

AN OUTLINE OF LIFE.

The Treadmill that Too Many of Our People Tread.

Not long ago the writer, for a few moments stood at one of those mysterious mile posts that we pass annually along the high way of the phenomenon called life. Reader, if time is not too urgent will you pause a moment and with me look back over the uneven road which with blistered feet I have groped? Often hungry; most of the time underfed, poorly clothed; scorched in summer, and freezing in winter.

I have been told that song birds were plentiful along this highway. In the springtime of youth perhaps such is true to those who may pause and listen but to the child born to toil, growing up in ignorance amid distressing poverty, the senses that call forth the lyric imagination of childhood and youth, such sounds, which denote the scale of music, blur into the snarling, growling tone that ever seems to say "hurry-hurry-hurry-up."

But perhaps you are not interested in my story—well personally I am unimportant but I am sure that many millions of my brothers and sisters, who have passed along this road since I began my last fare-well tour have had an experience much like mine though the historian never learned their names, and but few notes sang of them, and should the laurette make the attempt, would have been promptly jailed as a traitor.

You, who lived all your lives on the farms away from the fierce crush of the marts of trade, know not the anguish which the struggle for existence brings. I prefer to speak of myself for most likely you are not intimately acquainted with poverty because you "knew how to manage," consequently "always got along." Ever hear those remarks? Sound familiar don't they?

Well, as I was saying when I started out on this last fare-well tour, these United States were in some doubt of the United business, even though the awful revolution had in reality already been accomplished; the slave holding aristocracy, in the name of the party of Jefferson and Jackson, still was in possession of the government and certain men insisted it was right to own other men, proving their position by the Bible, the law and lastly by the fact of possession. This same party will presently take up the governing business but has changed so much as not to claim (only in spots) the right of property in man. And on the other hand it will contend to the right of property in jobs by which method greater and quicker fortunes have been exploited than by the old worn out and crude method of property in man. There this party claims to be reformed. However when any group adopts a theory against which they fought it is only when their economic interests have changed or they have become conscious of their interests.

While the party has the jobs we have the votes so that whenever we find the legal rules contrary to our interest we can alter or abolish them and make new ones consistent with our welfare. We then can point to the flag the constitution and the laws as our right and prove by the Bible of the righteousness of our cause, for while I have investigated several brands of religion I have never heard a Christian sermon or a sentence of truth in any church I have intended. It is well to note in passing, that this party comes to power again by about one-fourth of all the legal votes of the country. We shall soon see at first hand how much of the truth in any church I have attended, or shall I say masters, think it is good for us to have.

Strange how a birthday story should lead one into politics. It would be strange were not politics a part of our every day life, but to come back to my life story which may be hard for you to understand, who has never seen mother, father and children boiling within the same brick walls from six in the morning till six at night for six days in the week and on Sunday you were expected to go to church and give up some of the few pennies in your possession so as to send missionaries to China to keep the heathen from going to hell. I will not branch off to tell you about the six powers, including this, your government, attempting to force an undesirable loan on China. Your daily paper told all about that.

Can you put yourself in my place just in thought of course (for I would not insinuate that you ever have experienced the despair of poverty.) When at the year's end you found you had often travelled many miles from place to place seeking an opportunity to earn a living, only to be told by a fellow man (and he often in nearly in your own deplorable condition) that "nothing doing," then if your senses were not benumbed with fatigue and hunger, you would wonder what was meant by the words "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

To me it seems that we who have borne the day's toil and heat should have during our life the best products of the efforts of mankind and when at last we can no longer bear the burdens of the field, the mine or factory, that we might be relieved from the dread of hunger, and cold, nor yet feel the sting of grudging charity but spend the evening of life looking over our lives and the beauty of this warm and peaceful earth. Then we could feel that the human race was redeemed from the savages of the jungle called business.

"Better the wealth of the heart, the gift of feeling, though worn by sorrow, penury and toil, than all the diamonds of the mines that glisten; or all the gold in California's soil." JOHN L. STARK

W. C. T. U. Notes.

The W. C. T. U. has been saying for many years that impurity and intemperance are twin evils, and that a blow aimed at the one falls with equal force on the other. You would have realized the truth of this statement if you heard Miss Emma Drake lecture Tuesday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Drake spoke in the afternoon to about thirty-five ladies. She spoke to mothers and grandmothers saying in part that our work has just begun and that a much greater work remains to be done if we accomplish the great work we are praying for.

We think the superintendent of our S. T. S. work and our president should be greatly encouraged by the fine work done by our S. T. S. members. We hope many more children will join and learn these beautiful marching songs and temperance yells. Our future success depends largely on the children learning these great truths and practicing them.

MOUNTAIN VIEW.

These beautiful days are effecting the sluggish nature of the gardener and house cleaner, but just wait a while, the winter is not over yet. Mrs. A. Mautz has been very ill the past week and a trained nurse has been caring for her.

Mrs. E. F. Story, of Wolf Creek, Or. is visiting her sister, Mrs. Welsh and other friends in Oregon City. Her little daughter, Helene, accompanied her and all are so glad to see her so improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Haskell moved into their new cottage on Duane St., last Monday. Wm. Hall and wife, received word this week that Mr. Hall's mother was critically ill at her home in Kansas.

Roy Campbell and Mr. Vanankin are busy remodeling the interior of the Swanson residence and will make it a more convenient residence.

Miss Emma VanFoy returned here after visiting friends in Albany. Mr. J. H. Crawford is able to walk down town after his long illness.

Miss Roma Stafford spent several days with her parents last week. Mrs. George Gibbs was here from Milwaukee one day this week. Mr. Gibbs has torn down the old house on their ranch on Molalla and is getting ready to build a new and modern residence. Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs had moved to Milwaukee several months ago and will perhaps make that their home as they are doing well there.

Mrs. Gibbs is entertaining a brother and wife, late arrivals from Iowa, whom she had not seen for 28 years.

We can have almost any kind of excitement on Molalla Ave. The latest was last Wednesday when Mr. Welsh's team, driven by J. Lee, ran away, throwing the driver off and one wheel passing over him, stunning but not hurting him. The team started to turn in at the planning mill when one horse fell down, stopping the run. In a short time after a horse hitched to a top buggy started to run and upset the rig and breaking the top; demolished the harness and the driver fell out but did not break two bottles of whiskey in his pocket and did not sober him very much. The next day he came back and gathered up the wreck. We suppose he won't get drunk again. Such men never do.

Mrs. Martin has put up a neat yard fence in front of her home. J. Llewellyn has put new sills under the Everhart and Hall store and put the building on a more perpendicular footing. The building is owned by J. Fairclough.

Mr. Fricky has bought the property of Frank Bullard on Molalla Ave., and has taken possession. Will Jones, of Carus, was in our part of the city and called on his mother, Mrs. Roehl, last Monday.

Mrs. Henry Cromer and daughter, Alberta, spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn. Mr. and Mrs. Cromer have moved to Portland, having rented their farm at Springwater.

The White Rose of Paradise.

As I lay on my couch a-dreaming, There came to me on this wise, A lovely, entrancing vision, Of a garden beyond the skies. As I wandered amid rare flowers, displayed to my wondering eyes, I came to the fairest in beauty, The White Rose of Paradise. Do you know, it is Love blooms richly In that garden beyond the skies; Love's fragrance rises eternal From the White Rose of Paradise. And through life's varying turmoil; And through sorrows that oft-dim our eyes, There blooms, for a soul's redemption The White Rose of Paradise. M. L. C. H.

F. E. Walling, a farmer living near Yukon, Mo., strongly recommends Foley's Honey & Tar Compound and says: "I have been advised by my family doctor to use Foley's Honey & Tar Compound for my children when there was a cough medicine needed. I recommend it to others."—Huntley Bros.

FAITH AND CONFIDENCE.

That is What our Money is and All that it is.

Editor Courier:— In regard to this currency matter you fail to state the question correctly. The government stamp gives money, not metal, the purchasing power. Again it is only superstition to believe that there is metal behind the government money, that is if we take all forms of so-called money, which includes National bank notes, which are usually called money, though if I owe you a bill and tender you one of Latourette's bank bills you "can turn it down. It is not legal tender. Should the bank fail with notes in your possession, the government would swap you a treasury note for it and cancel the bank note. This ridiculous process is called "redeeming" the bank note is "secured by U. S. bonds or other securities."

The constitution says "Congress shall have power to coin money and to regulate the value thereof and the foreign coin." Note carefully the framers clearly saw that the value of money depended on the law ("fiat") and not upon any inherent quality of the material upon which the words or figures are stamped; also note in time of need paper is the only form of material upon which money is coined that becomes available, the alleged precious metals disappear from circulation.

Statistical abstract no. 33, page 350 shows gold coin and bullion in treasury 242 million, in circulation 590 millions; silver dollars 13 million in treasury and 72 million in circulation; subsidiary coin in treasury 19 million, in circulation 135 million; gold certificates 802 million; silver

bad sign—which calls for incantations to the tariff gods. Now this shipping hundred tons of gold, bacon and pig hundred tons of gold, back and on nonsense or superstition, to support confidence.

Suppose the currency was all paper and had every bit of grain, meat, and land and the faith and energy of 95 million people behind it. Would not that be better than 3,500 tons of gold and 23,000 tons of silver? Bear in mind by the "fiat" of government you would all have these two metals also and would save all the warehousing and minting of the metals.

I was almost a man grown before I saw any gold in circulation and what I saw since was mostly out of reach or whirled by so fast I could not grab and hold it. In British Columbia very little metal was in circulation but the wheels of commerce did not stop.

Go buy one ticket to Canby, another to Salem. Both of one size and general appearance. Just a change of words. One costs you about one sack of spuds, the other about three sacks; are not redeemable in gold, but in service. That is the only just basis for the possession of money service rendered. That is all that should redeem money—SERVICE. STARK.

LOGAN.

There was some excitement last week over the reported explosion of a meteor near Karl Fallert's home. Many people heard the sharp report and some saw the smoke. After investigation it was concluded that a boy who had been helping to blow out stumps for E. C. Guerber and who had quarreled with his partner, set

FROM THE "EXHUMER."

Some Real, Rare, Ripe, Funny and Deep Ones.

A subscriber sends in the following clipping which he writes is from the "Exhumers" news columns. Just who and what the "Exhumer" is we do not know, but Judge Dimick will laugh and say it beats the Daily News joke column and M. D. Latourrette will lose his taste for Judge. Here are the smilies:

Snodgrass's cat had a fit last night. The deacon shot her in the corn patch. Dunk Peter's bulldog got after a skunk last week. Dunk thinks he caught him.

Steve Hankins the undertaker went to town yesterday to take his embalming lesson. Someone disturbed Aunt Atty Windpenney's chickens the other morning at peep of day.

Old Socrates Bainbridge, our town atheist is very low. Quite a crowd is going over to see if he will die game. Uncle Andy Crevason, proprietor of the Central Hotel, gasolined beds last week. Uncle Andy never lets 'em get the upper hand of him.

Aunt Lib Skidmore went to town yesterday and bought an eight-day clock. Everybody in town has been to see it. Beats all what they won't get up next.

Some beast in human form hitched a rope around the small building in the back of Snozier's grocery, run it across the railroad track, and tied it to a tree on the other side. When the 2:01 flyer came along it uprooted the little building and scattered pieces of same for several hundred feet along the right-of-way. It is fortunate that

them into firsts, seconds, thirds, fourths and fifths, according to their degrees of clearness. Ed is another McCordville boy to go up to the city and do well.

A drummer came into the Central Hotel last week and told Uncle Andy Crevason as he was registering, that he had heard so much about McCordville being such a rough town, but that he didn't see it. Uncle Andy told him that the gang had just gone out to stone a funeral, but they would be back in a few minutes.

Mr. Buck Nagel, a McCordville boy, who for several months past has been working in a nine-table restaurant up to the city, has been promoted to a waiter. His former position was that of "skinning the dead"—that is, he selected the things off the dishes as they came back into the kitchen that could be used over again.

FROM COLTON.

Things as the Common Fellow Sees them Out Here.

Three beers a day for one year would buy: two barrels of flour, 20 pounds corn starch, 10 lbs. macaroni, 20 lbs. beans, four twelve lb. hams, 1 bu. of sweet potatoes, 5 bu. of Irish potatoes, 10 lbs. coffee, 10 lbs. raisins, 10 lbs. rice, 20 lbs. crackers, 100 bars of soap, one 12 lb. turkey, 5 quarts cranberries, 10 lbs. prunes, 4 doz. oranges, 10 lbs. mixed nuts. And also a purse with two pockets, in one \$5 marked to buy a dress for mother and in the other ten dollars marked to buy shoes for the children or if you had rather, it would buy a right good cow.

I have been thinking about poor old Taft—how he could exist on seventy-five thousand dollars for wages and twenty-five thousand for expenses. Of course he has to put in twenty-four hours per day. That is a little over two hundred and seventy three dollars and ninety cents for the 24 hours and every hour in the year he receives eleven dollars and a little over forty-one cents, or about nineteen cents per minute.

Now that man Rockefeller made a statement a few years ago that he received twenty million. That was when he concluded to retire from business, and that was a little over five thousand four hundred and seventy-four dollars for every twenty-four hours of the year and it was two hundred and twenty-eight dollars per hour or three dollars and eighty cents per minute. Why he got more every minute, whether sleeping or awake, than most men got for working.

Now we will compare him with another man, and we won't take a common one either. We will take a machine, will start him in at 18 years old and he will have to quit at 45, for according to an English authority they won't hire a machinist past 40, because if he has worked as he should have worked, he is played out, and if he hasn't he is no good anyway. So we will give him two dollars a day and his expenses, and he must put in every day, Sunday and all to make the 365 days. Of course they would give him a holiday on leap years. Now if he saved every penny of it he would have the magnificent sum of \$16,060. But how about the fellow who has to pay all of his expenses out of say \$2.50 per day?

Here is a question or two I would like to ask: Did God put the oil in the ground especially for that fellow Rocky, or the coal in the ground for the Gueigenheimers, the iron and the steel for Carnegie, Morgan and the rest of that class?

Who can grasp the meaning of one million? I must confess that I can't. I read of a million, and I look at the figures and they say ten hundred thousand, and I also note that Locke says there are millions of truths that that men are not concerned to know. Anyhow eight silver dollars will reach one foot and sixty-four will cover one

square foot, so if a man had one million dollars he could lay a walk two feet wide and almost one and a half miles long.

But I think they would have to be fastened down pretty well to keep them there. G. E. ROGERS.

SHUBEL.

Farmers have taken advantage of the good weather last week and considerable wheat was sown; a good many were behind with their fall planting.

The baseball fever has effected quite a few all ready. The boys have been practising the last two Sundays. They intend to give an entertainment in the near future for the benefit of the team.

Two ladies have been holding meetings at the school house the past two weeks. They are some kind of travelling evangelists. One does the preaching the other the singing.

Mr. Blair sold his interest in the farm he had rented to Mr. Grass and moved his family back to Portland. Our telephone system is still on the bum. No one seems to know when it will be repaired. All the trouble is in the first 1/2 mile from Central.

Mr. Jaggart, Mr. Fischer and Mr. Ingram of Carus, investigated the drainage system on our school grounds last week. They were appointed by the County Court. Right here I would like to ask why don't the County School Superintendent tend to what, under the law, is certainly one of his duties.—Page 36, Section 61 of the school law. Probably all he wants is more pay and less work. Now don't say maybe he didn't know for he did know for over a year.

Mrs. Schubel, who was in the hospital in Portland the past three weeks was brought home Wednesday.

Miss Emma Grosvenor is on the sick list.

There will be a joint debate Saturday evening between the Alberta and the Shubel Debating Society. The question is: Resolved that education increases happiness.

There will be an entertainment, including a mock trial, at the school house, Feb. 20. A good time is assured.

Chronic Stomach Trouble Cured. There is nothing more discouraging than a chronic disorder of the stomach. Is it not surprising that many suffer for years with such an ailment when a permanent cure is within their reach and may be had for a trifle? "About one year ago," says P. H. Beck, of Wakelee, Mich., "I bought a package of Chamberlain's Tablets, and since using them I have felt perfectly well. I had previously used any number of different medicines, but none of them were of any lasting benefit." For sale by Huntley Bros.

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certificates 478 million in circulation. (I use only round numbers.)

It would seem that 1,280 millions of coined metal is corded up and paper issued against it—a sort of warehouse receipt. Does it not seem a waste of labor for all this coinage and storage?

Now look at the paper currency, (gold and silver certificates are not paper currency.) U. S. notes and treasury notes. In treasury 12 million, in circulation 338 million; bank notes in treasury 30 million, in circulation 683 million. We must bear in mind that the actual amount in circulation is, strictly speaking, guesswork. We see that all monies together there are \$3,419,000,000.

The deposits in National banks is 5,195 million; in private banks, state banks, loan and trust companies 40-70 million. The national banks had in money 598 million; other banks 50 million. Note the figures are from treasury report in government documents and the banks owe private depositors alone nine billion, 265 million; have on hand six hundred and forty eight million to pay for the same. Is there metal behind all this owe when they owe nearly treble all the money in the country?

You are aware very little business is done on money, nearly all on debt, generally called "credit." The paying is nearly all by book keeping, called checks. Occasionally Bradstreet reports gold exports—that is a bad sign. Wheat exports, that's a good sign. Now think this over just a little. There comes gold imports, that's a good sign; grub or clothing imports,

off a charge of stolen dynamite as he went by on the way back to the land of no work.

It is said that Peter Wilson stood the ocean trip to San Francisco with out sea sickness. He was once a sea faring man and can evidently still stand the roll of the vessel.

W. A. Myers has moved on the Wilson farm and E. N. Barrett has taken his place on the Zurbuchen farm.

The strong East wind of last week seems to have caused considerable sickness.

Mrs. J. C. Young was on the sick list last week. Miss Mary Swales is living with her father again, having returned from Portland recently.

There will be speaking at the Grange hall Feb. 15th at 2 o'clock P. M. by Rev. C. C. Poling. The subject being, "The New View of Education." The address is for the benefit of school children and parents and every one is invited.

E. C. Gerber recently bought a fine team from J. F. Fullam of Redland. The Grange dance on the 8th, was a social success.

HEALTH WARNING. Chilled and wet feet result in congesting the internal organs, and inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, with rheumatic twinges and pain in back, generally follow. Use Foley's Kidney Pills. They are the best medicine for all disorders of the kidneys, for bladder irregularities, and for backache and rheumatism. They do not contain habit forming drugs. Tonic in action, quick in results.—Huntley Bros.

no one was inside at the time. Algeron Smith has a job up at the city canvassing for the city directory. He always did have a bent for literature.

Miss Toynette Bilkins was one of our pleasant callers at the "Exhumer" office. She laid a double-yolked egg and a poem on the editor's desk.

An automobile went through here last night. Aunt Atty Windpenney heard the horn, but thought it was Jake Bentley blowing his nose.

John D. Rockefeller has offered money to the Hard Shell church to recarpet one organ pedal if the members will raise the money to recarpet the other.

The converts of the Hard Shell church will be baptized next Sunday. Jake Bentley says when they dip old Bill Skidmore they ought to slack some lime in the water.

Barton & DeOnzo's Big Combination Railroad Show and Animal Congress will exhibit here next week. It's a good show, and they do everything they got pictures for.

Buck Nagel, a telephone lineman from Castleton, was here last week hunting trouble. He found it—in Tom Hawk's Dewey Saloon. Somebody hit him with a beer mallet.

Curt Pusey was here yesterday from Two Mile Church. He says his folks have all been sick for a week, but that he has been sitting up with a colicky horse, and it is the first time he has had a chance to come to town to get them any medicine.

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