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Burmeister & Andresen

OREGON CITY JEWELERS

Suspension Bridge Corner

HOW THEY GET THE BUNS.

Morris Brown, crippled urchin of New York city, smashed the window of a baker's shop and was arrested. Morris, who is fourteen years old, was sent by his mother to buy buns. At the shop he met another boy who was on a like errand. Morris saw that the other boy got one more bun for his money, whereupon he protested.

There was a debate with the baker, and Morris was thrown out, pursued by the baker's dog. The smashed window was the sequel. "De odder kid, he got more buns 'n me and got more sugar on his buns," was the plea Morris made to the judge. Which was a good plea.

The newspaper account does not give the outcome of the matter, but the incident and the boy's plea are suggestive.

The boy voiced the American plea of a "square deal." It is not fair that one boy or one citizen should get more buns and more sugar on his buns than another.

One of the pressing problems is the equitable distribution of wealth. We say the American idea is that of "equal rights for all, special privileges to none," and yet we know that certain special interests have been given undue advantages. These interests have had more buns and more sugar on their buns than they are entitled to.

Therefore the righteous protests of the Morris Browns.

When the little cripple's case was called in the police court the baker was represented by a paid attorney, but Morris had to depend on the mercy of the court.

And here also the analogy holds. The special interests that secure special privileges—extra buns—are represented in the courts by high priced lawyers. The people elect young attorneys who are just beginning to practice and pay them a small salary to prosecute the rich criminals. Is it any wonder the latter get away with the buns?

That is why if a man steals a loaf of bread to keep the woman he loves from starving he goes to the penitentiary, while the banker who steals a million and robs widows and orphans gets off scot free. Eminent attorneys find technicalities, and the rich man gets away with the sugar covered buns.

The case of the baker against Morris Brown is a typical one. If you will think over the incidents and the plea of the young citizen you will discover one cause of the "social unrest." It is because of the buns.

ESSENTIALS OF A HOME.

What are the three essentials of a home? There are many essentials, but if you were shut up to just three things what would you select?

A woman's club of Chicago debated that question for half a day and reached no conclusion.

One woman held that the three essentials are a good temper, a good mother and the wife in charge of the finances, which raised the Scriptural question as to who is the head of the house. The majority appeared to think that Paul's idea of the husband's supremacy is out of date. Some held that husband and wife are joint sovereigns and that the family revenues should be divided.

Another of the women held that the essentials are "a good mother, a good cook and a trained nurse." This left the man entirely out of the question. Either he was not regarded as absolutely essential or he was taken for granted. And it was suggested that a woman might be a good mother, cook and nurse and at the same time a very poor wife.

One woman timidly hinted at a good husband as one essential, but not much attention was paid to her contribution. Late in the afternoon a minister happened in. He was asked his opinion. He replied, "A man, a woman and a cook stove."

Whereat the women applauded the rather cute solution and ended the debate. Evidently it did not occur to them that a man, a woman and a cook stove might be the essentials of a home, but that they might also be the essentials of a dive.

One of the Chicago newspapers took up the discussion and asked for contributions. Many answers were given and the one that was finally adopted as the best was this: "A man, a woman and a baby."

But this answer is open to the objection mentioned to the reply of the minister.

It seems to us the solution is simple, and it is strange so many people should have missed it. Narrowed down to the absolute factors, the three essentials of a home are:

A husband, a wife and LOVE. Is it not so?

IT PAYS TO SMILE.

I could learn to love you When you smile, smile, smile. —Popular Ballad.

This is the smile age.

It is the new dispensation—the dispensation of optimism. Take a look at the portraits of our statesmen of the past. They are nearly all of one type—stern of feature, square cut as to mouth, dignified as to pose. You will scarcely find the glimmer of a smile on their faces.

It is different nowadays. Smile pictures are popular. Note the pictures of Theodore Roosevelt. His well known visage is all broken up and mellowed with smiles. The picture shows either the good natured grin or the teeth, revealing spread of face. The bulldog countenance of the president is broken into ripples like a pond into which a stone has been cast.

And the face of William J. Bryan in picture! He is a smile of the most expansive width—a width as broad as his countenance is wide. It is a contagious smile and is characteristic of the man.

It is significant that Mr. Taft is called "Smiling Bill" and his running mate "Sunny Jim."

The people seem to prefer the man who smiles.

We are a nation of smileers. The frowners are of the paucity minority.

The surly boor is in hard lines in these days. We are learning that to look at the world through smiling eyes not only sweetens life and brings satisfaction, but that it pays.

The rewards of life come to the optimist. It pays to smile. It pays in health, in spirits, in absence of friction. It pays in lives made brighter. It pays in dollars and cents.

Therefore hold up your chin and smile. Don't be stingy in stretching your mouth. If you play miser that way you cheat only yourself.

It is difficult to appraise a smile at its highest. It is an intangible thing. So is the light an intangible thing, but it lightens a world. So is heat, but it warms the world. So is love, but it redeems the world.

A home without a smile is no home. Smiles are as necessary in a house as sunshine or air or warmth. They cost nothing. They are worth everything.

Smile! Start the smile down in your diaphragm and let it creep up into the corners of that drooping mouth and wriggle up into the corners of those lusterless eyes. Smile! It pays.

CLEVELAND'S GOLDEN RULE.

In Cleveland, O., a man is treated as if he were a human being even though he gets drunk.

Elsewhere the man who lapses into liquor is treated as if he were a brute. In Cleveland the procedure of the ages has been changed. Men may get drunk and even disturb the peace and still be treated as men. They are seldom arrested. And if arrested they are treated as citizens.

In Cleveland intoxicated persons are taken or sent home, just as they would be taken care of if they were ill. They ARE ill. If confined at all, it is for the purpose of protecting their lives and property until they recover.

What a stride that is in the direction of humanitarianism!

There is no dragging of "culprits" into police court unless a distinct crime has been committed. And even in the latter case a waiver of trial may be signed without appearance in court.

Figure the saving to the city alone—time of the court and its attaches, witness fees, wear and tear of court machinery and dollars paid to shyster lawyers for "defense."

In other cities men who go wrong are not encouraged to reform. They are discouraged, maltreated—a course of treatment that MAKES HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

What is the result of the Cleveland regime? Statistics show that there is less crime to the population than in any other city of the world and constantly decreasing.

This is true: The criminal system of this country is more than a hundred years behind the times, and the historian who writes of the first part of the twentieth century will bluster the page that tells of our present barbarism.

What right has society to abuse and incarcerate the unfortunate victim of drink?

We license the saloon keeper to make him drunk. He is weak. He is mentally and physically diseased. In most instances HE CANNOT HELP GETTING DRUNK. Then we, in the person of a policeman, hit him over the head with a club and drag him to a vile jail. Could more inhumane treatment be invented?

We have made practically no advance in the PREVENTION of crime in so far as our criminal procedure is concerned, in a hundred years. We know nothing but PUNISHMENT.

The city of Cleveland has quit the methods of the Old Testament—the old, old system that came in with the beginning of civilization—and has adopted the methods and spirit of the New Testament.

Cleveland is practicing the Golden Rule.

THIRTY YEARS IN HADES.

There is a hell. No doubt about that. Charles Herzog of South Dakota demonstrated its existence. He suffered its pangs for thirty years. He so testified in writing and sealed the testimony by his death.

Tortured beyond endurance by remorse because he had murdered a beautiful girl and allowed an innocent man to be hanged for the crime, Herzog, after thirty years, wrote this note to his employer:

When my lifeless body is found notify my mother, Mrs. Caroline Herzog of Girard, O. It will reveal my identity and the awful secret of my wretched life. I can endure it no longer.

"THE AWFUL SECRET OF MY WRETCHED LIFE." Can you understand the significance of such a confession? Certainly not. But it may give you some insight into the awful agony of a human soul suffering the torments of the damned. No less agony could extort such a cry from human lips.

All of which proves again the eternal verities of the moral world. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

"I CAN ENDURE IT NO LONGER." What exquisite mental torture, what a world of heart suffering, is bound up in that feeling we know as remorse!

This man literally lived and suffered for thirty years IN HELL.

It is not necessary that we should be told that he was morose and gloomy, going about as if some grief burdened his soul—this man who carried about always on his conscience the murder of a girl and the death of an innocent tramp upon whom he charged the murder.

Doubtless his frame of mind is described by the words that Milton puts into the mouth of his Satan: "Which way I turn I see myself AM HELL."

A man can get away from the society of other men, but he cannot get away from the society of himself either in time or eternity.

Jonathan Edwards in his widest reach of imagining and with his exhaustless vocabulary could scarcely picture a hell of literal fire and brimstone that would transcend the story of the suffering of Charles Herzog, who writhed for three long decades in the hades of a never ceasing remorse.

EXPENSIVE TEA.

The Famous Golden Tip and the Way It is Obtained.

The tea looked like golden silk, like shrodded golden satin, like the fluff of dandelions dyed gold. "And is this tea?" said the reporter.

"This," the tea merchant answered, "is the best tea in the world, and it is worth \$50 or more a pound, for this, sir, is the famous Golden Tip. I'll tell you why it is so costly.

"Every chest of the best dollar and a half tea contains some handfuls of undeveloped leaves of small, gold tipped leaves called Flowery Pekoe. Sort out from a chest these leaves: wrap them, a handful at a time, in a square of satin; shake the satin lightly; empty the leaves back into the chest. Clinging to the satin remain a few golden shreds, a golden fluff, a golden lint. You brush it off carefully into a jar. You cult more handfuls of undeveloped leaves from another chest, and shaking them up in the satin, you are again rewarded with some more golden fluff.

"That is Golden Tip, and by the time you have obtained in this tedious manner a pound of it it is no wonder that the exquisite product is worth \$50, or \$100, is it?" He shook the tea about in its Satsuna jar. The fluffy golden stuff shimmered like satin. "Only emperors drink it," he said. "A cup costs more than a bottle of champagne."—New York Press.

CAPE COD.

A Nomadic Piece of Land That is Constantly Changing.

Cape Cod itself is sand and, like everything of a desert nature, is nomadic. Like the Arab, it is always silently stealing away, so that the appearance of the peninsula constantly changes.

The prevailing winds in the winter being from the north, the sand is blown south; in summer it is blown e'other way. But the winter winds being stronger, the land is gradually working south. Monomoy, at the lower end used to be an island, its extremity being called Cape Malabar, a name not used now—why I cannot say. This island of Monomoy is rapidly growing toward Nantucket, it having advanced some five miles in the last fifty years.

One of the Rubes told me that his father used to fish where the light is now. Of course you can always strain Rubes talk and pick out about 50 per cent sediment, but the old charts show that the point is working south fast.—From "Knocking About Cape Cod," by T. F. Daly, in Outing Magazine.

Sarsaparilla.

The druggist was serving a couple of men with sarsaparilla. "Did you ever stop to think where this delicious stuff comes from?" he asked.

"Sassafras, isn't it?" they hazarded. "Sassafras nothing," said the druggist. "Sarsaparilla is made of zarza roots and zarza roots come from the Amazon swamps of Brazil.

"Fearful swamps they are—smelly black mud, mosquitoes in millions snakes and crabs, heat, poison, orchids fever. And here the natives camp for weeks at a time gathering zarza roots for the sarsaparilla trade. The vine runs along the ground, the roots are located, and half of them are taken the remaining half being carefully covered with soil again, so that they will sprout for next year.

"It is because sarsaparilla, like quinine, grows in fever soil that it is good for fever."

Progress.

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, "my boy is doing first rate at school. I sent him to one of them alimentary schools and his teacher says he's doing fine. He's a first class sculler, they tell me and is head of his class in gastronomy. He knows his letters by sight and can spell like one of these deformed spellers down to Washington."

"What's he going to be when he grows up?"

"He wants to be an undertaker, and I'm inclined to humor him, so I've told the confessor to pay special attention to the dead languages," said the proud mother.—Harper's Weekly.

Not a Flier.

"What bird is it," asked the school inspector, "that is found in Africa and although it has wings, cannot fly?"

The class was unable to answer this very puzzling question. Thinking to encourage them, the inspector offered a sixpence to the little boy or girl who could tell him. After a brief hesitation a little girl of five years put up her hand.

"Well, my little dear," said the inspector, "what is it?"

"Please, sir, a dead un."—London Fun.

Alarming.

"Now, don't tell me any story about misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard worked an' all that," said the hard faced lady. "I can see right through you."

"Gracious!" said Dismal Dawson. "I know I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days, but I didn't know it had thinned me down like that."

Tender Touch.

A man who is rough and awkward at everything else will show a delicacy and skill greater than any woman's when he has to patch a tee dollar bill.—Aitchison Globe.

More Than Equal.

Lady—You look robust. Are you equal to the task of sawing wood? Tramp—Equal isn't the word, mum. I'm superior to it. Good mornin'!—Chicago News.

Oh, what a prodigy outside falsehood bath! Shakespeare.

Granulated Sore Eyes Cured.

"For twenty years I suffered from a bad case of granulated sore eyes, says Martin Bond, of Henrietta, Ky. "In February, 1903, a gentleman asked me to try Chamberlain's Salve. I bought one box and used about two-thirds of it and my eyes have not given me any trouble since." This salve is for sale by Huntley Bros., Oregon City and Molalla.



NO ONE THING can give so much pleasure for so long a time at so little cost, as a PHONOGRAPH. You owe it to yourself and your family to get one now. Our easy payment plan of a dollar a week will put one in your home today if you say so. Come in and hear the new Edison with the big horn and the Victor with the wood needles or the 10-inch cylinder Columbia with the new style horn over the machine. We carry them all.

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I SOLICIT YOUR ACQUAINTANCE And Will Appreciate a Small Share of Your Trade

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OREGON CITY
Store Building Formerly Occupied by John Adams, 7th and Center Streets, on the hill

R. L. Ticer Asks for Divorce.

R. L. Ticer has filed suit for divorce against his wife, Della Ticer, charging her with desertion and disloyal conduct. While residing in Multnomah county Mr. Ticer purchased a lot on corner of Benton and Dixon streets, Portland, placing the contract in her name. When the lot was nearly paid for his wife sold her interest for \$2000 and left for Oklahoma. She remained eight months and then returned to him, asking his forgiveness and desiring to be reinstated in the family, which Mr. Ticer did out of respect to his family. Mr. Ticer then deeded her four lots in St. Johns. He also claims that in July, August and November she masqueraded as a widow by the name of Mrs. Holring and remained out late at night. Mr. Ticer desires the title of the St. Johns property invested in his name.



After visiting with friends and relatives in the East for six weeks, Rev. and Mrs. E. Clarence Oakley have returned home.

Will is Probated

The will of Mr. Susan Bond, deceased, late of Needy, was admitted to probate Monday. The decedent left her property consisting of 160 acres of land in Crook county, to her husband, William Bond, with the understanding that her 5-year-old son, James Bond, should receive \$400 if the property be sold. If not sold before her son becomes of age, then he is to receive from his father the sum devised, his claim to be a lien on the property. Letters testamentary were issued to William Bond. The property is valued at \$1000.

THE SIZE OF THE HORSE

doesn't determine the size of his shoe. We don't put a big shoe on a big horse unless his hoof is large. In short we fit the shoes to the horse, not the horse to the shoes. HAVE YOURS SHOD here and you'll know the difference. So will your horse. And he will show his appreciation in better gait and better work.

Storey & Thomas
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And Always Gives You the News

CAREY ACT LAND SALE

15,000 acres of land, in the State of Idaho, lying along the Snake River, and on the main line of the O. S. L. railroad, between the of King Hill and Glenns Ferry, will be opened for settlement October 12, 1908. The sale of the land will be under the supervision of the State Land board of Idaho. The tract lies in a cove, surrounded by 1000 to 1500 foot elevations. The soil is unsurpassed for fruit culture and there is an abundant surplus of water. The land is opened under the Carey Act, protecting the purchaser and assuring the water rights. Money deposited on locations not found desirable will be refunded.

GRAND OPENING ON OCTOBER THE TWELFTH

The drawing of locations will be held at King Hill, where all conveniences have been arranged in the way of sleeping, eating and other accommodations. Tourist sleepers will be sidetracked for those who wish to occupy them. This is the most promising opportunity for homeseekers ever offered in the state of Idaho.

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

Ask your station agent for rates and full particulars as to location. For literature and full information about the land, write to

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OREGON NEEDS PEOPLE—Settlers, honest farmers, mechanics, merchants, clerks, people with brains, strong hands and a willing heart—capital or no capital.

The Southern Pacific Company (LINES IN OREGON)

is sending tons of Oregon literature to the East for distribution through every available agency. Will you not help the good work of building Oregon by sending us the names and addresses of your friends who are likely to be interested in this state? We will be glad to bear the expense of sending them complete information about OREGON and its opportunities.

COLONIST TICKETS will be on sale during SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER from the East to all points in Oregon. The fares from a few principal cities are

From Denver	30.00	From Louisville	41.20
" Omaha	30.00	" Cincinnati	42.20
" Kansas City	30.00	" Cleveland	44.25
" St. Louis	35.50	" New York	55.00
" Chicago	38.00		

TICKETS CAN BE PREPAID
If you want to bring a friend or relative to Oregon; deposit the proper amount with any of our agents. The ticket will then be furnished by telegraph.
E. T. FIELDS, Local Agent, Oregon City
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