

OREGON CITY COURIER

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M. J. BROWN, EDITOR

FOOLS

Public opinion in the majority of cases renders a pretty satisfactory verdict, and public opinion says the sentencing of John Mitchell to nine months in prison for contempt of Court was not justice.

And what fools courts are to try to settle labor differences through such means.

The minute Mitchell goes to jail he becomes a martyr in the eyes of labor, and the sentence will do more in the nine months to strengthen union labor than John Mitchell could in nine years.

Can't the boneheads see what opposition to the Appeal to Reason did? It was an attempt to punish a paper because they could not stop its exposing a rotten condition in the government's prison at Leavenworth, and the result was that it has built up a paper so big that even President Taft fears it.

And so with Mitchell. The public knows him for a man, a big man and a man close to the little man, and every day he ever serves in jail will make a hundred converts to union labor.

SAFETY.

It now develops that the managers of the transcontinental railroads are the real objectors to the free transportation of American ships through the Panama canal.

The directors of the ocean-to-ocean lines of American railways, fearing a lessening of profits on their investments, induced the officers of the Canadian Pacific railroad to protest to the British cabinet against the no-toll policy of the United States, claiming that it was a violation of the Hay-Saunders treaty, which guarantees equal rights to both nations on the Isthmus of Panama.

The British government had apparently taken no notice of the matter, until their attention was called to it by the railroad authorities. Senator Root and other trust senators have declared that the position of the British government is sound, and that if the matter was submitted to the Hague tribunal the U. S. would lose out.

To the ordinary reader it looks as if the British people were entitled to the free use of the canal, they should have contributed to its construction. Happily, however, there is a plank in the Democratic platform favoring the free use of the canal to American shippers, and as the platform will be overwhelmingly endorsed at the coming election, the policy of no tolls on American boats will be the settled policy of the country for many years to come, for congress is not likely to reverse the will of the people in these days.

UP FOR A VERDICT.

The supreme court has rendered its decision in the matter of the appropriation for the University of Oregon—and the voters will pass on it at the coming election, it will go on the ballot.

Regardless of all the technical points as to whether or not the referendum petition was in due and legal form, this is a matter the voters of the state should have a free vote on.

In the face of the taxation burden in the state today, no legislature should give away \$500,000 without asking the consent of those who will have to raise the money.

The hard fight to prevent this matter going on the ballot, and giving the people an expression on it, will probably kill the appropriation. Had the proposition been willingly submitted and the money that has been spent in trying to keep it off the ballot been put into a campaign asking the people of the state to ratify it, there would have been a good show to have carried it in November.

Tell a man he shall not vote on a proposition that puts additional taxes on his property, and then if he finds a way to vote you can bet and win that he will throw the harpoon into those who tried to throw it into him.

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A "BACK TO THE LAND" TAX

Portland Journal.
"Back to the land" is the text for many sermons, but few of the preachers mention the relation between taxes and getting back to the land, but it may be practicable and desirable to arrange the system of taxation so as to make it easier for men to get back to the land.

Advocates of the graded single tax and exemption amendment say it is a "back to the land" measure. Any system of taxation that exempts personal property and improvements on farms and at the same time lowers the tax rate offers an inducement for men to "get back to the land."

The tax rate will be lowered by any measure that exempts farm improvements and personal property from taxation, and at the same time raises by a graduated tax more than the amount paid by farmers on their personal property and improvements before it collects a cent from farmers.

Any measure that lifts a burden of taxes from the farmers will make the farming business better. The present system of taxation puts a heavy burden on the farmer's business. It makes the farmer pay more than his just share of the cost of government.

The census returns show that in the last ten years the new population of Oregon has gone mostly to the cities. In 1900 67 per cent of the Oregon population was in the country; in 1910 only 54 per cent was in the country. Something is preventing the people from getting "back to the land."

Tillamook county, for instance, has plenty of good land to get back to. In 1910 it had 15,085 acres in cultivation and 579,583 uncultivated acres. Twenty owners held 306,486 uncultivated acres assessed at \$7,242,350. Those twenty owners held 51 per cent of the total acreage of the county, and 59 per cent of the assessed value of all the acres in the county.

All of that land value was "raw land" value. None of it was a labor product. All it was created by an industrial population. None of it was due to the labor of the owners. The average number of uncultivated acres held by the twenty owners was 15,324 and the average raw land value to the twenty owners was \$341,411.

On the 1910 assessed valuation of their uncultivated acres those twenty owners would have paid under the proposed graduated tax measure, \$182,223 in graduated taxes. In addition to the graduated taxes on these twenty owners of large amounts of land and large values created by the people, forty-eight other owners would have paid \$4,518.25 in graduated taxes, and the corporation graduated tax would have amounted to \$561.75, making a total of \$188,223 in the graduated taxes in the county.

That would have cut the county tax levy from \$230,066.71 to \$41,933.71. Would not such a result be an inducement for men to "go back to the land"? Would not it make the farming business more profitable and the land speculation business less profitable? Wouldn't it lower the tax rate and lift the tax burden from the farmer, the small home owner and the worker?

Ridicule isn't reason. The men behind the proposed graduated income single tax declare that it will greatly reduce the taxation burden of Oregon. So positive are they of this that they tell the people to try out the reform in one or more counties, and see if it does not do all they claim for it, and as a guarantee of their sincerity the same proposition that would try the reform gives the voters the right by initiative to repeal it at any regular or special election.

The Oregonian will have to try it again. It hardly got by.

CREDIT FOR FARMERS.

There is a little declaration in the Democratic platform that but few really understand, or rather but few take the pains to understand—they simply read it and pass on. It is that paragraph that declares rural credits or agricultural finance of equal importance to the question of currency reform.

Now what that means is the investigation of the European system of agricultural associations through which the farmer can borrow money at low rates of interest, and it is one of the best investigations ever undertaken.

In many of the European countries they have these farmers' credit associations, where a farmer in need of money can mortgage his property direct to the association at a low rate of interest and on favorable and easy terms.

In our country the farmer has to borrow where he can get it and his field is contracted. Only those who live in his immediate community will loan to him, for only those know whether he is responsible or not. Therefore the farmer borrows under unfavorable conditions, and is in a measure at the mercy of the lender. He has to pay what is asked and submit to the terms imposed.

With an association that makes a business of rating every farmer and loaning direct to him, the farmer would be in a much more independent position.

The proposed graduated land value tax is drawn in favor of the "little fellow"—the average man and in some degrees is a check upon great accumulations, either by individuals or corporations.—Portland Journal.

If they let Archibald impeachment trial go over until after election, it will simply pound a few more nails in the Republican coffin.

Larimer out, Hanford out, Archibald going. Who's next.

Wanted, a Taft Republican with sand enough to declare himself.

Wall Street is betting 2 to 1 that Wilson will be our next president.

Roosevelt is due for something August 5th, then perhaps the boys will find their sand.

Every day the old Republican party breaks in a new place and there won't be much left of it by voting time.

Now don't you wish you had had a hunch and got in on the West Side property while the getting was good? And to think it has been waiting for you since McLoughlin's Time.

LaFollette is not for Roosevelt, he isn't for Taft. Then who is he for? Here's betting that he comes out squarely for Wilson—he can't do much else, if he is sincere, and we all know he is.

Both Oregon senators showed a clean hand on the Lorimer vote. Sixteen of the senators who took a stand with the expelled senator three years ago have been pulled down from the senate, and the final vote leaves yet a big string that public sentiment will kill off.

It is hardly possible that President Taft will withhold appointments on the recommendation of Congressman Lafferty, because he has announced for Roosevelt. Such action, like the sentencing of John Mitchell to prison, would only bound back and hurt.

I was a little amused to read in the Portland papers of how Lewis Mitchell was arrested and brought before the grand jury on a charge of practicing phrenology without authority. Mitchell produced a city license, at which the grand jury released him and told him to get out of town. Some authority in that, believe me.

Selling is the real republican nominee for senator but he can never be elected if he stands with the regular republican party—and he knows it. But if he comes out for Roosevelt he repudiates the Portland organization that brought him out and defeated Bourne—and they will knife him. And if he continues silent and refuses to take a stand, then the people will fix him. Selling is indeed between the devil and two deep seas.

Here's betting that Judge Hanford wishes that he had let that Swedes citizenship alone.—Oregon City Courier.
Come to think of it, too, don't you imagine Taft wishes they had admitted the other set of Washington delegates at Baltimore?—Woodburn Independent.

Taft and his backers expected the "other" set would run things at Baltimore, otherwise they would have never nominated him and Sunny Jim. It was one of those "deep-laid schemes" that went wrong, and now the Republican party has got to face payment on it.

COME ON.

That Tuesday night's Commercial Club Meeting was a welcome instead of a kick, was the right and proper spirit.

The Club could no more change the already arranged plans of the Southern Pacific than they could make the Willamette river run up over the falls.

The West Side is simply going to be a city. The big plans under way are going to make it one, but NOT a new city—just a bigger Oregon City. And that's the way to look at it—and the only way.

There are going to be new factories built up over there, new railroads, new houses, and every one of these new things will bring new people here—not take them away from this side.

The building up of the west side will do business wonders for Oregon City and will add hundreds of people to Oregon City.

We want to welcome this, encourage it, reach out the glad hand and show the smile. This historic old city has waited long but things are coming in bunches now.

HANFORD DOWN AND OUT

Judge Hanford disfranchised a Swede because he was a socialist, and he knew little of the frame of mind the people were in—or he would have never done it.

No sooner had the press dispatches given the people his act when the people went to him.

A government investigation followed which brought out a condition of official rottenness that makes men almost question whether there is any honesty in judges—a condition that has again lowered what little respect people yet have for the courts, and increased the clamor for the recall.

And in the midst of the rottenness being brought to light, Judge Hanford resigned, resigned under fire and to the American people admitted his guilt.

And now we stop and think but for the incident of the Swede this long list of illegal transactions would not have come to light, and Hanford would have still been the unit passing as the fit. And now we know that because he is a other try at that municipal elevation. If he was you or I he would be punished for his work.

TWO LETTERS.

In Marion county the taxpayers league went on record against the People's Power League's proposition for a change in the state government, and one of the stands taken was that they could not see the state economy in the proposed bill. The following letters from Governor West to W. S. U'Ren, and from Mr. U'Ren will be interesting. They are taken from the Portland Daily News: Oregon City, July 23.

Editor Portland News:—The Marion County Taxpayers' League files a number of objections to the People's Power League's proposed amendment of Article IV of the constitution, which is number 362 on the official ballot. In this letter I shall deal with only one of these objections.

They say in their argument there is no assurance this amendment will decrease the burden of taxation. The amendment as proposed makes the governor's office responsible for the maximum amount of all appropriation bills. It is proposed that the governor shall be a member of the legislature, and that the governor shall introduce all bill s appropriating public money. The legislature will not have power to increase the amount of any such bill without the governor's consent entered on the Journal. But the legislature may reduce the amount proposed by any or all of the governor's appropriation bills.

Before this amendment was filed with the secretary of state a copy was sent to Governor West with all the new provisions marked. His attention was especially called to the provision making his office responsible for the maximum amount of all appropriation bills, and he was asked to state what he thought the result would be. In reply he wrote the following letter:

Salem, Ore., June 26.

Hon. W. S. U'Ren:—I am in receipt of yours of recent date in which you ask what reductions, if any, could be had in the appropriations for 1913 and 1914, over those of 1911 and 1912. If this office is given control of all appropriations bills.

In reply will say that the amount required for the expenses of the state government for 1914 and 1912 was in round numbers \$5,670,000. If this office had control of the appropriation bills I believe the 1913 and 1914 appropriations could easily be kept down to \$4,000,000, without crippling in any manner our state institutions or denying them anything to which they are justly entitled in the way of maintenance or improvements.

Yours very truly,
OSWALD WEST.
Governor West knew when he wrote this letter that if the people approved of the proposed amendments, he would have to make good for the appropriations for the years 1913 and 1914. When he stated that he believed he could save nearly \$1,670,000, I believe he knew what he was talking about. The president of the Marion County Taxpayers' league may not consider Governor West's letter as any assurance that the adoption of the amendment would result in a decrease in the burden of taxation. But I believe a very large majority of the taxpayers will count Governor West's statement to be very good reason for believing that this amendment would cause a very material reduction in state taxes. Expressing my personal opinion, I believe if this amendment is adopted it will result in the saving of at least a million dollars a year on the appropriations for 1913 and 1914, as compared with the appropriation bills for 1911 and 1912.

Sincerely yours,
W. S. U'REN.

A meeting of protest being changed into one of boost, is a rather novel stunt, but this one switched over so easily that one couldn't tell when it happened.

WANTS.

LOST, boys green serge coat, in or near Oregon City. Leave at Courier office.

Wanted to rent, a small dairy farm, near Oregon City preferred. Address O. W. Kimball, Rt. 2, Oregon City.

FOR SALE: 80 acres near Colton in Clackamas County fruit belt; 5 acres improved; family orchard in bearing and lots of small fruit; all fenced and cross-fenced; barn and other buildings; price, \$25,000 per acre. Terms, Call on Mr. Leeson near the place; or address R. C. Hunter, Owner, Colton, Oregon.

Wanted

1. A party with good security to borrow \$650.00.
2. Wanted, a party with farm property as security, to borrow \$1000.00.

3. Wanted, a party to purchase a five room house in Gladstone, near car line; price \$900.00; \$350 cash, balance in 18 months.

4. Wanted, a party to purchase small house and four lots on Fifth street, Oregon City; \$1000, easy terms.

Cross & Hammond, Attorneys and Abstractors, Beaver Building, Oregon City.

C. Schuebel, W. S. U'Ren, U'REN & SCHUEBEL, Attorneys-at-Law

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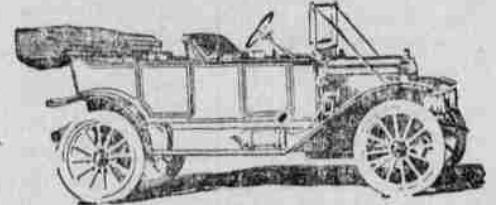
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The Scrap Book

Utilizing the Mirror.

A dentist was filling a lady patron's back teeth. When he had finished with the first tooth he handed the lady a hand mirror that she might see the result for herself. Then he went on with his task, repeating his performance with the mirror after each tooth was filled. Finally, when the job was completed and she had handed back the mirror with thanks, he said:

"Well, madam, how do they look to you?"

"How do what look to me?" she returned.

"The teeth I just filled."

"Oh, I forgot about the teeth," she exclaimed, reaching for the hand glass.

"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"

"My hair."—Pittsburgh Press.

The Art of Living.

To touch the cup with eager lips and taste.

Not drain it.

To woo and tempt and court a bliss and not attain it.

To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold it lightly.

Let it become a necessity and cling too tightly.

To smother care with joy and grief with laughter.

To hold the present close, not questioning the hereafter.

To see the sun sink in the west without regretting.

To hail his advent in the east, the night forgetting.

To have enough to spare to know the joy of giving.

To thrill response to every sweet of life—that's living.

—Anonymous.

Rudely Jarred.

They looked like newly married folks, but were not on their honeymoon, as the observer learned by deduction.

The woman laid down a newspaper she had been reading and said to her husband:

"Do you know, I wish I had one of these afflictions. Oh, I think it would be just grand to sit on a rock with somebody and have him rave about the incomparable golden color of my hair and tell me that my eyes were the most beautiful in the whole world, and—"

"Uh, huh!" said the husband, yawning.

"And that the delicate pink of my cheeks had been painted there by the angels and that he couldn't live without me. O-oh, I think an affliction like that would be—"

"Isn't an affliction you want," interrupted her husband. "What you seem to want is a plain, old fashioned liar."

—Exchange.

Rough on the Bishop.

Bishop Blomfield discovered one day as he entered the pulpit that he had forgotten the manuscript of his sermon. It was impossible to do as the Scottish minister did in similar circumstances, send for the sermon from his home while the congregation sang Psalm 119. No, he must preach extempore, and did so, talking for his theme the existence of God. Very well satisfied he felt with his effort. As he walked home he overtook one of his congregation, whose opinion of the sermon he invited. "Well, it was a very good sermon," was the reply, "but I don't agree w' it. I believe there is a God."

In a Quandary.

An old dandy, with an old gray mule hitched to a ramshackle wagon, stood on the incline of Capitol hill, in Washington, during one of the worst sleet storms in January.

The old man huddled in his rabbit skin cap, shivering. The mule was trembling with the cold. Two congressmen waiting for a belated car were attracted by the strange outfit and wondered as time went on and the dandy made no effort to depart what ailed the old fellow.

One of the congressmen walked over and said, "Why don't you move on, uncle?"

The old dandy pointed a trembling

finger at his "team" and replied, "Cause dis yere mule won't go 'les I whistle at him, and it's so cold I cym't whistle!"—Everybody's.

Distributing the Honors.

During the Spanish-American war the navy department by way of a graceful compliment to the great universities renamed two converted cruisers Harvard and Yale. Not long after Commodore Dewey was asked what new names should be conferred upon two little Spanish gunboats that had been captured in Philippine waters. "Oh," said the commodore, "we'll just call one The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the other The Pennsylvania College For Physicians and Surgeons."

He Ate the Stalks.

Asparagus was a great dish with Dean Swift. Dining with him one day George Faulkner, the Dublin publisher, asked for a second helping of his favorite vegetable, but Swift pointed to the stalks on his guest's plate and said, "Sir, first finish what is before you." "What?" exclaimed Faulkner, "eat my stalks?" "Aye, sir," bellowed the imperious dean; "eat your stalks or you will get no more. King William III. always ate his stalks."

Asked once, when he was telling the story, whether he really did eat his stalks, Faulkner replied, "Yes, certainly; and if you had dined with Dean Swift you would have been obliged to eat your stalks too."

STUMPED THE SPELLERS.

One Simple Little Word Vanquished the Entire School.

The following story is vouched for by A. J. Carter of Carbon County, Pa., his grandaunt having been a witness of the incident, says the Philadelphia Record.

In Armstrong county, Pa., in the year of 1830 or thereabout, when educational facilities in the rural districts were decidedly crude, and the burden of the curriculum in the old log "skulehouse" was involved in spellin' 'ritin' and 'rithmetick, with considerable high pressure on the spellin' matches between rival neighboring schools, a "stude-master," with all the proverbially quaint attributes of his time and calling—long, lank, cadaverous, spectacled, prominent nose and Henry Clay looks, even down to the threadbare frock coat, broad brimmed hat and blue cotton umbrella—piloted his flock of linsey clouted and skirled "scholars" to a neighboring school to break a lance or two in the orthographical pastime. The ensuing "spellin' bee" was spirited, the visitors finally being vanquished after a long set-to.

The visiting master then requested to be permitted to test the opposition with a few special "twisters" he had in preparation for them. His host consenting to the ordeal, the entire school was lined up and proceeded to unwind the twisters with more or less success until their examiner propounded one that caused them all to stutter and trample their toes in dismay—"Egg-wiped."

They all had a try, many tries, and the master pronounced the word over and over for them, enunciating clearly, distinctly, syllabically, "Egg-wiped."

Everybody missed to his or her own discomfort and confusion, and to their own master's humiliation. Again and again they were asked if they gave it up. At last the premier speller of the school shamefacedly acknowledged their inability to spell the word and gave it up.

The schoolmaster then spelled it for them with a flourish of triumph not unminged with contempt, "Egg-y-p-t!"

Just Like a Real "Uncle."

Nat Goodwin was once the victim of an amusing incident in the theater. In one of his parts he had to come on the stage with a coat over his arm and call out loudly, "Uncle, uncle!" According to the book, he should have received no reply, but one night one of the "gods" answered him with: "All right, I'm coming in a minute! How much do you want on the coat?"

Won't this be a great old campaign?