

OREGON CITY COURIER

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OREGON CITY COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY, PUBLISHER M. J. BROWN, A. R. FROST, OWNERS.

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Official Paper for the Farmers Society of Equity of Clackamas Co

M. J. BROWN, EDITOR

Affidavit of Circulation

I, M. J. Brown, being duly sworn, say that I am editor and part owner of the Oregon City Courier, and that the average weekly circulation of that paper from May 1, 1912, to May 1, 1913, has exceeded 2,000 copies, and that these papers have been printed and circulated from the Courier office in the usual manner.

M. J. BROWN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1913.

GILBERT L. HEDGES, Notary Public for Oregon

MEN CARNEGEE DON'T KNOW

Andrew Carnegie has a few bushels of bronze medals always in stock, and when some fellow takes a long chance and rescues a glass-eyed grass widow from a burning tenement, Andrew of the Libraries comes forward with a piece of medal and both he and the hero get their names in the newspapers.

And again some fool girl rocks the boat and some fool medal hunter jumps into the brine and drags her out. More advertising.

I don't know whether my Scotch friend wants any of my advice, but he's got to have it.

It's the easiest thing in the world to give, and the Courier office has more of it on hand than print paper.

Andrew, they tell me you are lying awake figuring how you can ease your conscience and still keep your income ahead of the expense list.

They say this medal stunt of yours is long on advertising and short on expense, and you think it is the best ever.

They say you think it encourages bravery—makes paid heroes as it were.

But I want to tell you where there is a bunch of heroes, men who every day in the year earn one of your bronze medals as big as a pie plate, but who wouldn't take it if you sent it to them by parcels post.

The bunch I mean is the common laboring men—the poor under-dogs who work for \$2.00 a day to keep food in the bellies of a family of children, clothes on their backs and shoes on their feet.

When I see such a man bucking against what the combinations hand out to him in living prices, and forced to play the cards as the interests deal them, I wonder that we don't have more anarchists and black hands in this country.

It's a hard proposition gentlemen, but one that men like Carnegie can't grasp, for he knows nothing of it.

I want to tell you that the man with a half dozen children and a \$12-dollar-a-week job is up against the spikes these days, if he keeps clear from debt, keeps enough in the house to eat, and the children looking fit to go to school.

There is little to look forward to—mighty few stars of hope shining for him—end he either gets into the rut of don't-care-a-damn, and plugs along at marking time, or he becomes one of the great army of unrest—an army that will, unless conditions change, force the government to take necessities out of the hands of millionaires—in short, force government ownership.

No charge for this, Andrew, and you won't see anyway.

If I were to register you the article it would never reach you.

The men who fatten off you will take care that you shall not be worried by anybody but grand-stand heroes.

Keep on with your medal stunt. Make 'em as big as the soft spot in William Taft's head.

It's cheap. It amuses you.

If ever city newspapers made a garbled mess of things, the Portland papers did of the so-styled labor troubles in this city. The Oregonian, Journal, Telegram and News all made amateur messes of reports and comments. It would seem that papers published within 13 miles of this city could have gotten within 13 miles of the real conditions here.

A Check Book

is much more convenient to carry than a large wallet filled with legal tender, and if it is lost no loss falls upon its owner, as would be the case if he lost his wallet, for the checks are valueless unless signed by the depositor.

The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

THE POOR RICH

Take it from them, the railroads are not any more than meeting running expenses, and they are imploring the privilege of raising the rates.

The manufacturers are all on the bum, not making a cent, and they are running just to give the dear laboring man work. Why it almost brings the tears to one's eyes when the New England woolen mills give out the condition they are in, and I feel so sorry for them when every one of them at exactly the same minute, close down for exactly the same number of days and the price of undershirts go up the same notch in every mill.

Meat goes up, but you want to bear in mind that our import duty is but \$15 on the cow, that we can't raise the meat we consume, and that probably all the fellows in the tariff-protected combine haven't got \$5,000 automobiles yet, and you want to be considerate. Wait until the boys all get fixed out—give them time to become Morgans.

Clothing, shoes, hats, rubbers—everything you eat, wear and use are still soaring, and every day two prices go up another cent, cent. But these poor fellows are in on the ground floor of the trust business, and they emphatically state they are just squeezing through under reduced expenses. Do you dare to question the statement?

Of course we all know the millionaires are right up against the rocks. I am not denying their statements, but I do think these poor millionaires should show as much pity as they ask, and remember that we poor men are as sensitive to the prod of poverty as they are and that we should be considered a little in the pinches.

In my eye I can see Andrew of the Libraries giving the chef orders to have beef steak only once a week and that it must be off the round. I can see another poor fellow, the factory employee, trying to figure out monthly payments on a house and lot between keeping a family clothed and eating. I can see Senator Clark asking the merchant if he is sure that pair of boy's pants will wear, and then he and Mrs. Clark figure what they can "cut out" to help get thru the pinch.

TOO FAST

Wednesday night of last week street speakers were arrested and jailed for attempting to make street talks.

Thursday night a proclamation was issued inviting street speakers to come to this city and make speeches and the mayor said he would introduce them.

It is such a scramble as this that make us ridiculous.

One of the two movers was a big mistake—and there isn't any doubt as to which.

The first move should never have been made, then our city would not have been put in the light of having shown the "yellow streak"—of having backed down.

When a street speaker councils violence; when he by a single word opposes law, advocates mob rule or incites the people to riot, then the better.

But arresting a man for free speech arresting him because he would quote the Declaration of Independence, is pretty big authority—authority greater than state or national constitutions—and it was as big a mistake as it was illegal.

Level heads saw this. They saw martial law and the riots and expenses of San Diego and Los Angeles repeated, hence the invitation to street speakers to come here, and as long as they remained within the law to talk their heads off.

George C. Brownell says he despises the recall and the men behind it. We gave this attorney credit for having better sense than to make such a break in the face of hundreds of men who are behind it. Mr. Brownell will probably hear from this nasty crack.

There are any number of such cases. The farmer clears and cultivates enough to live on, and lets the rest lay idle and increase in value. The system is wrong—dead wrong. The IDLE land should be taxed and forced to improve and improvements should be exempt from taxation, as a premium to the man who improved the country.

And if men wouldn't get scared by Charles Shield's confiscation talk, they would initiate a law that would put taxation and support of county and state where it belongs, a system that would equalize it and make men pay in proportion to their ability to pay.

One farmer works twenty years to improve, plant, build, ditch and clear, and every month's work he does he is assessed for.

Another man, the speculator, simply buys a piece of wild land or timber and squats on it, letting the man who improves make his property more valuable, and some day he will sell a piece of property he never touched for as much money as the working farmer has made in twenty years' hard work.

The rich dodge and the poor pay. There are many rich and the burden falls heavily on the poor.

When men get to doing their own thinking, this condition will be changed.

Brownell doesn't want the recall to go on. Don't blame him, for it would recall him as well as Beatie.

If any of you take any stock in the Phonograph's reports that the recall is dead, forget it. It is the liveliest corpse the Enterprise ever tried to bury.

From the expressions of attorneys and others, Justice John Sievers is evidently making fully good. The attorneys say he is careful and capable and above all means to be dead honest and fair.

At the risk of being called a "disturber" this paper will champion any system that will tax idleness more and industry less, and that is in the direction of breaking up land or other monopolies.

Before some bean-headed, society sissy of gay Paree breaks into print with the new winter modes for fashion-loving men, we wish to say that the styles along the border need not to conform in the least to those blooming idiotic ideas of the soft-soled French puppy. Last winter's breeches slightly embossed on the baggy reverse with patches of a similar color, will be worn in this section without suspenders, while either an old overcoat or a ventilated pair of shoes will be tasty.—Del Rio, Tex., Herald.

Vive-President Marshall has committed an offense against plutocracy. He has publicly warned the wealthy that unless some concession be made to radical sentiment, events of an unpleasant nature may happen. What is unusual is for an official in so prominent a place as Mr. Marshall fills, to publicly express himself so. In doing this he has sinned against plunderbund interests. Plutocracy does not discriminate. The man who publicly warns it against possibility of a revolution is in its eyes as reprehensible as one who tries to foment a bloody uprising.—American Economic League.

WEARING THEM OUT

Here is a little instance of how litigation wears out the little man.

Years ago down in Klamath county a land company got possession of large and valuable tracts of timber, but it was shown that the acquisition was not legal, and it was annulled.

Then homesteaders came in and filed on the tracts, and the company at once filed a contest in the land office.

Carried to the interior department it was decided in favor of the settlers. Then the case was reopened and once more it went through the interior department, and was once more decided in favor of the homesteaders.

Then it was taken to the federal courts of Oregon, with same result. Once more it was taken to the circuit court of appeals, and once more the decision was in favor of the settlers.

And now the case will be carried to the United States supreme court. This illustrates how a big corporation will get the little man, even with courts and decisions in his favor.

The homesteader can't stand this costly defense for years—the corporation can.

The result is, as in this case, many of the claimants have had to sell out, or be frozen out.

And is this American justice?

Shouldn't there be a means to protect the little fellow from being put on the rack and worn out?

Don't you think we need a shortening up of our court roads?

REVERSE IT

If those two words "single tax" could be annihilated and that close relative "confiscated" could be forgotten for a little while, Oregon voters would get over their fright and work out some system that would take taxation off of industry and put it on wealth and indolence.

It's all so dead wrong now. It puts a premium on speculation and idle holdings and puts a fine on clearing and improvements.

I know a farmer in this county, one of many, who has his farm partially cleared, who says he cannot afford to improve any more, because increased taxation and interest on the money and work to clear it would be more than he could get in crops. He says it is growing in value as the people come in and it is more an investment to let it grow brush than crops.

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How do you taxpayers like it? \$5,519.25 more for this month for the timber cruising contract. \$28,389 to date, and the end is far away. The court certainly slipped a nice one over on you.

WANTS TO KNOW WHY

Senator Works of California has a scheme to adjust wages and prices. The big papers poke fun at and ridicule the scheme, but you will have to show me the place to laugh.

He advocates that the government regulate both prices and wages of corporations doing an interstate business, and that each state regulate its own prices and hours of labor in conformity to the federal law.

Where's the joke? Why can't prices and wages be fixed by law and our strikes, riots, tie-ups and other troubles be ended?

Is there any more reason why law should not tell a manufacturer he should make a certain per cent profit on his goods than a law that fixes railroad rates?

Is there any reason why law should not fix a man's wages?

Any reason why it should limit to a reasonable profit, man's necessities?

If there are, these columns are open to any man to shatter Senator Work's theory.—Oregon City Courier.

The comment of our Oregon brother opens up a long line of thought and chance for argument, which we have no time or space to devote to this evening, but it certainly has its merits. Senator Work's theory sounds much like socialistic doctrine, so we will turn it over to Brother Gibbons to discuss, as he has a few more wheels than we have, which is usual for we have enough. The only objection we can see to this pipe dream is that it smacks so much of paternalism, but are going to admit, as said before, that it has real merit and is worthy of consideration. If it is good law to regulate the prices of a railroad it is certainly just as good to regulate the prices of a manufacturing concern or any other line of business endeavor, including the price per quart, box or peck for the berries Brother Gibbons raises out on his home place by 'nang th' creek.—Richmond, Cal., Herald.

FIXING THINGS UP

(Salem Messenger)

At this early date it is impossible to tell how the political situation is going to be arranged for next year, but that it is being, or will be, fixed, there isn't a doubt; for already the signs are out.

Next year Oregon elects a governor, state treasurer, United States senator, three representatives and a whole list of minor or less important officials. But the real interest centers in the election of governor and United States senator and it is around these two offices that the battle will rage.

Chamberlain's term as senator expires, as does West's as governor. Governor West states emphatically that he will not again be a candidate for the office, and the names of Judge Wm. Gatens and John Manning of Portland, are being mentioned by ardent friends for the democratic nomination. As to Senator Chamberlain's probable successor, there is much speculation. His friends say that if he does not secure an important federal position he will again be a candidate for the senatorship; but nobody knows anything about Chamberlain's future plans, for he doesn't divulge them in advance.

Then there are two other well known politicians who are said to be willing to measure political swords with "Our George"—Jonathan Bourne and C. W. Fulton, both ex-senators and past masters in the art of politics. Not in the history of Oregon politics do we remember a time when so much interest was shown in an election so far in advance, and it behooves every party to get out the strongest and best men, for the people don't vote many straight tickets any more and they don't vote with their eyes shut either, and a candidate who can't "read his title clear" won't have a look-in.

WASTE OF WAR.

I agree with you perfectly in your disapprobation of war. Abstracted from the inhumanity of it, I think it wrong in point of human prudence, for whatever advantage one nation would obtain from another, whether it be part of their territory, the liberty of commerce with their free passage on their rivers, etc., it would be much cheaper to purchase such advantage with ready money than to pay the expense of acquiring it by war. An army is a devouring monster, and when you have raised it you have, in order to sustain it, not only the fair charges of pay, clothing, provisions, arms and ammunition, with numberless other contingent and just charges to answer and satisfy, but you have all the additional knavish charges of the numerous tribe of contractors to defray, with those of every dealer who furnishes the articles wanted for your army and takes advantage of that want to demand exorbitant prices. It seems to me that if statesmen had a little more arithmetic or were more accustomed to calculation wars would be much less frequent.—Benjamin Franklin.

Domestic Bliss. "I'm sorry I ever married you!" shrieked the bride on the occasion of their first quarrel. "You ought to be!" retorted the groom, really angry and bitter for the first time. "You beat some nice girl out of a good husband!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of His Faults. Mrs. Peck—I must say you have more faults than any other man I ever met. Peck—Well, you have plenty of faults yourself. Mrs. Peck—There you go again, always changing the subject when I try to talk to you.—Boston Transcript.

Quite a Joker. "Dicks is a facetious chap." "Yes?" "He refers to the Stock Exchange as one of our best known watering places."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Best Laxative for the Aged Old men and women feel the need of a laxative more than young folks, but it must be safe and harmless and one which will not cause pain. Dr. King's New Life Pills are especially good for the aged, for they act promptly and easily. Price 25c. Recommended by Huntley Bros. Co.

RECOMPENSE.

In the long run we get what we earn. Payment may be deferred, but in the end the account is balanced.

To believe this confers a certain deep comfort, for it gives us a sense of faith and security.

We can rest our case in the conviction that ultimate justice will be done, that the law of compensation is at work.

There shall be recompense—recompense for good, recompense for evil.

This law of retribution is recognized the world around. In the orient it is called karma. In the occident it is known as justice. In both the belief is practically universal that if the scale is not balanced in this life then it is balanced in some other.

Herbert Spencer has laid down the proposition that widespread belief in any given idea is an argument in its favor.

The belief in ultimate justice, in the law of compensation, is as wide as the world. It is a part of all creeds.

It is impossible to think of a physical universe in which there is not absolute balance and adjustment.

If we meditate deeply enough it will become plain to us that it is just as impossible to think of a moral universe in which there is not absolute balance and adjustment.

As above, so below; as within, so without.

Henry Drummond once wrote a book on "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

My own belief is that there is but one law and that if we see its workings on any plane we may find the analogy to them on every other plane. We find absolute balance in the material world. The analogy to this in the moral world is justice, compensation, retribution.

Be careful, therefore, of the causes you are setting up, for sooner or later the effects will come back to you.

There is nothing more certain than this—that some time and some place you will get yours.

THE RAILWAY MAIL CLERK.

Did you ever see one of the fast mail trains on a trunk line railroad?

It is an impressive sight even from the outside. It is more impressive if seen from within.

Every one of these cars, whirling along at fifty or sixty miles an hour, is a hive of industry.

Mail clerks occupy almost every available foot of space. With fingers working with lightning speed they sort the letters, each according to its destination or route, tie them into bundles and put them into their right pouches.

Each of these cars is a postoffice on wheels.

I recall the case of one clerk who was killed in a railroad wreck seventeen years ago. I heard a prominent congressman say of him repeatedly that he was "the best mail clerk that ever slung a sack."

He won a national medal in two competitive examinations. He threw the cards of his entire division, then comprising something like 18,000 offices, with but nineteen mistakes and did it in an incredibly short time.

He went through several wrecks, but happened to come out unscathed. Finally he was killed in his car and at his post of duty.

His case is but typical of thousands of others, for these servants of Uncle Sam must not only be trained to a point of efficiency superior to that of soldiers, but they must face practically the same chance of being maimed or killed that soldiers face.

The railway mail service is the backbone of the postal system.

It covers practically every line of road in the land. On its efficiency depends the prompt and accurate delivery of the mails.

It requires not only quickness of eye and of hand, but retentive memory and alert intelligence.

Yet these railway mail clerks do not receive particularly high pay, and they are practically unknown to the public.

They work at a killing speed and frequently for long hours.

Letters containing in the aggregate vast sums of money pass through their hands. Yet the cases of dishonesty among them have been surprisingly few.

Each missive they handle may be of vital importance to somebody—may carry messages of life or death, of love, of important business transactions.

The next letter you receive, reflect on what it represents.

It has been in many hands, all intent on serving you.

It is carried to you by a vast business organization, a complex machine touching every home in the land.

And—

The most important cog in that machine is the railway mail clerk.

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ROYAL Baking Powder is the greatest of modern-time helps to perfect cake and biscuit making. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable. It renders the food more digestible and guarantees it safe from alum and all adulterants.

DON'T MISTAKE THE CAUSE Many Oregon City People Have Kidney Trouble and Do not Know it. Do you have backache? Are you tired and worn out? Feel dizzy, nervous and depressed? Are the kidney secretions irregular? Highly colored; contain sediment? Likely your kidneys are at fault. Weak kidneys give warning of distress. Heed the warning; don't delay—Use a tested kidney remedy. Read this testimony, Portland. Mrs. Henry Rankos, 502 Vancouver Ave., Portland, Ore., says: "One of my family was troubled by attacks of backache which prevented stooping or lifting. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the trouble in a short time. Since then, I have taken Doan's Kidney Pills for weakness and pain across my kidneys and they have greatly benefited me." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has no superior for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co. Can't Keep It Secret The splendid work of Chamberlain's Tablets is daily becoming more widely known. No such grand remedy for stomach and liver troubles has ever been known. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co.

Studebaker "The LIFE of a wagon is what counts—that's why I buy a Studebaker" "That's reasonable, isn't it?" "A wagon that doesn't last is expensive no matter what price you pay for it." "Suppose you buy three wagons, one after the other, and the three of them don't last as long as one Studebaker—which is the best bargain?" "I didn't find this out myself. I heard my grandfather say a good many years ago. He said he had proved that it paid to buy a Studebaker. I followed his advice to my own satisfaction." "A wagon can't have life in it unless it has the material and work and finish in it. The Studebaker people have been making vehicles for sixty years. They ought to know how to make wagons right—and they do. They have the reputation because they've produced the goods. They don't put the name Studebaker on until the wagon's right, and when you see the name Studebaker on a vehicle of any kind it is your insurance of quality." "That's why I buy a Studebaker. I trust a Studebaker wagon because I trust the people that make them. It's a good business." "A Studebaker promise is always made good." See our Dealer or write us. STUDEBAKER South Bend, Ind. NEW YORK CHICAGO DALLAS KANSAS CITY DENVER MINNEAPOLIS SALT LAKE CITY SAN FRANCISCO PORTLAND, ORE.

New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove Bakes Broils Roasts Toasts Does all kinds of cooking just as well as a regular coal range. No Odor. No Tainting of the food. For Best Results We Recommend PEARL or EOCENE OIL Sold in bulk and cases Sold by dealers everywhere. Our nearest agency will furnish further information. STANDARD OIL COMPANY (CALIFORNIA) PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO