

LEFT OUT--THE BALANCE WHEEL.

The Man Who Nature Spoiled in Making.

TURNED OUT ONLY HALF DONE

God Gave Him Brains but no Instructions to Use Them.

Probably every reader of these lines knows of some poor, unlucky fellow who has juggled with the ball of fate and got the worst of it--some man to whom nature had been generous with intellect and ability on certain lines, but fate, the jester, had got in its work with corresponding shortcomings, and left him an unfinished job--an unbalanced piece of work.

You know such a man, don't you? A way back on the evolution road some genius of an ancestor handed down to him a spark of fire, an ember of ambition, and then a later ancestor tossed in a heritage of weakness and shiftlessness, and then this man was tossed into the ring to fight dogs with himself until the game of death-dodging was over and the grave gave him a recess.

Of all the fellows who should have extenuating circumstances put in evidence for him this fellow stands first in line and if a judge ever showed mercy he should show it to this human mistake.

These unfinished men invariably get in wrong. That streak of cowardice--streak of yellow we call it--predominates. It gets a half Nelson before the talent cells have developed a d it forever keeps his shoulders pinned to the mat.

That weak, incompetent forerunner got his heritage in first and the man grows up without a wall under him.

Later on some incident, some trifling, some accident lifts the ashes off the fire of genius and then this man is in for as hopeless a future and disappointing a life as it is possible to have.

I have in mind a man whom accident made me acquainted with, in a squalid ferryman's shanty on the banks of the Arkansas river, a few years ago, and with whom I stayed over night.

Nature gave the man a massive head and a quick intellect, but it spoiled the job with a weak main spring. He lacked the force to do things, lacked what we call "nerve" to make people recognize his brains, lacked ability to execute, to plan, lacked tact--lacked everything that should go with a big bunch of brains.

This man had long ago forgotten more than the Courier editor ever hopes to know, but the pity of it was that he had not been born a happy mule driver. He was conscious of his ability, knew he could make people think and knew he could make people do, if he only could get on his feet, but he was born a cripple in the

way of getting on his feet. He was a disappointed, hopeless man, doomed to pass his life amid uncongenial, unnatural surroundings, because the weak part of his head tripped him up because the weak part of his nature developed first and put his brains in a hole.

He had tried and failed, tried repeatedly and failed, not because of lack of merit in his efforts, but because of his surroundings and the lack of a foundation on which to build success.

He was born a failure with a full appreciation of the fact. He could see ahead the mark he should make, but which he knew he never would make. If ever a man lived in a literal hell this man had found it out there in Arkansas.

And the most of us know such a man, who has brains enough under his hat to give you as much as you know and yet be a smart man, yet who is a dismal failure because of a weak spring somewhere--in the balance wheel, perhaps.

And when the Angel of Death calls him on this failure and separates him from his hopes and disappointments, he has done a work of mercy.

STILL MISSING.

Indians Still Hunting Lost Man, but Whites Don't Care.

The Indians are yet vainly searching for the missing Indian, as related in last week's Courier, but so far no trace of him can be found, and the father of the boy wonders why the white authorities do not take as much interest in the death of a red man as in a white man.

The general theory is that while drinking with other Indians some two weeks ago, he fell or was thrown into the river. The wife and child of the missing Indian are still camped on the river, watching the stream and mourning the lost husband, while other Indians have been hunting along the banks for two weeks.

It would seem that the authorities should take an active interest in this matter. If the Indian was thrown into the river, it is a case of murder, and a case that should not be ignored. If it was a case of accidental drowning, an Indian is a human being, and his body should be recovered.

And in any event the matter of where these four Indians got their liquor, how they got it, and who sold it, should be thoroughly investigated. It appears that the result of getting that liquor was the loss of a human life, and it is up to the county and city authorities to run it down and find out.

But will they?

Hose 5 will Give Dance.

Hose Co. No. 5 will hold its annual dance in Huse's hall Saturday night, Oct. 28, and preparations are being made for a swell time. Phil Sinnott, Roy Baxter, James Straight, Lloyd Bernier, Ben Baxter, John Straight and Tom Myers are the arrangement committee.

The Courier will give you matters as straight as we can see them.

OUR UNKNOWN CLIFF DWELLERS

Santa Clara's Great City of Silence and Ruins.

ONCE TEMING WITH PEOPLE.

Courier Editor's Visit to Dead City of the Puy Cliff.

In the evening of this golden November day I sit at the foot of the cliffs and watch the sun bid good night to a deserted city--sit here and see its last rays fall athwart the city of the dead, the Home of Great Silence, and in speechless awe I wonder what I can write that will convey to you what I feel.

Here is where time forgets and nods, and where the milk bottles are not put out. Here in the unknown centuries before the landing of Columbus a great city thrived; here thousands of people lived and wore out antiquity before a white man's foot ever touched America.

And I sit here and look up at the crumbling walls, look up at the deserted bee hives, and ask, "Whence came you, and whither went you?" But no answer comes back from this city unpeopled and still.

And like a pigmy I look up, wonder, and try to catch the time of what I see. I try to get back to days when civilization wore swaddling clothes in these cliff cities of the Santa Clara, and I try to see these men as they were before they turned back to dust--to see these men who lived here countless generations ago and then disappeared from the face of the earth, without having seen a white man's face.

And while I look and wonder, the sunset changes from red and gold to darkness, and this mysterious old country is hid for the night, and I think of the steps of these far dim days of the past to the present time--think of the stone, the spear, the bow, the sword and the gun.

And there comes into memory these lines--

"A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jolly fish and a saurian
And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and duty,
And a face turned from the cloud,
Some call it Evolution
And others call it--God."

I met a magazine man in Santa Fe who was just back from the grand canyon. He went there to describe it, but he told me there was no such thing. And I felt as this man did--that these Cliff Dwellers of the Santa Clara are not of this world--not for an Eagle lead pencil No. 2.

But to get back to it all, I will try to start you at the beginning, lead

you to it--and then you guess.

I went to Espanola Monday--a little mountain town which now has two stores and two near-hotels, and which lives in the reputation of former greatness, of once having had thirteen saloons, a company of forest rangers and a lot of historic trouble.

The town was full of people and excitement and I couldn't make it out. As a part of the treatment I had cut out the morning newspapers since leaving Las Vegas, and the last I saw of current events was that the house was Democratic and Roosevelt a Jim Jeffries.

I went to the livery barn and told them I wanted a team, a guide and a camp outfit--for the Cliff Dwellers. But there was nothing doing along these lines, and no credit to be had. There was an Indian uprising--a genuine old rebellion against the white man's way of justice.

You who read the press dispatches on and after November 15 saw the meagre details of the troubles here; you who did not may call this another of Brody's bromides for fun.

Just what the issue is it is difficult to get the straight of, but I grasp that the government at Washington leases range to the Mexicans, and the few white men who have reasons of their own for living here, draw water as scarce as society and cattle must drink. So the cattle were driven onto the reservation for water and the Pueblos had it figured out that they wouldn't longer make a Coney Island of the Santa Clara river, and as fast as the cattle were driven on, they rolled them and the cowboys and the Indians were armed with Winchester and civilization and this with possession made a bad game to go up against. Well, there was a few days of nervousness and dispatches to the driver, and the driver and I thought we would take a chance.

Wednesday morning we started. One of the men in the mercantile company in Espanola, who I had struck up a talk friendship with, stopped our rig, and warned us not to tote a gun or carry booze. There were three of us in the rig--myself, the driver, and an old man who claimed to be manager of a grant, while Pennsylvania politicians had claim to. We assured him there was nothing in our outfit but what a mother's meeting would sanction, and we dragged it.

A few dozen miles out we were held up--held up by a lone mountain Indian police--but he had a Winchester, and he looked game.

He went through our baggage and searched our clothes. I don't know where he got his authority to do custom duty, but I didn't question, and I have been unable to learn since. He took it out of the rig, opened it, shook out the trousers and the underwear, and went through the corners of the grip. Then he turned up the buggy seats and shook our robes. After which he evidently thought we were eligible to visit an Indian reservation, that has 30,000 acres and about thirty people.

But he lost out in the discard--as he always loses when he goes up against the white man's game.

When we stopped for lunch at noon, the ranchman untied the bag of oats and brought out a quart bottle of "Cedar Brook" bourbon, brewed in Kentucky, by gosh--at least I took his word for it.

I learned afterward that the smuggler was dangerous, and that had a bottle or two been found we would have been waiters until a next federal court--and there come about once a year.

There's as much tape connected with getting through the Puy Cliff Ruins as there is seeing your home congressman at Washington during the session. Next came the station of the Indian farmer, the man who passes something that sounds like a civil service, and who lives out in this desolation and a tent. He gets \$90 per, a horse and a tent and is supposed to teach the untutored red man to make bricks without straw--teach him to farm a mesa where frijoles beans wither up and die like geraniums would in the Sahara desert.

And there are no Indians to teach. Hundreds of years ago the Indians learned what the powers at Washington had not yet learned, that crops can't be raised without moisture, and these thousands of acres of reservation are no more to them than hunting grounds, and when they farm they go back to their pueblo grants along the streams, and leave the reservation mesas for white men to make political jobs.

I started this letter with the cliff dwellers, but I have written a word But I will. Of all the wonderful and interesting spots I ever visited this dead and forgotten city of the past, these honey-combed ruins of the Puy are the most wonderful, and I can hardly wait until morning shall come, that I may climb the cliffs into these hundreds of rooms, and see the ruins of a people and a past that we know nothing of--of a great city that simply has passed away and left no history of its passing.

The driver says the supper is ready, and then we will roll up and wait for morning and if I sleep at all--with these great white cliffs staring down at me in the beautiful moonlight--I will probably dream of some midget of a man who, probably thousands of years ago, stood where I am, looked up at the hanging lights on the cliffs, and then squinted it up to his own little home hole.--M. J. Brown.

A Correction.

Last week's Courier had a news mention of the Williams incorporation which stated that James Downey had brought action through Dimick & Dimick to have the incorporation set aside, as illegal.

We are informed by a resident of that place that the item was incorrect in this statement; that Mr. Downey is not fighting his own town, but that the action is brought through Recorder Stipp, by residents of Willamette, to compel Downey to give a franchise of the streets and alleys to the corporation, and that Dimick & Dimick are Mr. Downey's attorneys to defend, Mr. Downey's ownership of the water-works at Willamette.

V. A. Bantzell and wife of Lents were in town Thursday visiting friends and transacting business.

COUNTY HAS ANOTHER MURDER

Rancher Strangled, Bound and Robbed.

MURDERER IS YET AT LARGE.

Hired Man, Supposed Murderer, Cannot be Found.

Clackamas county is down for another murder, keeping up the average with the rest of the state for atrocious crimes, and this crime gives it a lead over other counties in being the second cold-blooded murder within four months.

Bound hand and foot with a rope and strangled, the body of John Thomas was found at his handsome ranch home Sunday night, three miles south of Gresham, and about a mile east of Sycamore station.

Neighbors found the corpse. The old man's hands had been first tied around his neck, then the body of Thomas was found at his knees, drawing his hands nearly to them. Then it was tied in a hard knot. When found Thomas was lying with his body on the couch and his feet on the floor. His lips were bitten, as if he had made a great struggle to free himself.

Charles Swain, a hired man on the Thomas ranch, is thought to be the murderer, and that the deed was committed to secure about \$70 which Thomas had, and which he had shown in the presence of Swain, to Sheriff Mass' theory is that Swain, tempted by the gold, bound the old man as he was asleep during the night, and, taking the watch and money, made a hasty get-away, probably catching a car at the station for Portland. It has been Thomas' habit to sleep on a sofa in the dining room. He wore most of his outer garments, sleeping with but a few covers. It was in this manner that his body was found. Thomas' wife died some months ago, and the rancher had been living alone with Swain.

Monday, the body was brought here, when Coroner Wilson of this city held an inquest over the body, and the jury found that the man had been strangled to death, and that he had been struck on the face with a blunt instrument.

So far Sheriff Mass has been unable to get any track of Swain, and he seems to have disappeared as thoroughly as did the Hill murderer.

Sheriff Mass gave out this statement, as per a morning paper: "If the man's real name is Swain I believe he will be out, but if that was a fictitious name the man has a chance to escape. However, we shall leave nothing undone that might lead to his capture. Several persons have told us that this man made threats against the life of the aged rancher, and it is possible when he saw the purse filled with money he could not withstand the temptation to kill his employer. I am certain, if we find Swain, or the man who called himself Swain, the mystery will soon be solved."

TEACH HIM THE GAITS

Don't Rear an Ice Cream Boy to Go Lame Later On.

If you have a kid growing up, don't try to make a Lizzie boy of him, or a "mamama's darling." Let him mix it and come up with the lurch.

The other day a dozen or so youngsters were doing their stunts and having their fun on Seventh street, next to the Courier office, and having seven kinds of a jolly and dirty time. One 12-year-old stood back and watched the sport, and because he would not get in the game he was the butt of the jokes and the contempt of almost every youngster in the bunch.

But this boy's mother didn't approve of these rude games--the observer didn't have to be told that Johnnie was too delicate a child for this rough sport. He had been taught to read and play house games in place of this street rattle. He had been brought up not to get dirt on his knees nor soil his collar, taught to keep a safe distance from the street gamins and if they attempted to molest him, not to fight, but run home.

A spectator could only feel sorry for the poor kid. Down in his heart there was a little bit of that boy roughness left that mother had not quite cultivated out of him, and there was just a little boy pride left that made him want to get in and rough it and hit the kid on the nose who was calling him "baby."

But environment and advice had got in his work, the fear of mamma's scolding had sapped the ginger, and he was a cowardly, wise, little old boy.

Teach your youngster to play his own game, for if you haven't a bushel of money to leave him he'll live to one of these days. Let him hit the sharp corners now, for someday he'll have to and they'll be all the sharper then.

If he can't take care of himself among the boys of his own age when he is twelve years old, don't you be looking for him to write his name on any roll of fame when he passes twenty-five--for there won't be any laying around that the weakling can reach.

Let him rough it a little, scrap a little, dirty his clothes considerably, and some-day both you and he will be glad of it.

ALL TO THE GOOD.

Hard Work and Entertainment Made Fair a Big Card.

Clackamas county's fair was a great big success this year and everybody is praising the entertainment and the managers for making it such. In every department but one, poul-

try, the exhibits far exceeded last year, and in attendance this year was considerably ahead of last.

Everything considered it was a great show. The exhibits were all that one could see anywhere, the races were extra good, the special attractions were good and the thousands of people were happy and good natured.

And only those who have been on the dead inside of making such a big show know what the work and anxiety is. We see it and enjoy it, but give little credit to those who assembled it.

There are a number of men who have put a lot of time and hard work into this county fair, who have stayed with it, boosted it and brought it up to where it can stand alone and grow each year, but when you come right down to the real work of success, the detail work, being on the job every minute and answering every call from a race protest to collecting the rent from a popcorn stand; seeing that everything is ready to start and at the same time being a bureau of information--well, this work falls on the secretary, and on him largely depends whether a fair swims or sinks.

Secretary M. J. Lazelle has worked his head off to make this fair what it was the first year, and he has made good. The entertainment was a howling big success, and his hard work of looking carefully after the many loose ends was a big part in making it such.

On page three there will be found the list of premiums and prize winners.

TEACHERS' WORK.

Outline of the Institute Held at the High School This Week.

The Clackamas county teachers' institute has been in session at the high school this week. The institute has been largely attended and much interest and benefit has resulted.

Many of the state's prominent educators have been in attendance and have had parts on the program. Superintendent of Public Instruction L. R. Alderman delivered the address Monday, his subject being "Oregon's School Laws," and he explained the laws in detail, showing the changes made by the last legislature. All certificates issued in June, 1911, and thereafter are in force for three years, they are issued by the board of election and are in force throughout the state. Certificates are of different kinds, as follows: One year, state, five years state, state life diploma, high school certificate, special certificates and temporary county certificates.

The new method of placing teachers at a greater advantage than formerly, for the present certificates are valid in many other states. Grades of over ninety secured at any teachers' examination may be carried forward in progressive certification provided the holder is engaged in teaching.

Miss Maud Langhead, primary department, Albany schools, delivered an interesting talk on art masterpieces. She exhibited a collection of copies of various pictures, and sketches, explained their meaning and gave sketches of the artists.

Dr. Calvin S. White, state health officer, delivered an interesting lecture, illustrated with stereoscopic views, to the teachers at the Methodist church, Monday night.

Prof. E. S. Evenden of the state normal school delivered an able address Tuesday, on the advance of educational methods in this state, and he held that modern educational facilities would do more than any one thing to attract people to Oregon.

Addresses were also given by E. D. Resler, of the Oregon Agricultural College; E. C. Carleton, deputy state superintendent of public instruction; Miss Campbell of Prang Educational Company; Miss Maud Langhead, primary department Albany schools, and Chairman Chaney, superintendent of the Douglas county schools.

In the evening the gentlemen teachers gave a reception to the ladies at the Commercial Club, where more than 300 attended. Mayor Brownell delivered an address and refreshments were served.

Wednesday afternoon there was a large attendance at the high school to hear Pres. W. T. Foster, of Reed Institute, speak on the subject "The Professional Spirit." Mr. Foster is an able speaker. F. G. Buchanan, president of the Clackamas County School League, spoke on "Spelling and Arithmetic Contests." H. M. James of Estacada, head of the debating department of the School League, gave an address on "Debating," and A. O. Freel, principal of the Barclay school, Oregon City, on "Athletics." County Superintendent Gary and the three county superintendents made brief talks to the teachers. Mrs. Neita Barlow Lawrence rendered vocal numbers before the lecture by Dr. Foster.

A Sight for Dogs.

There was a disgusting exhibition of beastly drunkenness at the depot Thursday noon--a man rolling on the sidewalk and vainly endeavoring to roll himself onto his feet and climb up the stairs onto the railroad. It was a spectacle to disgust, and it should be someone's duty to find out which saloon would sell a man liquor until he became in this state, and see that the saloon didn't sell to anyone hereafter.

COUNCIL MATTERS.

Street Improvement Work is of Most Importance.

Street improvement work was the main business before the city council Wednesday night. Bids for the improvement of Monroe street, from the south side of Fourth to the north side of Fourteenth, were opened. The bid of the Oregon Engineering Co. was \$24,208 and that of Harry Jones \$27,572.

An ordinance was passed to improve Fourteenth street from the east line of Main street to the west line of Washington.

An ordinance was read for the first time providing for an assessment for the improvement of Sixth street, from High to Jackson.

Contractors Moffatt & Parker were ordered to cover exposed water pipes at Monroe and Eleventh streets.

A license was refused to A. Klebe to sell liquors at his beer saloon on Main street.

An ordinance providing for a sewer at Greenpoint was passed. Policeman Green was given a two weeks' vacation on full pay.

A resolution providing that bids be asked for the public comfort houses in McLoughlin Park and at the east approach of the suspension bridge was adopted.

The Oregon Engineering Co. bid \$1088.31 for improving Water street and Harry Jones \$921.

The reports of the chief of police, treasurer and recorder were read. That of the former showed that 106 tramps were arrested in September and the city had collected \$127.50 in fines.

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WANT ANDRESEN FOR MAYOR.

Citizens Petition Him to Head the Ticket.

NO POLITICS OR PARTY DEAL.

Business Men and Citizens of All Parties Join in Request.

For several weeks the several candidates for mayor of Oregon City have been flitting with the public, and their respective backers have been urging them to get in the game.

This week the people took the initiative and did the asking--in the form of a petition to William Andresen, asking him to be a candidate for mayor.

The petition is not a party paper. It is a citizens' request, signed by all parties alike, and it embraces the representative citizens and business men of the city, irrespective of party or politics.

This request to Mr. Andresen is a high compliment, a notice that he stands ace high with the people generally, and a request that he cannot well refuse.

Mr. Andresen has served six years on the board, and he wants to step down and out.

The petition asks him to stay on the job and step up higher.

It is true that the office of mayor is a weight on any man who has a business to steer, and a hindrance rather than a help to any man who is honest and who would do his level best for his city. But if all men took this view of the matter, a city's government would go to the dogs--and politicians.

A man who rings true, who would be dead honest and give his city the best that was in him, is the man who must respond to the call of volunteers. He isn't hunting the job--the people are hunting him.

The voters of Oregon City are not asking Mr. Andresen what his politics are--they are asking him to become a candidate for mayor. Half of them don't know whether he's a Republican, Democrat or What Not, and the other half doesn't care.

Our city is coming to the front. If half of the prospects materialize, the next three or four years will see some big changes, and bigger business here. And with it must come city improvements. To meet this, the people want an honest level-headed mayor to head the city's government--and they are asking Mr. Andresen to be their man.

If he will consent to run--and he can hardly refuse after this action of the people--there is no doubt of his election, and the probabilities are there will be no candidates against him.

Party politics has no place in a city election. It's the right man for the place, and when you find such a man, never mind who he voted for president in 1908.

It is but a question of time, probably a question of another year, when Oregon City will be governed by a commission, when men will be hired and paid for their work. But until this can be brought about we must have a mayor--and the people have asked Mr. Andresen to give one more year's efforts to the city. With his acceptance, his election will be but a matter of form.

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WE GIVE SERVICE

WE GIVE SERVICE

Before You Move Investigate

Be sure your home has that important modern convenience--Electric Light. There are many such and they are in great demand by those who know how to enjoy them. The modern electric light is so much better than any other that, no one need hesitate about the cost. There has been perfected the MAZDA lamp which gives twice as much light as ordinary electric lamps using an equal amount of electricity.

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