

THE FARMER'S TURN TO BAT.

Comes in for a Long Inning from Now On.

"HAYSEED" DAYS ARE PASSED

Land will be Gold and the Farmer "It" from Now On.

There has certainly a better day dawned for the man who gets his living from the ground, and it will be a long time before the sun sets on this day—or the Courier editor is no prophet.

Up until the last few years farming hasn't been an ice cream social. The millions of acres of free land stretched out in every direction—a case of more land than people.

But the great emigration of the past years, the never-ending line of thousands and thousands who pour into this country every day of every week, has made a market for almost everything that grows and today the farmer is about the best hooked up of any of the class who must work. And what a reversal of conditions there has been in the past few years.

Twenty years ago the man who had a steady job with a fair salary was pretty well fixed, and the farmer who had a mortgage on his place was a slave.

The man with a job could buy anything the farmer produced at his own price, because there was little demand for the products. His dollar was a long one, and its purchasing power great.

The farmer had mighty little to do with fixing the price of his stuff. He offered it in the market and took what was paid him—because he was forced to.

And today the live farmer is falling over horseshoes, while the salary man is singing blue music and thinking of buying a farm.

Increasing population, better roads, rural mail delivery, telephones, creameries, improved machinery and education in farming have done their work and the "hayseed" is but a memory of the old, hard days.

In forty years our population has doubled. In another forty years it will double again.

Any man who has sense enough to pour sand in a race hole must know that from now on land is gold and that God's old earth has United States bonus way down the list as a safe investment.

I do not believe there is a spot in this country today where a man could go wrong if he bought land at its producing price—not the speculators' price, but its actual market value.

One drawback to farm prices in this county is that owners give so little care or heed to buildings surrounding and comforts—the little things

that make life inviting and put a ready sale on the farm. There are too many tumble down barns, paintless houses and lawns that the hens and weeds fight over.

When a city resident wants to sell to sell property he "fixes up" He knows the buyer will pay for the paint and the little expenses and he knows these little details make his property look good. This is something the farmer will learn in time but something he is learning very slowly.

There's a great future for the Oregon farmer. This state has a soil that will produce almost anything that can be grown anywhere and produce it bigger and in great quantities.

The farmer has but to use his head to have his farm face Easy street. Brains count much more than brute strength but it is very hard to make the average man believe that his head is better than his hands.

JUDGE BY THE GOODS.

It Doesn't Matter What Factory Turned Them Out.

Last week at fellow dropped in to state that Brown was a pretty good preacher but that he did not live up to his texts—that his advice was good but that it was for the other fellow to observe.

What does anybody care? If I lived up to all I sincerely believe in I wouldn't be editing a newspaper in Oregon City. I would be playing a harp in the orchestra of the good who died young.

Isn't a question of the writer's saintliness. If you can dig anything out of this sheet that you think is worthy of following take it down the line and don't lame your neck looking back to see if the author of the advice is in the procession and is keeping step to the advice music.

Good is good and bad is bad regardless of the source.

A nerve-wrecked bozo-goner were to picture to me the hell in which he lived and the awful torture of the nights which have no end it would get under my skin just as deep as the same picture painted from the pulpit by a minister who couldn't tell the difference between barrel-house whiskey and Jockey Club.

The editor of this paper has ever condemned the use of those heart-killing nerve-destroying contemptible looking cigarettes yet no doubt competent witnesses could be found who would testify that the pilot of this sheet had been caught with the goods on him. Is the advice to cut out the "paper things" any less of value?

If this power occasionally gets off something that would do you good, so allow it and don't wait to dig up my family history to see if I took a dose first. The truth is the goods and a liar hasn't got to apologize for handling it.

You could talk to your boy like a Dutch uncle against chewing tobacco and go to the door between arguments to spit. The advice is just as good as if you never tasted the stuff. But in this instance it might lose a little of its force.

Heroes, like sermons, are often made to order.

HOW CAN WE ESCAPE 'EM ALL?

Microbes and Germs will Surely Get Us.

WORSE THAN THE TRUSTS.

Some Sense and Nonsense of Theories and Things.

They tell us to "swat the fly" or "hell sweat us"; that every speck of his body is covered with microbes and his drill is coated with fever which he will inject into us if he gets to us first. He's a danger, a disease-breeder, and we must swat him.

But when your date was a boy there wasn't a screen on window or door; the flies had a right of might to crawl all over the baby and dance on the pie crust. And yet we were more healthy then than now.

They tell us that absolute cleanliness and full ventilation are necessary to us if we would have health and a pair of lungs to last out, and the doctors advocate out of door bed rooms as necessary for health.

A bunch of ten to twenty Dagoes will eat and sleep in one box car, without ventilation, never know that water has any other use than for drinking, and yet they will show up a bunch of dirty health that an athlete would envy.

They tell us that drinking water that has not been filtered, other than a mountain stream, is poison to the system, that fever has rented rooms in every tiny particle, and that unless boiled it will start you to the graveyard.

For months the writer has drank stagnant water from the water holes of Texas, water rained nine months before and which the range cattle used for a natatorium, and he has in times of necessity quarreled with the wigglers over the cupful of wetness in a pot rock and drank it. And he never had such health.

There are microbes in everything, danger in everything now-a-days, and it is one of the modern wonders how we ever manage to escape them and live the week out.

There's a lot of darned nonsense in these modern health rules and regulations. The ancients possessed the secret. Mr. Granquist has worked on the process for three years and he claims he has discovered the long-hidden secret. He also showed a small bar of the copper that to all appearances and tests was nearly as hard as steel.

He has taken the matter up with the patent office and hopes to realize something from it in the near future.

Mr. Granquist is a native of Oulau Launi, a small settlement in Finland, a would-be Russian annex, and came to this country a few years ago, and can speak but little English. Copper is one of the prominent minerals of the country and he claims there are familiar with it and its many uses.

If his secret process proves successful, great wealth is in store for him, and not only will the name of Granquist live in the annals of history, but the fact of the development of the wiggler here in Oregon City, will add much to Oregon's famous old city.

slice of bread, before you dare eat it. Germs and microbes are no friends of health, and it's easier to fight for that than to fight the doctors' terror. After see a sick Mexican, cowboy, Indian or negro?

Portland may soon become a tobacco center. If the predictions of Nathan Thayer, an experienced southern grower, are materialized, Thayer has been looking over the territory around Kennewick, which is tributary to Portland, and believes it to be ideal for tobacco growing. So convinced is he of the adaptability of this country for tobacco that he has secured a large tract near Kennewick and has left for Kentucky to secure a large number of negroes as laborers.

PLANS CHANGED.

County Court will Enlarge Court House from Rear.

The county court has changed its first plan for enlarging the court house, the reasons being—given that there were many protests against changing the front of the building, and at a meeting Monday night it was decided to change the plans and make a 30-foot extension at the rear of the building.

It is proposed to have a vault 21x33 to enlarge the offices of the county clerk, surveyor, superintendent of schools, sheriff and recorder; to have with an ax, the rear being cut open and the court room and the circuit court on the second floor, as also the county court judge's room.

It is said the cost will be from \$14,000 to \$15,000, but it has not yet been decided whether the work will be let on contracts or whether the county court will do the work.

FINDS LOST ART.

Theodore Granquist Tempers and Hardens Copper.

Theodore Granquist, a Finlander who lives in West Oregon City, brought to the Courier office a knife forged from solid copper, which he had hardened and tempered and which served all the purposes which a steel blade serves. The blade was put to tests of wood cutting and the edge held as well as a steel blade.

The tempering and hardening of copper is said to be a lost art, and that the ancients possessed the secret. Mr. Granquist has worked on the process for three years and he claims he has discovered the long-hidden secret. He also showed a small bar of the copper that to all appearances and tests was nearly as hard as steel.

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Soon after the Hill murder, Dr. Cathey and his brother removed the window sills and door casings from the scene of the quadruple crime and from them obtained blood prints by the application of a liquid which has the peculiar virtue of bringing out a bluish-green tint wherever a blood stain has been left.

On the sills and casings were found several imprints of the murderer's hand. These are said to be identical with the hand imprints said to have been left by Peterson in several places about the hotel at Rainier where he roomed.

Since the above was set, Sheriff Mass has returned from Olympia and he states that he does not believe Peterson had anything to do with either crime, and that the murderer is yet at large. Sheriff Mass says the matter of the blood stains was greatly exaggerated, and that the blood found in his room was caused by a little girl cutting her finger. He says Peterson gives a full account of himself before, at the time and after the crime and there does not seem to be any grounds on which to connect him with the crime.

He says the Coble couple were killed in precisely the same manner as the Hill family, and there is every indication that the same man committed both crimes.

In direct contradiction to Sheriff Mass, C. C. Cathey, of Portland, who has been working on the case by means of the new blood-detecting system, says that he believes Peterson to be a degenerate of the lowest type, is still confident, in his own mind, that he is the murderer.

"As far as the scientific work is concerned, I have finished and I believe I have the circumstantial evidence all snaped against Peterson. But I do not think that anything less than a complete confession will convict him. We have decided to keep him in solitary confinement for six days, in the hope that he will weaken and make a confession. He looks the part of a degenerate and he acts the part, but that is no evidence at all in a murder case. There are dozens of bits of evidence we have which are unprintable and all of which go to show that the two murders were committed by the same man. I took his roll of clothes and examined them. I found thirteen distinct blood spots on his collar, three distinct splatters on his shirt front, other streaks and spots on other parts of his shirt and bloodstains on his shoes. All were invisible to the unaided eye, but were brought out by the detecting system. There was also some blood on his undershirt. He was unable to account for the blood except in the case of the shirt, which he said he found near Sacramento. He admitted that he hadn't had the nosebleed for 11 years."

COMING EASY NOW.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success in Railroad Work.

Splendid weather, easy stock sales and general enthusiasm are lengthening the Clackamas Southern railroad every day, and as the Yankee says it is "all done but the finishing."

The crisis has long since passed on this undertaking and the building of the road is but a matter of work and time. When the proposition was first started—when it looked like a big chance, then it was a matter of mighty hard work to find enough sandy men to take a chance, but now with the work half done there is plenty of money left that wants to get in, for the Clackamas railroad is going to be a good investment.

And outside of the dividends it will pay in cash is the investment it will be to Oregon City—a proposition that our people do not half appreciate.

This road will open up a new country and bring every foot of its timber and every pound of its products to Oregon City.

It will make new farms along the route; it will improve dead lands; it will bring in people and settle the country, and it will directly add a lot of business and people to Oregon City.

WORTH TRYING.

Lady Resident Propose Novel Idea to Beautify Bluffs.

One of Oregon City's ladies was a caller at the Courier office the other day with a novel proposition which she thinks would do much to beautify and add to the picturesque quality of the city, and at very small expense.

The proposition was to cut the brush and rubbish from the face of the bluffs and at the several stairways, and at the bottom set out native wood vines. She said that in two or three years these vines would climb the bluff face, completely cover them and also cover and conceal every timber of the different stairways and make the whole a place of beauty.

The suggestion—one that would cost but little to try, and there is little doubt but that the experiment would prove a pleasing success.

There are many vines that grow prolific in this state, and they would soon cover these rock bluffs.

But it is up to the ladies to start it—the men never will. If once the beauty of this idea could be demonstrated, it could no doubt be carried out and add much to the city's beauty.

MURDER IS YET A MYSTERY.

Sheriff Mass Thinks the Swede is Innocent.

CATHERY SAYS HE'S GUILTY.

Two States Hunting for a Murderer who Eludes Them.

There is some very circumstantial evidence that the person who brutally murdered and mutilated Mr. and Mrs. Archie Coble of Rainier, Washington, and the person who murdered the Hill family near Milwaukie, June 8, is the same person, and Sheriff Mass of this county, Sheriff Gaston of Thurston county, and Sheriff Longmire of Pierce county, Wash., are working night and day to connect the two awful murders to the same hand.

The murder of Mr. and Mrs. Coble was in almost every detail a duplicate of the horrible butchery in this county. The young couple were asleep in bed; the murderer entered through a window, each was brained with an ax, the head being cut open and skulls crushed, and the woman had been assaulted. The hour of the crime was the same as that of the Hill family killing, and every circumstance points to the same hand as the murderer.

Swan Peterson, a tramp Swede, is in the jail at Olympia with a mountain of circumstantial evidence piled up against him. Among his effects were blood-stained garments, an under-shirt stained with blood, a towel from which blood stains had been washed and several other details that look very suspicious. The man had been working on a section, he left the job without drawing his pay, there were bloodstains in the room he occupied, and garments that had been washed in his room. He was taken to the Coble home and viewed the mutilated bodies, but remained stolid and uninterested. He simply stuck to the story that he knows nothing of the murder. If he is innocent he must explain to clear up the many incriminating circumstances against him.

Dr. and C. A. Cathery of Portland, who have long made a study of blood stains, and who claim to have a secret chemical which will bring out blood stains when invisible to the eye and after having been thoroughly washed and eradicated, have done much to trace the crime to Peterson.

At the Coble home, footprints left by a man walking on tiptoe were found, and comparison with footmarks found at the scene of the Hill murder indicate that they are the imprints of the same man. The man's stride in each case is 31 inches, and the width of the shoe in both cases is 3 1/2 inches.

Boasting the evidence supplied by the footprints, the width of the hand of the murderer, as traced at the scenes of both murders is identical. Added to this, Cathery brothers declare they have sufficient finger marks to make a microscopical examination of the lines, to compare them with the digit marks of the prisoner held in Tacoma as the murder suspect.

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GOVERNOR IS MAD.

Says he will See Critics in Hell Before He Will Quit.

Governor West says he will see the critics of his prison parole scheme in hell before he will abandon it.

Nice talk for the governor of a great state, and a nice policy to apply to a state that already has murderers and train robbers running at large.

What Oregon needs is a lot more criminals in jail and less "honor roll" business. It needs effective punishment for criminals and not open prisons, and the state will never rid itself of the crime which is rife if it until it makes punishment fit the crime, and makes Salem prison a dread rather than a prisoners' summer resort.

WOULD ANNUL DECREE

Interesting Sequel to Former County Divorce Matter.

BIG FUTURE IS NOW ASSURED.

Chautauqua will Become Famous Outing Place.

PLAN MANY IMPROVEMENTS.

The Great Success of This Year Assures Great Future.

This year's session of Gladstone Chautauqua marks the real beginning of the great Pacific coast Chautauqua, for such it is destined to be, and such is the fond wish of all who have taken part in its past history, together with thousands who have attended its many exercises. This belief is patent because there never has been so extensive advertising as that given the institution this year, thousands who never visited the assembly grounds before having been daily in attendance through this eighteenth session, and word has gone broadcast throughout the entire territory that there will be double the attendance next season, and that many permanent structures will be erected and cottages erected for those who wish to attend and enjoy the back to nature life so freely offered upon these grounds, together with the opportunities presented for the uplift of character, the broadening effect from an educational standpoint and the general tone and culture instilled.

Williamette Valley Chautauqua this year was a success financially, the net proceeds amounting to many hundreds of dollars, and with this available from the management have in mind demanding improvements from a sanitary viewpoint as well as permanent improvements, and the general beautifying of the assembly grounds. Just to what extent, it is impossible for those who have the matter in charge to determine at the present time, but all may rest assured that these improvements will be of such character that those who will be privileged to attend another season will be most agreeably surprised and pleased, and will be the better able to enjoy the many excellent features of an augmented program.

Throughout this entire season in the great auditorium, the lectures, choral numbers, sermons, athletic attractions, and in fact all, have been kept up with that excellent standard so characteristic of Williamette Chautauqua, and in this the management feels well repaid for their efforts, as it has made much for the future success of the institution, and now with renewed vigor, there is all promise for a redoubling of that effort for the strongest and best that may be had for another year.

For the success of the affair this year the management has received the highest praise, and deservedly pointed has been the praises proffered its efficient secretary, Mr. T. J. Gary.

All are glad that Chautauqua has done well financially. It means much to a community, to a county, and to the people of the whole western coast.

DO YOU THINK?

If You Do, What do you Think of the Single Tax System?

Next year Clackamas county will vote on the single tax proposition, an issue on which much can be said both in favor and against, but for some reason very little is printed or said.

This is a matter that every voter in this county should be informed on. It is a subject that needs some study and good judgment—a matter that should be openly discussed and carefully read by every voter. The Courier would be glad to see more interest in this matter, and we ask any man to use these columns to express his ideas regardless of which side of the matter he may take.

Many people are a little timid about writing for a newspaper for the reason that they are not just onto the curves of grammar and punctuation, but the printers are here to dot the "i's", and cross the "t's" and put in the commas. So if you have anything to say, say it and we will do the polishing, if any is necessary.

If both sides of this single tax proposition would be discussed by readers through the Courier it would be interesting reading matter, and would aid much in making clear points on both sides of which people are not informed. If you think, let us know what you think. We will not publish your name, if you request. Come a-running.

SOME QUESTIONS.

The Courier can't Answer them, Can Anyone Else?

A city subscriber called up the Courier Wednesday night with this inquiry, which we print as it was taken down.

Editor Courier:—As the Courier seems disposed to print matters of fact, no matter where located, why does it not give the verdict in the case of the much-tried Joseph Kerriok, and why has it never been more concerning the Trembath shooting affair weeks ago? I see that verdicts and sentences are readily given out for innumerable drunks and minor offenses.

The Courier cannot print a verdict until it gets it, and it can't get it. Joseph Kerriok was arrested May 20, and the case having been three times tried, is yet hanging. Recorder Stipp does not render a verdict, and why he does not none seem to know. It would seem, in view of the fact that the city council found him guilty enough to refuse him a license, and that the county court reversed Mr. Stipp's former verdict of guilty that Mr. Kerriok would be entitled to know where he stands some time this summer. And then the people, too, want to know.

Regarding the Trembath shooting affair, which occurred Sunday, so far as we can find, although Trembath was indicted by the grand jury for assault with a dangerous weapon, he has never, as we learn, been released on bail, yet is to all appearances as free as before the shooting occurred.

And for further information, as to the modus operandi of the city and county authorities, we would refer the subscriber to the officials.

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Noted Man Wants Divorce.

A divorce application from a man whose name is widely known in the United States has been filed with the court here, in the case of George H. Primrose vs. Esther Primrose.

George Primrose is famous as one of the owners of Primrose & West's Minstrels. He brings action against his wife for desertion. They were married in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., in April, 1906, and it is claimed Mrs. Primrose left him without cause in July, 1910. She is now living in Mt. Vernon.

And This is "Argument."

Mr. U'Ren should be merciful. It is hard to fasten the mind on the complexities of single tax with the thermometer in the 90s. He should defer his lecture till cooler weather and not expect people to talk about anything more serious than baseball these days.—Oregonian.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Green are at Seaside spending a few days.

Breeze Brings Business

Electric Fans are indispensable to stores, shops, bars, soda fountains, cafes—in short, any place catering to public patronage.

A regard for your customers' comfort demands the use of Electric Fans. The most suitable Fan is the Oscillating type in either the twelve or sixteen inch size. This type turns from side to side, and will uniformly cool a large area.

We also have an eight inch bracket type for cooling your telephone booth.

Our Electric fan represents perfection in fan manufacture. The cost of operation is too trivial for serious consideration—less than one cent an hour.

Let us have a representative call and prove to you that the use of our electric fans during the summer months will mean just what we claim—that Breeze Brings Business. Phone us.



Portland Railway, Light & Power Co.

Phone M-6688, A-6131

7th and Alder Streets