

WHERE WHITE MEN ARE FEW.

ONE OF THE UNKNOWN SPOTS OF OUR COUNTRY.

A Locality of Strange People and a Wonderful Fanaticism.

(By M. J. Brown.)

About a year ago I wrote an article of the Penitentes community in the mountains of New Mexico and the experiences three of us had, after becoming lost in a mountain blizzard.

By my second trip through this locality was vastly different and much more pleasant.

The second day out at noon from the top of the mountains we saw below us a big valley, or rather a series of intersecting "draws" and from this height we could see several hamlets, a few miles apart, built in the Mexican style of "dobies."

And then my partner told me we needed to be on the job when we got into these towns. We must stay the rest of the day and over night here, for the team, not used to mountain climbing, was showing signs of quitting the job.

The driver said that as we had no tent, no miners' outfit or anything else to indicate a purpose in that country we would be too decidedly prominent and suspicious characters, with none to vouch for us, and that the Penitentes didn't go very much on taking a man on trust. But as we had no letters of introduction there was nothing to it but kick in and play it.

And to you who may not have read the articles of a year ago, here are a few lines of explanation of the Penitentes.

They are man crucifiers, self-scourgers. They are a relic of the Penitent Brothers of the middle ages and if you have a good recollection of old world history you will recall that this scourging became almost epidemic in Europe hundreds of years ago. But it was finally stamped out by the Catholic church, and in later years it appeared in old Mexico. It was driven out of there, and bands of them went into the mountain fastness of New Mexico, where they are today.

It is the religion of these fanatics to inflict pain on themselves and on each other. They cut open each others' backs with sharp lashes woven from raw fiber, they gash open their legs and arms with glass-like lava flints; they throw their naked bodies into beds of prickly pear and roll over in the sharp needles and they bind their legs with fine cord and stop circulation, and many other forms of torture and torment.

On the first trip I made into these mountains, during Lent, and when for forty days they are almost continually at these horrors, I saw dozens of these men, barefooted and naked to the waist, running up and down a rocky mountain road during a fierce mountain blizzard, and I saw the snow red with the blood that ran down their backs and dripped off their heads. Some were loaded with heavy wooden crosses, all they could stagger under, while others carried loads of the long-needed cactus on their bare shoulders.

As our rig approached, they dumped their loads of torture by the road and disappeared in the brush, and I got out of the rig and turned over these blood-smeared crosses, as proof that I was not dreaming. A deputy sheriff was with me then and all three of us had 45's. And I had sand.

These tortures are their forms of religion. They call on the people to repent, in half breed Spanish. They work themselves into an insane frenzy with these tortures, and when one collapses, I suppose he thinks he is all kinds of a Christian soldier.

And not so many years ago it took the standing army to stop human crucifixions in this locality.

And these men are American citizens, voters and jurors, HOW WOULD you like to have a jury of them try you?

We drove into the village about noon, and found there was some church doings on and everybody on the job. I did not learn whether it was a meeting to raise money to send to the heathens in China or Africa, or to raise money for a pipe organ.

After the services the people flocked into the store, saloons and the street. Every little cluster of "dobies" has its saloon. We watched the men go from the altar to the bar, and line up. A few drank, the others sitting around, and it made me think of New York. Bar flies breed anywhere.

These saloons sell the cheapest brands of poison whiskey, light beer, from Mexico, and the native mescal. This stuff, made from the maguey plant (a variety of century plant) is bad stuff to take on, unless there is plenty of fighting material around. (But understand this is heresy evidence.) What seemed just a little violation of the fitness of things were the pictures of Christ and the crucifixion and crosses galore everywhere in the saloons.

We went to the store. It carried just the cheapest of flimsy stuff, and pictures enough of Christ to glut an American market. The crosses were everywhere, and cheap, flashy-colored prints of the crucifixion were far greater in stock than groceries. These people raise pretty much what they consume, and the store only carried

calicos, trinkets, notions and tobacco, cheap shoes, overalls, etc. The store was crowded with the black faces. There were as many women as men. The men have the strong Indian features, but the women are more delicate, very meek looking and half of them simply handsome. And they all were observing us with curiosity. It was not open or offensive, but I could simply feel it.

We made the merchant understand we wanted dinner and to stay all night. He took us down the street to a "dobie," where his madama had dinner ready, and where she was putting the finishing touches of the housework by sweeping a dirt floor with a home-made broom of rushes, Beans, bacon and tortillas were the meal, and I more enjoyed watching three little children watch me than I did the meal. I wore a gold ring that weighed an ounce and the kids looked at it in wonder and awe.

After the meal I proposed to my partner to go Broadway, but he said no. He was going to take his on the sunny side of the saloon. So I started out.

Ever know the most uncomfortable sensation of someone following and watching you? I had been ten minutes on my exploration before I knew the Mexicans were watching me. I simply could feel it. Not a minute of the two hours I was walking about was there not one or more Mexicans in sight. They did not appear to be watching, and would always be engaged at something or looking the other way.

And it got on my nerve—my yellow nerve—until I could just picture some Penitent out in the brush taking a fancy shot at me and wondering whether I would turn once or twice around when I fell. And then I hiked back to the man who talked "God's language." I didn't tell him of my uneasiness, for fear of the laugh, but before we went to sleep I told him of the family where we stayed one night a year ago had tried to poison us, and I noticed he took his big gun to bed with us. But there was nothing doing—I didn't even have a scare dream.

One of the curiosities of the hamlet kept me guessing, and I am yet guessing. Cut back into a hill was a plater that resembled a Kansas cyclone collar. It had a heavy door of planks split from a tree, and it was fastened by a hasp and staple, but the fastening was above the reach of any man. There were no windows, no chimney, no ventilation. It wasn't a jail, for it was not strong enough; it was not a burial place, for there was a burial ground up the draw, and I couldn't believe Phil Armour's gang had started a cold storage branch there.

I asked a Mexican what it was in my abbreviated Spanish and extravagant signs, but all I could get out of him was "no savvy." I knew he was a lying descendant of a crucifier, but I was too much of a gentleman (and too far from a policeman) to tell him so.

The next morning we hiked, and I must tell a little one on myself, I furnished the fun for a white man, a Greaser and a bunch of goats.

A few miles out a tree blocked the boulevard—the Pacific highway—so we went around. We came to an arroyo and knowing the deadly quick sands of these creek beds, I lost my sand, and refused to ride through. I didn't fancy a Penitente grave—didn't like to be sucked in.

Further up the stream I saw two logs across the stream and I preferred the tight wire act to mud drowning. The logs were about six inches through and six inches apart. A bunch of goats had started to cross, but I scared them back. But half way across an old ram met me. I gave him one of the logs. Then came another and another—the whole flock. I gave half the way but they knocked me down. I tried to go back, but I couldn't. I sat on one log and held to the other, but the sharp heels soon made me throw up my hands. I wedged in between the logs and toughed it out, and waited for 300 goats to walk over the log—and me—and listen to the laughter of the driver and the herder. It was some fun to the spectators. I didn't exactly enjoy it.

I will use a couple columns more next week to tell you more about the strange set, and about the crucifixion ground and the crosses, which I saw—that tree on which many human lives have been sacrificed to the most wonderful fanaticism in the world.

DON'T KNOW THEY HAVE APPENDICITIS

Many Oregon City people who have chronic appendicitis, which is not very painful, have doctored for years on gas on the stomach, sour stomach or constipation. Jones Drug Co. states if these people will try simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-Lika, the German appendicitis remedy, they will be surprised at the QUICK benefit. A SINGLE DOSE relieves these troubles INSTANTLY.

Mayor James C. Dahlman, is serving his fourth term as Mayor of Omaha, Neb., having received the overwhelming support of the voters of that city. His steadily increasing popularity parallels that of a famous medicine he has used, of which he writes: "I have taken Foley Kidney Pills and they have given me a great deal of relief so I cheerfully recommend them." For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

"THIS WOULD BE AWFUL, ELIZA."

OREGON COULD NOT STAND THIS PROSPERITY.

Never do to Have People Coming Here and Settling Country.

Editor Courier:—Friend Heinbotham has a mind like a corkscrew, that if straightened out would be utterly useless to his fellow men. As it is, he is able to be used to pull something with. His nightmare in last issue has taken the form of worryment over the sad plight of some Alberta towns he has learned of through the veracious columns of the organ of the Oregon Big Business Beast, which information it garbled out of the Tory Big Business organ of Alberta.

For a year it has been known that this change in the incident of taxation was to be taken. The legislature gave formal notice months ago, but some towns afflicted with councilmen of the same kind as friend Heinbotham shut their eyes last March and went on assessing on the old basis and encouraging land speculators as much as possible. Now they will have to scrimp along until the next assessment is made and some public officials will have to miss some salaries—but no meals.

The new basis of revenue is attracting capital and population

cheaply operated) are any taxpayers agitating for an abandonment of the single tax principal in operation in many of them for years and years. In some they even tax idle land MORE in proportion to value than used land, believing that the speculator is of no earthly use to any community as such, and for absentee and non-resident land owners they have still another form of additional tax that is a great inducement to use, live upon or let somebody else do so.

Now, when I was up there last spring I inquired of a town clerk why nobody was agitating the establishment of our beautiful Oregon taxation system that friend Heinbotham and the Oregonian and the Portland Light and Power Company loves so well, and that gentleman smiled a prominent smile and pointed out a sanitarium in the distance. "They would belong in there," he said.

ALFRED D. CRIDGE.

"KILL THEM."

Read the Campaign Book, then Use the Knife.

Editor Courier:—I would suggest that you publish every week until election time that very valuable notice that appeared in last week's Courier under the heading of "Kill them" and I would also call to the attention all those voters quoted by the mayor, as not having looked at the State's pamphlet, and all others, to cut out "Kill them" from your paper and then take the Pamphlet and study "Kill them," also study the state pamphlet and be ready to vote intelligently on election day.

Better still publish "Kill them" in large type and advise every one to cut out same and carry to the polls.

Keep up your good work. G. W. SMITH.

ECZEMA AND BLOTCHES GO!

Costs You Only 25c to Try ZEMO and Prove What a Wonder It Really Is.

Apply ZEMO on those eczema sores, that nothing else you have ever tried has benefited—and all itching will stop, and in a few days—absolutely gone! A trial of ZEMO proves it positively. There will not be a spot left, the skin will be as smooth and clear as though you never had eczema in your life.

If you have dandruff there's another chance to prove how wonderful ZEMO is. ZEMO positively stops it.

To prove what it will do in curing eczema, itching, inflamed or irritated skin, dandruff, blotches, pimples, cuts and sores, your druggist will supply you with a 25-cent bottle. ZEMO is guaranteed to stop itching.

ZEMO is sold in 25-cent and \$1 bottles at drug stores, or sent direct, on receipt of price, by E. W. Rose Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. The \$1 bottle contains six times as much as the 25c bottle.

Sold and guaranteed in Oregon City by the Huntley Bros. Drug Co.

CONCLUSIONS ARE DEAD WRONG

DOESN'T QUESTION NEWSPAPER'S HONESTY.

Different Means to the Same End, But Means Don't Agree.

Editor Courier:—I want to say to start in with that the editor has drawn some extremely wrong conclusions from some of my articles on single tax, to think that I accuse the papers that favor single tax, of not being honest in their expressions, and being paid by the Fels fund for advocating it. I can't think what you have taken this from, but allow me to most emphatically deny any such intentions on the part of the Courier, for I consider it one of the fairest papers on the coast, in giving everyone a fair chance to express his or her opinions on any subject. My kindest regards to the Courier; he jumps kind of sideways on single tax once in a while, but he has not had as much time to study it as I have, I expect. I have directed all my accusations at the agitators that are in the employ of Jos. Fels and are being paid for their work. When you hear an attorney get up in court and work with all the power and tact that he can command, to try to liberate one of the most desperate criminals that ever was brought into court, you

PEOPLE DO READ.

Vigorous Defense of the Voters by a Courier Reader.

Editor Courier:—G. B. Dimick does not like the initiative and referendum and never did. His testimony is not under oath that nine men out of ten have not read and will not read the state pamphlet.

Now many men of the last legislature read all the bills introduced there, some 900. How many men in Congress read all the bills introduced there, some 30,000 every session?

Fact is Grant Dimick is one of those eminent gentlemen who does not read himself, and thinks nobody else does. The state pamphlet will be read alright by the people who do the voting. Prejudiced testimony will not go very far. Whenever you hear a man rave about the initiative measures being too much of a task for the average man, you can wager your bean cover that he will be perfectly willing to do all the voting and thinking for the entire community, and will listen attentively to Big Business when doing so.

No citizen has to read the state pamphlet in order to vote as intelligently as the average member of the legislature. The long-winded inheritance tax law, for instance. Three pages of it suffices to indicate that it is one of the litter that needs drowning. The measures to stop free speech, and prohibit boycotts need to receive but one minute's consideration to likewise be dropped in the soup with an X mark for NO. The same with the sneaking, prevaricating "majority rule" fakes. And so on down the list. All the measures submitted by the legislature are fakes and bull con that do not need to be poured over by the hour. The legislature has no use for the people, and no sympathy for the workers. About one minute will do for the lot. Then we have the four tax measures submitted by our bonehead tax commission and an equally bone-headed special committee of the legislature. Fakes. Brand them as inspected and condemned.

Mr. Dimick will carefully pick out every measure that gives the people more power and more justice and vote X NO. There are only about five or six of them.

The intelligent voter will decide the matter with half an hour's study, and slam it to big business until its teeth chatter and its ribs rattle, and do it in less time than G. B. Dimick devotes to splitting some legal hair in a court proceeding.

A. C. CHILDS.

HEARD IN OREGON CITY.

Bad Backs Made Strong—Kidney Pills Corrected.

All over Oregon City you hear it, Doan's Kidney Pills are keeping up the good work, curing weak kidneys, driving away back ache, correcting urinary ills. Oregon City people are telling about it—telling 5¢ bad backs made sound again. You can believe the testimony of your own townsmen. They tell it for the benefit of you who are suffering. If your back aches, if you feel lame, sore and miserable, if the kidneys act too frequently, or passages are painful, scanty and off color, use Doan's Kidney Pills, the kind that has helped so many of your friends and neighbors. Follow this Oregon City citizen's advice and give Doan's a chance to do the same for you.

L. Noble, 714 Main St., Oregon City, Oregon says: Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in my home and I am glad to say that they are a good medicine for kidney trouble.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Millburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Mortgage Loans.

Money to loan on first class, improved farms in Clackamas county. Current interest rates—attractive repayment privilege. A. H. Birrell Co.—202 McKay Bldg. 3rd. and Stark Sts. Portland, Oregon.

FROM THE MAYOR OF EDMUNTON

DIRECT EVIDENCE OF HOW SINGLE TAX WORKS.

Any Candidate Opposing Would be Snowed Under at Polls.

Mayor's Office City of Edmonton, September 24, 1912. W. G. Eggleston Portland, Ore.

I have been asked by Mr. F. S. Watson of your city to reply to a portion of your communication to him of September 21st re tax on land.

In addition to the tax on land and previous to this year, the Charter of this city permitted a business tax computed on a rate per square foot floor space for certain businesses and a license fee according to our City license by-law on other businesses. These have been our only source of revenue for all purposes of this city for many years. During last session of our Provincial Parliament, which was about a year ago, our City authorities had the legislature amend our charter whereby we could eliminate the taxation of business, which we have done, so that this present year we have only as a source of revenue, tax on land and license fees. (I may say that we also abolished the poll tax which had been in force.)

The general desire and trend of our citizens of all classes has been to adopt the system of tax on land only, for all purposes of city revenue. At the present time we are considering the revision of the license fees as scheduled in our license by-law with the hope of reducing them materially, thus making them merely nominal. I may say that we know of no instance in this city where any hardship has been caused by the exemption of taxation on improvements of the land; and in fact I do not think that any aspirant to a position at the hands of the electors would receive even a recognition at the polls, if such candidate were to advocate taxation of improvements on land or a digression from the principle of tax on the land only.

Yours truly, G. S. ARMSTRONG, Mayor.

COMMENDS FAIR PLAY.

Portland Attorney's Thanks for Stand Courier Takes.

Portland, Sept. 7.

Editor of Oregon City Courier, I have been reading the "Oregon City Courier" for some time past, and particularly the articles on the present economic conditions, and I have been intending to express my appreciation of the clearness of thought your articles show, and the concise manner in which you express your ideas.

Your article in your issue of Oct. 4th, entitled "Just a Damned Socialist," is very good, particularly the illustrations of the inequality between the common people and the moneyed classes, wherein it is shown that the equality is generally brought about by inherited wealth, or by securing bonds issued by corporations to promoters getting control of the natural resources, and for amounts largely in excess of their intrinsic values.

I have been giving most of my spare time during the last few months to studying the present conditions and have become a firm believer in the socialistic propaganda. I have been asked by several people what they should read on Socialism that would be interesting as well as instructive, and I have referred them to Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and "Equality," and to Henry George's works. I believe that if the people understand the situation and were told the remedy in a manner that is at once clear and reasonable, there would be a general falling in line on the part of the laboring classes and smaller merchants.

I find some people are afraid of the programme, because of the fire-craters who are expanding it, and if they could read such books as are written by the said authors they would see that the cause is reasonable, fair and right, in all respects, and is not simply the programme of sore-heads and failures.

Again expressing my appreciation of the manner in which you are handling the situation, I am, Yours truly, CHAS. E. LENON.

A Log On The Track.

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheimer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50 cents at Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Oregon.

J. W. Copeland of Dayton, Ohio

purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for his boy who had a cold, and before the bottle was all gone the boy's cold was gone. Is that not better than to pay a five dollar doctor's bill? For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City, Ore.

Advertisement for Mitchell Line of Quality implements. Includes illustrations of a tractor, a plow, a harrow, and a wagon. Text: Farmers Look Up Your FALL Requirements in Farm Tools NOW. If you need a new Plow or Harrow, Feed Cutter, Wagon, Buggy--- ANYTHING in Implements or Vehicles, you will find it in the Mitchell Line of Quality. The Best for The West. See Us! CANBY HDWE. & IMPL. MENT CO. Canby, Ore. W. J. WILSON & CO. Oregon City Ore. BIG FREE IMPLEMENT CATALOGUE SENT YOU UPON REQUEST.