

THE LAND OF THE PENITENTIES.

A BIT OF AMERICAN LIFE WE KNOW LITTLE OF.

Grewsome Sights of Torture and Self Scourging.

(By M. J. Brown.)

Every man to his own liking. Very often I see a newspaper heading "See America First," and I just can't help but read it. But it will tell you to follow the tourists' footsteps and see some of our well-known, or widely advertised natural wonders.

Great, if you like them, but there are other wonders I like better. But each to his own liking. I have been all around Yellowstone park, but too busy to call; I have been along almost the edge of the Grand Canyon, but too busy on hunting something old to even leave my card. I have been within five miles of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky with no desire to explore it.

But I HAVE seen the great river of stone in America; I have seen the famous historic rocks where the Spaniards carved their history when there was no way to write it; I have seen the cliff dwellers' ruins, where men lived, died and their history was obliterated before a white man's foot ever touched America; I have seen ancient and wonderful Zemi, inhabited today by the same race that lived there dim ages before Coronado ever crossed the Rio-Grande; I have seen the ancient cave dwellers' homes, the many inhabited and abandoned pueblos; the forest of agate; the strange and unknown Penitents, and many other odd sights.

This is my idea of seeing America first.

Is there any of you who reads these lines that can locate the places above? Can you tell just where any one is—except possibly the petrified forest?

Try it—without the aid of an atlas.

There is a locality in New Mexico, northeast of Santa Fe, far back from the railroads, and hidden in the great mountains, that few whites have ever seen, and it will be many years yet before many do see it, for it is a toil-some journey and one must hit the rough places. But it was ever my yearning to get into these unknown corners—and I have passed by the many of the big wonders and their \$5. a day hotels to hunt some old Indian idol, and I have almost waded in dangers to find them.

Twice I have visited the Indian hamlets of the Penitents—once in February, when we were lost, snow bound and poisoned, and the second time in sunny November, when the trip was one of continued wonder and pleasure.

I found a man near Espanola, who wanted to take a team thru to a mining camp south of Taos, but he would not go through alone. He and I were not long in signing articles of agreement—he to drive, I to pay the freight.

The journey was one continuous up the mountain and down again, mountains way up in the air 8,000 feet, and the weirdest and strangest of great hills; mountains that were inclined that appeared to have been pushed up out of a great furnace; mountains of almost solid rock; giant hills of strange colors and fantastic shapes.

And in the valleys between these hills, hidden away from the markets of men, are hamlets of a strange people, people who live in a world of weird fanaticism and witchcraft, self-scourgers, crusifiers, flagellants.

But of these later, I want to tell you of a strange find first.

The second day out we had gotten well into the mountain fastness, and that jolting was getting monotonous and tiresome. My side partner pointed out a peak ahead, not more than a half mile distant, where our road would pass, but he said we must go fully three miles in a zig-zag to reach it. I quit the outfit and climbed for the peak, telling him I would go ahead and order dinner.

Half way up, on a little plateau, I chased a kangaroo squirrel (two long and two short legs), and shot at him. I thought I had hit him and followed him into a dense growth of brush, when I came into an opening, a cleared space of perhaps an eighth of an acre, half of which was solid, smooth rock, polished by the sands of time being blown over it.

And there on the rock's face I saw something, what I don't know and what none of those connected with the historical museum in Santa Fe knew of or could tell me about.

Carved in the solid rock was what resembled a great checker board, with squares about ten inches across, the alternating ones cut in fully two inches, the others level with the rock's face. Around these squares was a border, and outside the border on one side, something like a wheel, with spokes close together, and on the other side, parallel straight lines on an angle. The whole cutting covered about ten feet square. That it was done ages ago, everything indicated. The corners and edges were worn smooth by the fine sand which had blown over them. Wind and erosion had alone done the work.

What was it?

I don't know, but I would give a year's subscription to the Courier to find out.

This carving was remote. There were no inhabitants in this

MOVES ON THE CHECKERBOARD.

HOW THEY LOOK TO THE MAN ON THE OUTSIDE.

Editorial Comment on the Matters Before the People.

Have you read the editorials in regard to the woolen mills company being indicted for "planting" the dynamite in order to discredit the strikers. Did you see there the great dailies called the company officials "a lot of murderous fiends," etc. Didn't see it? Now that is strange. Did you look for that kind of stuff and the demand that those criminals be made to answer for their crimes? Well, I have read a few of both Democrat and Republican papers, but vary an editorial with the exception of the paper before you, namely the Courier. That is the only one outside of the Socialist press that I have noted to comment on this matter.

And another thing I have not heard either of the old party papers denouncing the conditions at Lawrence, Mass. Even that paragon of Noise, Theodore, is silent on that subject. Crime consists only upon the sole condition of who commits the act.

The soft, velvety paw of the politician is abroad in the land. I went up against it recently and it gave me a chill. Fearing pneumonia I resorted to quinine. Take no chances; better go prepared.

Locality. There were no valleys, no grass, no water. A Rocky Mt. goal could not live there. But one day people did live there. Animals did not carve it, and it must have been done since the age of steel or that rock was soft tufa one day.

I drew a crude diagram of it and hustled on, and then the driver met me on the peak; he came out to see whether I was lost or a lion had seen me first. He would not even go back to look at it.

And I stood there and looked off to the west to where the cliff-dweller's ruins are crumbling, up there at the beginning of the Santa Clara valley, and I wondered if these prehistoric people, who so mysteriously disappeared from the face of the earth, had not some connection with this strange checker marked rock hidden on this mountain top.

And long after I am dead and long forgotten, others will find these stone carvings and wonder again.

After lunch we hit the trail again and it was little more than a trail. The driver added to anticipation by saying it was necessary to pound the ponies on the back and get into one of the Mexican hamlets, for he said it was not safe to sleep out in that locality. He said there were many escaped criminals from the prison at Santa Fe, and other bad men of the southwest who had never been caught, who lived and hid in that locality.

They were certainly safe but he said white men were not. They think only sheriffs and deputies have any business in there, and they know what their business is. Many a deputy has gone in there to earn a reward, and never come out to claim it. The convicts trap and pan gold along the streams, and they have some trusty Mexican who acts as the "fence."

Just as it was getting dark we found a Mexican dog and stopped for the night. My partner could speak a half breed Spanish, and when he ran short of words he would fill in with gestures. They understood what we wanted, a place to sleep. We had food and coffee. Profiting by our experience, we did our own kitchen work and cooking. There was a father, mother, two grown girls and a little kid. We gave him some supper and a cup of coffee. He went to the white bread and bacon like a tramp to a back door hand out, but he would not drink the coffee. He would taste it and look at his sister. It was probably his first taste of real coffee, and his tongue was educated to roasted mesquite beans and soap weed concoction.

One of the girls was strikingly handsome. Dark, an olive shade, with fine features and red cheeks, and she had a smile that would make one almost want to forsake civilization and become a sheep herding fanatic. But I got of the wife and baby back in York state and faced the other way.

Rolled in our blankets we slept outside. The Mexicans offered us one room, (there were three) but we figured it the family would have to cord up or sleep outside if we accepted, so we declined.

The next morning we took all the eggs they had, gave them a dollar for hotel accommodations, and drove on.

I started to write you something about these strange people and this wonderful fanaticism, but the pencil has chased off on other trails.

Next week I will get back to them.

Want to Vote on It.

A petition has been filed with County Clerk Mulvey to submit the question of local option to the voters of Estacada at the general election next month.

Estacada is a dry town under a local option vote, but a later election carried it for saloons, but the election was declared illegal by the courts. In the meantime a saloon had opened, and the proprietors were convicted and await sentence.

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NEWS OF OREGON.

LITTLE STORIES OF THE BIGGEST STATES.

Interesting Little Bits of News of the Coast Country.

A hop farmer in the Mission Bottom Country, near Salem, has grown \$10,000 worth of hops on \$100 acres. The crop is already sold at that figure.

A farmer in the Molalla district, has sold \$800 worth of clover seed from eight acres and has 27 tons of clover hay, worth \$270, from the same land.

A man in the Table Rock district of Jackson county raised 6,000 sacks of potatoes on 30 acres. These potatoes are now worth, at the Medford depot, \$1.25 per sack, or \$7,500 for the crop from 30 acres.

Thomas Morgan, of Enterprise, harvested \$10,000 worth of grain from one ranch in Union County and he will grow enough on other ranches near Enterprise to bring his total crop up to 35,000 bushels.

Mrs. J. W. Koehler of Portland found a snake having two heads. It is eight inches long and with the exception of the extra head, is like any of the hundreds of others that infest the neighborhood. The heads grow out from the neck side by side and each is as large as the head of an ordinary snake of the size, would be.

L. R. Alderman, State Superin-

covered; that Standard Oil intended to bring on a panic at the time of his death, just to make a few honest dollars. I say by all means get a copy somehow and read it. It's interesting, coming from the inside of Big Business. And then take another look at your idol.

The tariff question may not be settled this year, neither will all reforms be adopted, but the question "Who's a Liar," has been definitely settled.

Taft may not want to take the stump, but he might stand in the market place and show his pre-convention scars.

I believe in the secret ballot as the best means of fearless expression, but somehow can't see why a candidate for public office nominated on a party ticket, should hide his party colors. It certainly cannot be from cowardice for after defying millions of germans, kissing all the babies—what more is there to fear?

We prohibit the shell game and forbid three card monte, but permit the spectacular purifying the moral atmosphere in the cities. But perhaps it is just as well not to meddle in the show business.

A family of four were out hop picking and took in a cool hundred dollars in three weeks, so they proudly announce. So I took a pencil and figured that this was equal to Taft's salary up to 11:23 a. m., while occupied getting his smile on straight. See anything?

Do you little farmers think you

HOW IT WORKS IN CANADA.

A VIEW THAT DOESN'T AGREE WITH MR. H'S STORY.

Asks him to Take a Trip to B. C. and Find the Alligators.

Editor Courier:—

Friend Heinbotham seems to worry over the fact that where improvements are not taxed land values go up. They go up because of increased population. If anything attracted 50,000 more people to Hie's farm in the hills his land values would go up. Every additional thousand would add to land values \$1,500,000. This value would either go into the public till or into some private tills, according to what the law provided. In Alberta they take more of it than we do in Oregon. In Edmonton they take a twenty mill tax on the value of the land and run a modern, progressive, enterprising city without robbing anybody of parts of their house or contents, or fining them for carrying on an unclean and honest business. So satisfactory is this system that it has extended to every small rural township (they have no counties), and every city is upon that basis, or stepping into it within a few months.

H. has the jim-jams over the single tax. Some people have 'em bad. They see alligators where trout lay in the pools. There are no alligators my friend, Call yourself. Here is a tax receipt from the rural district of Kent, B. C. For 22 years they have been made out that way. A man with \$5,000 assessed value of land pays \$50 in taxes—ten mill tax. He has improvements worth \$5,000 and pays nothing on them in taxes. Along side of him is a man with the same value of land and but \$250 in improvements. He pays a ten mill tax on his land only—the same amount. That community has increased in population, greatly augmented its land values, is a typical farming and dairying township, and has been doing this sort of thing since 1889, when in order "to encourage the people to improve their farms" all taxes for local purposes were stricken off improvements. The town clerk resides at Agassiz, B. C., and if friend H. was to go up there and tell them that it would lower their taxes and restore prosperity and establish more just conditions to tax improvements and reduce taxes on idle land, and would conclude the poor fellow was in need of a physician and had been looking into a receipt-cale where, if looked into too often, alligators and snakes are seen to emerge and spread themselves over the landscape. The rural sections find that to exempt improvements from taxation works exactly as it does in the cities and larger towns—it encourages land use, and discourages land speculation. It reduces taxes on land users and workers and increases taxes on land speculators and shirkers.

The municipal clerk of Peachland, B. C., a fruit growing community, writes that they have had the exemption of improvements there for several years, and that it gives to the land owners "encouragement and incentive to go ahead and both improve and beautify their holdings without being taxed for their labors in that direction." He goes on to suggest that a higher tax on speculative holdings in proportion to value than on used lands would be better than the present Oregon system. This sort of tax is already in operation in some British Columbia towns. A special tax is levied on "wild lands" all over the state, and compels some improvements to be made in order to evade it. It would pay G. H. to take a trip up there and show some of the B. C. people the alligators they are harboring in their pools. He might come back sane.

Alfred D. Gridge.

Saved By His Wife.

She's a wise woman who knows just what to do when her husband's life is in danger, but Mrs. R. J. Flint, Brintree, Vt., is one of that kind. "She insisted on me using Dr. King's New Discovery," writes Mr. F. "for a dreadful cough, when I was so weak all my friends thought I had only a short time to live, and it completely cured me." A quick cure for coughs and colds, it's the most safe and reliable medicine for many throat and lung troubles—grip, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, quinsy, tonsillitis, hemorrhages. A trial will convince you. 50 cents and \$1. Guaranteed by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

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HICINBOTHAM CAN'T SEE IT ANY OTHER WAY.

Still Contends the Alligators in the Pool Will Get Them.

Editor Courier:—

I cannot answer all the boys in separate letters but I will notice some of the main points in each of their letters, in this one article and also give some interesting points on single tax from an Alberta paper, (The Calgary Herald, of September 12,) which has been an advocate of single tax right along, but after trying it out to its satisfaction it reports as follows: "The result has been well-nigh disastrous to a number of Alberta towns. Their finances are well-nigh paralyzed. Single tax as applied to their land, on any reasonable basis of assessment whatever, does not come near to supplying their actual financial needs. Public works have had to be stopped; public service is demoralized; public officials cannot get their money, and even school teachers have been held up for their salaries, because the municipalities have been unable to establish a new basis of revenue. "You see how misleading are the reports sent out by our single tax brethren that live in Portland, who have been reporting single tax to be working perfectly satisfactory in Alberta and the different towns through British Columbia. As I have printed before, the taxes in Edmonton are 15 or 20 times as high now as they were six or seven years ago, when they first started in with single tax. Now please don't give me any more such dope as that for your funeral is set for Nov. 5, and I should hate to have you called into the presence of your Creator and Judge after giving vent to such stuff as that.

Bro. O. D. thinks it is possible to harness the assessors up in such a way that we can make them do as we want them to. What kind of harness are you going to put on them, Bro. Robbins, so as to make them put the value of raw land in the different sections all over the county at the figure you want them to put it at?

How would you come out, if as you say, owners of unimproved land in your locality will not sell it for \$100 per acre and the board of appraisers that would have charge of placing a revaluation on the land, in case the single tax bill should be adopted, (which will have to be done,) would fix the value of wild land in your immediate neighborhood, at just what you are holding it at, \$100 per acre? Wouldn't you have to go down in your jeans, a little bit? Do you believe you can fix the harness so as to control that particular part of their work? If you can't I am afraid you will be crawling out of the swimming hole, too, on account of the alligators.

And there is Bro. Rogers, that I didn't know but what he was dead, I hadn't heard from him for so long. He doesn't know what to think of that man Heinbotham. He thinks I am certainly a stayer on the single tax question. Now I will tell you Bro. Rodgers, why I am a stayer, because I can't see the least inducement in the world to let go. There is nothing in sight. You and I have got the kind of property that will have to pay all the tax if this bill passes. We are in the wrong class, and I don't see any chance for us to get out of this class; we have got to have the land to make a living, while the other class can get along without any land, if they want to, therefore our class would have all the taxes to pay—we would be the niggers and slaves, and the other class would be the aristocracy. Do you want that? Why do you swallow all that dope that is sent out by Eggleston, and Gridge and the rest of that Fels crowd that are paid big money all the time to agitate this single tax question? Do you expect to get reliable statements from them? Look at the way they are misrepresenting the conditions of things at Alberta and all through British Columbia. I don't know Bro. Lewis, but I will say if he is going to be in the class with the niggers and slaves, he had better do a little thinking before he votes. Best wishes for the laboring men.

Geo. Hicinbotham.

We want to call Mr. Hicinbotham's attention to his rather inconsistent position. He is loud in his intimations that the papers which FAVOR the graduated single tax are not honest in their expressions, are paid by the Fels fund, to make them and that he does not believe in their statements, but without question he will take for gospel truth, and concede as sentiment of all British Columbia what one lone newspaper up there is reported to have said.

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LEWIS & STRANGE

Only recently another forcible example of the uncertainty of our economic system was had in the suicide of Captain Merry in Portland. For many years he was rated a success, but age and the changes of conditions brought the fear of want—and suicide. You may be next. "Oh," you say, "that is the last thing I would think of doing." Once this man thought likewise. Of course you have never committed suicide and you never will.

Did you observe that congress had given us a parcels post? So we will catch up with other nations bye and bye, if the next congress could have a dozen Socialist members, we would likely get some form of old-age-pensions.

I wondered why Straus was nominated for governor on the Roosevelt ticket until I saw he was controller of R. H. Maey & Co the big New York department store. Then wondered no more. No workingman need apply, but just give up your votes, pay your taxes and look pleasant.

I have been asked by a man who never read Frenzed Finance as to what important information it contains in regard to McKinley's assassination. Lawson says the first examination revealed that McKinley could not live, but that Standard Oil put a press censor on all bulletins and misinformed the public into the belief of recovery; that Standard Oil intended to bring on a panic at the time of his death, just to make a few honest dollars. I say by all means get a copy somehow and read it. It's interesting, coming from the inside of Big Business. And then take another look at your idol.

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For any pain, from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thom's Eclectic Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.

tendent of Public Instruction, has a project under way that ought to prove helpful. He proposes to make the school houses the social centers of the various communities of the state by giving an extended lecture course during the winter months. These talks will be by well informed speakers, who will discuss subjects of common interest.

The Albany Commercial Club has adopted a resolution favoring the setting aside by the Governor of the second Saturday of October as Fire Day, when accumulated rubbish will be burned, and thereby danger of accidental fires greatly lessened.

The Portland, Eugene and Eastern, the Southern Pacific's system of electric lines, has definite plans for bringing settlers to the Willamette Valley. When the interurban roads are put into operation, special efforts will be made to bring thousands of eastern people to settle on the land, hoping in this way to divide up the large farms and encourage more intensive agriculture. The company will pay much attention to the establishment of canneries, fruit evaporators and other plants to utilize farm products.

Josephine county isn't doing a thing to bootleggers. Ninety days in jail and a \$100 fine was given to Lee Yirk for selling one bottle of booze, and St. Jines got 15 days in jail and a \$250 fine.

The planting of a 250 acre wal-