

OREGON CITY COURIER

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OREGON CITY COURIER PUBLISHING COMPANY, PUBLISHER M. J. BROWN, A. E. 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

CHARGES THEY CAN'T ANSWER

I would like to see the man who has the taxpayers' interests at heart stand up and defend the county court's action in letting contract after contract to the Coast Bridge Co. for Clackamas county bridges without advertising and without giving others a chance to bid.

The honest way to build bridges is to invite competition and get them to build for the least money.

Why were not the bridges of this county built in this manner?

Ask them to drop law technicalities, to drop other counties, and tell the people of THIS county why the bridge contracts were let in private offices to big corporations, and ask them to explain the report of the bridge expert, Groo, who measured the bridges and computed the weight of steel, and found them \$6,000 short.

The county court won't answer these charges and questions.

Answer them yourself, Mr. Taxpayer.

It is amusing, the protests of the Republican papers because Secretary Bryan is making Chautauqua addresses during his vacation. Taft played golf during his, and the paper was not burned with protests.

As near as we could figure the situation out back east from a personal view the main thing that ails the country is the results of over a quarter of a century of Republicans' rule which has left a Rockefeller at one end of the string and a tramp at the other.—Richmond (Cal.) Herald.

Last year the Oregonian fought for the exemption law on household furniture and effects. It was a law for the good of the people (and the Oregonian editor). But when a law is proposed to exempt \$1500 of the toolers' improvements, the Oregonian fights it. That is not for the good for the millionaires and idle lands.

Failure to let contracts to the lowest bidder is the best way in the world to kill paving competition.—Eugene Register.

It's the best way in the world to kill any competition, and there is no reason in the world (but private reasons) for private contracts. If Clackamas county had had competition in its contracts for the past three years taxation would not be as high as it is.

The McMinnville Telephone Register is the only publication coming to this office, aside from the Oregon City Courier, that has opposed the Oregon University propositions and that is in favor of the application of the referendum to that measure.—Dallas Observer.

The Observer's exchange list must be limited, but even if it were true, it simply shows the newspapers of the state do not represent sentiment. The big popular vote of last year showed what the people thought of this hate of political fodder, and the people will show it again this year.

Three professional bunco men were arrested yesterday, taken before the Court and were sentenced to 90 days on the rockpile. The bunco men were I Wells, E. L. Edwards and Dick Rogers. Their game is to operate a fake racing scheme. Each man pleaded guilty and agreed to leave town, which was satisfactory to all concerned.—Portland Journal.

Why were they arrested? Why were they tried? Why were they sentenced, and why was their release satisfactory to all concerned? They would have promised to have left town before all this happened. And the newspapers state the courts are so far behind on their work more help is needed.

What Is a Certified Check?

A certified check is your own check with the bank's guarantee of payment thereon. This guarantee makes the check equivalent to so much cash, and therefore charges the amount to your account at once. If not used, a certified check should be returned to the bank so that you may receive due credit. If lost, the bank should be notified promptly.

The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

If you want to break up the county court ring next week Saturday, Aug. 16, is the time and place.

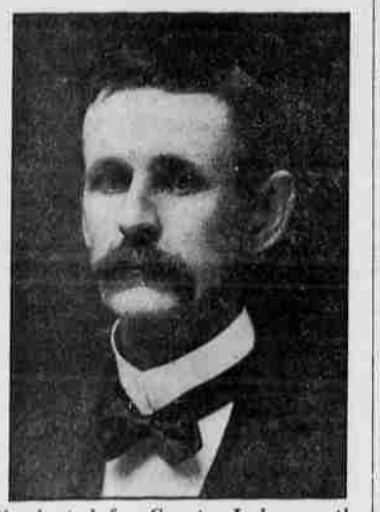
If a recall election succeeds on Sheriff Tom Word of Portland, it will spoil his gubernatorial chances.

As nearly as we can make out, the district that hasn't been promised all kinds of road improvement is a lone, some, over-looked precinct.

The Courier has heard many high compliments of the outline platform as given by Judge G. B. Dimick, in his announcement speech for governor at Macksburg.

Voters look on the precinct roads in this county, see the utter waste of good money in incompetent hands, and then vote for two men for the county court who will divorce politics from roads and inaugurate a system of roads that will be built for permanency. It is a scandal to our county the way tax money is sunk into mud holes today.

H. S. ANDERSON Nominated for County Judge on the Citizens Independent Ticket



H. S. ANDERSON Nominated for County Judge on the Citizens Independent Ticket

If the people make H. S. Anderson county judge Saturday of next week they will never regret it, for he will make good—he couldn't do otherwise.

Any man who knows Mr. Anderson absolutely knows Clackamas county will get an honest and economical administration if he is elected—and that is what Clackamas county needs more than anything on earth.

Any voter who does not know Mr. Anderson should know him, should know him as his neighbors know him, as a man of unquestioned honor, honesty and ability.

Not one word; not one whisper has been uttered against this man during the campaign, and not one word or whisper against him will be made for even his opponents dare not make them.

The opposition has to fall back on the men who have worked for the recall. They can't touch Mr. Anderson, and they forget that M. J. Brown, E. D. Olds and others are not the candidates, the issues or the arguments.

Mr. Anderson has been for eleven years a resident of Clackamas county. He was born in Ohio, and came to this county in 1902. He has always been a Republican. He is educated, a man of exceptional business ability, and his splendid work during the past three and a half years in making a state wide reputation for the Clear Creek Creamery Co., is sufficient proof of his business ability.

He is a farmer, a successful farmer, and has a fine farm and handsome home in Harding precinct.

Mr. Anderson is a man money could not buy or influence. He would do what he thought was right and honest, despite politics, big business or any other influences.

These reasons are why the ring doesn't want Mr. Anderson for judge. And these reasons are why the voters of this county should make him judge.

J. S. YODER'S VIEWS

What he Thinks of Courier, the Recall and the Candidates Hubbard, Ore, Aug. 4 Editor Courier:—

I wish to commend the stand you have taken in regard to the Sunday exhibition of the Wild West Show that was advertised to give an exhibition in your city on Sunday August 3rd. To my mind those giving the circus people permission as well as those advertising the performance have very little regard for the fourth commandment. I also would have you send copies of this week's Courier to voters who are not subscribers to your paper, and herewith enclose a check to help the cause, for you should do as the great moral (?) daily of your city did, which sent out a last week's issue with double head lines in crimson as sample copies, still it takes time and labor to wrap and mail.

I also wish to commend the delegates of the recall convention for their selection of candidates. I have known Mr. Smith for twenty years and I think there is no man in this end of the county better qualified for the position he is asked to fill.

I am not acquainted with Mr. Anderson, but any man that can make a success of a cooperative creamery is fit for any office that the people of the county may thrust upon him, at least that is my opinion. J.S. Yoder

Wanted—Position as housekeeper in the country, reliable, elderly widow. Ask at Postoffice, E. Newman, Oregon City.

ABOUT FOOD. Go to your banquet, then, but eat delight. So as to rise still with an appetite. —Herick.

He who feasts every day feasts no day.—Simmons.

One should eat to live and not live to eat.—Benjamin Franklin.

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of a man than the discovery of a star.—Brillat-Savarin.

Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of a king.—Confucius.

Enough is equal to a feast.—Flelding.

"GRANPA."

This is not for the youngsters. They must turn the page and seek better reading elsewhere.

It is for the oldsters whose heads are gray and whose memories of childhood lie far beyond the mountains in the east. It is not for the solitary old man, but for the man whose sunset of life is compounded of the beautiful smiles of the little ones. It is for those who hear a hundred times a day the tones of the little chaps and maidens calling: "Gran'pa!"

It's "gran'pa this" and "gran'pa that" until a man can't rest, isn't it? It's "Gran'pa, answer questions," and "Gran'pa, where's my dolly?" and "Gran'pa, when will supper be ready?"

Do you know there are few things on earth that are more wonderful and beautiful than the trust which little ones place in their grandparents? Mother is busy with her household cares, and father can't spare time from his business or his work to bother with the babies, but grandpa or grandma is always there, always patient and kind and indulgent.

The man who said "God could not be always everywhere, so he made mothers," voiced a great truth. But if a substitute must be had for mother—oh, of course only when mother is busy—who can fill the bill better than a grandparent? Not even a maiden aunt, with loving, kindly ways and genuine affection for the little ones that are hers and are still not hers, can do as much for them as a grandparent who is still hale and active.

And, when grandpa or grandma is not well and must sit in an armchair and be tended to, how often are the positions reversed and grandpa or grandma becomes the cared for instead of the caring! Then the little ones delight in helping grandpa or grandma to fetch books or pipes or sewing materials. Then the true loving kindness of children, so often overlooked or deprecated, becomes manifest.

The invisible bond that unites grandparents and grandchildren becomes stronger as the older lives wane. In it is found touching testimony of the power of blood. Can you think of closer kinship than that which is expressed in terms of loving care by grandchildren and grateful affection by grandparents?

There is a light that illumines the sunset path that is not seen in earlier years.

IN SCHOOL WITH HIS SON.

Willis Hickam, lawyer, of Spencer, Ind., has been graduated from the law school of Indiana university in the same class as his son, Hubert Hickam. Thirty years ago the elder man was a student in the institution, but the school was disbanded before he finished his course. He studied elsewhere, was admitted to the bar and became a successful practitioner. When his son became old enough to enter the college Hickam entered with him to complete his course.

It is pleasant to think of the younger man and his father studying and working together. Too often the page of life's book, on which are written the relations of father and son, show a different picture, one of father and son with divergent interests.

It is perhaps a trite figure of speech to say that we are all students in life's school. But it is true, and the man who said first—it was many centuries ago—"While I live I learn," had the right idea.

Who can say that Hickam and his son have not learned to know each other better during the years they have been in the law school? Poring over the same books, working out the same problems, the younger man cannot have failed to develop a greater feeling of respect for the old man's ability. And the father? Of course he is proud of his "boy," but with the pride has much of me," he says.

And if by natural ability he has gone somehow into the big league he doesn't stay there. First he drifts back to the minors; then he gets into the semi-professional class that is the "jumping off place" in baseball. Then he disappears altogether, and only the most rabid "fans" remember his name. "George MIGHT have made a ball player," they say, "but he wouldn't try. He never seemed able to get a grip on himself. Seems he took him self as a kind of joke."

That's the way it is in life, lads—off the ball field the same as it is on the diamond. If you consider yourself a joke and feel that you can't make good—

You won't, that's all.

This doesn't mean taking yourself so seriously that you think you are the whole thing in the game of life—teams, umpires, grand stand, bleachers and all. Not at all. It does not mean having a swelled head. You may be a manager in the BIG GAME or you may be only the boy who carries the bag. But you've got to take yourself seriously when the game is called and when it is on.

That means all the time in life when serious business is to be done.

It's the player who knows how to play the game and who knows how to apply his knowledge who scores in the GREAT GAME. He is the man who heads the column when the averages are made up.

PLUNGE IN!

There is a wonderful river that flows through the streets of a big city. Sometimes it roars through the canyons of the business streets and is angry with its confinement between the high walls. Sometimes it broadens out in the lower places and sings quietly of the mothers and children sheltered from the strife of life.

It is the river of humanity. It has its ebb and its flow, its rapid movement and its slow. It bears along on its current the lives of men and women and little children, their hopes, their aspirations, their joys and their woes.

Take a plunge into the river of humanity! Be a part of its mighty swirl, if only for one day. When you emerge go back, if you will, to your quieter life on the farm, in the village, the town, the small city, but look for once at least the "feel" of the mightier current. The real city man feels that it is good to be a factor in the sum of problems that make up a great heap of humanity. He is proud of deciding for himself to be a power for the good that in the end makes up the major portion of the life of a city or town.

How could it be otherwise? Cities could not exist, their sites would be given up to the bowling of the jackal and ravaging of the hyena. If the majority of city men and women were not good and true, honestly following the right in the light of conscience.

A city made up in greater part of rascals—

not the rest needed for the further dragging of the load of life? Do you give them a thought, or do you wave fan listlessly to and fro and complain querulously as you order your servant to bring ice and cooling drinks and arrange more carefully the pillows whereon you lie?

Do you know that in the city—aye, and in the poorer districts of the town and the village and the open country—human beings, men, women and little children, your own kindfolk in virtue of human brotherhood, faint and die for want of a breath of fresh air?

"I am hot, too," you say. "I do not bring the heat. There is a Providence which orders such things. Why should I be blamed for the heat that kills as well as brings life?"

You are not blamed, sister and brother. It is not your fault. But is it not your fault if you, mitigating your own sufferings from the heat, fall to take thought of the little children whose naked feet burn on hot asphalt, whose food is scanty and unfitted for the season, whose beds is the filthy sidewalk, whose sufferings are too fearful to contemplate when the dog star shines down on misery that spreads in ever widening circles?

Are you doing your share toward raising the fresh air funds which are alleviating the lot of summer sufferers? Are you giving anything of yourself to the work? There is a field which the Master would like to see tilled that it may bring forth the sound fruits of human brotherhood and sympathy and love. It is a wide field, and the workers therein are few compared to the need.

Bring to it whatever energy you can spare in the days of midsummer heat, and if one baby looks up to you with gratitude in its eyes you will truly feel that—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The law in recall elections provide that the County Clerk and two justices shall canvass the vote and as soon as this is done Mr. Anderson and Smith, if elected, will be sworn in and take their seats.

There probably is not a better known farmer in Clackamas county than J. W. Smith of Macksburg, the nominee for county commissioner on the Citizens Independent ticket—the recall ticket.

"Jim" Smith is a level-headed, practical, thinking, successful farmer. He has one of the finest farms and farm homes in the county—a home that has every modern city convenience. And his farm is a model for the county.

Mr. Smith is endowed with a disposition of sunshine, and he possesses that faculty of making warm, personal friends, yet at the same time he is a scrapper when occasion demands, an aggressive, out-and-out fighter.

His popularity was shown when he ran for commissioner against William Mattson. Mr. Smith is a Democrat and had little hope of an election

in a county which had a normal Republican majority of about 1600, but he cut that majority 1200 and gave the ring the scare of their lives.

"Jim" Smith would make a strong man on the county court. He is a heavy taxpayer, he knows Clackamas County, and he knows the needs and its leaks, knows the weak system under which it is run, and with H. S. Anderson as judge, would make a strong team of county managers.

The kind of a man to help manage Clackamas county is a man who has made a success of his own business, and no man in this big county has made more of a success than J. W. Smith of Macksburg.

Help the quality of a man needed to help run Clackamas county. They won't put anything over on him. Vote him in and see if he doesn't pay dividends.

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Help the quality of a man needed to help run Clackamas county. They won't put anything over on him. Vote him in and see if he doesn't pay dividends.



J. W. SMITH Citizens Independent Candidate for Commissioner on Recall Ticket

FRANK BUSCH Oregon City Oregon

The Man That Sells Fence



Mr. Farmer: If you wish to fence new land or replace an old, delapidated one with a modern, up-to-date fence, then come and see us—it does not matter if you are a member of the Equity Club, we will make you a better price right here at home than what you are paying East. We ask for our 40 in. Field Fence 33c per rod and it weighs 7.81 pounds to every rod.



STEEL RANGES AND COOK STOVES

What is the use of paying fancy prices for Stoves when you can get a good range for \$15.00



COMFORT COMES FIRST

A Rocker may be ever so handsome in appearance—ever so costly—if it is not comfortable to sit in—if it does not "just fit", it is not the rocker you want around the home. It doesn't make much difference what you may want in a rocker, it's here—we're pretty sure. At any rate we'd like you to see, and sit in some of them \$3.50 Fine Parlor Rocker.