

EVER BROKE AND DEAD HUNGRY?

Ever Know the Down-and-Out Feeling?

IF YOU HAVEN'T, YOU SHOULD

Read this Little Sermon and see How the Next Tramp Fares.

When a tramp comes to your kitchen door and tells you he is hungry, what do you tell him? The most of you tell him to drag it, that you aren't running an aid society for able-bodied men.

But it always strikes me that an able-bodied man gets just as hungry (and perhaps a little more so) than some sickly-looking fellow, just out of a hospital.

I know the strong arguments against feeding men strong enough to be piano movers or timber cutters. You say such men have no business begging; that they could get work if they would take it and hunt it, and that they are hobos or drunks or they wouldn't be hitting back doors for hand-outs.

Say what you will and argue as you may against these fellows, I know that they feel the pangs of hunger just as keenly as a strictly moral man, and I know that no hobo is going to come to your back door and touch you for the cats unless he is hungry—and I don't give a damn for the why or wherefore of that hunger.

I never refused a hungry man a hand-out if the house had it, and I never passed a cripple without a tip if I had a dime or a quarter that wasn't working.

That wise old "he may go out and put a chalk mark on your gate, and he may eat his lunch and call you easy picking."

That cripple may take your two-bits, buy a half pint of barrel house booze and have a "glorious (hic) good time" at night.

But that isn't the point. If you had to trace out just where your silver offering was going to bring up, or had to look up the life history of the Weary Willie before you gave him a slice of bread, a century plant would blossom before you got to it.

In is kept a ledger account of all a man's receipts and expenditures and where MOTIVES count bigger than the coin.

They say that when a fellow opens his heart and hands out a cripple a quarter and a tramp a sandwich these acts are recorded as credit memoranda against the sight drafts that come in.

But whether this is so or isn't so, whether you get credit at the great central bank of the Hereafter, or whether the transaction is never recorded, you get your full reward when you watch a hungry man put away a piece of bread or meat. You feel better, you are better, and you are more a man.

When the next cripple holds up his few pitiful little wares from the sidewalk, don't quarrel with your dime or examine his pencils or shoe laces to see if you are getting your money's worth, and don't ask him to make affidavits as to how he will spend the silver. Give it to him, don't take his pencil, and if you don't feel more than ten cents' worth more a man, come into the Courier office and get your money back.

When the next back door pilgrim says "Please, lady, will you give me a small bite to eat?" don't ask him to give you his family history and tell you all about How It Happened, but give him something that will stay by his ribs, give him a kind word and a smile.

Do these and there is a lot of you won't have to worry about when you join the Long Time Dead, and at night when you tuck the bed covers under your chin and get squared away for eight hours of death's cousin, sleep, I'll bet nuggets against marbles you will feel better and won't be half as liable to nightmare.

Election Officers Appointed.

The following officers have been appointed by the city council for the annual city election next month:

First ward—William Meyers, John Bradley and W. H. Trembath, judges; Alex Schram and Eben Chapman, clerks.

Second ward—S. S. Walker, S. F. Scripture and W. A. White, judges; Charles Kelly and Roy Cox, clerks.

Third ward—Samuel Francis, C. Goldberg and William Estes, judges; F. M. Darling and H. Brandt, clerks.

ZUNI, OLDER THAN COLUMBUS.

Its Strange People Live in our Country Today.

LONG BEFORE THE CONQUEST

Courier Editor's Visit to Wierd and Unknown Mud City.

I was getting ready to take some pictures of last week, when the typewriter stopped me. Last week, the Indians had already stopped me. As before stated they hate a camera and a Mexican with the old-time hatred. They hate the Mexican because to them he is a Spaniard, and to the Spaniard they attribute all the troubles and restraint ever laid on them, and they hate him for the religion he tried to found there. Being sun worshippers the Zunis have little time for churches and the white man's roads to Zion. They see God in the sunshine and hear him in the winds, and they don't want any churches, crosses and fancy doings.

But to get back to the camera and the interesting time I had trying to get to be good, lift the chin a little and look pleasant.

Their foot and horse races were outside the village and there I got a fairly good photograph, and none of the Indians made any objection, but the interior view, showing the burial ground and the abandoned mission, had difficulty in getting and only one of a dozen exposures was good. It was mid-afternoon when I tried. The driver went with me. Finding a good view I got out the camera, but before I could focus it a dozen squaws and Indians crowded in front, gesticulating and threatening. I would change my position and try it again, but they would get directly in front of the camera. If I had not been told that these fellows had not enough courage to harm a white man, I would not have had such enough to stay on the job, for their piercing black eyes and excited gestures made the venture look like a bad risk.

I gave up the attempt, put the camera in my pocket, and just as we left I slipped it to the driver, who took a hurried chance shot which is fairly good. Climbing on top of the double wall that encloses the burial ground I snapped the camera six times in an endeavor to get a view of the hundreds of skulls, arm bones, jaw bones, and ribs that lay on top and protruded from the ground, but the Indians would jump the double wall like squirrels and shut off the camera. But outside the village, where the aged Indians sun themselves along the river banks, I had no trouble in getting individual views, for these old fellows readily posed for me when I offered them smoking tobacco, apples, etc.

Hundreds of years ago, when the Spanish soldiers found Zuni, they tore out some of the houses in the center of the village and erected for the Indians a church, an exact counterpart of the famous San Miguel mission in Santa Fe, and enclosed the burial ground adjoining it. The Zunis, being sun-worshippers, did not take to the Catholic faith, and as soon as the soldiers left they butchered the missionaries and abandoned the church. Time and again the Spaniards endeavored to establish their religion there and convert the Indians, but the trader told me the missionaries did not hold out, and the attempt was finally abandoned.

The old church, dismantled, stands today. Its double walls are four feet thick, and the handsome hooded carvings on the old beams inside are as beautiful as the day the work was done.

But the burial ground—let me tell you something gruesome. It is one hundred feet square and for nearly four hundred years every dead Zuni has been buried there, and there is literally more bones than earth. When an Indian dies a shallow grave is scooped out on top of the other graves, the body is dumped in, and then the thickest of the scattered bones of the previous dead are kicked on top of the new corpse. Then to add to the horror, the village dogs had rooted a hole through the double wall, got inside and did a miscellaneous and very careless job of exhuming, and every where human bones are to be seen. The double wall was a splendid skull and bone dump, old, forgotten warrior, that I yearned for. The blowing sand for many years had given it a beautiful polish and it glistened in the sun. But the Indians were suspicious and there were living dead in the ground. I would give him five dollars if he would help me get it when darkness came. But darkness did not come. The night was full moon. We remained in the village until nearly midnight, but the Indians dogged our steps, and around the burial ground were a hundred or more dogs, for walls. They don't want their dead bones distributed by white men—hogs are a different proposition.

WHY DON'T WE WORK THIS OUT?

Why Doesn't the City Take More Interest?

THIS ISN'T A PRIVATE BENEFIT

County and City Should Both Work for Public Docks.

A Portland business man was in the Courier office Tuesday and he made the statement that if Oregon City would provide the means of cheap transportation between here and Portland it could greatly add to the growth of this city; that the high rents of Portland was forcing the salaried men to the suburbs, and that they would come here, and that our city could also be made an outing place for Portland's people and a popular Sunday resort of the county.

A farmer from Molalla told the Courier editor that if Oregon City would provide cheap transportation for farm products to Portland, this city might be made the shipping point and the central point of the county. The business men of the city and the Live Wires have before them a proposition to establish an independent boat line between here and Portland—a proposition that will largely reduce to most of Clackamas charges and a proposition to cut passenger rates more than half.

Business men have made a thorough canvass of the city and the sentiment is almost unanimous to take up the offer of Captain Hembree and endeavor to have cheaper passenger and freight rates between here and Portland.

But they run up against a snag when they get down to details. We have no wharf, no public place for competing boats to do business. At the foot of Twelfth street nature made a wharf for the city and left it there—for the fishes.

Major McIndoe says it is the finest natural wharf on the Willamette—for the fishes.

It doesn't need any blasting or dredging. It simply needs using. A public piled driveway from this dock to Thirteenth street, about half a block, can be built on an easy grade, along the sand bar back of Bosc's store.

Men who have figured on the work say the whole business, wharf and all, can be done for \$250,000.

STOCKHOLDERS WANT SMELTER.

They Have Full Faith in Ogle Mine Richness.

THEY WILL INVEST \$100,000.

Stock Jumps to Par and Stock Sales will Now Come Easy.

It is a pretty well assured fact now that Clackamas county will reap the benefits of what is destined to be one of her greatest industries, something entirely new and novel for this part of the West, that is, a great gold mine with smelter operation, and this in a not very far distant future, as the question was pretty well outlined at the meeting of the stockholders of the Ogle Mountain Mining Company, which was held last Monday in this city.

The Courier has from time to time had considerable to say about this mining operation which has been under the management and direction of the Fairclough boys, who have worked with untiring effort to make the mine what it now is, and whom the stockholders Tuesday told to go ahead with the great smelting plant.

The people of Oregon City and Clackamas county hardly realized the immensity of this great deposit of rich mineral and many have taboed the proposition from start to finish, but now that results are practically in sight and the great work of making it pay out well on its way, it begins to dawn on them that there is more to it than they ever dreamed of.

It is now the intention of the company to begin work at once to construct power plants and erect a smelter to take care of the great bodies of ore and it is hoped to see the first pay dirt run through before twelve months have passed.

The company have ample water power and endless leads of very rich ore, which will now pay handsomely, and further, as is well known in mining circles, the grade of ore is such that there is every reason to believe it will continue to grow richer, in the yellow metal, as the drill penetrates deeper into the bowels of the earth.

It developed at the meeting Monday that an opportunity would be given Clackamas county people to subscribe for stock at par, instead of disposing of the same to outside people, who have expressed a desire to put money into the industry. It is the intention of the company to put in a plant that will cost approximately one hundred thousand dollars. The latest improved machinery will be installed and there is some suggestion that the electric process will be used.

By a unanimous vote at the meeting Monday the same gentleman was elected as board of directors that served last year, together with the officers, who are as follows: President and general manager, J. B. Fairclough; vice president, Joseph Harless; secretary and treasurer, W. J. Wilson; the other gentlemen on the board are John Scott, Sol S. Walker, T. B. Fairclough. There were sixty-three stockholders present and it was a very enthusiastic meeting, the work of the year was well outlined by Manager Fairclough, who then showed the extent of the work and the immense ore bodies. There was an apparent eagerness of the stockholders to secure more stock and it was the unanimous decision to all pull together for something the coming year they will open the eyes of Clackamas county people.

DON'T PAINT SUNSETS

Tell the People the Real Truth about the Oregon County.

The idea of the Commercial Club to go into the newspaper business to advertise Clackamas county is a good scheme, a splendid scheme—with an if.

The "if" is if the paper takes hold of the matter and should be handled and gives the people of the east the straight matters.

Leading an easterner to believe that he can buy fat Clackamas county land, located by a macadamized road-side at \$20 an acre, isn't the way to get settlers.

It's the way to get knucklers. What we want to let the easterners know is that we have land that will raise almost anything that grows and raise more of it and grow it bigger than any place in the union, but give that man to understand he won't be able to find it in the shadow of the court house or on an automobile boulevard, and that he can't buy it for 15 cents an acre.

Show him we have the soil, but he must make of it the farm, make it produce, and that he must get in the work harness and stay on the job—the job of making this the greatest county in Oregon some day.

And above all the play to push is to get concerns that will make a market for the farm products, to get creameries and canneries to build. Do this, and you won't have to advertise for settlers.

Portland can't be a market for all Oregon. We must get in the concerns to take the output and make new markets.

And another play to push is new industries for this city, industries that will employ men and pay wages, and directly make a market for the farming country.

HE WILL ACCEPT.

William Andresen Says if the People Desire it He will Run.

Oregon City, Nov. 4.

To the citizens of Oregon City:—Feeling it my duty to extend my appreciation to the citizens, who have so generously signed the petition asking that my name be placed on the ballot for mayor, at the city election to be held Monday, December 4, 1911, I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks for the high esteem in which my services as chairman of the finance committee are held.

After careful consideration, I respectfully accept the nomination, and if elected, my aim shall be to execute all city affairs impartially and as faithfully and conscientiously as my ability will allow.

WILLIAM ANDRESEN.

The above letter is in response to the petition that was presented to Mr. Andresen last Thursday, a petition signed by over half the voters of the city, asking him to accept the nomination for president of the city for the coming year.

Of Mr. Andresen's election there is no doubt, and he will probably have a clear field and be the unanimous selection of the city.

The old order of lining up and scrambling for party places in municipal elections has passed. The people do not care what the politics of the man is, the quality is now the consideration. Men vote for the man, not his manager.

Mr. Andresen stands high with the voters of the city. They believe in his dead honesty and have had proof of his ability. When a man has served for six years on a city council and then has half the citizens petition him to accept a higher office, it is a splendid compliment to him, and a mighty strong expression of how the voters believe in him.

WE GIVE SERVICE WE GIVE SERVICE

If Your Neighbor Has Electric Light

and you have not, just step into his house some evening after dark and compare its light with your own. Study carefully each point of convenience, cleanliness, beauty carefully and then figure out for yourself if it would not pay you well to have your house wired for electric light at once. Electric light is cheaper and better today than ever before.

If your house is located on any of our distributing lines we shall be glad to advise you about having it wired and will give you more facts about the efficient electric lighting of your home.

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company

MAIN OFFICE SEVENTH & ALDER
PORTLAND

WE GIVE SERVICE WE GIVE SERVICE

Wait and Hope.

The looks proposition is now up to the secretary of war, and what the outcome will be is pure guesswork.

Some are of the opinion that the secretary will turn down the whole bundle of excessive rights of way and condemnation proceedings, while others think the excessive values will kill the whole matter and that free looks at the falls will be nothing more than bad dreams.

With the submission of the matter to Secretary of War Stimson, is in effect a condemnation of the engineers and the findings of the engineers, and no doubt these will have much to do with the government's action.

NEEDED.

Less Ordinances for our City and More Enforcement.

It's very easy to make laws, and every town or city generally finds its charter loaded down with a string of ordinances whose enforcement is ignored, except in cases where some individual has a personal spite and makes complaint against his neighbor and forces enforcement.

What is the good of dragging in a lot of ordinances that are never enforced?

If they are not to be enforced of what use are they? If there is not a demand for them why are they enacted, and if there is a demand why are they not enforced?

This city is like many others in this matter. We have a number of city ordinances that are simply dead ones half or the whole time.

We have a prohibition against begging in public places or at residences, but every week the business men turn them down in dozens.

We have an ordinance against fast auto driving, but they tear down our streets at four times the speed allowed.

We have bonfire restrictions, but every day in the week they are violated in the residence sections.

We have air gun restrictions, but kids in knee pants carry .22 rifles and shoot them about the streets.

We passed a full weight, full meas-

Prove This, It's Worth It.

If a business man would give the matter of bringing customers into his store one-fourth the attention he does his customer in his store, he would have a lot more customers to wait on.

Any business can be increased if a business head will give that end of it anywhere near the attention he does his customer in his store.

Any big business can be made bigger and a little business made big if the head of it will consider that advertising is of just as much importance to the business as having a clerk who knows his business, or of having the goods and the prices that people want.

But throwing together a handful of words at the last minute, and expecting the printer to make of it an ad that will force a run on the store the next day, isn't sense or business.

If a merchant will get right down to business and make advertising an important part of his business for three months; if he will give the advertising good heavy thought and careful attention he can prove to himself that it will pay a bigger investment than like attention to any other detail of his business.

Try out the proposition, and prove it. If it is what we state you want it, if not you can afford to find it out.

Letters to his parents here state that Kenneth Latonette, who is principal in a missionary college in China, was operated on for appendicitis some weeks ago, is getting along nicely.

FISH! FISH!

FRESH DAILY

Salmon, Halibut, Etc.

CRABS, cooked on the premises; OYSTERS, direct from the shell; CHICKEN to order; No Cold Storage stock in fish or fowl. Headquarters for OLYMPIA OYSTERS, the best on the Coast.

MACDONALD'S MARKET

Next, Wells Fargo

The high school football team will play the Newberg team at Gladstone Park, Saturday.