

SOME AFTER ELECTION THOUGHTS

THINGS JOHN STARK SEES "AFTER IT'S ALL OVER."

Weekly Letter of Comment on Matters in the Public Eye.

When you see this in print the ballots will have been counted and I wonder how many men will wish they had "it to do over again."

I would advise all farmers and mill workers to lay in a good supply of diamonds for I have a "hunch" that a higher rate of duty will be put on this article.

Did you ever think of how much of what we call progress is the direct result of co-operation?

We often talk of Harriman as the owner of the great Southern Pacific system when nothing of the kind is true.

Yet amid the hustle are unmistakable signs of an old life—the quiet, easy-going medieval life of the Spanish times.

Mazzini said, "the next great word is association." It is now up to the farmer to take up the problem.

What is "American character?" Will anyone please explain to a common clod crusher will know it when he meets it?

Again, if the Socialists win "four years from now" it will be only because they have been ready for Socialism.

The country has been saved again—in spots. Three campaign managers told us it would be saved all in one chunk.

It is really sad to see so many good men defeated at the polls. It would be better to nominate only bad men.

Did you vote to "give them one more chance?" That is nice. Surely your patience will be appreciated.

A Bohemian couple propose to produce "the perfect child by the will power alone."

The storm is over. Come out and announce who your favorite

candidate for president was. The name of safety counted and nothing to lose.

MANILA.

As Walter L. Bailey of Gladstone Sees It.

"All passengers on deck by six o'clock for quarantine inspection," was the order and we reluctantly left our bunks and came up.

We were lined up on deck and given individual examinations and then told to bare our arms for the pretty little vaccinating knife.

From the starboard side we could plainly see the gray, rocky slopes of Corregidor—the Gibraltar of the Philippines.

Not far from Corregidor lies another island, the top of which has been cut away nearly to the level of the water.

Running in past Cavite we passed two small vessels of a peculiar pattern. "Are those sea-going vessels?" I asked of an old resident of Manila.

After two hours of sultry waiting at the customs dock, we were finally admitted into the Philippines.

The first thing I noticed was the new means of transportation. Japan has rickshaws, Hong Kong, chairs and rickshaws and the Philippines have carromatas.

From the seat of a carromata I took a look at the city, Manila has a business air. Street cars rattle incessantly and the old familiar advertisements are everywhere.

Great stone churches, whose ages must be told in centuries, lift their giant crosses into the blue sky.

Just outside the old walls, along the harbor, lies a wide plaza, with drives and band stands. This is the famous Luneta which was constructed by the Americans.

Manila is clean, healthful and prosperous. It has a good harbor and is in the direct line of Eastern shipping.

WALTER L. BAILEY.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

A Little Incident of Justice in Oregon 50 Years Ago.

The Record-Chief of Enterprise, Ore., is running a series of early day historic letters, written soon after the war by Albert Richardson.

The first settlers of Oregon crossed the continent through the South Pass in 1839, nine years before the gold discoveries in California.

"Is your husband cross?" An irritable, fault finding disposition is often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured.

Don't waste your money buying strengthening plasters.

ABOUT THE MEDICINE MAN

MODERN METHODS ARE USING MORE SENSE, LESS DRUGS.

Some Practical Thoughts by One of the Men Who Thinks.

A man can mend a broken jug because he can make a jug; but he cannot mend an injured organic body.

When you reach the other shore, what you have piled up won't look so good to you as what has been given away.

EAGLE CREEK.

Last Friday night, Nov. 1st, a goodly crowd of interested farmers gathered in the basement of the new school building.

Of course only a small percentage of the sick cases end in death and it is part of the doctor's business to see that he gets the credit for it.

That they are the only unorganized class, at the same time being the most important; upon

respective medicines deserve the name of remedies. We have reason to hope that with the growing enlightenment of the people the time will soon come when the risk and uncertainty of medicine will be apparent to all.

Maxburg Philosophy.

If you don't like the school teacher, the preacher, or the neighbors, your children won't either. Disliking folks is a germ disease.

Signs of prosperity—the manure spreader and the silo.

Brother Brown:— Now that election is over I am curious to see what you will fill up the many columns of the bright Courier with—now that all the writers will not be coming in with their weekly letters on the many different topics of interest.

I don't mean that the Courier will be dry reading, for I will let you alone for that, yet at the same time I will miss the letters from my friends throughout the county, and this is why I am writing you—that you will take the matter up with them and let us continue the forum.

I believe the Courier made the most popular hit that it could possibly have made when it opened its columns and said that it would print any man's letter on any topic, if the letter and the topic were decent.

The trouble with most of the

THE COURIER IS YOURS, USE IT

OPEN COLUMNS FOR THE MAN WITH AN IDEA.

Writer Says Open Columns have Been Very Popular.

The following personal letter came in Wednesday's mail, and while we know it was not written for publication, yet we know the writer would have no objections to publishing a part of same, for it has some good suggestions and is well worth producing.

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needed new laws, and unneeded present ones, talk them over and be the wiser and readier to act when the time comes to act.

Urge your readers to use the columns in the future as in the past, and you will certainly have a newspaper worth the reading during the coming long winter evenings.

J. E. B.

About a year ago, when—the present managers look over the Courier, it was decided to run an open sheet—where every son of a gun looked alike as long as he was decent.

In talking over this proposition with a business man of Oregon City he said we would make the mistake of our lives, that such a paper would lose its personality, and that the people would ride it to death.

"That kind of a paper may work in New York but it won't do here," said the advisor.

But we wanted to try it just the same—and we did. Not one of the predictions of this man has come true—and he was honest in his advice, speaking for what he thought was for the best good of the Courier.

This opening of the columns of the Courier has proven a splendid success—and it will continue just as long as our readers with decent opinions want to help fill them.

And acting on the advice of our friend from Macsburg, we do invite any man who has something to say on any topic of general interest to say it through the Courier. We don't want local seraps, town differences and this kind of fights, for they are not of public interest, but if you have an idea that will give the other fellow a new thought or that you think worth one for bettering any condition, the Courier is open to you—go to it.

So many men who can think, but cannot put the commas and the right letters in the right places, are shy about sending in a letter. And we want to tell you fellows that we are here to put these in the right spots, and if we miss occasionally there won't be any great harm done.

Just bear in mind that we want something interesting—and then let them come.

Expression of Sympathy.

Hall of Maple Lane Grange No. 296, P. of H.

Editor Courier:— At a meeting of Maple Lane Grange held on November 2, 1912, the following motion was moved and carried: that the W. M. name a committee to tender the good will and sympathy of the members of Maple Lane Grange to our dearly beloved sister Sarah A. Gillett, who is confined to a bed of sickness, in the Oregon City Hospital and who we greatly miss hope and pray for her complete and speedy recovery and consequent restoration to her former station in our midst.

A Farmers' Gold Mine. W. H. Bair shipped a single earload of clover seed last week that came to over \$7,500.00. And this is but one of many that have been shipped during the past two weeks.

Strayed. A brindle Jersey heifer, one year old, has been in my pasture two months. Owner may have same by paying this ad. and pasturing, William Bruce, 9th and Division streets, Oregon City.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Hoing, torturing skin eruptions, disfigure many, drive wild. Doan's Ointment brings Fifty cents at any drug store.

Breakfast In a Good, Warm Room

A "warm" breakfast—the kind that sends you out ready braced for a good day's work—should be eaten in a warm room.

You lose half the good of the meal if you are shivering in discomfort while you eat it.

A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater makes breakfast a cosy meal for the whole family.

No smoke or smell with a Perfection. Easily cleaned. Easily moved from room to room. An ornament anywhere; a luxury in the bedroom; a necessity in the sewing-room or the bathroom.

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cases would be attributing to him superhuman power. This however, touches on the very foundation of the medicine man's vocation. When man cannot help himself in the agony of pain, he looks for help wherever it is offered. The confirmed skeptic is likely to become a believer in extreme distress. Thus we find even in the most primitive society, the medicine man concealingly make skins with sorts of roots to heal the sick. He is a more important personage in his tribe than our physician is with us and often we find him also engaged in the practice of priestcraft, healing both body and soul. The pain of the patient after the remedy is applied, it is difficult to convince a patient that he is cured, but easy enough to prove that without the medicine he would be worse. Perhaps a sick body, like a sick soul, is more responsive to faith as a remedy than to a medicine and in many cases the medicine may be the instrument of a faith cure.

From the crude concoctions of the savage medicine man to the scientific preparations of the modern physician is a long distance, and no doubt a century hence, the present methods of treatment will be antiquated. They all rest on the instinctive desire of the sick to be made whole and on his faith that this can be accomplished. With the exception of a few heterodox individuals, the people of each race believe that none but their own papers of Oregon, especially the weeklies, is that they are one-idea papers, and will only give one side of matters—at the same time expecting as a matter of right that readers of all classes should subscribe for it. I have three copies of the Courier and I shall forthwith stop them because campaign. I will not support a newspaper that is too small to give place to a man's honest opinion because it does not agree with the editor's way of thinking.

But what I want to urge you to do is to urge your subscribers to continue their letters, and keep the Courier as interesting during the next two years, as it was being during the past year.

Oregon is a progressive state. Her citizens are ever blazing the way to new ideas and to trials of new things. In this we are simply following the ideas of the big successful business concerns who are ever trying new things and working for greater efficiency.

And now because we have voted, we should not burrow up two years, but should at once start on new things, discuss them, exchange ideas and bring Oregon to the front in many more ways.

This does not necessarily mean politics—we have all had plenty of this in the last six months, but rather a discussion of the hundreds of other matters of individual and state rights that we are thinking of today. Let us take these matters up, the matters of