

THE LAND OF THE LITTLE BROWN MEN

JAPAN, AS SEEN BY W. R. BAILY OF GLADSTONE.

STRANGE HABITS AND PEOPLE.

Interesting Descriptive Letter of a Strange Land and People.

Shanghai, China, May 23.
Editor Courier:—

To write about descriptions of all the new objects, strange habits, old customs and the picturesque which are revealed by just one day of travel in the Empire of Japan, would be to make a ponderous letter. I have now spent seven rich days, all long and bright, yet it has seemed a short week, and I know I have caught but a glimpse of the life and institutions of this happy race.

General facts about the land of the Rising Sun are, however, already familiar to Americans, therefore I will confine this missive to a few observations taken on my jaunt among the little brown people.

When we entered Yokohama harbor, passing the line of massive concrete forts, we dropped anchor, while the yellow flag was hoisted and Japanese doctors came on board to inspect the passengers and crew. The big tom-tom sounded and we all lined up to have our pulses taken, tongues examined, assisted the fancy of the wise little physicians. Sampans, small flat skiffs, skulled by a long oar, came swarming out, bearing baggage, coolies, money changers and peddlers.

When a Japanese friend and I left the pier, we were surrounded by a crowd of dark-skinned, bare-legged Japanese, wearing large, bowl-shaped hats and black cloth shoes. They pressed around us, all jabbering at once, and I caught the phrases "Reiksha, Reiksha."—"Please, Mister, you ride with me. I no charge too much. You take Reiksha." We eluded our way through. We had not trod solid earth for two weeks and we wanted a chance to walk. Many Reiksha men ran by with passengers in their light, rubber-tired vehicles. They work in shafts like a single driver, and their fine, muscular legs cover the ground with long, easy strides.

When we went to a business thoroughfare, I look around for the familiar sights of the street. There were the street cars and telegraph poles, but where were the drays and the delivery wagons, the automobiles and carriages, the tall buildings and the glass fronts, the concrete sidewalks and the hard surface pavements. I heard a clatter like galloping horses, and turned to find it was only a troop of school children pattering over the gravel in their high, wooden shoes. Heavily loaded carts, each drawn or pushed by one or two coolies, crowded the street. All the coolies wear a long, white cotton cloak bearing on the back in large white characters the employer's name and business. The weight of the loads, which they haul on their rude carts is almost incredible, two of them pulling on the street about as much as an ordinary farm team would draw over an Oregon road. They pull by a harness, using a pad or strap across the breast. I saw two of them toiling up the street, balancing on their cart a couple of large telegraph poles.

The streets are of clay and fine gravel, and at times become muddy. There are narrow brick sidewalks on some of the newer and wider streets, but so strong is the force of habit that the people still walk in the middle of the street.

Occasionally I saw a horse and wagon. The horses are small and scrubby-looking. The teamster does not drive but walks on ahead in the street, guiding his team by a leather rope and coaxing it on by means of dainties carried in his pockets.

The houses, except a few banks, foreign office buildings, etc., are of wood and unpainted. The roofs are of brown tile, plastered with clay. As I passed along the street I saw dozens of little stores or shops not unlike the stands seen on Fourth of July and circus days. In front of each were displayed a variety of articles, silks, beer, candy, fish, fruits and vegetables being mingled apparently without order.

We decided to make a visit to Tokio and walked to the station. On the Japanese government railroads there are three classes of passenger coaches. I could not see much difference between them except that the third class coaches were ever crowded and the first class almost deserted. We traveled second class, making the round trip of 36 miles for 46 and one-half cents—the one out and a half being war tax.

The country between Yokohama and Tokyo is a wide panorama of green gardens, waving barley fields and pine covered hills. There are no fences. The fields are divided into little plots by narrow ridges. These plots are not regular in shape or size, but fit together in the corners and angles like the checks in an old China plate. All the valley land is irrigated. Some of the rice plots were under water and other were soft mud. The rice is set out in rows and appears somewhat like short grain stubble. The green

blades shoot from the old root. The barley, of which considerable amounts are raised, was headed out and in some places was turning yellow. It also is planted in rows and many laborers were leveling between the bearded green lines. The whole country is dotted with pines and a sort of oak, tucked away in the odd corners and out of the way places. The plowing is done mostly with a heavy, long-bladed hoe or mattock. The bare-legged farmers, standing up to their knees turning the black mud seemed exactly like the men pictured in the old histories as tillers of the soil of ancient Egypt. They work very long hours. I have seen the wide green fields still dotted with moving figures at twilight, and I never arose early enough to see them go out in the morning. In the cities the people live in their shop buildings and business goes on until midnight, seven days in the week.

If Tokyo were wondered about a small part of it. Imagine a city of over two and a half millions of people, nearly equal to Chicago, formed for the most part of two-story buildings, and you will realize how far we would have to travel to visit all of Tokyo. Most of the streets are narrow, crowded with people. One or two have a European aspect. I took my first ride to the Imperial palaces, passing on the way the buildings of the lower house, the treasury department, the national police headquarters. They are rather fine structures of brick and stone, but they have not the splendor and size which one would expect in national buildings. They appeared to be about on a par with the city hall of Portland.

Returning to Yokohama in the evening we wandered about the streets to see the night city. The heavy traffic had ceased and only the rickshaws with their colored paper lanterns, darted through the narrow passages. Hundreds of peddlers had laid out their wares on the surface of the street. A piece of canvas on which to display the articles and a small light to burn about them were the sole equipment for selling everything from silk dresses to cigarettes. We had to pick our way to keep from stepping in the middle of the stock of goods. Thronged with people, sailors, longshoremen, coolies and all the riff-raff of a seaport, jostled one another in a merry, jibbering, singing procession through the warring lights of the gas flames. We strayed watching the jolly crowd and the tireless workmen plying their various trades, carving shoes from hard wood, weaving mats and making garments of silk and cotton. And out on the harbor where before dark, sampans and launches had dodged among the ships now there were only to be seen little lights slipping about among the big lights.

The next day we made a short excursion to Ramakura, the home of the Shoguns, or federal lords, who ruled Japan for seven hundred years. One of the ancient temples in which they worshipped is still a house of prayer and penitence. Another of their temples has yielded to the ravages of time, but the great Dainbutsu, which is sheltered, still smiles benignly down upon its worshippers. It is a great bronze statue representing Buddha in a sitting position, with his hands folded in front. It is fifty feet high and sixty feet wide, erected six hundred and sixty years ago. We went inside and climbed up into the head where there is a small standing image of Buddha, very beautiful and richly decorated. The remarkable thing about the statue is its imposing but kindly expression of countenance. The little park in which it stands is full of religious relics and graves of saints. "Stranger," warns the sign at the entrance, "whoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary, remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the eternal."

REDLAND.

There was a railroad booster meeting at the grange hall the 25th inst. Mr. C. F. Clark and a Mr. Lepper of Portland, attending. These gentlemen gave an outline of what was expected of us if we expected a railroad.

A push club was organized, and a committee appointed to gather statistics to be forwarded next week. It is desired that all interested attend the meeting July 2 and some statements prepared as to the tonnage of produce for last year. This proposition is sure to be a go if all get together and push.

Mr. J. Schwartz had the misfortune to fracture his arm while loading plank.

Man Coughs and Breaks Ribs.

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonful ends, a late cough, while persistent use of coughs, colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure it's a Godsend to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo., "for I believe I would have consumed today if I had not used this great remedy." It is guaranteed to satisfy and you can get a free trial bottle or 50-cent or \$1.00 size at Huntley Bros. Co.

Any skin itching is a tempter. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment cures piles, eczema—any skin itching. At all drug stores.

GRADUATED LAND TAX IS NEEDED.

THINKS PROPOSED LAW WILL NOT COVER THE GROUND.

Mr. Hicinbotham's Arguments and the Courier's Comments.

Oregon City, June 22, 1912
Editor the Courier:—

I have read with a great deal of interest and pleasure the numerous articles on Single Tax in the Courier of the 21st inst. It seems like the single taxers are all getting busy at once. You put me in mind of the Roosevelt delegates at Chicago convention when they started to run the steam roller over them. They all got kind of uneasy and nervous and couldn't sit still. Now I would advise the Editor to take a few lessons with the milks before he goes down to Portland again, unless he is already a Jack Johnson student, or he may get his hatrack knocked off. You know that papers like the Oregonian generally keeps experts around their tower to attend to business for them. Now I am not a land speculator, nor I have not got any more land than any man should have, but still I am afraid of this single tax and also to the graduated single tax measure, in the shape it is now in. It looks to me like any man with a sound mind and that had the interest of the state at heart, could

ers. And suppose I was holding 5000 acres of land here in this county. I have four children. Don't you see how quick and easy I could evade the specific tax on the whole thing and the proceedings would be perfectly legal, and you might whistle for your specific tax. Then there is another thing I think is hardly fair about it. Just because a single block in the city is valued at four or five hundred thousand dollars, to compel the owner of that lot or block to pay his regular city and state tax and also pay the huge specific tax that this measure would cause him to pay. I think the specific tax on rights of ways, franchises and waterpowers is right enough, but if you then incorporate this exemption clause in the bill, you will very likely lose two dollars to the state to where you will gain one dollar from the specific tax. You talk like you was just ready to tear a bone out over the bill that is being circulated in opposition to single tax. That bill can be repealed just the same as any other, if the people want to repeal it. There is nothing said in the bill about us not repealing it, and you talk about us trying this single tax bill to see if we like it. What kind of a set of crazy heads would we be to vote for a bill that we were satisfied were wrong. We would be a set of bone heads then, sure enough, and empty bone heads at that. Think it over carefully, gentlemen. Wise men change their minds.

George Hicinbotham.

Mr. Hicinbotham would have a graduated specific land tax measure. Any one can advise remedies.

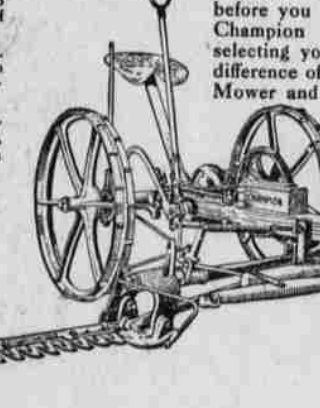
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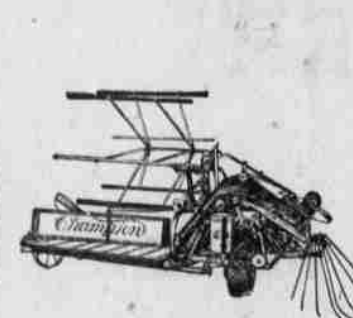
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plainly see the defect in this graduated single tax bill. I think that you will all agree with me that what we need is to relieve the congested condition of the cities, reduce the cost of living, and make it easier for the unemployed to find work. To pass a graduated specific land tax measure that will make it unprofitable for any man or company in the state to hold large tracts of wild land suitable for cultivation, and to so frame the law in every particular that men that want small homes can easily get them, and be much favored by the law for five or six years, until they get a start. This specific land tax should commence on all holdings of wild land suitable for cultivation, in excess of 100 acres, and the rate should keep getting higher as the number of acres increase. Now there is just where this graduated single tax bill is a failure. It allows any man or company to hold 100,000 worth of land in any county, or in every county of the state, if they want to, and not pay one cent of specific tax on it, and the average assessment of bodies of wild land like that will not likely be over \$10 per acre, so each man could hold 1000 acres of land in each county. The specific tax would only cost them about \$25 per annum. So you see this measure will be of practically no benefit to us at all in helping to throw open the large bodies of wild land that are held by speculators, for settlement and small home mak-

but advice is the cheapest thing on the American market—it is gratis.

The reason why a graduated specific land tax measure will not relieve the taxpayers from their load is that there is no such measure before the people for the coming election, and the taxpayer isn't banking on future promises. The Courier Editor believes that such a measure would be a mighty good proposition for Oregon, and he also believes the graduated income tax would be. But the single tax is before us to be tried, while the other is in the nest of the future.

Mr. Hicinbotham says he could divide his land among his children and evade the specific tax. Any man could sell off his land and evade it—and that is just what the measure hopes to force the big land holders to do. It doesn't matter whether the sale is to children or to neighbors, so long as it is a legitimate sale, but if it is a dummy sale, Mr. Hicinbotham should read the bill again for he will find out that he loses his land if he makes such a transfer—that he forfeits it to the state.

But the reader of the above article will note the writer never mentions the single tax in connection with the income proposition. He leaves off three-fourths of the proposition's strength. If the income proposition doesn't break up the big idle holdings the single tax will, for under it a man

cannot afford to pay taxes on very big tracts of unproductive, dead land.

The graduated single tax is a today proposition of relief for Oregon.

REDLAND.

Most of our farmers sold their wool the 12th inst at the Oregon City woolen mills at 20½c. per pound.

Something has evidently got after the peas, for they are almost a failure.

A Funk has sold a horse to Mr. Eastham of New Era.

Crops are doing fine, especially spuds.

Mr. Polehn is having a large frame barn built.

Herman Fisher, has sold his place to a party from eastern Oregon, consideration \$6,500, including all personal property.

Mr. Bargfield had one of his daughters and family visiting him last week.

J. Haries of Kolutus, Wash., was down last week, visiting Mrs. L. Funk.

If some of you single taxers will give us a change of weather, permitting haying to go on, we will highly appreciate same, as some is lodged, and needs cutting badly.

From observation Clarkes settlement has the goods, and crops could not be better if made to order. All that country needs is a railway to make it flower like a rose. The same may be said of the Colton district, with its artistic bungalows.

But Redland for mine.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lee and

THE BURNS KIND.

JOHN F. STARK'S OPINION OF THIS KIND OF HEROES.

Vultures Who Live off the Carcasses of the Dead.

Courier Editor:—

If you could spare a little time I would like to read you a few paragraphs of Modern Classics which I came across lately:

"Convictor by God, from the word go; would convict Christ."

Now what do you make out of that? Must be something out of the usual. Now this is not a sample of street corner profanity nor is it a bar-room loafer taking the name of God in vain. Listen, it is just patriotism in its first full bud that presently will burst into full bloom for the admiration of some of you who are reading this.

Now don't cough, "ahem," for I know of several of you who will just burst with enthusiasm over the author of that sentence, so a little more from that source must be good for you.

"This unlawful selection of jury lists being made along political lines with the purpose of securing men who would convict."

"That the names lawfully in the jury box were unlawfully removed."

"That the witnesses were so threatened in the presence of their families, in their own homes by a member of the grand jury and detectives in the government employ. That various cases then being tried numerous persons were indicted and compelled to give against other defendants evidence not true, and thereafter such indictments were dismissed."

In what institution do you suppose this all took place? Keep your seats gentlemen, don't get "het up." That was no labor union No, nor was it in the socialist party councils intent upon "subverting the government." No, no one carrying the red flag off rrrrd archy." No, nor by any enemy of this country or the government. These are the acts of one of the greatest patriots, one of your law and order kind of gentlemen that you have learned to date on. You would have been ready to lick all creation if any one would have dared to speak ill of that paragon of purity. The great man is Burns—he of detective fame. The paper from which this is taken is not the Appeal to Reason, but a truly reliable newspaper, the Oregonian. Much more of the same telling how your hero fixed the justice in the federal courts, those institutions of law and order, those bulwarks which keep our flag afloat and any one who would declare that federal courts were not spotless "should be drawn and quartered." I have heard some low-browed patriots say who were trying to square themselves with a lot of crooks who had their hands in the public purse. There are a number of well meaning men in this country of somebody's who are nothing if not rank suckers. These fellows are always ready to tear their shirts if I criticize some bum politician and are always ready to defend "my country" when often these chaps do not own enough of my country to bury their marrowless bones, or if they have some title it is nicely covered by a beautiful mortgage. O yes, they will protect this country from its enemies, provided these enemies are not their own party idols and largely advertised by the only paper fit to read. Let me whisper something in your sun burnt ear, that the danger to any country is always the heroes. Never the anarchist. There is no danger from the red flag, but the danger will come nicely wrapped up in "Old Glory." You know the flag cannot be used for advertising purposes, unless you are a politician. When I was a boy I heard that J. Wilkes Booth's foot after he shot Lincoln, was found wrapped in the stars and stripes so all the crooks in this country who are handling big jobs will point to our flag and then proceed to put the boot to you after they have gone through your pockets. There are a lot of yaps in this country who are fit for jury duty, who are foolish enough to believe a man whose very business depends upon lying in his words and actions when such a person is styled a detective. When a boy I read of some of the Pinkerton's work and thought these were a noble set striving for the welfare of society, but I got acquainted with a few foul birds from the vulture roost and I now class them as Teddy and Bill class each other. At any rate I done like the big fish did with Jonah.

What kind of justice can you expect in a game run on such lines. Would you like to be a poor man and have a case in that court? Perhaps you think that is the only one that is twisted. Well I am not quite so easy any more. In Seattle a judge disfranchised a citizen because he belonged to a different political party to that of the judge. See anything wrong in that? Do these fellows need a recall? I am not interested in this particular case, but a danger of that kind of court should arouse any man. I for one am not overladen with respect for a man who must wear a mother Hubbard in order to obtain respect. If this man can fix juries and not get punished, then indeed we are going some. I will bet a plugged quarter the great law and order dicker will not write any stirring editorial on this rape of justice.

These gentry have a carte blanche in all our courts, thanks to the numskulls, who in order to squat on the juries will swear they are not possessed of suffi-

cient intelligence to form an opinion.

You who are anxious to deport the agitator and tell us there is "no room in America for Anarchy" turn your attention to the seats of the mighty.

"First Freedom, then glory; when that fails wealth, vice corruption, despotism at last and history with all its volumes vast hath but one page."

John F. Stark.

BEAVER CREEK.

We are having nice weather and everything is looking fine. Grain is excellent, and early potatoes are looking fine. Some of the farmers who had hay out in last week's rain had long faces, but the following sunshine brings out the big, long smile.

The thunder and lightning storm of last week was the hardest of its kind we ever saw in this part of Oregon. The rain started at 10:30 and the drops were the largest the writer ever saw in Oregon.

George Brester passed through this place on his way to Shubel to visit relatives and friends.

Edward Ames of Central Point passed through our town Sunday last.

J. J. Steiner of Portland is here and will do the painting and paper hanging for his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Steiner, on their little up-to-date bungalow. The bungalow is going to be one of the best finished inside in this burg.

Stetler Bros. are busy sawing wood these days with their new gasoline wood saw.

V. Bohlander has the carpenters and is going to build a summer kitchen and make other improvements. He will build an up-to-date hog pen.

Bill Herman is busy hauling cord wood these days.

August Blum and hired man have been busy building fence for a few days past, but are now hauling wood.

Fisher Bros. are very busy pulling stumps with their new stump machine. Mr. Fisher thinks he must buy more timber land to keep the boys busy.

Bill Torey is breaking his high bred German colt these days.

Corney Thomas was out to visit his parents last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Seoggin of Portland were out last Sunday to visit the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Steiner of this place.

William Jones and J. Bohlander made a business trip to Woodburn last week, and returning with some fine Goswood sheep, which they purchased there.

Mrs. L. Steiner visited Mrs. H. Steiner at Willamette one day last week.

Mrs. Alvin Glinesmith has moved his family out to Mrs. Studeman for the summer.

Otto Mink has been hauling gravel and sand from wide springs for a concrete seller.

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