

"A MILE OF MILLS"
and more coming is what makes
Oregon City the best on the coast
outside of Portland.

OREGON CITY COURIER

Oregon City ships 300 tons of
goods every day and receives 700
tons. That's why it's the best
city in the state.

30th YEAR.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1912.

No. 13

DEPENDS ON WHICH SIDE OF RIVER.

LID DOWN ON ONE SIDE, WIDE
OPEN ON THE OTHER.

STATE LAWS ARE JUST JOKE.

A Matter the District Attorney
Might Get Interested In.

The Courier Editor believes that the federal laws, Lord's Oregon laws, the City laws, or any other laws should be enforced or repealed.

Public sentiment put them there. Law officials should enforce them.

And some call this demand that laws be obeyed, knocking.

This paper doesn't believe there is justice in putting a liquor dealer in jail for selling or giving away liquor on Sunday and letting a wide open beer garden do business across the river.

We believe that Lord's Oregon Laws are broad enough to cross the suspension bridge and prosecute Sabbath liquor selling at a public picnic.

We don't believe they were framed and passed to be enforced in one place and winked at in another.

Last Sunday there was a public picnic at Schnoor's park for the benefit of Willis Mosier, the blind fireman. It was a worthy object and one that people generally contributed to by buying tickets.

But was it necessary to make this picnic a success, to have hundreds of gallons of beer and make the day a fourth of July celebration?

Lord's Oregon Laws, Sec. 2129, as plainly as type can spell it out says "no person shall give or sell or otherwise dispose of intoxicating liquors" on Sunday.

There are some pretty nasty stories of booze and drunkenness told of Sunday's picnic—stories of girls reeling home after the evening session, and boys who have not yet commenced to shave having a "glorious (hie) good time."

Now if we people do not want these Sunday liquor laws enforced, let us repeal them, run everything "wide open" and drink beer out of a trough if we want to.

But until we do so express ourselves, until these state booze restrictions are let down, and so long as the plain law says "Thou Shalt Not," then let us enforce them, or see that they are enforced. Let the officials who are elected by the people to enforce these laws, and who are sworn to enforce them, get on the job.

There are six days and six

nights in every week when a man can take on all the booze his stomach will stand for, and he can do it lawfully. There is no excuse for his tongue hanging out or cracking open if he has to skip the Sabbath day.

And this paper believes that the state law and one of the ten commandments should both be enforced, and that the people INSIST THAT THEY BE ENFORCED.

Correcting an Error.

Editor Courier:—
In a recent issue of the Enterprise there was an editorial stating that it was the purpose of Socialism to divide up the property and own in common.

No purpose is further from the principles taught by the party. Socialism stands for public or collective ownership and operation of the principal instruments and agencies for the production and distribution of wealth—the land, mines, railroads, steamboats, telegraph and telephone lines, mills, factories and modern machinery.

This is the main program and the ultimate aim of the whole Socialist movement and the political creed of all Socialist adherents, and admits of no limitation, extension or variation. Whoever accepts this program is a Socialist, whoever does not is not.

A READER.

Try It—Prove It.

"Uneda" put into the newspapers and magazines of the country made a biscuit grow into millions of dollars. "Uneda" a man to use a club on you to jar it into your head that advertising will bring you in ten dollars for one expended, if you will make a business of it.

How much of the farming trade is Oregon City getting? How much of the city trade is going into Portland? Watch the cars each day and see.

It is only those who pass the stores that see the display windows and the prices. An ad. in the Courier is seen all over the county.

Will Try It Again August 31.

Gladstone will have another special election August 31 to submit the matter of a high school to the voters. At the election last month the proposition carried by a close shave, but it is held that the ballot did not make the proposition clear to the voters and that the vote was not representative.

Dance at Clarkes.

There will be a big dance at Clarkes, next Saturday night, Aug. 17th., and every one is invited to come and have a good time.

WE ARE INVITING TYPHOID FEVER.

"SWILL BOXES" ABOUT CITY
ARE WORSE THAN POISON.

BOARD OF HEALTH SHOULD ACT

And City Should Provide Means
for Garbage Disposal.

Here's a matter that should receive mighty quick and mighty rigid attention. It's a matter that should not be hummed over or considered. It's a matter that should be met and REMEDIATED—and remedied AT ONCE.

All over this city is a fever breeding, putrid mess of decaying vegetation, and the only wonder is that grim old Typhoid hasn't come in for a long stay.

Here's a city of thousands of people with no provision made (or at least enforced) for the disposal of the refuse of hundreds of residences—the potato parings, the water melon rinds, the fruit refuse, the table leavings, bits of meat, bread and all that go to breed fevers when thrown into a heap and left for the flies and maggots.

The editor, during the past two weeks, has seen corruption boxes and typhoid nests so awfully rotten and stinking that a slaughter house would smell like a bunch of roses in comparison.

There are three or four owners of hog ranches outside the city who solicit this refuse and make a bluff at collecting it, but often they will skip a week or more and the boxes the residents accumulate for them become a mess of festering corruption, where the worms fight for the rottenest place and where the fumes from these receptacles when disturbed would have a dozen glue factories stunk out of the state.

These people simply don't know what to do with the mess when the swill man neglects to come. They simply have no means of disposal. Many of the residences have no gardens and cannot bury it, and even if they have they cannot do it week after week; they cannot burn it and they cannot throw it on the street.

So they pile it up, let it fester, rot down and dry up.

And then the city will appoint medical authorities to examine our water supply later to determine the cause of the outbreak of typhoid.

Now this condition should never be permitted to continue another 24 hours. It is not a case of waiting for authority, or "bringing the matter up."

The health officers in an emergency of this kind have more power than Congress and there is not the least excuse for inaction.

The residents of the city would willingly pay a small contribution to have this refuse taken away, and there is no doubt but what the City Council or health officers could make arrangements with one man who owns a hog ranch to take regular trips.

If not the city should see to it itself, charging the property owners with the expenses, if they deem best, but doing it in any event.

There is more danger in a handful of cabbage leaves rotting around a residence than in a whole hog carcass decomposing. There is more danger in one putrid swill box than a dozen unclean alleys.

This is a matter that really should be given prompt attention, for it is cheaper to pay garbage bills than to fight typhoid fever. And unless something is done, we will have it to fight.

UNCLE SAM CAN'T COMPETE.

City Banks Equal in Confidence,
and Beat out on Interest.

In nearly every city and town where government postal savings banks have been established the papers make periodical mention of the large patronage and show the amounts of monthly deposits.

Oregon City was one of the first cities in the state to open one of these banks, but its amount of business have not as yet made newspaper stories.

The fault has not been with Postmaster Randall or any employees—but there is a reason just the same.

Postal savings banks were established because there was a clamor for government guarantee of deposits—because the people wanted absolute assurance that their money was safe and that they could get it when they wanted it. And then the cracking of wildcat banks all over the country had much to do with it.

The reason why the postoffice bank here has not been more popular is because of the two banks in this city—the banks are the reason.

This is not a hidden ad. for the banks, but it is a little puff that they are entitled to, as a matter of comment.

The two banks in this city are held in just as much confidence by the people as the government's banks are, and as the city banks can do a lot better by depositors than the government can, the people simply patronize them in preference to the government. That's the why the postal bank here doesn't do a larger deposit business.

The men who manage the banks here are not speculators nor wildcaters. They know personally almost every man they do business with, and their business is as safe as the bank of England.

Their money is loaned to farmers who pay, on lands that are the richest in the world, loaned right here in Clackamas county, and on values that the world couldn't start a panic on.

The men behind these banks have grown up with Clackamas county. Everybody knows them and has the fullest confidence in them—and that is why the government doesn't do half the postal savings business that it does in other cities of this size.

And everybody is glad of it but the government.

WANTED—ECONOMY.

Writer Makes Some Suggestions
for Lower Taxes.

Oregon City, Aug. 6.

What has become of the Taxpayers' League? We do not hear them suggesting any more remedies for the relief of high taxes, and here are a few that I would suggest to them:

1st. Elect only men to office who will work and attend to business of the office eight hours per day and that will dispense with much unnecessary clerk hire. This plan would save to this county \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year.

Then repeal the school supervisor law, and see to it that the men who are candidates for the legislature pledge themselves to repeal that law before you vote for them, and make them promise not to pass any more fool legislation that works a burden on the taxpayers. The repeal of the school supervisor law would save from \$3,000 to \$4,000 to the county, and it is no more needed than are five wheels to a wagon.

Economy is the road to wealth and we want to begin practicing it in this county. And it would save considerable money to the county if the roads were well rolled or traveled after grading, before gravel was put on them, and teams be required to haul at least one yard of gravel per load.

I have noted the waste of money in road construction and if we can only economize and pay off the county debt of \$100,000 or more, we will save \$7,000 annual interest.

Yours for economy,
H. S. CLYDE.

WHEN MEN BUNCH UP AND TALK

SOMETHING IS BOUND TO RESULT FROM IT.

THE WIRES HAVE DONE THINGS

And they Will Do More Things
the Coming Year.

Let two dozen men get together, talk things over, and then let the newspapers tell what they talked of, and something is started.

On the other hand let a matter come up that greatly interests everybody, but let each man refrain from talking of it with anyone, and it will die a natural death in two days.

What this is leading up to is a bunch of flowers to the Live Wires, and a little talk about future doings.

Say what you will, this organization has the Commercial Club chased down the highway and back into the logged off for starting and doing things.

When a matter comes up in this city that needs public sentiment aroused, the first thing that any man says is "let's bring it up before the Live Wires."

It is brought up, representative men express their opinions on it, the newspapers pick it up and out of it comes public discussion and usually public action.

In order to do things and get things, men have simply got to organize and pull together.

The Live Wires is a medium for finding out sentiment and bunched it up where it will accomplish something.

Officially the organization has no more power than a church choir, but indirectly it has been the means of doing a heap of things for the good of this city and it will do a heap more.

The Live Wires of Oregon City has a state wide reputation for the things it has taken up, started, and completed, and its resolutions have found their way and been considered by the house of representatives at Washington.

In local and county matters an expression of the Live Wires has counted for much; the city council members have asked for expressions; propositions from all over the county have first been taken up with this organization, and the initiative of almost every improvement in this city has been at these luncheon gatherings.

And now here is a point the Live Wires want to let soak in: Next month the meetings will be resumed and in the next year to come, there are going to be a lot of live matters put up to this bunch of men.

One point is that the Live Wires want to go slow, go careful and then go hard.

They want to be exceedingly careful of going on record for or against a matter until it has been thoroughly investigated, and when they have taken a stand they want to stay by it until it wins if it takes a year.

In this way this organization can really become a power—just as big a power in the way of doing things or stopping things as it cares to be.

It wants to make of itself a body of deliberation and action. It should take up matters, defer expression until it has gone to the very bottom of them, and then when it acts it wants to stay by its action until the Willamette freezes over.

Next month the weekly sessions will start again. M. D. Latourette will be the Big Chief—and he is a worker. The organization welcomes new members. There are no dues but to pay for a good dinner. Come in, help make the bunch stronger, and let us do some needed things during the next twelve months.

THE LOST CITY.

Makes Splendid Job of Hunting
for Government Officials.

Big bodies move slow and big jobs last longer when they do move slow.

Linn City is still lost—with the chances about equal to Charlie Ross of ever being found.

And some day when the government has run out its entire spool of red tape, then condemnation proceedings will give them a title and the big work on the lock canal will begin.

Once upon a time the County records were not kept in the shape County Clerk Mulvey keeps them now. They were filed then—just simply filed—and all a man had to do to unfile one was to let the plat stick to his fingers—and presto! a city is lost.

Once upon a time there was a regularly recorded city site south of the present dam site. But after the big flood there was NO city by a dam site—or any other site.

Then one day the filed plat disappeared from the Clerk's office. It has never been definitely determined whether this was carelessness on the part of the office boy while sweeping, or notice aforesaid on the part of some who would destroy Oregon history.

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Then a building, which marked

a boundary of Linn City, was burned, and it was never clearly determined just how all this happened.

And an iron post driven in the earth quit its job. Whether the wind blew it away or it sunk in the earth of its own weight, is another of the mysteries of Lost Linn City.

Anyhow all records are gone. There are several who hold deeds to lots in Linn City, but they can't find the city. There are several who know about where the corner monuments once were, but "about" don't go in law, and their deeds are just about as valuable as stock in a California gold mine.

And, as before stated, some of these days the slow government at Washington will tell it's fellows to get on the job, but it won't for a time yet. Record hunting is easier than running steam shovels, and the job lasts longer.

S. P. BUYS ELECTRIC LINT.

And will Build west Side Route on
This Right of Way.

The Southern Pacific has purchased the electric line on the west side of the river, running from Willamette to Bolton, of the P. R. L. & P. Co., and will extend it from Portland to Salem and use it for the main line of the west side passenger route.

This will do away with one of the right of way surveys the S. P. recently made, and it is said that work will immediately start on changing this trolley roadbed into a standard railroad bed.

While there has been but little doubt but that the S. P. would build through on the west side, yet there are always slips and changes in railroad enterprises, and the west side people have been waiting to see things nailed down and work commence before they were shure.

And soon you are going to see things move across the river. There are many big projects for building up that side under way, and now they are more than rumors—they are certainties.

The Willamette Paper Co. will build up 55 acres into a residence section for its employees; the Moody Land Co. of Portland has purchased 130 acres and will lay it out into residence blocks, factory sites and build it up; the government canal will help to boom things, and a general manager of the Southern Pacific company had many things in view for the west side.

And the most of the people of this city look at the matter in the way they should look at it. This development, simply means a bigger city, more houses, more mills, more railroads, more people.

The county court and railroad officials went over the route in this county this week and laid out the highway crossings. The railroad officials say the road will be completed to Oswego by September 1.

W. P. Kirohem Injured.

W. P. Kirohem, president of the Clear Creek Telephone Co., and one of the best known farmers in this vicinity, was mixed up in a bad runaway Tuesday, and badly but not dangerously injured.

A young colt he was driving became frightened at an automobile and ran into a fence, wrecking the rig and throwing Mr. Kirohem out, rendering him unconscious. The auto took him home and Dr. Mount was called, but the doctor says he will be all right again in a few days.

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We Can Show You.

It's pretty natural for a newspaper to blow its own cornet, but there is a heap of difference between making a noise and showing the music.

The Courier has put on 200 new names in the past sixty days and the 200 went onto a list that was some circulation.

Our list is open for any advertiser to come in and look over and count. We cover Western Clackamas like an umbrella. We will show you any time you are a Missionary. Talk is one thing, counting is another.

Gladstone Wins Fight.

For two years Mayor H. E. Cross and others have been after the P. R. L. & P. Co. to compel better service for Gladstone—and they have got them. The company has at last granted a stop at Hereford street, making three in that city.

When Mayor Cross thinks he is right on a proposition, he will stay with it until it snows in Death Valley, and all the while he will be getting in new holds. He says the franchise entitles Gladstone to the service and he served notice that unless it was granted he would have the motorists arrested.

And it was granted.

NOTICE.

The Portland Journal's local office is now with the Portland Railway Light and Power Company in the Beaver Bldg. All subscriptions, collections and advertising matters will be taken care of by the local agent.

J. D. OLSON.

Are You Interested?

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr. has for distribution a number of copies of bulletins issued by the bureau of mines and of particular interest to managers of power plants, coal mines, metal mines, or quarries, and he will be glad upon application to send a copy to any person interested.

WOLVES TACKLE MAN.

On Way to Ogle Mine, Timber
Wolves Hold Him Up.

This isn't told to scare you out from huskle berrying, or to keep you away from Ogle mine, but it is a true incident, and proof that not far from our bustling city things are yet wild and you had better take your gun along.

T. J. Cheeney, of Pendleton, and H. Kruger, of this city, went out to Ogle mine a few days ago. The road isn't a boulevard, as you get out in the mountains, and when the rig got to Beaver Creek basin six miles this side of the mines, young Cheeney got out and was walking about 100 yards ahead of the rig, when four large timber wolves attacked him.

At first he thought they were dogs from the mines, and he called to them. They came within four feet, ran back and came again, and then Cheeney knew that were not dogs, but wolves, and he knew that they were after him.

He had a revolver and he cut loose, wounding one, when the noise of the gun and the rig coming up scared them away.

Wanted, good milk cow. F. F. Whitcomb, Park Place, Oregon.

SOME DOINGS AT THE CANBY FAIR.

OUTLINE OF THE SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WEEK.

MONSTER BARBECUE A CARD.

Ball Games, Night Dances, Electric Lights and Other Things.

There are lots of people who would swim a river to see a horse race, and then again there are lots of them who would not cross the street to see one.

The Clackamas County Fair directors realize this, and this year they are arranging for a big bunch of special attractions that will please everyone, and Secretary O. D. Eby says when the program is fully completed even the blind will want to go to Canby.

The first thing you want to let soak in is the dates—September 25, 26, 27, 28. And the next thing is that this year there will be four days of entertainment and sport the like of which has never been pulled off in old Clackamas.

Here are a few of the attractions that Secretary Eby says have been decided on in the way of special attractions, and mind you all this is extra to the regular splendid racing card and the usual fair attractions:

There will be five bands, not all in one day, but each one of the county's musical organizations will be given a chance to let the people know what they can do. The first day the Redmond band will furnish the music, and the second day the Clackamas musical bunch will try to lay it all over them. The third day is Oregon City day, and of course the best band in the state will roll up the inspiration for this date, and on the fourth day (which is farmers' day) there will be two bands, the Canby and the Oak Grove celebrated girls' band.

The second day of the fair is to be Germans' day, and it will be the real big day. There will be a barbecue and potato bake, for everybody—and that is nothing to brag about, as a matter of bringing people together. Gus Schnoor, famous for his management of such affairs, will have entire charge of the barbecue, and this guarantees this will be some ox roast.

Mr. Schnoor is president of the German societies of the county, and it is a safe bet a pretty accurate census of the Germans could be taken on the fair grounds on this day. The potatoes for the barbecue will be donated by the commission merchants of Canby.

The ball games are going to be new and interesting features of this year's fair. There will be a series, one game every day. The teams selected are the old rivals, Molalla, Beaver Creek and Canby. Each day there will be a game, each team playing with