OREGON CITY COURIER

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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

PLAY IT SAFE

Here is a line of talk that has nothing to do with indictments, bridge contracts, county court or any other political game, but it won't do you a bit of harm to chase it down the column, and I hope it will do you some good.

But it has to do with a problem that is too little considered—a proposition that men flinch from.

How many men you will find today who will back up and refuse to reason or think of a matter that is of far more importance than all the issues in our country today.

Am not going to spring it just yet, for you will catch the drift and drop it like a hidden patent medicine advertisement.

But I'll lead you up to it.

There is no law, nor elixir nor any any known means to stop a man from growing old. If there was, we would long since have had a national statute making it a crime to run past sixty.

Every man absolutely knows that he must come down to the undertaker and the hole in the ground, yet so very many utterly refuse the attempt to solve the riddle of life and unflinchingly meet the mystery of death.

They pass it up. Won't think of it. Won't consider it.

How many, many men do you hear say that they can't solve the problem of the hereafter and they won't think of it?

I heard a bright man say recently that he would go insane if he allowed himself to think of death and the hereafter. And then this man, whom I have called bright, added to his remarks that when a man died that was the end of him, and what was the use of hastening that end by insanity.

I have respect for the opinion of any man who can sustain it.

But when a man sticks up his pitiful, punny little intelect as an argument against a wonderful universe, against a sun that rises and sets, against the law that moves the millions of stars in their courses, against a power that makes life and motion a power that makes a world teem with vegetation, that dispenses heat and cold, showers and sunshine—when a man will look these wonders of administration in the face and say there is nothing behind them, I believe the more he thinks of them and the sooner he becomes insane the better.

It's human to dodge the hard problems of this life as best we can and take a chance on the next. What we can't understand, many of us won't believe, yet because we can't believe, we have no right to condemn.

I don't care how you may reason, what you believe or disbelieve. The cold clamy facts that we can't get away from is that we must die.

Christianity tells us the end is not in the grave.

If you can believe you are alive, you you can believe in a power that gives you life.

If you can believe in that power you can believe in a life and a hereafter beyond the grave.

And where's the wrong in playing if safe? The man who believes in a God and a hereafter plays it safe at both ends.

When a man can satisfactorily explain to me what is the dynamo to life and the power that runs this great world, explain to me that it is all run like a gasoline engine or an automobile, then I will say tear down the churches and burn the bibles

But until these thousand and one wonders can be explained then will I say play safe.

When a business depending on the patronage of Clackamas county for support, and depending very largely on the farmers of this county at that, goes outside of its business to try to injure the Courier's business—we want to give that manager a gentle litttle tip that he had better drop it. It's hot. And we would also tell this gentleman that the Courier is now running two extra hands in the dullest months of the year.

In the judgement of the Courier there was absolutely no excuse or justification for the shooting down of the Portland boy by the man with a star last Sunday.

As we understand it the boy had a gun in the pocket of his motorcycle and when a dog attacked him on the highway he shot that dog.

He had a right to shoot that dog. It was an act of self-protection.

Mad dogs are running at large in western Oregon. Only last week a man died in horrible convulsions in Portland, the result of a dog bite.

Overtaken by the officials in an auto the boy was arrested, his gun taken away and he was taken in charge of the deputy sheriff. The number of the motor cycle was known, or should have been known. The charge was trivial, and in a point of fine law it would be very doubtful if the deputy had even the right to make the arrest, as he made it on hearsay evidence of the man whose dog had been shot.

And when the boy jumped onto his motor, after he had been arrested and started away, this deputy opened fire on him, shooting him once thru the leg an dagain through the back, and one or more shots went wild.

This official had no authority to shoot this boy. At its worst the offense the boy had committed was but a misdemeanor. There was absolutely no justification for shooting him through the vitals or even shooting at him.

And the story of the mother of the boy is that the dog had been hit by the first motorcycle and injured and that the second by (the one shot) shot the dog to put him out of his misery.

It is said that the deputy's defense is that he did not intend to hit the boy, but to cripple his wheel, but in view of the serious consequences this is absolutely no justification.

If the boy had shot a dozen dogs and deliberately tried to escape there would have been no justification for an official to shoot him. Human life is of more value than every dog in America, and this official should have known it.

The matter is a serious one, and one that should and we have no doubt will, be probed to the very bottom and full justice be rendered.

A TIME TO LAUGH .

(Emporium, Kan., Gazette.)

.Kansas City, Kan., has voted to construct a municipal lighting plant.

Judge Hook of the federal court has approved a plan looking to the municipal ownership of theKansas City street car system.

Last week Attorney John Dawson declared that ice, being a public utility, should be controlled by the state.

Last month a bill favorably considered by a committee in congress, provided for the construction of a government railroad in Alaska, and for the government ownership and lease operations of coal mines.

All these things have happened in the past thirty days.

If you were a Socialist wouldn't you hunt a cool shady spot between two buildings where the air poured thru, and sit down in a kitchen chair and chuckle and chuckle and chuckle?

The really interesting part of the situation is that about half of the American Socialists platform for 1904 is now on the statute books of one-third of the states, and much of it is in the plaforms of at least two of the great parties.

The Socialists are getting too conservative for this country. They will have to get a move on themselves or they will be without an issue in 1916, for the Bull Moosers have stolen the Socialists thunder, and the progressive Republicans declare they are just as progressive as the Bull Moosers, and the Democrats say they are more progressive than the Progressives themselves. Unless the Republicans and Progressives are lying about how progressive they are, and unless the Bull Moosers are as short-lived as their enemies declare they are, the Socialists might as well go out of business, for all the great parties will be swiping the Socialists planks.

Which is funny. But it indicates the people have begun thinking along economic lines, and that the politicians are beginning to capitalize the popular tendencies.

The more power the rulers have, the less liberty the people have.—Patrick Dove.

Taxation has reached a piont where it is almost public looting, and it is time for men to stop it.

IS MIGHT RIGHT?

I believe in justice, seven days in every week, just as much if it were the street sweeper as the millionair, and no more.

Up in Coos county county last week 600 citizens waited on the editor of a newspaper at Bandon and told him to leave town at a certain date. The news dispatches state the business places closel during the notification.

I have seen conflicting statements as to the charges against the editor. What they were or were not doesn't matter in this argument.

The editor said he was not guilty of the charges—and this DOES not matter.

If he is guilty of violations of law, if he is guilty of inciting riot in connection with the lumbermen's strike that has long been on in that county; if he is guilty of any unlawful acts or violation of statutes, then he may rot in jail for all the defense this paper will give him.

But this man says he is not guilty, and until his defense is heard and a jury of twelve men has rendered a verdict on his guilt, that man has a right to defy that six hundred, and the right to protect himself.

Today there is I. W. W. agitation from Seattle to San Deago, and all kinds of trouble and expense resulting

The main charge against the agitators is that they would get by force instead of by law—that they have little or no regard for law.

That is the sentiment against this organization—that they council force, that they advocate get what you are after by numbers, by right of might.

And because of this, citizens rise up and by exactly the same means—by right of might—fight them and drive them out.

Now what are we coming to when both sides adopt this method.

The citizens of Bandon did just exactly what they are running I. W. W.'s out of town for doing—using force instead of law or justice.

Editor Leach was entitled by the laws of Oregon and by state and national constitutions to trial by jury to determine his guilt or innocence, and when the citizens would force a man to leave his home and business would "run him out of town" without trial, those citizens are advocating and practicing plain anarchy.

This is no way a defense of Editor Leach. I don't know what the charges are. I only know he told the committee who ordered him out of town that he was not guilty, and I know he has a right to defend that plea.

The one plain point sticks up like a sore finger.

We have laws enough in Oregon to put any man in jail when he goes wrong or becomes dangerous to the peace and security of the community.

And we always have laws that give every man a right to prove his innocence.

Are both sides going to pass up law on the Pacific Coast and fight it out by right of might?

It seems to me the whole matter is in bad, and that there is a different

TEAM WORK.

This summer strawberries sold at White Salmon, Washington, perhaps 75 miles miles away as the crow flies, for $2.75 a case; while all the Woodburn growers could realize was 75 cents. The reason for the difference was that the Washington folks had a fruit growers association, and at Woodburn it was every man for himself.—Woodburn Independen.

The Japs out at Gresham had the Oregonians skinned a mile and a half on prices and markets for the berries They control a big acreage and they all marketed together, while as the Independent says, with the farmer it was every man for himself.

Slowly, but it now seems surely, the farmers are comming alive and are bunching up for protection. The Equity Society in this county shows the sentiment working out. With all kinds of obstacles and drawbacks to overcome this organization of farmers has kept trying and today they are becoming a power in Clackamas county and are getting direct pocketbook results. They have been doing a work and getting results that the general public does not know of, and they now have under way and practically working out some plans that will result in a solid organization of the farmers of this county.

Men are up in rebellion all over the country because they are paying far too much for the benefits they get. It is a three shell game that is being worked on them, and they are getting wise and wrathy. And out of it will come a weeding out of unnecessary bureaus, departments, commissions and "made jobs;" out of it will come a system that will force the man elected to office to do the work he is elected to do, instead of appointing a string of deputies to do the work; out of it will come more honest government and more economy in public affairs. And Clackamas county presents the first opportunity for a change in Oregon. You voters will have a chance for a new county court and a change in county management next month. You will have an opportunity to go on record for a change or as being satisfied with the present system and the present results.

Chautauqua lecturers are not to be taken too seriously for they usually give what will please their audiences. What they may say on public questions is not always to be considered as expressions of their real sentiments—McMinnville Register.

In other words a plain bunco. Is that it?.. And are the people of Oregon fish enough to lay down their coin at the box office to hear not what they should hear, but what they want to hear? And are our celebrated Chau tauqua speakers on the market with any kind of a doctrine the management will pay for? Do they lay out a variety of arguments, put a price on them, and advocate the ones paid for? Can this be so?

Rev. Henry Spies is handing out some facts and questions that burn. What do you voters think of them and the way public health has been made politics of? Why do not some of the officials of this county defend themselves against his charges—if they can? The reason is they cannot. Mr Spies has the goods on them, and he is showing up a condition that white men should not long tolerate.

If you voted or were registered at the last general election you will not have to register at the coming recall election. But if you did not vote or was not registered in 1912, you will have to register before you can vote

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Playing politics with human health is a mighty dangerous game, and the people of this county should stop it once for all.

Gladstone sets an example that larger cities might follow with profit. That city does all its own street improvements, owns its own gravel pit, street grader and other machinery and making its own streets at actual cost. The street contractor will not get rich in Gladstone.

A $1500 exemption on improvements should look good to the man who is improving and developing Oregon. It should look bad for the holder of idle lands, timber tracts railroads and big business generally. The question is which are you and how many are there of you.

Pomona Grange of this county has gone on record in protest against excessive taxation, and the manner in which the county court is conducted. And it looks as if Pomona Grange had full cause. Clackamas county has got to be run for less than six hundred thousand dollars a year or it will soon be a good county to stay away from.

President Wilson is trying as no other president ever tried to make good, and regardless of party the people as a whole believe in his honest endeavors to bring about relief to the little man. But he has against him the power of money and the old Republican party—and they are a power that will make any man go some.

Senator Lane is making good. He makes it his business to dig into the vitals of every bill that carries coin with it that comes before his committee, and to know just where that money is going and what it is going for. For a new in the upper house he has got onto the job with surprising quickness, and the working class are getting wise that he is on the job for their benefit.

An initiative law that exempts a man's improvements to the extent of $1500 will do much to incourage workers and develope the state. This exemption from workers taxes will have to be raised from some other means, it is true, but it will be raised from those who have means to pay it. It is simply a bill for the working class, for the little man—that class that does the bucking up for Oregon. And that is the class that needs relief.

The words Democrat, Republican, or Socialist never enter into the recall matter. It is not a party fight. Politics is never mentioned in connection, and in the matter of considering candidates to run against the county court party has never been the least considered, or the party of the men even known or asked. An illustration of this is the signature of T. L. Turner to the Pomona Grange protest printed on page 1. Mr. Turner is one of Clackamas county's staunchest Democrats.

It makes men grit their teeth when they read column after coulmn of the disclosures of past congressional rottenness and worse than theft.

Look at the disclosures of that manufacturers association, maintaining a great lobby at the capitol, expending a quarter of a million dollars yearly, buying and bribing representatives, defeating just laws, and giving the working class the worset of it.

And then we wonder at the unrest in this country.

I note the Methodist conference passed a resolution favoring direct legislation, and I haven't seen any protest that the church keep free from politics as yet.

Direct legislation is the people's power and I don't know why the Methodist church or any other church should not endorse it and stand for it just as earnestly as they would for a temperence measure.

The action of the Methodist conference is to be commended. It is simply an endorsement of majority rule.

If ever a man went up against a stone wall it is Governor Sulzer of New York in going up against Murphy and the Tammany bunch in his efforts to give New York a direct primary law. Tammany Hall is some machine. It controls the legislature, be the members Republicans or Democrats, and the legislature will not allow the people to have the laws and the power they need to clean up. But it will come. No power on earth can long stand against a public sentiment. Tammany dies hard, but it has got to die. Hughes had the bunch against the ropes when he was governor, and the people thought they had Tammany shaken loose, but Taft the handy man, gave him a judgeship and Tammany and big politics tightened their hold for another run.

I GIVE THEE ETERNITY.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things
That now in coaches trouble every street
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they will be wrapped in their winding sheet,
Where I to thee eternity shall give
When nothing else remaineth of these days
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live?
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise
Virgins and matrons, reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with my story
That they shall grieve they lived not in these times
To have seen thee, thy sex's only glory.
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

—Michael Drayton.

Impure blood runs you down—makes you an easy victim for disease. For pure blood and sound digestion—Burdock Blood Bitters. At all drug stores. Price $1.00.

LABOR.

So far as my observation goes, few men work themselves to death.

They may worry themselves to death or dissipate while working and so burn the candle at both ends, but good, hard, honest work is a tonic rather than a health destroyer.

Don't be afraid of doing too much. If you get the work habit the exertion will not exhaust you. It is the men who work by fits and starts that are worn out by the unaccustomed effort rather than those who keep plugging at it all the time.

The only thing is to keep up your interest, buoyancy and spirit. If your work ever becomes drudgery, then it will wear you out, but not otherwise.

Moreover, we become capable to do by doing. Man has an almost limitless capacity to adjust himself to whatever task is before him.

We must economize in work as in all other things, make no false motions and conserve our nerve force. There is a secret about efficiency, and happy is he who finds it.

A man can invent new and better ways of doing things, just as he can invent a machine. There are more labor saving devices than are made out of wood and steel.

It is all right to talk about short cuts to success. Even short cuts require labor—labor of the brain.

I have heard of a few indolent great men, but never of one who was great because of his indolence. Moreover, I have suspected that even those men who are seemingly averse to outward effort keep up a prodigious thinking.

Did it ever occur to you that work, will and win begin with the same letter? The same is true of laziness, loafing and loser.

The highway of achievement is paved with labor. It is the only way to keep out of the mud.

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

When the green gits back on the trees an' bees
Is hummin' aroun' ag'in
In that sort of an easy, go as you please,
Ol' way they bum roun' in,
When you ort to work an' you want to not
An' you an' your wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot,
An' the green gits back on the trees.
Why, I like, as I say, sich times as these
When the green, you know, gits back on the trees.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

I quote from memory, not having seen the poem in fifteen years, so do not mind if there should happen to be a comma misplaced. But, at any rate, the sentiment is there.

Well, it is coming again, the "good old summer time." You can feel it in the air right now.

And I like it—don't you? Every season is good, but summer—well, summer is the wine of the year.

The bees like summer, and the bees have more sense than some people.

The birds like summer. So do the flowers. So does the small boy.

Some people picture heaven as a place where summer never ends.

Well, they do not have to go to heaven to find that condition. They can get it in southern California or down around the equator.

But there can be too much of even as good a thing as summer.

These little winter absences heighten our enjoyment of it, just as we appreciate home the more when we have been away.

Winter is a good thing because it whets the appetite for summer.

The sun is a magician who by merely looking upon the fields and trees covers them with verdure and blossoms.

He is an artist who uses the earth as a canvas and places thereon colors compared to which man's best creations are but weak imitations and daubs.

He marches northward, and a belt of green advances before him announcing his coming.

When he has reached his farthest north our bleak climate has the miracle of June.

No wonder the ancients fell on their faces before the rising sun.

When summer comes man would cease work, so enraptured is he with the mere luxury of living.

The sun looks upon the wheat fields and they grow golden into harvest, upon the flowers and they turn their faces toward him with pleasure, upon the fruits and they blush red in ripening.

The sun is king and summer is his queen. To this royal pair man ever is a loyal subject.

METAPHYSICS.

That the spirit of man will ever wholly give up metaphysical investigations is just as little to be expected as that in order not always to be breathing bad air we should stop breathing altogether. Metaphysics will always exist in the world and, what's more, exist with every one, but more especially with reflective men, who, in default of public standard, will each fashion it in his own way. Now, what has hitherto been termed metaphysics can satisfy no acute mind, but to renounce it entirely is impossible; hence a critic of pure reason itself must be at last attempted and when obtained must be investigated and subjected to the universal test, because otherwise there are no means of relieving this pressing requirement, which means something more than mere thirst for knowledge.—Immanuel Kant.

A WOMAN'S WORK

sometimes reduces her strength to the depths of weakness—her devotion to household cares prevents sufficient rest and recreation. Thousands of women in this condition find Scott's Emulsion exactly what they need; it is predigested body-food so medically perfected that every drop yields direct returns in strengthening the organs and tissues and in making healthy, life-sustaining blood. Scott's Emulsion is devoid of alcohol or any harmful drugs, and overcomes tiredness and nervousness in a marvelous way.

Suprising Cure of Stomach Trouble

When you have trouble with your stomach or chronic constipation, don't imagine that your case is beyound help just because your doctor fails to give you relief. Mrs. G. Stengle, Plainsfield, N. J., writes: "For over a month past I have been troubled with my stomach. Everything I ate upset it terribly. One of Chamberlain's advertising booklets came to me. After reading a few of the letters from people who had been cured by Chamberlain's Tablets, I decided to try them. I have taken nearly three-fourths of a package of them and can now eat almost everything that I want." For sale by Huntley Bros. Co.

The Best Medicine in the World

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co.

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