

"DON'T START ANOTHER PANIC"

Wall Street Sends out its Scare Talk.

OLD WOMAN CAN START ONE.

Our Beautiful Financial System Makes them Dead Easy.

If the newspapers and voters continue to harrow business interests with these useless investigations, some day we will have a panic that will make us all take notice.—Whittier (Cal.) Register.

In many of the big and little papers of the country we read similar threats under striking heads, "Give Business a Chance," "Breeding Panics," etc. This stuff comes from Wall Street and the big trusts. It is sent out to scare the people, to make them let up. It is entirely possible for big business to pull off a panic, but it is expensive and they only prescribe it in serious cases.

In fact a panic is about the easiest thing in the world to start. It is possible for some old woman who can neither read nor speak the English language to start a panic that may be felt by ninety million people. It is not only possible, but even probable—almost easy.

She may be a Dago banana peddler in the slum districts of New York, and all that is necessary to start a national scare and panic is to have ten or fifteen dollars on deposit in some savings bank.

She tells a sister of Italy she hears the bank is not safe—and that lights the fuse. The sister tells a brother Dago the bank is "no good—a for damn," and before night a bunch of scared, half-civilized, ignorant depositors are in front of the bank to draw their little savings.

And a "run" has started. Across the street is a laboring man. He can read, write and talk our language. He is a man of the middle class who has some sense and judgment. He watches the panic-stricken foreigners fighting for a place in line to get their money.

Down the street in another bank he has a few hundred dollars stowed away. He knows what runs do to banks—he's seen them—so he concludes tomorrow he will go down and draw it—just to play safe for a few days.

And in the morning he finds a hundred or two other men who have reasoned the same way, standing in line waiting for the bank to open. These men are also playing it safe.

Red headlines in extra editions of the dailies could not quicker scare the city and breed calamity, than this line of white-faced men before a bank. And every minute it grows longer.

Another "run" is on. Then the capitalist, who has money on deposit, draws out a part of it to have it on tap in case his interests crowd him.

The bank to protect itself, calls in its loans and refuses new ones. It wants the coin, and wants it bad. It must stop the run.

The manufacturer who depends on this bank for cash to swing his business is informed that they cannot let him have the cash—cannot renew the loan.

So he is forced to shut down for a time, possibly by the sheriff, and he forces the jobbers he is supplying to meet their obligations.

The jobber is obliged to call in salaried men and suspend the business. And so it goes like the story of the H. U. that Jack built.

This is simply following out one of the thousands of threads that weave into good or bad times in this country.

Chancellor M. Dupew said in a recent speech that 95 per cent of the business of this country is done on credit.

I want you to realize this. Five dollars cash representing a business of one hundred dollars.

Then let the old Dago dame yell fire, and business rushes for the escapes.

When a man positively knows he CANNOT get his money, then he will be one of the frantic to rush the bank and do it so he NEVER can get it. If he knows he CAN get it, he doesn't want it.

And here is where a bunch of humans, supposed to reason, and a bunch of sheep, supposed not to, are just about alike.

We rush the bank, break it, and ruin a dozen more prosperous businesses dependent on it.

And when I read the editorial heads above "Don't Breed Panics," I look around for the banana peddler, and I find she has put on a pair of pants and her name is Big Squeezes.

She tells you beware of a panic—to look out for hard times when our great west alone is dumping a seven billion dollar crop into active demand, and when our country is going forward in development by leaps and bounds.

The people of the country don't want to scare business, but they want honest business, they want to scare out the robbers. And doesn't it seem mighty funny that the prosperity of a country could be riddled by one lone fruit peddler? Isn't there something rotten in a financial condition when a yell of fright, or a line of depositors can start a panic, or when a dozen big men can combine and force one?

Isn't there a splendid opportunity for congress?

And we Gladly Make it Good.

Logan, Ore., Oct. 9, 1911. Editor Courier: Harding Grange took the blue ribbon and first prize and Warner Grange second at the county fair, but these were not given in the list in last week's Courier.

"Weens" feel a little slighted.

Yours Truly, O. D. ROBBINS.

J. J. Mallett visited friends at Mulino, Sunday.

LONG BEFORE COLUMBUS.

Deserted Ruins of the Ancient Cliff Dwellers.

HOMES THAT WERE HOLES.

Monuments of a Past that Too Few Americans have Seen.

(This letter of the Cliff Dwellers' ruins was written by the Courier editor November last for a syndicate of newspapers.)

For more than a mile the white cliff homes of our first Americans rise up from the level to a height of from 200 to 600 feet, and so close together are they but a thin space of the soft rock separates them.

It is a strange sight for us foreigners—we Columbus Americans—who don't know our country.

Hundreds of years ago, no doubt thousands of years ago, these cliffs stood perpendicular, but time and erosion of wind and rain have crumbled and broken down the rocks, and where four or five stories of human homes were once chiseled, now in many places but two and three stories stand, the crumbling rock and the wash of accumulations from above having buried the lower or ground floor rooms.

When these cliff homes were dug there was no iron in New Mexico. They were scooped, and by these prehistoric people, carved out by pieces of volcanic glass that they had traded many miles to the James (pronounced Hamez) mountains to find.

From the wash at foot of the cliffs I picked up several specimens of these glass tools, thick and as hard as a beer bottle, and as surely glass as I found in Pittsburgh. With these fragments the mountains vomited up, these little cliff men burrowed out their homes.

The formation of the rock is soft—well, simply ashes—and I took a knife blade and soon made an excavation that would hold my fist. But these men did not have knives or any metallic substances, and I do not wonder their homes were not made larger when they had only these fragments of glass to dig them with.

I commenced on the ground level (what is now the ground) and went down the line, crawling into almost every home, and I will never forget the impressions of awe and mystery they gave me.

The first room, the living room, of almost every cliff house, is the same, and inside they vary only in the number of additions carved out, and I suppose these were regulated by the size of the family and the amount of glass on hand. Almost every room has one excavation leading from it, but very few of these second rooms are high enough for one to stand erect or long enough to lie down.

The Indian farmer, who has custody over the Puye cliffs, said that this one common side room seems to have been a grave, and that when a member of the family died he was put in this little round room, in a sitting position, and then the room walled up and plastered over. He said that excavations in many of the rooms had proven this, and many skeletons had been found, not mummified, sitting in a sitting position on the floor, with back to the rock, or in many cases, forward on the floor of the cave, faces down.

So I take it that these second rooms, chiseled out, plastered and left open, were graves waiting for someone to die, and when they died the corpses were walled in, and another grave dug—to be in readiness, that the funeral ceremonies might not hitch. And yet, as I will tell you later, there is a great burial ground on the mesa above where hundreds of skeletons lie.

Every home is plastered, covered with cement, and some have many coatings. That is they are plastered about half way up the walls, and you can plainly see where the plaster ends, and where the smooth, concrete, or rather the plaster, is in the highest part of the oval rooms, so it seems that the walls were plastered only so high up as would dry a shirt waist when Mrs. Cliff Dweller was sitting on the floor with her back to the wall.

In one room I took my knife and cut through seven layers of plaster, one laid over the other, and each strata clearly distinguishable. Whether these layers were put on once a year or once in a hundred years I can only guess.

On every side of these oval rooms are various sizes of niches, out into the walls and plastered. Some are high up, some on the floor level—all shapes and sizes. We can only wonder at their use, but no doubt they were the sideboards of those days, and receptacles for the family necessities. One in particular was just the size for a baby's bed, and perhaps it was.

In one room, plainly discernable, was what was once the opening of one of the larger rooms, mentioned above, and an oval room on the plaster showed the opening had been closed long after the rest of the room had had its coat. Mr. Hoag, the custodian, said that no doubt a skeleton was sitting just on the other side of the wall. Oh, for pick and thirty minutes, when the guard wasn't there! I would have dug out this fellow, rattled his bones and asked him what it was all about. One house, just about the middle of the long cliff, and where a stone stairway led up to the entrance, was different from all the rest. It was a double home or rather where a home had once been built and then another added, making one room, double the size of nearly all of the other hundreds of rooms of the cliff.

Let me explain that every house is built alike, about 6x10, every one has a door opening, just big enough to crawl through on hands and knees, and that every house has an opening just above the door, about 12 inches round, for a smoke hole.

And there is inside of this house could be as plainly seen as if it were done yesterday, where one door and smoke hole had been walled up. Small stones were laid up in the wall and plaster spread between, and when the work had been completed, the wall was joined to the older plaster on the wall.

And here I saw a mark I will never forget—the print of a human hand on the plaster, the imprint of the Cliff Dweller who did the job. How long it had been there none of us knew.

And now let me tell you something about some relics I dug from the floor of a cliff home priceless relics to me of an unknown age and civilization.

At noon the custodian had returned to his tent to meet some forest ranger for the little Indian uprising had caused some excitement. The distance was four miles. The driver had laid down for a nap. I watched the man disappear down the canyon. I remembered a cave that had partitioned lately interested me as having the walled opening and as having so many more small rooms out from it. I took an empty pear can from where we had lunched, battered the open end down like a wedge, and then I went up the ladder to this ruin like a squirrel.

And there in the dust of ages blown in from the desert, brought in by the rock squirrels and birds, I dug, dug frantically for some relic, while the powder dust filled my eyes and ears.

And I found a treasure trove. There I uncovered small, wizened bits of corn cob, nearly mummified by this dryest air on earth, and there I found a part of an ear of corn with the kernels on, and just as plain corn as if I had taken it from a New York state feed store. It is as black as coal, both the kernels and cob, and the kernels are as brittle as coffee berries and black as the way through. From the quarts of dust I carried out to a better light, I found a dozen or more separate kernels, which I gathered and treasured like diamonds.

For an hour I frantically dug to the rock floor almost every inch of the space, but only in this one corner did I find anything but broken bits of pottery—and I found many of these fragments.

Beside the one perfect section of a corn ear I found the tapering tip of another ear, with the small kernels at the end, and five small pieces of cob wizened to the size of your finger.

I noted that as soon as exposed to the light and air the kernels on the cob could be easily rattled off, and how to save my treasures was the question. I climbed down from the cliffs, shook off the dust, and put the relics in my hat, and got back to the wagon just in time to meet Mr. Hoag on his return.

Later, as I sat talking with him, and forgetting my treasures, I pushed up my hat, and two or three ancient kernels of corn fell down over my modern forehead. I believe I was scared pale, not so much because I had been forbidden to dig, but because I was afraid of losing my treasures. But he did not notice the loss. I have the relics now safely packed in cotton, in tin boxes in my suit cases, and when I get home I will plant some of the kernels and see if I can't raise a crop of Before Columbus corn.

I have exhausted my space and haven't told you half. I have yet to tell you of the stairway, the trails the kiva and what a sight met my

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TWO SIDES TO A CANAL STORY.

A Big Ditch Over Which Men Disagree.

ONE IS RUIN, ONE IS BUSINESS

And who Shall Save the Patient When Doctors Disagree?

The following article is a statement of T. W. Sullivan, the hydraulic engineer of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Co., and it is this view on the proposition of the proposed east side canal.

The Courier has often invited opinions on any subject, provided that the source of the writer is given, and we willingly give place for Mr. Sullivan's views. And at the close of the article we give the other side of the matter, and answer some of the assertions Mr. Sullivan makes:

"I am convinced that the construction of the canal on the east side in this city as planned by the engineers will result in inundating the lower end of Main street during the winter season. In fact, the construction of a canal as proposed by the government will undoubtedly cause great damage to this section of Oregon City during freshets.

This will be brought about by the building of a crib wall eleven feet above the low water mark, as indicated on the plans, for a distance of 1000 feet from Mill A of the Hawley Pulp & Paper Company directly through the basin and to a point above the top of the falls. This wall starts at the last lock of the canal, known as Lock 4, and follows the crest of the concrete dam for 400 feet. At this point it trends southeast for a thousand feet and, arriving at a point in the basin, it angles and continues for about 800 feet more in a southwesterly direction.

"This wall (intended to provide for a safe entrance from the main channel of the river to the canal during the high water period) will have a marked tendency to back the water up from the river into the Southern Pacific tracks, make a natarium of the Portland Railway, Light and Power Co.'s right of way, destroy the water works or change Main street into a mill race.

It is a well known fact that the construction that the government may destroy property at will without compensation, and Mr. Sullivan must rate the government engineers as babies at the game if they cannot dig a canal and provide for safety.

It is a well known fact that lower Main street overflows every year now, because the owners of the dam do not raise the retaining walls, but the proposed locks will not add to this as before stated, and it is held by many that the canal will abolish this overflow.

The secret of the whole article is in the last paragraph, which says: "The natural place for the locks is to be found on the west side."

Oregon City doesn't care which side the locks are, but it DOES CARE WHICH SIDE IT WANTS THEM BUILT.

Simply stating where "the natural place" is doesn't get us anything, or tell us how to get anything.

To the people of Oregon City and the Willamette valley this statement simply means discouragement for the present project, delay of the matter, and final abandonment or the purchase of the west side locks.

There is no other proposition or consideration before the government than east side locks. Why we don't get the east side we lose out—for years at the best, and probably for good.

It is simply a question of whether we want the canal project to go forward, and by keeping your eyes open you can easily see who do and WHO DO NOT want it.

"This situation is certainly worthy of deep study on the part of those who are interested in giving Oregon City the advantages of a new canal. It is generally conceded that the citizens all want free locks and while this is true the methods should be followed that will give free locks with the least harm to the industrial progress of Oregon City. The danger of inundation from the construction of this crib wall is of more importance to the people here than the canal itself. It certainly must appeal in that manner to the sensible business man.

"The Hawley Pulp & Paper Company, the Crown Columbia Pulp & Paper Company and the Oregon City Manufacturing Company are all agreed that the establishment of this canal on the east side will produce but one result and that is injury to their water power. They assert that the canal loss need to go through their buildings to destroy their property, for their existence is entirely dependent upon their power, and obstructing the flow and backing up the water, as it were, to a higher stage by erecting a crib wall eleven feet high means to them inundation, elimination of high water power and necessarily a diminution of their low water power.

"Major McIndoe, in his report, asserts that the elimination of water power is not a matter upon which the parties injured may make claims to damages. In other words, Major McIndoe assumes the position that the government can destroy all the water power of Oregon City for navigation purposes and not pay a cent for the loss. Whether that is good law or not is a matter for the courts to determine, but it is quite evident that before making an appropriation to destroy the interests which are so thoroughly involved in Oregon City's prosperity, the future of Oregon City is wrapped up in its milling interests, because they use the water power which enables them to give employment to milling hands. Primarily Oregon City's future rests in this employment. To injure it in any way is going to work harm upon the town and upon its future. The conservation of the water power in Oregon City is a matter of life and death to the town and its future.

Now if the Indians will only be good one more day and let me get out with my tin box of relics, then they may have this dried up and deserted land, and the spirits and ravens may guard the graves of these little old men of the long ago.—M. J. Brown.

gon City is of as great importance to everyone here as is the construction of free locks for the benefit of the people living in the upper valley. The failure to build locks on the east side does not mean that Oregon City will not or cannot have free locks. The natural place for them and where the least harm will be inflicted is to be found on the west side."

A doctor, astronomer or chemist may make a statement to an ordinary business man, and he will have to take it on trust—because he doesn't know the game.

An engineer, surveyor or contractor may tell an Oregon City man just what he happy pleases about the lock proposition here, and while we may not agree with him, we can't dispute him, because we don't know the game.

But some of the statements of Mr. Sullivan have been taken up and threshed out by our citizens and the Commercial Club, and they don't scare, and others the Courier has taken up with competent authorities.

The main point made by Mr. Sullivan is the probable flooding of lower Main street during high water, and he has studied the plan of the locks carefully he would not have made it.

This fear won't scare, for the best of reasons, that ample provisions have been made against any such contingency, and one has but to study the maps to see this is nothing but a big nightmare on paper—not on the canal plans.

The maps of the work, as regards the crib wall, show many openings are provided, 50 to 100 feet wide, and across these openings will be a moving mass of logs, that will rise and fall with the different stages of water, so that nothing in the shape of boats, great or small, could go over, yet at the same time providing for a free flow of water.

The matter of a guard lock through the absence of which Mr. Sullivan sees another flood, is simply a detail of the work, and if the government sees this guard lock is necessary one will be provided, when the exact location of the canal is determined, but at present it is questionable whether it is a necessity. The government engineers will decide this matter when the plans are completed.

As to the intake at the water works plant, this is simply another detail the government will take care of at the proper time, and one Oregon City will not get excited over.

The government engineers are not coming out here to ruin industries, turn the river into the Southern Pacific tracks, make a natarium of the Portland Railway, Light and Power Co.'s right of way, destroy the water works or change Main street into a mill race.

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CROWDING IN A LATE REFORM.

Commission Government Proposed at 11:30.

IT WON'T KEEP UNTIL SPRING

But it's all Right to Spring it Now, if it is On the Level.

There is a live sentiment for a commission form of government in Oregon City. There has been this sentiment for many months, but the sentiment had no man to lead it.

Lately a big independent petition for William Anderson for mayor has been in circulation, and when it had on it the names of half the voters of Oregon City, with more being added every day, then, presto! this commission form finds a ready head, and it is proposed to adopt it, to present it to the people, and to do it so quick it will blow your hat in the river.

But regardless of whether political fear or general sentiment brings this matter so speedily forward, it doesn't matter, so long as it is brought forward. It is the one wise form of governing a city. It puts its running on a business basis; puts a responsible head to it, and makes that head responsible—just as the postoffice department at Washington makes Postmaster Randall responsible for the postoffice in this city.

It doesn't so much matter whether the commission government is put into practice the coming year, or twelve months from then, BUT IT DOES MATTER in what way it is put into form and power—whether it is to be a wise, economical, practical government, or whether it is to be a charter loaded down with jobs, salaries and political deals and favors.

The whole success depends on the charter, its provisions and the honesty of the men who frame it.

It depends on whether it is turned loose on a public thirty minutes before voting time, and before the people can understand and digest it, or whether it is given to them in ample time to thoroughly understand it and be