

## HOW'S THIS FOR SPRING OPENER?

### A Few Starters for the City's Big Year.

## BUILDING ON EVERY STREET.

### This Year will Show Biggest Boom in City's History.

Oregon City is going to have the biggest boom in its history this year, and it's going to start next month. This isn't a pipe, it's a fact—one of those facts that is substantiated with direct, conclusive evidence. And this coming growth isn't a "boom" in the western boom sense, but simply a permanent growth based on present demand and an alluring future prospects for this city. Any man alive above the ears knows this part of Oregon has its knee pants on yet, and that in five years from now the present picture of Clackamas county will compare just about as do the old McLaughlin pictures with the present. Great droves are coming from the East on every excursion train, and when the Panama canal clips off the thousands of miles around the Horn and gives the ocean vessels the short cut to this bit of God's country—well, the people are simply going to roll into this section, this valley of the Pacific that has ninety-nine advantages to one drawback. Bar, whoa hill. We started out to show you direct evidence of things coming. Here are a few, just those you fall over. The Mt. Hood Brewing Co will commence work on a Main street business block the first of March, from the corner of Eighth street south. It will be two stories, cement, with a frontage of 66 feet. The Elks will build a handsome and expensive home on Water street this year—a building modern in all details and an ornament to the city. The Episcopal church has the foundation started for a \$40,000 edifice at the end of Ninth street, on the bank of the Willamette. This church will be of English architecture and a handsome building. The library association will soon commence the erection of a \$12,500 public library building at the head of the Seventh street stairway, and this will be one of the most sightly and attractive places in the city. Preparations are under way for the Main street property where Williams Bros. transfer office is now located, and the barber shop adjoining. It is planned to build a modern business place there. Senator W. A. Dimick will soon commence work on a handsome new residence on Center street, on the heights, near the Canfield residence. William Andresen will build a new

residence on Jefferson street, on his present site. J. A. Roake will build a new home on Madison street. Frank Moore will build a residence on Washington street. It is reported that Frank Busch will erect a large building on the lot north of his big store, and there are any number of stories as to what it will be. And Mr. Busch says he hasn't anything to say—just at present. Y. Harris is building an apartment house at the corner of Fifth and Main, and will soon have it ready for tenants. H. B. Cartledge, foreman of the Enterprise, will build a pretty bungalow on Ninth and Washington. A. W. Cheney of Portland, who owns considerable property in this city, will build an apartment house on Ninth street, between Madison and Jefferson. Harry Jones is getting material ready for a new residence. Victor Conroy, on Third street, will build a new home this spring. Joseph Davenport expects to build a new residence on his lot on Washington street between Second and Third. Dr. C. A. Stewart has commenced work on a modern bungalow on Washington street between Third and Fourth. These are but a few that have come under our personal observation, and the carpenters and contractors report the prospects are for a big building growth this year. And besides all this, don't forget the big government canal project, that will expend over \$700,000 here, and which work will commence this summer. Then will come dredging appropriations both above and below the falls, public docks and then this city will have what most cities would give their hearts to get—water transportation, direct from the ocean. And then the big lumber mill at Greenpoint will start up the minute the Molalla timber can be gotten to, so it is reported, and will run a full force. And this year the Clackamas Southern railroad will be finished and one of the richest garden spots of the Willamette valley will have its outlet here. Don't you love this old town? Don't things look rosy for its future, and don't you feel sorry for any man that has to live anywhere else?

## IS A SUICIDE A MORAL COWARD?

### And are You Qualified to Pass out Judgment?

## HAVE YOU EVER FACED DEATH?

### Paul Gozesky Played the Cards as they Were Dealt to Him.

Were you ever dead broke, hungry and desperate? Ever get right down to the last silver dime, see nothing ahead but the ragged edges and the fringe of things? Ever look at the future through desperate eyes, thinking of yourself as a drag on those you should be helping—a hindrance rather than a help? You who haven't been down in these ditches of despair are not to judge Paul Gozesky, nor call him a coward because he ended life with carbolic acid. Only you who have been there and cut the cards with grim death are qualified to judge. Paul Gozesky was handicapped in the free-for-all fight for a living because he had but one arm, and the old saying that misfortunes hatch up was illustrated in his life, for he lost what money he had in a business venture, and then lost his job. Things went from bad to worse with Paul. Married but five months he found he was a burden rather than an aid to his wife and mother. Then he went the road that so many desperate men go. He tried the cheer of a false sensation, tried to drown worry with drink—and failed. Then the remorseful, desperate man played the cards as they were dealt to him. He poured four ounces of deadly carbolic acid down his throat and waited for it to burn his vitals. The coroner's jury went through the usual form and rendered the usual verdict, and Paul Gozesky is no more. I heard a man make this remark on the street: "Any man who will kill himself and leave a family to struggle on is a coward." I wanted to ask this man if he was ever completely lost in a forest of dead hops, and I wanted to ask him if HE had courage enough to sit down on his bed, raise a glass of certain death to his lips, look at it and drink it. Paul Gozesky wasn't a coward—he was braver than the man who said he was. The martyr's silence is louder than the shriek of pain. He was down and out, crippled, moneyless, drunken, dispondent and desperate. He did what he thought was the only brave thing he could do—and he did it without flinching. And here's betting that the Chief Justice, when he looks over the appeal, will find extenuating circumstances and parole him. Some people don't like independence.

## WHEN THE BUCKET SPRINGS A LEAK.

### What Would be the Best Thing to Do?

## HERE IS A STORY FOR YOU.

### Mend it or Let the Leak Grow. It is Up to You.

We want to tell the business men of Oregon City a few more things this week—after a little we will quit talking and give you a rest. A man came into the Courier office a few days ago and told a little story. It may interest you. It should. He was in no way connected with this office and we had no knowledge of what he was doing. He said he did it to prove a leak in Oregon City. Here's the leaky story. He said from Busch's store he watched the half hour cars pull out for Portland for three hours in mid-afternoon. During this time there averaged sixteen people on every car. They were mostly ladies. They were going into Portland. What for? At night he found out what for, by watching the cars unload at the Seventh street corner. Every lady had a bundle. Now that is his little story. Here is ours: A short time ago a man from Vancouver was in the Courier office—and he had a proposition. He was promoting a Portland advertising agency, but Portland merchants wanted to be shown. They wanted to know if the Courier would run the ads as they wanted them run, with a coupon proposition, that return of car fare would be made to any Oregon City resident who traded a certain amount. Another firm wanted readers on the local page, quoting prices and asking farmers to bring their produce to Portland. You haven't seen the ads, have you? You won't unless we are forced to take them—for this is an Oregon City sheet. Now once more: The newspaper at Canby, that little town we could hide in the hoopskirts of Oregon City, has more advertising carried than any business place of Oregon City. AND THAT TOWN DRAWS TRADE FROM OREGON CITY. It's a fact. Woodburn, another little town up the river, one-sixth the size of this city, has two newspapers, and either carries more advertising than the Courier. Some sweet day, when the baby wants a new shirt, and when patience has quit the virtue job, there may be a lot more Portland ads in this paper, a lot more ladies going to the city and a lot more money being put off at the Seventh street business. It's a matter of business with you merchants and a matter of business with us. Stop the leak, keep trade at home or help to boom Portland. Think it over.

## HAVE YOU A BOY YOU CAN SPARE?

### Or do You want the City to Protect Him?

## SELLING LIQUOR TO MINORS

### Revokes a License, but Council Doesn't Seem to Know It.

Policemen Frost and Green saw a saloon man sell liquor to a 17-year-old boy. They did what they are sworn to do, what they are ordered to do, and arrested him. Henry Oppermann was tried before Mayor Dimick, fined \$50 and paid city fine. The matter ends. Now you mayor and councilmen of Oregon City, you men so busy fighting, blowing away the smoke and burn to ordinance No. 219, Sec. 7 of the city laws, which you are pledged to enforce. It says any keeper or proprietor of a saloon who sells liquor to a minor shall be fined not exceeding \$100 or by imprisonment not more than 50 days, or by both AND SHALL FORFEIT ANY LICENSE WHICH HE MAY HAVE. Now if any ordinance means anything this one does. There are no two ways about it—it tells you what you MUST do. Why didn't you do it? Why didn't you bring it up Wednesday night? You knew of the case and you know the ordinance. There are enough men over 21 to put their feet on the bar rails and their elbows on the walnut, without the kids. Every saloon man who believes in law believes that it should be enforced, and 99 men and women out of 100 in this city want to see it enforced. They haven't any boys to spare. Last summer Mayor Brownell and the city council went after the Log Cabin saloon under the very same ordinance. The proprietor was fined, given a jail sentence and his license revoked. This saloon was found guilty of having Portland women in its place. Was it worse than selling liquor to a boy? Let us enforce the ordinances and the penalties, or let us burn the charter. Quit fighting and saw wood. Wednesday night's council meeting was the usual row, only harder and more of it, and no doubt the courts will have to separate what should be a harmonious body working for the interests of Oregon City. In brief here are the important points: Mayor Dimick appointed Stephen Green a chief of police—the council refused to confirm. The mayor refused to sign the pay warrant of Shaw, removed; a motion that the recorder draw the order was ruled out of order, and an appeal from the decision was carried. The mayor's veto of the Water street ordinance, where the retaining wall fell over, was passed over his veto. The mayor appointed Henry Melchior city engineer and the council killed it. He then appointed H. A. Montgomery and he was approved. The mayor appointed Lee French as policeman, the council killed him. The mayor appointed Steven Green as chief of police and the council killed him. Councilman Albricht stated that the night policemen were off their beats hours at a time and took turns going home and to bed. He refused to divulge the source of his information, but said he would swear to it. Toose backed these statements. Green and Frost emphatically deny these statements and demand an investigation. Gordon E. Hayes as, a citizen, demanded that the proof be produced. The mayor appointed John Lewellen street commissioner and Charles Burns chief of police; the council would not confirm. And thus the war goes on—and the people are getting very, very tired of it.

## LET'S GET A MOVE ON.

### Farmers Say We Talk too Much and Act too Little.

## THE CALLS OF THE CLIMES.

### Oregon and Minnesota Send Out their Appeals.

A Molalla man was in the other day and he had something to say. He wanted to know if it will be necessary for the farmers to organize in order to get Oregon City to take hold of the public dock matter. And he says if the farmers DO organize to force something for their own good, it may not be along the lines of what Oregon City may want. And again, he says the Live Wire and Commercial Club have talked a public wharf for just seven months, and we are not seven minutes nearer to it. There is something to this gentleman's complaint, but it isn't all true. The Commercial bodies here are not the whole works. They can't hand out ultimatums to the city or county nor go down and make a dock. They can blaze the trail and get interest started, then others must help. Let us fellows, down at the end of Twelfth street, is a natural dock, and all we have to do is to take it. There are no if's and and's about it, it is the only natural dock, the only place the farmers' teams can get in and get out—and the only place where a little expenditure will make a splendid wharf. Nature has made it. And the thing to do is to go to it—go take it. The Willamette Co. is going to organize a common carrier freight company and run boats. We must have a dock. Let us talk less and saw a little more wood. The farmers want to come here, want to ship from here, and want to receive from here, and the move to make is to help them, and do it cheerfully. Frank Moore, the veteran newspaper man of St. Paul, after freezing for fifty years in Minnesota, came to Oregon City two years ago. And like the rest of us Mr. Moore "got it" and got it bad. He broke out with it, had it in its worst form, and one day when he couldn't stand it any longer he sat down and dashed off the following to the newspaper boys of the Pioneer Press: Come out to the land of cedar and vine, Where the birds ever sing and the flowers ever twine, The land of the peach, the prune and the pear, The land where the apple grows everywhere, The land where the bossie and the land of the sheep, The land where ye sow ye may also reap, The land of the mountain, the forest and stream, Where the water is pure and the grass ever green. (And a few days later Mr. Moore received the following reply, which he says he held over a lamp until it warmed up a little before he dared read it—he was afraid of pneumonia): Come back to the land of the ice and the snow, Where the thermometer goes down to thirty below, Where there's frost on your whiskers, frost on your nose, Frost on your fingers, frost on your toes, Frost on the window, frost on the street, Frost on the faces of the people you meet. Then why do you boast of the peach and the pear When there's nothing as good as the pure frigid air? DEAD HORSE PAYMENTS. Here's a Way to Dodge them and Yet be Happy. Every month we mail to subscribers a notice of the time their year's subscription expires. If your year is up you will get a notice this week. If you put it down in your inside pocket and forget it, we have only done you any good and have only made this office a lot of work. When your paper has run on for years and some day you have to face payment, then you feel as if you were paying for a horse that died before you got him home, and you don't feel as if like hanging the publisher. You want to tell him to stop the blankety blank old almanac; that you only ordered it one year, etc., etc. There is just one way to handle this subscription business and that is just the way one of our banks would handle your note. When it is due, pay it. If you can't pay it, then come in, talk it over, and we'll renew it. But don't ignore the notice, for when we send it to you month after month, and we don't get a stir from you, then we feel just as the merchant or grocer does, and very likely we will do just as they do.

## A TRIP DOWN DEVIL'S RIVER.

### An Unknown End of Our Unknown Country.

## 100 MILES ON MULE'S BACK

### Wierd, Burned-up Cow Country in Southwest Texas.

When you go to west Texas to stop at Jr. c. You'll have to stop there, for there is no other, farther west. It is jumping on place. West there is nothing—not a postoffice, a grocery or a hotel. It is as far west as civilization goes. On your map you will find traced a rather crooked stream from Bonora to Jano, and it is labeled Devil's River. I drove a mule down its bed for over one hundred miles and I do not believe that anywhere in the course of sixty miles could a damp stone be found if you dug for fifty feet. Devil's River it is indeed, if it ever rains out there, for this great Devil's River drains for a hundred miles, and when general rains come this channel is a raging, dangerous torrent. Your geographies tell you that west Texas is a plains country. I wish the man who wrote this misstatement could follow the great Devil's River from Sutton county to the Rio Grande, for west Texas geography would change. This great draw, in places two miles wide, and again narrowing down to three hundred yards, apparently was once a great river, and over a hundred miles it is lined by great bare bluffs as high as the Cascade mountains, these bluffs running back many miles in every direction, and forming smaller canyons—tributaries to the big draw. The trip down this river is one a traveler will never forget, because of its weirdness, its desolation, its dryness, its heat, its strangeness. Shut in this great valley, and looking up at the walls of rock and sand on either side, one will occasionally stop and wonder where he is at—wonder if he is still in the United States. These hills are different from any hills you ever saw. There is a strangeness associated with them, and an awesome feeling comes over you. It seems as if the baked buttes had been heaved up from below, pushed up ages ago by some volcanic action, and ever since been waiting for the moisture that never comes. Many of the hills are as devoid of vegetation as is John Rockefeller's head of hair, and across covered with sand and stones, stones as small as marbles and as large as houses. Then will come miles of cañon, old clay soil, dwarf oak, Spanish dagger and sotolweita. Hundreds of caves are hidden in these bluffs, the homes of coyotes, panthers, loafers and wildcats, and thousands of pounds of honey are hidden in these chambers. Hunting? Well, if you could only find your way back you could go up almost any of the side draws and start a deer. They abound in these hills and the roughness of the country protects them and will for many years to come. But unless one has one of the old timers for a guide, he had better shoot quail in the main draw, for the country is a maze, and he will become hopelessly lost in an hour. Every draw looks just like the other draw, crossing, intersecting and winding, and to become lost in these hills with not a ranch house in fifty miles, is dangerous. But any tenderfoot is cautioned when lost to climb to the top of the highest peak he can find, make smoke signals and wait for someone to come and get him. There are panthers on these hills as big as yearlings; wild turkeys are numerous; deer are plentiful; there are a few bears, while wolves, wildcats and civet cats can be riding anywhere. And after hours of riding through the hot draws we come to Jano. This cow town is 125 miles southwest of San Angelo—a nice little three days' drive. It is probably the most peaceful and the wildest and wickedest west Texas cow town, and one of the oldest towns of the Devil's River country. Two general stores, a smith shop, a hotel and a saloon make up the town. But the saloon should have been named first, for it is the magnet. Without it Jano would long since have been lost from the map. Every Saturday the cowboys come in from the canyons and until Monday morning there is anything in the way of wild west entertainment one wants to see. And when these common drunks become monotonous, a barbecue is pulled off. The "09" boys come in to clean up for the Tailor outfit and west Texas makes history. Why men will live in these desert hills and canyons I cannot understand. I talked with a bright young panther regarding his life, and found he was just home from the rich cotton lands of Texas, and glad to be back. "This is sure 'nough a sorry country, but I wouldn't give one of these little ole sand hills for all the country west of Devil's River." Such is love of home. Almost the whole west half of Texas from West Smith county to the Rio Grande, is dried up. Not since the spring of 1906 have there been general rains, and the ranches are in bad shape. On many pastures a fourth of the cattle have starved to death, being unable to find enough vegetation to keep alive on. Sheep men are drifting out of the country for want of a range and the price has risen from two cents per head in 1906 to six cents per head now, and almost unobtainable at this price. One gets a pleasing surprise on the drive from Jano down the dry Devil's River to Comstock. For miles you follow the winding canyons through a country that seems burnt out, sign-

## WILL YOU STAND FOR THIS?

### Will you Let Marion County play the Persia Game on Us?

## THE DATE IS FEB. 22.

### February 22 the Columbia Hook & Ladder Co. will give its big annual dance in Busch's hall, and there will be nothing like it for a big time, for the Hooks always give a guarantee for a time of your life with every ticket.

## DEAD HORSE PAYMENTS.

### Here's a Way to Dodge them and Yet be Happy.

## A TAXPAYER'S COMMENT.

### Presents a Matter for Taxpayers and Workmen to Consider

## HARDIN FETS THE LIMIT.

### Judge Campbell gave William Hardin about the limit Monday, when he sentenced him to serve twenty years in Salem prison, on conviction of criminally attacking his step-daughter, Eva Phelps.

## MOUSE TRAPS.

### Now is the time to use them. Special two for five cents at Freeman's, Molalla.

# Mazda Lamps

## Make LIGHT WORK

"I find that kitchen work is a pleasure, rather than a drudgery," says the housekeeper, "now that this wonderful MAZDA LAMP brightens the room like sunshine. This new lamp certainly is a blessing to the housekeeper. It COSTS NO MORE to burn than the ordinary incandescent lamp and radiates nearly THREE TIMES as much light. And the quality of light is ever so much better. It is so restful to the eyes."

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company  
ELECTRIC STORE SEVENTH & ALDER  
PORTLAND

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### Will you Let Marion County play the Persia Game on Us?

There is rebellion at Woodburn and open talk of secession from Marion county. And this right in the face of a high state tax, a presidential election and a good road campaign. Do you wonder that Socialism grows? Woodburn says she isn't in right on the Final Whack-up, that she isn't given notice of the Distribution of Dividends and that unless she is taken in on the Main Divy she is going to start something. Now Oregon City hasn't any objection to Woodburn making a noise like an echo, or howling until its citizens get the asthma, if it will only keep its trouble a s' little family affair. But when she comes over the border and proposes to make us line up and fight with her, or confiscate our property if we don't—well it is time to call off the city council fight and call on a call to arms. The Independent serves notice on the fellows who run things that unless that end of Marion county has the political plans passed to it more often, it will secede from the county, annex a chunk of Clackamas and establish a county of its own, by gosh. So there. Treason! Judas Iscariot! Benedict Arnold and Col. Henri Watterson! Men of Clackamas, will you stand this? Will you let the north end of Marion county tell you where to head in at? Up and at 'em. Tell them they can't have one foot of Clackamas county to make politics of, and that we will never, no never and or abet any such revolution. So there.

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