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Affidavit of Circulation "DEFENSE" 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

Is public office a private snap in Clackamas county? The only way to change conditions in this county is to change the condition makers.

When Clackamas county will only spend money when it is absolutely necessary, and when it gets a dollar's worth of benefit for the dollar, then will we have lower taxes.

Taxes will be a lot lower in Clackamas county when we get men managing it who will give it the same honest management they would a private business. And they won't be private until we do.

"Clackamas County is out of debt" but there seems to have been \$163,000 lost somewhere in the shuffle. Isn't it mighty peculiar that this matter of the most importance in the charges has no explanation whatever?

Charles W. Morse dies hard. Mr. Taft pardoned him so he could die outside prison walls. He has already got a controlling interest in the Hudson river steamship company and is after the Long Island Sound line. He's a live one for a dying man.

Aside from a personal attack on the Courier editor, George C. Brownell doesn't make any attempt to answer the questions asked him of county court deals. Nobody makes any attempt to answer any questions regarding court charges. It hasn't been the custom in the past to have to explain, and they don't understand this insistence.

Instead of the danger theorists have expressed that the recall would be invoked too often, it looks to us as if in Oregon it has not been called into play half as frequently as it should have been. People generally appear to be afraid to tackle the thing, as if it were loaded.—Woodburne Independent.

It is the sincere wish of a lot of Oregon City residents that at the special meeting of the council this (Wednesday) evening the elevator matter may be definitely settled in some way—that the contract may be let and the matter finally settled, or the deal called off entirely. It has been nearly seven months since the people voted this bond issue, and the waiting and wrangling have become a city joke.

Comes now a doctor sustained by the French Academy of Science, with the claim he has a vaccine that will absolutely prevent typhoid. His backing is the highest, and his proofs look good, but that American people will go very slow on it, after the Freidman affair. The French physician says his vaccine will absolutely prevent typhoid, can be taken without any danger or inconvenience and is inexpensive, and that he has as proofs 44,000 people on which it has been tried with full success.

It is now but a question of time, almost to be measured by weeks, when the great Panama canal will connect the two oceans and shorten ocean travel thousands of miles. And then we will see thousands and thousands of Europeans unloading on the Pacific coast. What the result and conditions will be we can only guess. If the ships bring the needed class, the land clearers and home makers, you will see Oregon grow like a mushroom. But if it brings the vagabond element we will see trouble and lots of it. For Oregon only needs and has use for home makers.

A Gift For a Life Time contained in a savings account is the possibility of future success and independence. To present your son or daughter with a savings account opens up the future and aids in teaching the habits of economy and thrift. There is no question of your good intentions when you make a gift in the form of a savings account. The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

THE HUNGER CLUB Capital and labor are at it again in Chicago. It's another little civil war our government winks at and dares not take a hand in. Union marble laborers on a bank building went on strike because the contractors put scab labor on the job with them. Then the Building Trades Association, employing from twenty to thirty thousand men on construction work, paid off every man and discharged them. They have put on a "starve out" lockout. They propose to force by hunger the men to leave their unions in order to obtain work. They will not attempt to fill places with non-union men, but rather to starve a union man until he will quit his union and become a scab. "We can stand it longer than they can," says money. "We're going to beat them out at this starvation game, or starve for ever afterward," says union labor. And this civil war will now go on, tolerated by our government. When two men have a difference the courts arbitrate and settle it. When an army of men have a fall out our courts tell them to settle it themselves. Won't we ever get a little common sense pounded into us, and have a fair tribunal to settle such labor troubles as at Chicago? It's a horrible thought to me that hunger and want should be used to force men to give up their unions. The horror of it is that the wife and babies must suffer to make the husbands and fathers forget their obligations and become scabs. And capital suffers by reason of lost contracts and profits. It's a tough proposition to starve a man into submission for he's a dangerous man and has mighty little regard for his country in that condition. It's a mighty tough proposition to tell a contractor he shall not hire who he pleases to work on a contract he has taken big chances on. But it's a lot tougher to tell these parties to fight it out, that the stronger will win and will be called right. This big old, rich world has an abundance for all, and men should not have to starve and fight for the right to live and work. How much longer will our boasted civilization tolerate "hunger" lockouts? How much longer will the hungry men stand for it? AGREED Stop the clock! The Oregonian and W. S. U'Ren are agreed! The Oregonian sustains U'Ren! The newspaper was caught in its own trap and had to, but that doesn't matter. It really does sustain Mr. U'Ren on an issue. A few days ago the Oregonian outlined a bill that should be made law to safeguard the initiative and referendum from such moves as is now holding up the compensation law. The Oregonian editor had forgotten recent legislative history, and Mr. U'Ren mailed that paper a copy of House Bill No. 365, drawn by U'Ren & Schuebel, introduced by Representative Latourette, and killed by the house judiciary committee. This is the bill: Before beginning to solicit signatures on any initiative or referendum amendment or a general law, or for any local law for a county or district composed of more than one county, the person committee or organization proposing the same shall file ten printed copies thereof with the Secretary of State, and also the name and postoffice address of the person, the members of the committee and of the organization, and the amount contributed or promised by every person contributing or promising to contribute towards paying the expenses of such initiative or referendum petition and campaign for the measure. This bill was killed by a Republican legislature whose members are now yelling their throats sore because of the weak spots in the referendum that permit hidden assassins to knife and hold up needed and worthy legislation. At the time this bill was before the house the Oregonian wasn't burning the air with editorial support of it, but now, smug and out, it has to line up and give U'Ren & Schuebel this credit: We are to assume that this is the U'Ren view of the safeguards that should surround any initiative or referendum petition. It is also the Oregonian's view. It is to be regretted that the recent Legislature did not accept at least so much of the Latourette bill. If the law made it imperative upon the Secretary of State to reject all the initiative or referendum petitions unless the facts and circumstances of their inspiration are fully divulged, the skulking figures behind the referendum on the compensation act would be driven into the light; or there would be no such referendum.

WHAT? Did you ever stop to think that one of the several reasons for high prices of everything you have to eat and wear is because we have cheap money—money that doesn't buy much? Twenty-five years ago you could take a dollar to a grocery store and buy an armful of groceries, while today you could pretty nearly bring the dollar's worth home in your pocket. In those days a man would take care of a good-sized family on a dollar a day. Money came along and went slow. It was high priced money and bought a lot. Easy money breeds extravagance. Following that panic from 1892 to 1896 there came a reversal of conditions, and for years we had prosperity so thick we fairly had to dodge it. Labor was in great demand. A man didn't have to hunt for a job, the job hunted him. He was the much-wanted laborer, and he could name his own price. Money came easy, and his credit was good, so he began to take on anything he wanted and live the life of the high roller. Prices chased up easy money and stayed up. Business conditions took another tumble, wages went down, but prices stood pat, because the tightest stand-pat combinations in the country held them pat. If we were all producers on our own accounts and directly shared in the high prices of everything grown or made, then the proposition would be as long as long, and nobody would care if shoes went to \$20 a pair so long as the income from his labor was in proportion. But only a comparative few get in the jack pot. Conditions are not allowed to seek the natural level—and the pinch comes. The man on a fixed salary finds the cost of living doubled with his income just the same. In other words his salary is cut in two, or you may put it that his dollar is cheapened by half. Then comes the manufacturer who makes an article that is not really a necessity, whose output is such that people can get along without it. How he finds that he simply cannot compete with conditions. He can't lower his prices to make a market, because the conditions have jacked up his raw material, and he holds the prices where they choose. The result must be curtailed output, men laid off; wages reduced. And we have a cheap dollar or a dear dollar, depending on which way you follow it out. Combinations won't let commodities come down, your dollar is cut in two in purchasing power, and you are educated up to a standard of living where you think you cannot go back. And WHAT are you going to do? THE PANIC THAT FAILED A money panic, carefully planned by Wall St. bankers and beside which the 1893 or 1907 would have seemed prosperous times, has been nipped in the bud. The panic, well under way, stopped when Secretary of the Treasury, McAdoo, acting with full approval of Pres. Wilson, announced that the United States treasury was prepared to loan country banks \$500,000,000 to paralyze the Wall street gamblers. The money trust inquiry will probably be reopened. And there will be no bankers' feast on the carcasses of dead business. There is positively no doubt that Wall St. deliberately mapped out a plan to throw some of its enemies into bankruptcy and to give tariff and currency reform a black eye. For three months paid representatives of New York banks have been traveling around the country, spreading alarm among the bankers and dropping hints to companions in luxurious Pullmans. Trust-owned newspapers have been following them up and seconding the motion by announcing a coming shortage of money and a country-wide stagnation of business to result. All this time prosperity was on a sounder basis than ever before. Crops, steel production and exports have broken all records. Wall St., sulking—then planned a panic. It sent forth its agents to scare business men. Then it began to hoard gold until the money market was almost cornered. New York banks announced that money was scarce—at the same time their vaults were bulging. One of the loudest of the howlers had reduced his loans and increased its deposits by weakening securities, until it had increased its stock of money nearly \$20,000,000. The New York bankers began to refuse loans. Their allies in other big cities followed them. There was a shortage of credit, but no shortage of money. Country banks and business concerns all over the country couldn't get money. A great Western railroad with over 1,000 miles of tracks was thrown into bankruptcy because Wall St. refused to loan it \$3,500,000—a loan that this railroad had often floated without difficulty. Such was the situation on Friday June the 13th. It threatened to be a second Black Friday on the New York Stock exchange. A panic started. The stock market was almost in chaos; many good securities had already reached lower prices than during the panic of 1907. Three weeks of this would mean bread lines, factories closing down

and banks suspending payment of deposits. Then came the official announcement that the bankers no longer had to look to Wall St. The United States treasury would, if necessary, issue up to \$500,000,000 in emergency currency to meet any crisis. This meant a federal war against Wall street. There was no need of the money—after it was offered. One threat was enough. New York banks suddenly "found" millions, and dumped them on the loan market. The high call loan rate, dropping from 3 down to one and a half per cent, was cut in two in a few hours. One New York bank reduced its rates for time money, offered to lend freely of its surplus reserve of \$28,000,000, and in one day bought \$7,000,000 worth of commercial paper; the day before this bank had been the loudest calamity howler about a money shortage. Wall St. has been given a terrible beating; and the panic has gone on over our heads like a black cloud—probably for good.—St. Paul Daily News. BALLOON JUICE I note that the bankers' association is taking hold of the matter of excessive prices for land values in Oregon, and I hope they may be able to shake off a lot of the "boom" value and get land down to where farmers can make it pay interest on the investment. Oregon has a wonderful soil, soil that grows almost anything bigger and more of than any state in the Union, but if it would grow oats as high as Jack's bean stalk a farmer could not make day wages and six per cent interest on a farm he paid \$200 an acre for. Common sense tells any man this. At present market prices it can't be done along plain farming lines. And if it can't be done, then there is only one conclusion, that the land has a fictitious value, a value above its producing worth—an inflated value. One of the most successful farmers in Clackamas county told me the other day that if he would sell his entire farm and stock at what he could get for it today, then sit down and not do a bit of work, the interest would make him more money than he makes now. Understand, this man is prosperous and is making good money, but he got the farm 40 years ago, when land was cheap, and he is figuring interest not on what he gave, but on what he could sell for. But the newcomer, with a little cash to pay down, and a lot of interest to pay up, can't make it on \$200 an acre. The land simply won't produce enough at present market prices. And that's what a newcomer is up against. Take a drive out west into this county and you will see the richest black land that lays out of doors less than half cleared. This part of Oregon could support ten times more people than it has, but they won't come here and buy \$200 land, pay 6 and 8 per cent and get 3 and 4 per cent. If we would squeeze the water and speculation out of Oregon land, get values down to where a man would find land profitable, then this country would become a beehive of industry and it won't be much of a beehive until we do.

GET THE SUCCESS HABIT. There is a whole lot in atmosphere and attitude. Like attracts like. The man who looks prosperous and acts prosperous will attract prosperity. Get the success habit. It is irresistible. Don't be too much of a shrinking daisy. Shrinking daisies have their place, but not in the modern world of business. The shrinking man will usually have a shrinking trade. In the language of a former president, "buck the line hard." Even the man you buck up against will like you the better for it. I remember once hearing a very expressive line, "Play up and play the game." If you are going to get in the game at all you have to play it for all you are worth. I once heard of a business man who was down to his last \$3. He fortunately had a dress suit left, however, so he arrayed himself in his glad habitment, spent his last \$3 for a ticket at a swell theater, sat beside a man with whom he got into conversation and succeeded in interesting this man in a business deal that put the chap who had spent his last three back on his feet. He kept his nerve and played the game. He had the success habit. Psychology may count for more than capital. Often the chief use of cash is to put a man in the right mental attitude to get more. He should have the mental attitude, however, even if he lacks the cash. After all, your mental capital is your chief asset. Don't get bankrupt in that, whatever may happen to your bank account. Look like a winner. If you do the doorman to the temple of success may think you belong inside and let you pass. There is more Catarth in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and provided local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarth to be a constitutional disease, and that the only reliable remedy is Ithia Catarth Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. It is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It takes internally in doses from 15 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any cure it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, Inc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

CHANGING Hasn't the past three or four years brought about wonderful changes in the ideas of the people of this country, and in the independence of the voters? A few years ago the man who dared to raise his voice in criticism of the party in power was a bolter, a heretic, and a little black cross was put opposite his name for the punishing list. But today the voter doesn't care a darn for those little crosses of for the men who make them. He has his own ideas of politics, and he doesn't care a darn who knows them. The day of politeness has gone by in this man's country, and with it the slavery to another man's opinions. The American people are not impervious to advice and leadership, but it's a cinch place bet that the man who leads them has got to be a big General and able to get away with the job. But the day has gone by for the petty bosses and the individual game. Dog-trotting behind band wagons has gone out of American politics and the free-born American citizen is going to run things. These new conditions do not mean that leaders and organizations must go, but rather that the organization must represent and leaders lead. Without organization and leadership the people are a mob and but weaken the cause they stand for, while with an organization and leadership of men who ring true the people will be a power no machine bosses dare stand in the way of.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking pleasant and profitable

Couldn't Kid Him. When the smart drummer got off the train at Hickville his attention was attracted by an ancient cub between the shafts of which was propped the worst looking nag he had ever seen. An old negro was dozing on the box. "Hey," yelled the drummer, "ain't you afraid your horse will shy at an automobile and run away?" "No, sah," replied the Jehu. "Dis hawss is got sense. He don't shy at no automobiles. Why, he didn't even shy at railroad trains when dey fust come out."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA Many of your neighbors use the De-Laval cream separator. Why not you? See the ad on this page.

Studebaker "Yes, our new wagon's a Studebaker—the only kind we KNOW" "The Studebaker idea has been in our family for sixty years. We have never thought of buying any other kind of a wagon." "It's true, we're continually being offered other wagons costing a little less, with lots of promises as to what they will do. But we know in our family what a Studebaker will do. A few dollars difference in price doesn't mean much. It's the service a wagon gives that we consider most." "Long service for a fair price means more every time than short service for a few dollars less." "That's why we stick to Studebaker—and 'Stick to Studebaker' is a pretty good motto for a man who uses wagons." "Studebaker wagons are built of good stuff. They're made right by people who've had years and years of experience in making them right—people who are trusted the world over." "Studebaker wagons last, because they're made to last." "Look out for the dealer who tells you his wagon is just as good as a Studebaker. That's my advice after a good deal of experience—and the experience of all my people. You get a Studebaker and you've got a safe investment." 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.

FENCE In spite of high prices prevailing elsewhere we offer our 48 in. fence at just the same old price, 35c rod

Only 35c Per Rod In spite of high prices prevailing elsewhere we offer our 48 in. fence at just the same old price, 35c rod Frank Busch Oregon City The Courier, "It's Different," and it has the circulation