satellites will continue to be drawers of the salaries and the dispensers of the "Graft."

A Republican in Clackamas county has no more show of getting an office than a Democrat and not as much possibly. Nearly all of the good places are held by ex-Democrats. If a Democrat in Clackamas County wants an office for sure all he has to do is to turn his coat and vote the Republican ticket. Then he is picked up as a stray diamond, nominated to office by the G. O. P. and elected with a whoop and hurrah. Funny, isn't it? The courthouse is full of ex-Democrats. We will not stop to call the roll now but later will indulge in a few "incongruous" remarks along this line.

The innocent and unsophisticated farmers of Clackamas County who happened to be born Republicans and don't know any better yet will arrive in Oregon City on Saturday morning to attend the Republican convention and we can imagine that they will tie their horses to the fence and quietly disperse into the Courthouse yard and there they will be met by a gentleman who will pull out a nice silk badge and pin it onto the lapel of their coats, and it will read "I am a Brownell Republican." The innocent farmer will look at it for a few minutes and probably say "Yes, I guess I am. He is one and so am I."

A friend of the Courier who also happens to be a business man of Oregon City and a Republican, remarked to us the other day: "We are glad that you are here and giving us a good paper, but you can't do anything with the Republican party; they have all of the money and all of the big corporations around their side and you can't touch them. I wish you could." Now is not that a sad commentary upon our boasted American Civilization, "The Land of the free and the home of the brave." Well, we may not be able to move them, but we will take a "little hide off" along at spells just for fun.

There is a good wholesome sentiment among the Democrats of Clackamas County. There is a spirit of forgiveness and brotherly love. There is a universal determination to bury the hatchet and get together for the battles of the future. The Democrats of this county and of this state can win if they will all "pull" together. Will they? We hope and believe for the best. We know that the Democratic party stands for all that is honest and good in our American government and we believe that the people are honest

and courageous and will in the end assert their rights, and that means that the people will come into their own.

If Brownell is running the politics of Clackamas County and is the dear and brotherly friend of the poor downtrodden masses, why will he allow his own chosen tribe of Israel to pay \$42.25 on the one thousand taxes. Under the old dispensation the Jews were only required to pay for serving the Lord one-tenth of all they made. Under this new regime the farmers of Clackamas County are compelled to pay all they make and about five per cent of the capital they own for sending the knee to Lord Brownell. So be it. One of these days the blind will see.

Henry Meldrum was kicked out of a Federal job because some of the "High-cock-a-lorums" of the Clackamas County Republican close corporation said he drank too much. Henry Meldrum may have dallied over the wine when it was red in the cup but he was and is an honest man. More than that he was and is honest and true to his friends. All of the wine and corn juice that is bottled and barreled between the two seas would not make an honest man or an honorable politician out of some of those Republicans who did the "kicking." The truth of the matter is that the place was wanted to further the game of as corrupt a crowd of political marplots as ever robbed a county or stole the vote of a convention.

David Kinniard, of Canemah, and five other faithful souls of that thriving suburb of Oregon City met on the public square in that city on last Saturday afternoon and "shook the box" as to who should be the four delegates to the Republican convention from Canemah, and David won as of old. That was a real Democratic method of settling the matter and was fair to all concerned provided there were no loaded dice in the game. Now there are other Republican precincts in the county in which the boys got neither a run for their money or a "shake of the box." David you are a genius and ought to be kept on Uncle Sam's pay roll until you survey all of the arid lands of Oregon.

Well, it is Dresser. He is the Register of the land office and he has earned his job. Mr. Moores has made an acceptable official. Careful, painstaking and honest. Voted the Republican ticket as often as he could. He has been too good a man to have been a Republican, but he has. In appointing Mr. Dresser the Republican party has departed from all precedent. Mr. Dresser is poor, not possibly as poor as Lazarus, who eat the crumbs from the rich man's table, but poor, honestly poor. Mr. Moores, while not as rich as the rich man in the parable, is as rich as an incumbent of a Federal appointment ought to honestly be. The logic of Republican politics would have been to have made the rich man richer and the poor man be d—m. We are glad that Dresser has reached the goal of his ambition. The fruition of his years of service have at last been gathered and it now or soon will be Register Dresser and we will all call him JUDGE. Enter Dresser. Exit Moores.

Clackamas County is a royal vineyard. Her soil is as rich as the valley of Nile. Her fields are broad and her crops are abundant and unending. Her people are the best on earth. Her laborers are worthy of their hire. Her farmers are broad minded and generous and her women are lovely to behold. She ought to be what she is entitled to be the best county on the Pacific Coast between the Canadian border and San Diego. She is what her politics has made her, a poor tax ridden municipality. In ten years from her hard handed sons of toil there has been taken "by the gatherer of the sheaves" \$1,500,000 and what has she to show for it. A dozen wooden bridges of an anti diluvian period. They look like they might have been left here by Noah some years ago. A few miles of miserably bad roads. Partly plank, partly sand and mostly mud. She also has a very, very bad political odor about her. Some body has been robbing the corn crib. Some political vermin have been around at night. What has become of the coin anyway? If a county in the East or South were taxed as high as is this county there would be mob violence and some body would get into trouble. Why does Lord Brownell permit his children to be so treated?

Senator John Bradley of Oregon City who has been in the country for the last month or more doubling the assessments of the common herd and incidentally explaining the benevolent policy of the Republican party dropped into Oregon City on Saturday afternoon and reported progress. He thinks he will get his end of the county doubled up by the middle of the Summer. Mr. Bradley says it is a pretty tough job to make the "hayseeds" understand why it is that the assessment is doubled this year when the taxes are already "higher than the cat's back." Now Colonel suppose you just quit trying to explain the matter away and tell

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The people the plain unvarnished truth. Just tell the people that the explanation for the increased assessment is that we need more money and that we "have got to have it." Colonel Bradley is an own cousin to Governor William O. Bradley of Kentucky and looks very much like him. Governor Bradley had the reputation of being the meanest Republican in the Blue Grass state and in that respect he and the colonel resemble. He could also drink more good bourbon, swear more profanely and tell more unreasonable stories than any man since the days of Annias. On these later grounds Colonel John and Governor Bill are no "kin."

A Hot Protest, Editor Courier—I see in the daily Oregonian of March 22d, the following: "The Oregonian will obtain from the office of the secretary of state the list of names of their state as to try to defeat the Lewis and Clark Centennial; and it will publish the list by counties. In this way it will be shown what dead weight Oregon is doomed for the present to carry." Now, Mr. Scott, do you really think you can scare any one? In the business world this article would be construed to be black-mailing. What are you going to do with us, Mr. Scott, boycot us in business and politics? In my neighborhood I have yet to find a voter who is in favor of the fair. You succeeded in bulldozing the legislature to pass this appropriation without referring it to the people. Now you propose to bulldoze the taxpayers. Perhaps you will; maybe you will not. Stand by your guns, boys, the war is on. Yours for Liberty, W. W. Myrus.

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