

THE BIG GAME AS WE PLAY IT.

At the Finish the Loser is the Winner.

A LITTLE TALK OF BIG THINGS

Whether you win or Strike out Depends on Point of View

When you were a young fellow, and full of that self importance, the world need not you to make it roll around regularly, you used to look around ahead at some fellow who you thought had the world by the slack of the pants and conclude that if you could ever get that far up there was nothing left to long for.

But success is a relative proposition, you find that out later. As a boy you have a ten horse power yearn to get up on the top shelf and sit side of the man you have hung up as your example, while he is lying awake nights thinking out how he can better his present dissatisfying position and pull up beside the fellow a little higher up.

And the fellow he is trying to catch is bending his energies and barking his shins trying to get higher up where he can shine brighter.

And so it goes, in this age of ambition and serop an.

Within two weeks an instance, bearing out that success is a something in name only, came to the writer's observation, when a minister in one of Portland's wealthy churches wrote to a friend that he would be obliged to give up his pastorate and get for an assignment in a small town where he could make both ends meet.

Now about ninety-nine men out of a hundred would point out this minister's position and career as having made good—as success.

He had a salary of \$50 a week, a beautiful home, pleasant surroundings, and to one in his audience it would seem that he had about all that was coming to him. Twice a week he delivered 30-minute sermons and received \$25 apiece there.

What more could a man ask? His minister wrote he could not make both ends meet and he must have something better. And his idea of something better was a place away back down the line—the same place he passed years ago—the place from where he once saw success as the place he now filled.

The fellow who does the hunting is about the only judge of the quality of success. It depends altogether on who measures it.

No two of us have the same way of sizing up a matter, and if we had a standard and measured success like a cord of wood, there would soon be a glut on this market.

It is mighty hard for a man to be satisfied, and perhaps it is well so. The dissatisfied, uneasy, ambitious

are the ones who make a country. A rolling stone doesn't gather moss, but we don't need moss.

I know a man who has spent the better part of his life as a rolling stone, and people point him out as a failure, but this man is the greatest success by his own measure. Born with a gipsy's disposition to roam, he has indulged it, and while he is a dismal failure as to piling up money, he has lived and learned. He is old and poor, but happy. Life has been full of what to him was necessary to make it worth living, and he is yet happy in anticipation of travels yet to come.

And I know another man who has always lived in the one place, and who will die there, a contented, happy, successful man—by his measure. His yard stick was a home, a family and money in the bank.

Each of these men is a failure by the other's measure, and neither has a right to judge.

Happiness and content are success, and these are about all there is to the game.

If you can steer things to make them go as you want them to go, you are getting about all that is laid out for you.

If they are coming wrong, and you can't make them break right, then you are a time server, and you might as well put on the stripes, or get a new start.

In the western part of the state will act as agents for the company in the sale and distribution. The splendid assets behind these bonds and the great success of the company in putting this road far beyond the point of uncertainty, make them a safe investment, and their sale will be no trouble.

From the starting to the present this railroad undertaking has been a success that will be pointed to all over Oregon as what may be done if you can hitch up the right men to do it.

It doesn't need eastern capital and eastern promoters to build an Oregon railroad where one is needed. It simply needs men who have faith in the undertaking, faith in themselves and men whom the people have faith in—then building railroads is dead easy.

And, by the way, what these men have done in railroads can be applied to other enterprises, and they can be brought through to just as successful an end and be made to pay good dividends to the stockholders and big dividends to the city.

Get together, pull together, take the knives out of your boots and take the money you put into advertising Oregon into some labor-providing, farmer-draw-g enterprise, and the work will be its own advertising.

You will never have to advertise for men to come to Oregon City or Clackamas county when you have something they want here, and if you haven't the want, you certainly don't need them.

Let's railroad.

A petition asking William Beard to be a candidate for city councilman in the third ward is being circulated and liberally signed in that section of the city. Mr. Beard stands high with the people and he would make a popular councilman.

BOOMING THE CLACKAMAS ROAD.

Hustling Both Ends and in the Middle.

NEWELL BRIDGE NEXT WEEK.

A Little Outline of Progress and a Moral at the End.

The Clackamas Southern is going some these bright days, and Manager Swift is getting sixty seconds out of every minute and trying to wedge in more.

The big trestle bridge from the grade at the point of the hill to the Southern Pacific railroad is almost completed, and it has risen like a mushroom in the night. The big piles are all in, driven from 15 to 25 feet, the frame work and big timbers are down and the structure is practically ready for the ties.

The bridge is built standard. It is identical in structure and strength with the viaducts on the Northern Pacific, and it will be permanent until such future day as the company thinks best to fill the span.

All along the line from Oregon City to Molalla every day is being made the most of, for as Manager Swift says one day of this fall weather is worth three of the winter's rainy days.

If weather holds favorable, three weeks more will see the grade complete from this city to Beaver Creek, and the bed ready for the ties.

Next week work will be commenced on the big bridge over the Newell creek canyon, and this will be a big undertaking. The canyon is deep and in places the bridge will be 125 feet high. It will take 600,000 feet of lumber for the structure, or to give you a better understanding the logs required for the work put end to end would reach a distance of five miles. There are twenty car loads of ties ready for delivery at Hubbard, a contract under way for ten thousand more, and a part of the rails will soon be delivered.

The unloading of these supplies will be at this end of the road, where the laying of ties and rails will start, and in places the bridge will be 125 feet high. It will take 600,000 feet of lumber for the structure, or to give you a better understanding the logs required for the work put end to end would reach a distance of five miles. There are twenty car loads of ties ready for delivery at Hubbard, a contract under way for ten thousand more, and a part of the rails will soon be delivered.

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The canal will not touch their property or come anywhere near it, but they jump in with a row of damage figures long enough to make Morgan sweat the government, and if they are worth these enormous sums, why aren't they paying taxes on some-where near the value?

At the west side route the Journal says:

The price of \$600,000 set by the owners on the Oregon City locks is absurd. The company insists that the operation of the locks results in a deficit. If so, how does the property come to be worth \$600,000?

That isn't the point. The point is the government and the state have a big appropriation, and it isn't best to have any of it left over—to spoil. If the owners of the locks were trying to all them to private individuals they wouldn't first show that they were running behind on the investment each year and then touch for \$600,000. But the government is easy and doesn't often come to Oregon City. Well, he does, give him the gall, throw the hook into him.

And again the Journal voices public sentiment:

The absurdity of the whole spectacle is revealed in the apparent belief by these claimants that the Willamette river was originally created for the sole benefit of a few men who set up claims to vested rights at the falls.

Three weeks ago in an estimate of damages, one of the mills was reported to have stated that the proposed canal would seriously interfere with the use of the river for log, bo, m, etc.

And somehow this makes one ask for information that goes with the water power franchise at the falls, how much of the river above is thrown in with the rent, and have the mills a right to post "no trespass" signs as far up as Canby? Must the city pay for what water it uses from the intake and will they forbid the boys to bathe later on?

And when one gets to thinking along these lines he wonders wherein one gets the power to tie up a navigable river; how it has the right to stop a government's work for an open passage, and how far up or down the stream the interests really claim rights.

In a way the whole shine is amusing. For twenty years the citizens have worked hard for government aid, and when they finally get it, they can't use it.

Some cities would have had the route and the details all arranged for when the appropriation came, and would have met it with brass bands and a rat-fication meeting; they would have first got the right of way and been ready to put the men on the job the minute congress yielded.

While we have the money, but can't use it.

The government must wonder if the state bag house isn't located at the Willamette falls, and if there hasn't been a general outbreak.

IT'S "THROW UP YOUR HANDS."

A Hold-up Game, East Side or West Side.

IT'S PUBLIC MONEY, GO TO IT

God Made the Falls for Speculators, Get Your Grab.

Under the editorial head "Dizzy Figures" the Portland Journal puts a few straight over. On this matter of government locks in this city, and regarding the enormous indemnity values asked by private interests that paper says:

The truth is that a lot of fancy values are being thrown in the way of the government project at Oregon City. If private owners were paying taxes thereon they would ask for rights of way and other things needed by the government, there would be a perceptible lowering of the tax rate.

The latest report of damages on the east side was somewhere between two and three million dollars. Some of us know that it is the oldest continually inhabited Indian village in our country, and that is about all we do know.

Neither history nor tradition tells us when Zuni was founded. Some of us know that it is the oldest continually inhabited Indian village in our country, and that is about all we do know.

Once it was one of the famous "Seven Cities of Cibola," now it is a community of sun-worshippers, dog eaters and degenerates. Once its inhabitants were famous as missionary, blood thirsty savages, rebellious, outborders, weavers, pottery makers; but they are spiritless, depraved, filthy and live as beasts would not live.

It was the fabled hidden gold of Zuni that hundreds of years ago blazed a path across the desert plains from Mexico to the Rio Grande—and Zuni was an ancient pueblo then.

Coronado found this village 370 years ago, and how many hundreds of years it had been occupied before his coming, none know and few can make a reasonable guess.

And there it stands in the desert sunshine today, and there its 1800 inhabitants live just as they lived long before Columbus ever tried to pour it into the thick-headed Spaniards that there was another piece of the world over here.

Let me tell you something of this unknown old spot of our country—tell you some of the sights I saw there in the closing days of 1908—some of the things that you could hardly believe existed in this great country of ninety-three millions population.

Unlike the community dwellings of Laguna and Acoma Zuni is not cliff built. It is built on a level of ground on the bank of that little sluggish stream called the Zuni river. It is built entirely of adobe—sun-dried mud bricks—each house joining the other and reminding one of the plans of our modern stock yards. Years ago when the fighting Navajos were life on the outside walls of the Indian city were forts without doors or windows, but now doors have been cut through most of the outside walls. There is one common entrance, wide enough for a team to pass through, and once inside there are several acres of adjoining houses and cut up with narrow, irregular alleys. The whole city is one great communal house, and the inhabitants are one great family.

The streets, or alleys, are filled with Indians, dogs, pigs, turkeys, ducks, and many other instances of horrible cruelty and depravity that I saw in this village—or at least the reasons given by the few white men who live in this country.

For hundreds of years the Zunis have lived in this one village, lived and inter-married in this one family, until they are all, or nearly all, blood relatives. They have degenerated until nearly all the old instincts and arts, excepting possibly cunning and cruelty, have been bred out of them, and they now are debased, cowardly and many other instances of horrible cruelty and depravity that I saw in this village—or at least the reasons given by the few white men who live in this country.

I saw an Indian ride into the village and dismount from a burro, and I noted a stream of blood running down the conkey's shoulder. The trader showed me the cause. On the animal's shoulder was an old sore, a sore kept constantly irritated by the master, and when he wanted the conkey to go faster he would prod this wound with a sharp stick. It was so much easier than swinging the quirt on the tough hide, and the Indian enjoyed it so much more. A hog was running the streets with a great sore on its lower jaw, a part of which an Indian had cut off because it crowded the pigs away from the street refuse and got more than his share.

Farther down the street I ran onto another interesting sight, but this one while a little repulsive to our age and

OUR COUNTRY'S UNKNOWN ZUNI.

A City of Sun Worshipers and Dog Eaters.

BACK BEFORE COLUMBUS' DAY

Living as they Lived before the Conquest in Zuni Today.

Forty-eight miles by wagon road south from the little desert town of Gallup, in a remote and practically unknown corner of New Mexico, close to the Arizona line, is Zuni—that pyramid of gray mud houses, forming the most wonderful communal dwelling on the western continent.

It is wonderful, weird, gruesome, fascinating and revolting. It is a community and a people of the far past ages living in the present—an Indian pueblo whose inhabitants lived where they now live ages before a white man's foot ever touched America.

And yet but few of us so-called Americans know anything about Zuni and its strange people, living in our midst.

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Farther down the street I ran onto another interesting sight, but this one while a little repulsive to our age and

tastes, was more humane, in fact an act of mercy. Sitting in the sun were two warriors. One had his blanket off, his back bare, while his neighbor picked from his person and his rags body lice, and ate them, with apparent relish. This was combining mercy and necessity, and I considered it a sign of progress.

There are Indians over six feet tall, splendid figures of manhood from a distance, but on close inspection their wrists are not half the size of a woman's. There are squaws, broad shouldered, fat-faced and full-breasted, whose legs below the knees are not as large as their arms.

But one of the strangest marks of inter-marriage that I saw in this village was two albino Indians—pale-blooded Zunis. There are four in the pueblo, it is said. They are as light as any white man, with straight, white eyebrows and almost pink eyes. I could not believe that these men were Indians until close inspection showed the unmistakable features, the high cheek bones and the Indian hair.

The Zunis dress and live in the same manner as they did before they ever saw a white man's face. They all wear the bright-colored band about the forehead, the hair, about a foot long, braided and looped up with red yarn; all wear the Indian blankets, bought from the Navajos; the turquoise is worn in ear-rings, bracelets, beads, finger-rings and belts. The turquoise is to the Indians what a diamond is to the American, and silver of equal value with our gold.

I doubt if an Indian would pick up a gold ring if he found one. The squaws wear bangs low down on the forehead, many wear them below the eyes, they all wear the blanket, leggings and moccasins.

It is a curious sight to sit on the opposite side of the river and watch Zuni. You will see an Indian approach the village from the opposite side from the main entrance. He will go into the first house that has an entrance, climb up a ladder that protrudes from the roof, and then run over the tops of the houses to his pen. It is so much nearer than following the crooked alleys. And at sunset you will see the aged Indians climb to the tops of the houses and there sit and watch the sun go down.

One startling sight that confronted me on my stunning trip was the sudden appearance of a maniac. He darted out of a mud hovel, stood directly in front of me, and glared with his wild eyes. His clothes were almost torn from him, and his long white hair was a mass of tangle. I began to think that the trader who told me I could drive these men out like a bunch of sheep had put one over on me. But the lunatic only stared at me and then went back. This man was to the Indians a witch, and while they feared him and hated him, not one would ever dare touch him, or refuse him food.

Nix for the camera in Zuni—it is barred. I had a pocket size Eastman, and wore my overcoat to hide it. They were having a sport day, horse-racing and stick throwing, and I wanted some pictures. A big Zuni, the only English speaking Indian in the village, soon had me spotted. "Taking pictures," he asked. "No," I replied. "Just looking around," he again asked, and when I nodded he went away, but I noted that he watched me continually. They will not allow a camera or a Mexican to enter the village if they can prevent, and it is only by caution and through tricks that one can get a snap—M. J. Brown.

(Continued next week.)

STATE CANAL BOARD SEE LOCKS

Governor West, Olcott, and Kay Make Visit.

REPORT IS NOT YET PUBLIC.

State Officials Entertained by the Commercial Club.

Oregon City was greatly honored last Saturday by the presence of Governor Olcott, Secretary of State Ben. Olcott, and State Treasurer Thos. Kay, who met here officially representing the state canal board, to investigate the proposed government canal and locks.

About the same hour arrived from Portland, Maj. J. E. Molndoe, government engineer, E. O. Thompson, advertising manager, W. T. Buchanan, of the P. R. L. & P. Co., all more or less interested in where the locks may be located.

Sight seeing started off promptly at one o'clock a. m., the guests being met at the station by about sixty citizens, who escorted the notables about the city in autos, viewing the Clackamas Southern railway grade and trestles, from there going over the proposed canal site, around the basin in launches, and around the river banks, giving all an excellent opportunity to look into the matter of just where the locks should be located, and listening to all the arguments pro and con from those who are interested financially and otherwise.

At about the noon hour, luncheon was served in the Mascotte banquet hall by the Oregon City Commercial Club, at which time President J. E. Hedges called upon different guests to give short talks.

Governor West stated that he saw no reasonable objection to locating the locks on either side of the river where they should be located, but his views on the matter were only of a personal nature and that the matter should have serious consideration by the board before their views could be given out. He spoke of the fact that the damages asked by some of the property holders on the east side were excessive, and that they were not entitled to receive a cent more than what their property was worth, and advised getting together, to see if a reasonable figure could be obtained, and stated that there was another remedy, the courts, if fairness was not shown by the interests. The Governor stated further that free locks were not so far off as one might think, as he stated that he believed that it would be a good idea to put out at interest the state appropriation, the interest on which would cover the toll now exacted, and that thereby the people would be given the same as free service until such a time as new locks could be built. He also reiterated the opinion of Major Molndoe, that the government owns the water power on the Willamette river, and intimated the indemnity might be ever so small if the government saw fit to proceed.

Secretary of State Olcott in his talk gave pleasing reminiscences of early days in this city when he assisted in the construction of our streets, complimenting Oregon City people on the present appearance of the city, coinciding with the governor's views that in the government locks proposition, the greatest good to the greatest number, and the best policy of Oregon City people.

State Treasurer Tom Kay has always had a warm spot in his heart for people in this city and the county, and stated that the fire therein was still burning, expressing his desire that some definite action might be had at once on the canal question, as the greatest benefits would result to the Willamette valley and people of the state if free locks could be constructed. In his talk he tossed bouquets to our highway commission and stated that the work of our local commission had done more to bring about speedy action and good results in the start of the highway work than any other body of men or efforts of counties in the state.

Major Molndoe gave a resume of the government work on the locks question up to the present time, explaining his position in the matter, setting practically at rest the feeling of uncertainty as to where the government desired the locks constructed, and why, and stated that he was acting under government orders to proceed to secure estimates of damages from property holders along the east side of the river, intimating when he had accomplished that task, the government would then proceed with their work, the initial work, of course securing reasonable indemnities. In the course of his talk the Major stated that in his opinion the plan of Governor West to place the state appropriation at interest might not work to the best advantage, as the government desired officially to know just when and in what amounts the state appropriation might be available, and placing it at interest might tie it up so that it could not be obtained when desired, and would thus make it non-avalable.

After the banquet the guests departed for Portland to go over the office work of Major Molndoe in connection with the plans of the government concerning the proposed canal and locks.

Mayor Petition Presented.

The petition signed by about four hundred representative citizens of Oregon City requesting him to be a candidate for mayor and pledging their support, was Thursday afternoon presented to Wm. Anderson.

Upon being questioned, Mr. Anderson stated he would take the matter under advisement for a few days before making any announcement.

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