

1912, HOW WILL YOU PLAY IT?

Have you a "Swear Off" Ready to Start On?

IS IT THE HEAD OR STOMACH?

There's only One Kind That will Stick. Try That Kind.

There is no weaker virtue than one that has not been tried out. How dead easy it is to declare with all the sincerity of honesty that you will never, no, positively never, take another drink—when you have on the sickness of "the next day after." The next day after. Isn't it a corker, fellows?

Every time the heart beats the head throbs. The nerves are on raw edges and if one drops a pin, you will jump. The stomach has that awful sickness, the tongue roses around in the mouth like a file. There is only one thing in the world you crave—water and oceans of it.

Easy enough to swear off then but it is the stomach, not the head that is passing the good resolution.

The smoker, he will sit around with a bunch of fellows until midnight, and until his system is so filled with nicotine that he has a "big head." He has breathed it until his system has become a smokehouse and his stomach has protested. He has taken into his system enough poison to kill a dog. He goes home late, lies awake until nearly morning, gets up feeling as if he would like to slap the baby or knock his wife down with a chair.

Then he swears off—another sick stomach resolution. I look at New Year resolutions very much as I do at revival conversions—the proportion of cures is very low. When the evangelist goes, then the boys and girls begin to fall back into line.

Now if you have a 1912 resolution already framed for the new year, don't wait until midnight on Monday to hang it up—get a running start. When you have your stomach so overloaded with turkey that you have to take peppin to help nature do its work, then you feel as if you would never want to eat again—as if you could swear off for the long term.

But the real test is to resolve you will do a fasting stunt when you are hungry; to swear off on tobacco when your mouth waters for a cigarette; to quit the booze game just before dinner with a half pint of Canadian Club on the sideboard.

Don't wait for the clock to tick off the old year—get started with the gains now.

And tobacco and booze don't comprise all the matters you can base good resolutions on—there are others. Try being a little more of a square fellow for next year; try making your

home a little more like a home; try getting acquainted with your children and let them know they have a father; try making your wife smile once in a while—try keeping the golden rule.

Get down to brass tacks and thoroughly determine you will play the cards a little different next year. If you slip, don't wait for 1913 to try it again, but dig in, get a new toe hold and hang on.

And at the end of 1912 you will find the new policy has paid good dividends.

SHOW UP THIS MATTER.

People Should Know Full Facts of This Lawyers' Deal.

Editor Courier: Before this appears in print the preliminary trial of Mr. Harvey will have been heard, otherwise I would withhold this until after the hearing.

Let it be understood I have no desire to express an opinion as to the guilt or innocence, but I desire a fair and impartial trial of two men came to Mr. Harvey's house in an automobile, representing themselves to be detectives or otherwise, and insisted on him going to Portland, and he did go and that time sign a \$30,000 contract to defend him, and afterward his present attorney did get him to break that contract by threat or otherwise, it would look to a man up a tree that there was a "nigger in the fence."

Let me ask again, is it possible the attorneys sent these detectives there to procure this fee and is it possible the detectives expected to get a reward coming or going, or if not detectives were they commission men?

As the matter stands, first it is up to Mr. Harvey to show he was induced by these men by threat or advice to employ an attorney; second, it is up to those men who came there to see him to prove they had no connection with the attorney; third, the attorneys must show they had no connection with the two men and auto.

By all means let us sift this matter to the bottom and see that the full facts come out and all guilty parties get all that is coming to them. Before I close, will say I have all confidence in our sheriff, Mr. Mass, and his deputy, Mr. Miles, but very little in unknown detectives, and my advice is not to put too much dependence in what a detective says, but be sure you are right and stand for it.

In my mind this is one of the strongest points in the case and unless the matter is fully investigated by the court and jury, I will form a very bad opinion of attorneys and detectives.

Yours for justice,
W. W. MYERS.

Where Did It Get Lost?

Editor Courier: We see by report of city engineer that the cost of engineering including the inspector has been 4 per cent. The property holders have paid 5 per cent into the city treasury. Where is the 1 per cent gone? Into the sinking fund? It's up to the council to tell us.

"Nuf sed."

TAXPAYER.

MR. DIMICK IS ANSWERED.

Mr. Eggleston Explains Water Power Taxation.

ASKS MR. DIMICK QUESTIONS

Writer Replies to Dimick's Article Criticizing Single Tax.

To the Editor of the Courier: G. E. Dimick's harsh criticism of single taxers is evidently based on what he does not understand about single tax. He wants to know how water power would be assessed under single tax. Let us suppose Mr. Dimick has a water power in use, supplying light and power in more than one county. Suppose he reports to the state tax commission that his plant produced a daily average of 120,235 kilowatt hours in 1909. The cost of development of the power up to the forby, including the dam, was \$500,000. This gives the basis for the single tax assessment.

The 120,235 kilowatt hours of power developed daily equal an hourly average of 5,210 kilowatt hours or 7,051 electrical horse power, which, at 80 per cent efficiency, is equal to 5,813.75 water-wheel horse power. From Mr. Dimick's report to the state tax commission suppose it is found that his plant is getting a revenue of \$28 per horse power, or \$246,786 a year. Capitalized at 5 per cent, that gives a capital value of \$4,113,088. Deduct the \$500,500 cost of development up to the forby, and the remainder is \$3,613,088, and this is the single tax assessment of the water power.

As Mr. Dimick says, the dam would be exempt from taxation under single tax. It would be exempt for the reason that the farmer's clearings, grubbing, draining, fences, fruit trees, dwelling, barns, furniture, improvements, crops and livestock would be exempt. The dam would be exempt for the same reason that a store and the merchandise in the store would be exempt under the single tax; for the same reason that Mr. Dimick's home and household furniture and his law books would be exempt from taxation under single tax; and for the same reason that the building and machinery product of a manufacturing plant would be exempt under single tax.

Mr. Dimick fears that the small home owner and the farmer would be injured by single tax. That is probably because he has been taking the Oregonian's statements at par, instead of looking at the facts.

Again, evidently deceived by the wild statements of the Oregonian, Mr. Dimick seems to believe that single tax will exempt railroads from taxation. Well, the state tax commission's assessment of the Oregon & California Railroad (Southern Pacific) in Clackamas county in 1910 was \$949,800, while the single tax assess-

ment of that road in the county for 1910 is \$1,087,975. I don't know what tax the railroad paid to Clackamas county on the 1910 assessment, but suppose it was \$9,600 on a ten-mill rate. Then under single tax the road would have paid about \$16,760 for that year, on all rolling stock, roadbed, rails, station buildings and other products of labor being exempt.

In making single tax assessments of other public service corporations for 1910 we have exempted all products of labor and taken nothing but the franchise and right of way values, and these have been figured from the sworn reports of the companies to the state tax commission and to the state railroad commission and from other data.

We have not included the more than \$8,000,000 of water powers used in Clackamas county in our single tax assessment for 1910 because there seems to be no law under which water powers can be assessed. We mention that great water power value merely to call public attention to it and to the fact that it is not assessed. This is the value of the water powers after deducting the improvements necessary to produce the water power.

Single taxers will be glad to have Mr. Dimick show how producers and industry generally will be injured if the products of labor and industry are exempt from taxation. We single taxers don't wish to injure anyone. We believe that some owners, including farmers, are injured by taxes on their labor and industry. Mr. Dimick offers a valuable service to the people if he can and will show that we are mistaken.

W. G. EGGLESTON,
270 East 28th St., Portland.

A NEW "OREGON IDEA."

Born in Pennsylvania, but Ours to Claim, if we Will.

The editor has a friend back in Pennsylvania who is something of a wag. He reads the Courier, notes what the Commercial Club and the Live Wires are doing to encourage small tract settlers to come to Oregon, and then he writes this letter:

Corry, Pa., Dec. 15.
Friend Brown: I read every issue of the Courier, even to the ads, and I can't help but admire the enterprise of your postmaster in helping to rob us of our girls and the splendid nerve of your boosters in showing we easterners how to come out there and make more money off a half-acre than we get off a 100-acre farm here.

Now, Brown, I have a scheme that will make ten-acre Oregon tracts look like 30 cents in Yankee coppers, and that will develop Oregon so fast and provide everybody with so much money that you will forget Mr. U'Ren's single tax and stow your reforms in the attic.

The scheme is just plain cats, with rat side lines, but it has Ogle mine stock crowded off the market.

Now, Brown, you take some of the links of your commercial societies out in the woods and outline a scheme. If they fall for it, wire me, your expense, guarantee transportation, and I will come out and fill in the details. I think it would be a good scheme to call it an Oregon idea, for the market seems to be good for that sort of stuff.

In order that you may have full faith in my scheme, I will explain all there is to it, but don't let the Commercial Club get it all until they put down a retainer.

Here it is in brief: Buy a million cats. They will supply you with 12,000,000 kittens a year. The skins are worth a little over 28 cents each, so there you have a daily gross revenue of about \$10,000. To skin the cats you will have to employ 100 men, who will charge you \$2 per 50 cats. Your net revenue will thus be reduced to about \$8000 a day. It should cost you nothing to feed your cats. Start a ratting. Rats breed four times as fast as cats, so the cats can have a daily diet of four rats apiece, which is simple. To feed the rats is perfectly simple. Give them the skinned cats. One cat will be ample for four rats. The scheme works out simply and automatically. The cats eat the rats, the rats eat the cats, and you have the skins.

The above scheme was presented to M. J. Lazelle, and he figured himself up ahead of Morgan in less than ten minutes. He is now trying to buy out the Oregonian, get an option on the Southern Pacific, and will start out a line of steamers as soon as the canal is finished.

The matter will be brought up at the next meeting of the Live Wires and a few of the front push may be let in.

A class of 39 tried the teachers' examinations at Willamette hall, Saturday, conducted by Superintendent Gary. The papers have been sent to State Superintendent Alderman for grading.

PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA of Oregon City

The orchestra now consists of eighteen instruments. There are yet vacancies for violins.

Membership is open to both sexes. No expense. Rehearsal every Friday night from 8 to 9:30.

For further information write immediately to

R. V. D. JOHNSTON
Oregon City

BACK FROM THE MARKET PLACES.

People and Places that are Worth Finding.

A PICTURE OF A GOLD CAMP.

Little Tales of Roughing it in the Wonderful Southwest.

When you stop to think of it, it is interesting to note that the most of the wonders of our country and the most of the treasures of our country are crowded into the most forbidding places, museums hard to get to and riches hard to find. It would seem that nature purposely put up the bars to protect its curiosities and its gold.

And when one has overcome these obstacles, gone through a heap of roughing it; lain out all night in a blanket; eaten rancid bacon and beans from the same spoon with an Indian, and finally pulled through to the place sought—well, there is a satisfaction that makes a place doubly interesting.

It seems to me that about all of the valuable gold and silver mines of the southwest, or of New Mexico, at least, are back from the railroads, and for the reason that the roads cannot build to them. The metal is found in many places where it would seem a burro could not go.

I went to one of the new strikes, and I found it well worth the time, the trouble and the dollars.

We went over a mountain range and down to the Rio Grande, and that over an down kept me busy. The mountain roads are little better than trails, and so steep was the grade going up that I had to pull back on the buggy. But the fare is the same, mind you, and these livey men know how to make a cent out of a cent and count his money after every trip.

But we crossed the range and came down in the canyon of the Rio Grande, and the miles we drove up and down this river, and the beautiful scenery in every rod of those miles was reward enough for the hard work we had done.

One can't describe grand scenery, and a poor attempt is tedious. I'll out it out—you must see it.

I followed the Rio Grande for over a thousand miles, and every mile showed me some wonder and beauty of the southwest that I will never forget.

I can't recall the name of the "new strike" as I lost my book of notes, but I will never forget it.

When we struck the river the driver pointed to a trail across the stream, a distance it seemed could throw a stone to, and told me that we would have to drive sixteen miles to get to that stone's throw—eight miles up the river and eight miles back. There was no way to cross—no possible way that offered any safety.

Eight miles up we found a bridge and I put a dollar over and fifty cents for the team to get over. At this crossing is a mine, or rather was once a mine. The mill yet stands, but it isn't working. I don't know why it is idle, unless the owner saw a richer mine and easier money in building a bridge and imposing a per cent tax on one dollar worth of ore.

We crossed and back-tracked eight miles to the place where we struck the river, and then commenced a climb, the recollection of which has brought me several night mares, and awakened me with that horrible sense of falling.

The Rio Grande for scores of miles through New Mexico, is shut in a canyon, the walls of which rise almost perpendicularly for from 3000 to 4000 feet. There are places where nature and lava have left a foothold, and where miners and dynamite have broadened it to what is called a trail, and where a level-headed team and a level-headed driver may make the top.

The trail ran parallel with the river, and the ascent we made was gradual, but the horror of it was looking down. We simply followed a ledge, a ledge so narrow, that the shiffling and buggy hubs extended out over space.

"Only the stumble of a horse's foot between us and hell," was the way the driver summed up the situation. Half way up I quit the rig and walked, preferring to take the chances on the safety of an over-worked heart to the slip of a horse's foot.

Climbing 2000 feet, with an elevation already nearly 6000 feet, one's heart pounds like an engine and the slightest exertion exhausts. It was a case of climb a few feet and rest a few minutes.

Looking down on the river below, a distance of perhaps 1500 feet, there was a stone in the river an island clay bank, smooth, and apparently as hard as glass. This island reached more than half way across the river, and I asked the driver why the stream could not have been forded at this point, and have saved the sixteen miles.

He handed me a rock that would weigh about ten pounds and told me to drop it over onto that island below. I landed it into the middle, and that island quivered and wavered for a hundred feet in every direction.

Then I realized what the dreaded quicksands of the southwest were like, and that the man or animal who tried to cross that island would surely have been drawn down to death.

But I am writing of gorges, and mountains, when I started out on a mining camp test.

The new camp was a fresh one, the strike having been made only about six months. There were many tents and but a few wooden buildings, because saved lumber delivered to that camp was worth its weight in food, and with restaurant sandwiches selling at twenty cents apiece, you can figure out about what a wooden dance hall or a store would cost—if you are up in this kind of proportion.

This camp has been attracting unusual attention, and the usual following because of its richness. One man will work for weeks without a sight of the yellow, while a Mexican will strike a sixty dollar nugget

emptying a pail of slop back of the joint. One miner will make a fortune in a week and his neighbor who almost touches elbows with him in the next claim, can't get a sight of the color.

"No," the big strikes are what bring in the people, and some big ones have been made here, and the people have swarmed from all parts here.

We stayed over night and slept out, what little we slept. There were no accommodations but the floor of the dance hall and saloons, and these don't close early enough to warrant a good night's rest.

It was during the afternoon we struck camp, and the place was as quiet as a morgue. There didn't seem to be anyone alive around there. I found one puny looking fellow lying on the ground, smoking cigarettes, and he seemed willing to talk. He was as smooth-faced as a boy and with features and complexion of a woman. I sized him up as a "lunger" and finally asked him if he was there for his health. He replied: "No, I am here for my money. I left Silver City for my health, but am much better here."

I didn't know just what to make of his reply or his smile. Later on I knew, and wished I had not been so glibly. This boy was the banker and dealer for a large layout. I watched him for hours that night as the gold changed hands over the table, and when he occasionally looked at me and smiled, it seemed he thought my name should have been Green instead of Brown—Verdant Green.

This young fellow with the white face and black eyes looked like a con-summptive and the last man in the world you would think had nerve—this stripling, they tell me, is as bad as they have grown them since "Billy the Kid's" time. Fearless of death, and made up of sheer nerve, this youngster follows the camps and the fascinations of the game.

They say one need never die a natural death in these mining camps, for there is always someone ready with a gun to save him, yet it is my experience in the many so-called "tough camps" I have visited that in every few years, that it is the "bad man" and the "fresh" who die with boots and spurs on, and that the fellow who minds his business and keeps away from gambling and booze is as safe in a mountain mining camp as at home.

And soon this mining camp changes from a morgue to a bee hive. As the sun settles down in the west moon trail in from every quarter like sleep—home from the claims for the day—and the little city of slabs and tents teams with life—healthy, active, anticipating American life.

And the women come out in the evening glow—the women of the world which the news of gold has drawn north from Santa Fe, like Alhambra and south from Denver and Pueblo. They were there with their painted faces, penciled eyebrows and "flash" jewelry—there for the gold.

At the boarding house I sat across the table from a young American to whom nature had done a perfect work. A two-hundred-pound young giant, so full of life that he could move had cat-like grace; a specimen of the perfect health this wondrous climate gives to men who do not abuse it; and with that ease and grace of manner you once in a while see—cannier that fascinates and wins friends. He was educated, his language told me that.

After supper he sauntered out, lighted his pipe and was about to walk down the hill, when a girl stopped him, took hold of his coat lapel and said:

"Come, Ben, loosen tonight and stake me to a red pile. I dreamed a handback was thrown from his dog's last night, and I can't lose out today. Today you find it, tomorrow you lose it. If you strike it, you gambler to get more of it. It's fever. It fires the blood and makes men crazy. They tell me that down on the river any man can wash out fifty cents an hour from the sand, but that the work is too hard and the income too slow for gold-mad men.

It one could but be immune to the gold fever, what a place to come for health, what a factory for nerves—out here among the mountains, where the dry, pure air intoxicates and breeds health and strength; out where an appetite makes rancid bacon taste like quail, out here where there is health, rest, and a silence so deep you can hear your microbes gnaw.

Near Mora, N. M., Feb. 25.

The Coming Administration.

Next Monday starts the new year and a new administration for Oregon City, and next Wednesday Mayor Dimick will make public his appointments and the new city government will take up the strings.

The appointments are a chief of police, three assistants, a city engineer and city attorney.

The vote on the matter of a policeman for the residence district makes it obligatory on the mayor to appoint another policeman, and this is included with the three assistants.

Mayor Dimick says he did not make any before-election promises for these appointments, and that he will make them with no other object than that of the best men for the places, in his judgment.

Next year is going to be a big year for this city, if many prophecies are indications. The city is growing, it is going to grow faster, and it is up to the incoming administration to provide ways and means through careful consideration.

The people are looking for a level-headed, common-sense, business administration. The new officials were elected for this purpose.

JUSTICE SAMSON FREES HARVEY.

Says Evidence Insufficient to Hold Him.

WEAK EXCUSE ON MAIN POINT

Says Harvey Didn't Know What He Was Doing when he Signed Contract.

In the preliminary examination of Nathan Harvey, arrested for the murder of the Hill family, Justice Samson discharged the prisoner Tuesday, on the grounds that there was not sufficient evidence to hold him for the grand jury.

The law has provided, through the means of a justice hearing, protection to any man against persecution—that a man may not be arrested through spite, malice, or false pretense and compelled to lie in jail, perhaps for many weeks, until the grand jury shall meet.

A justice examination simply asks for sufficient proof to hold the man arrested until the grand jury may either hold him for trial or discharge him.

Holding a man for the grand jury does not imply guilt any more than the denial of the man arrested implies innocence. It is simply a means to bring the matter to a higher examination.

The Hill murder was one of the most horrible that ever blackened Oregon's history, and the people generally have but little conception of the unprintable deeds of the fiend in the Hill cottage that night. Awful does not express it.

And in a case of this kind, no stone should be left unturned to find the murderer, and no circumstances should be dropped that might possibly throw light on the crime.

This comment is in no way intended as a reflection on Mr. Harvey. It is simply a comment on the matter of the discharge.

The evidence brought out at the examination was not so strong as it has been held to be at the Hill home at about 12:30; that a neighbor's dog barked and aroused him at about this hour, and that Harvey had made a contract with Bowersman & Able, a Portland law firm, to defend him in case he should be arrested for the crime, and had agreed to pay them \$50,000 for their services.

This evidence is purely circumstantial. Sheriff Mass has stated, and the newspapers have widely published, that only enough evidence would be produced at the justice hearing to hold Harvey for the grand jury.

Sheriff Mass says that if the sheriff's department had shown its full hand at the preliminary examination, it would simply be serving notice on the defense what evidence would be produced at the trial and thereby weakened its case.

Justice Samson said that the fact of Harvey being at the station was no evidence of crime, and the fact of his signing a contract with lawyers to defend him he disposed of in those words, as taken by reporters:

"Human nature is flexible. He was frightened into going to Portland and signing that contract. I don't believe he knew what he was doing."

This was not an examination to determine whether or not human nature is flexible.

Judge Samson was not called upon to express an opinion as to whether or not Harvey was frightened.

Whether or not Harvey knew what he was doing when he hired lawyers to defend him was not for Justice Samson to determine nor was his opinion grounds on which to discharge the man.

These matters are more in the line of a lunacy commission and more matters of proof on trial.

The grand jury convenes here January 10. It would have been but a matter of a few days to have given to them this case. If Mr. Harvey is innocent it would have done him no harm, and it would seem he would have welcomed this examination. If the grand jury had discharged him it would have effectually removed every circumstance connecting him with the crime, and the people would have been far better satisfied.

As it was, the examination took the aspect of a trial and there will always be doubts in some minds.

And we understand that the justice's verdict will not be accepted as final with the sheriff's department, but that it will be brought before the grand jury January 10.

When the whole state of Oregon is asking law to stop the wave of crime, and when a sheriff has worked night and day for months to stop it in Clackamas county—well, the Courier editor believes he should be given a chance to at least present his full case to the grand jury.

And the Courier editor believes it was a big mistake not to have held Mr. Harvey.

Bichner Gets \$1000 Verdict.



The trial of Joseph Bichner against Aman Moore was concluded in the circuit court Saturday, when the jury brought in a verdict for Bichner for \$1000.

Mr. Bichner proved that he was injured by a blow on the head, that his eyesight had been affected and he was otherwise injured. Brownell & Stone represented Bichner and Hayes and Logan the defendant.

Mr. Moore announced that he would appeal the case. He has pending a similar damage action against Bichner.

How Small Stores Can Draw Trade BY ELECTRIC LIGHT

Using MAZDA lamps in show windows and electric signs outside will draw trade from larger stores not so well equipped. We will be glad to tell you how this can be done with those lamps which give more light for less money than any other illuminant.



Portland Railway, Light & Power Company

ELECTRIC STORE SEVENTH & ALDER
PORTLAND