

OREGON CITY COURIER

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Official Paper for the Farmers Society of Equity of Clackamas Co M. J. BROWN, EDITOR

PORTLAND PAYING THE PENALTY

Through a decision of the Supreme Court of Oregon the city of Portland loses title to lands worth \$60,000,000.

The history of the case begins in 1862 when the State legislature granted permission to owners of uplands to build wharves on the publicly-owned submerged lands along the shore, out to deep water.

Portland might have looked with indifference on this court decision had not the voters of the city and State allowed themselves to be fooled last fall by Chas. H. Shields and the monopoly forces he represented.

That much discussed painting, "A September Morn," may have its enchantments, but the real thing in Oregon has been some exhilarating the past week. How about it?

Attend the fair—your fair. No better place to spend a day or two. Stroll about through the exhibits, and then shake hands with yourself on being a resident of the finest community on earth.

A Portland judge suspended sentence on a sorrowful vagrant who wanted work. "You go to Oregon City instead of jail," said the judge.

According to a decision handed down by Judge Eakin, Chief Shaw now finds that he acted in that capacity during 1912. It has taken Ed almost a year to find out this important bit of information, and yet—strangely enough—the lawbreakers caught on to the fact in a hurry.

Clackamas county farmers will be interested in knowing that Senator's Lane and Chamberlain both voted down the Jones amendment to the Underwood bill, placing jute grain bags on the free list—after the Ames bag company of Portland flooded the senators with telegrams.

Walter Manning, the Portland fireman, who modestly claimed to have rescued a drowning man from the Willamette river, after diving 85 ft. from the Broadway Bridge, and whose story was as cold-blooded a lie as ever "got by" a city editor, will now probably sign up in vandeville.

Louis Fellebam, a 15-year old messenger boy of Portland, was given \$2,750 with instructions to deposit it on the free list—after the Ames bag company of Portland flooded the senators with telegrams.

The lure of the West, the desire to see a real live cow-boy, led two small boys of this city into rather serious mischief. They set out on a stolen horse to find the man of their dreams.

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Man-About-Town

Well, isn't this Fair weather?

The city elevators stopped—going up.

The new Commercial Club home will be a beauty.

Hop picking is about over. The yards about Oregon City boast of a fair yield.

No Clarence, that rasping noise you hear is caused by the filing of divorce suits over at the court house.

The try-out of the new fire alarm system has kept most every one on the jump for the past week.

Constable Jack Frost has taboored once for all the enchanting wabbles of the Turkey Trot at Canemah Park.

"Nine months at hard labor," thinks the Oregon City lad as he contemplates the opening of school next Monday.

"Aye—there's the rub," say the Oregon City medics referring to the appointment of an osteopath as county health officer.

An anxious public awaits the latest dispatches—not from Mexico, Bulgaria, or New York—but from Bull Run.

The county juvenile fairs have been discontinued pro tem. The grown-ups have some fairs of their own to look after at present.

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of ten years. "About nine years more for me," muttered Perrine as Sheriff Mass led him from the court room.

His minimum had previously been one year. Evidently the young bandit figured on annexing one of the governor's goodly supply of pardons.

If Judge Dimick is quoted correctly, he would purge the old time balloon from the pages of county fair history—past, present, and future—once and for all. As the judge is head of the Clackamas county fair, this startling statement but paves the way for a keen disappointment that will scatter precedent to the four winds, and sadden the heart of the old fashioned man, who regarded the fair as part of the balloon ascension.

That was an exciting little celestial party pulled off in a box car on the P. E. & E. siding at Canby last week, when Ah Siam, a broad shouldered Mohican the juggler, struck his sleeping friend, Ah Sleep, an even half dozen with the sharp end of a hatchet. Lucky for Ah Sleep all the blows were struck on his skull, for had one of the mighty wielders severed an arm or a leg he wouldn't have been able to defend himself, in the valiant way he did, when finally he awoke from his slumbers. The Chinik appeared in court Tuesday to testify against his assailant, with several Royal Gorges and a Grand Canyon or two across the top of his head.

THE DOLL PEACEMAKER. From the Apache country comes an interesting tale. It tells how, many years ago, a band of Apaches went on the warpath and could not be put back on the reservation. But they went back willingly when persuaded of the white man's good intentions, and this is how it came about:

The soldiers found a stray Indian kiddle, a papoose, and brought her to the encampment. Too young to have the adult Indian's stoicism, she cried and could not be soothed until she was given a white child's doll to play with.

Several days later the Indian baby, still grasping her dolly, was sent back to act as peacemaker. Her mother would not let her keep the hated white child's toy, but took her and it back to the post to return the doll. Then the mother in turn was received hospitably, and thus peace was made.

All through a doll! And probably a rag doll at that, since French dolls were scarce in Arizona years ago.

Under the Indian's red skin beats the same kind of heart as that which pulsates in the white man's breast. Get under the skin and you get to the real man. The Apache was grateful for the kindness shown to his baby and his baby's mother.

Some of the old Indian fighters, who remember the days of Geronimo and his bloodthirsty, cruel, treacherous braves, may scoff at the story. But it happened just so.

Can't you see the poor little red skin eying the palefaced suspiciously with her big black eyes, but biding on for grim death to the pretty dolly? Can't you hear the wail she set up when her mother told her sternly she must give up her "baby"—that white folks' dolly and white folks' ways were not for her?

It makes one's heart feel for the poor little Indian kid. Happily for us and for the Indians better days have come along what used to be the frontier. There is no more frontier, and there is no more Indian fighting. Please God, there never will be any more!

You who have babies need not be told, I think, that they are alike the world over in their love of dollys. Visit any of the big ethnological collections, the National museum in Washington, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the Field museum in Chicago, and you will find there dollys of every nation.

The Indian papoose found the white baby's doll just to her liking. She shared with her white sister in the mother instinct to make one of the world's most beautiful things.

Off Days the Best. "An actor always acts his best when he is feeling his worst."

"The speaker, the actor-manager, regarded himself tenderly and complacently in a mirror, and then, giving a twist to his mustache, he went on:

"You see, when an actor is feeling fine he walks through his part just as usual palooking, conscientiously and all that, but, on the whole, just as usual."

"But when he feels bad, when he's got a bad headache or a lax liver, then he is afraid he won't do himself justice, and so keys up with a pint of strong coffee, a quart of rank tea or something of that sort, and he goes on all-a-quiver with the fear of failure, and the result is a performance unusually subtle and strong."

"Yes, I do my best when I'm at my worst, and this is the case with other actors. It's the case with lots of writers too. They write best on their off days."

"In short, my advice to all artists is this: "Work when you feel bad. Never take an off day off."—New York Tribune.

Severe Rebuke. Constable, the famous painter, once gave a remarkable instance of the sweetness of his temper, which scarcely anything could ruffle. The story was told by Julian Charles Young, whose uncle had witnessed the incident.

He called on Constable one day and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat the artist proposed to repair to the back room to show him a large picture on which he was engaged. On walking up to his easel he found that one of his little boys in his absence had dashed the handle of the hearth broom through the canvas and made so large a rent in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted his act Constable took him on his knee and rebuked him in these unmeasured terms:

"Oh, my dear pet! See what we have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think. Can you?"

Dr. L. G. ICE DENTIST Beaver Building Oregon City

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BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BIBLE STUDY ON GOD'S TEN COMMANDMENTS. Exodus 20:1-11—Sept. 7. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." Luke 10:27.

GOD'S COVENANT with Israel at Mt. Sinai was that if they should keep the Decalogue—the Ten Commandments—they would thereby demonstrate that they were perfect men, worthy of everlasting life. Then it would be possible for them to obtain the chief blessing under the Abrahamic Covenant—to become the Spiritual Seed of Abraham, through whom God promised to bless the world.

Bible students look in amazement at the simplicity of the Decalogue, and at first wonder which of its features the Jews and others were unable to perform satisfactorily. The matter seems very simple, just as it did to the Jews, until we perceive that God's Law, represented in the Ten Commandments, has a depth of meaning that cannot be seen on the surface.

Apparently the full meaning of this Law was seen by none until Jesus "magnified the Law and made it honorable." He says that hatred toward a brother is incontinent murder, and that adulterous desire in the heart is a violation of the Seventh Commandment. This throws a light on the whole matter, and explains why no one has been able to keep this Law, except Jesus, since Adam's fall.

The great Teacher also explains that the first table of the Law, pertaining to man's duties toward his Creator, means much more than merely to avoid image worship and profanity. It means that the true God shall have the first place in the human heart. Any division of heart, strength, mind or soul violates this commandment.

God's Original Law to Man. God's Law to man was not originally given at Mt. Sinai. Indeed, the Mt. Sinai statement of the Law was given to the Jewish nation alone—as the terms upon which they might become God's Royal Priesthood for the blessing of all nations.

God's original Law to man was given in Eden, written upon Adam's heart, in that he was created in the Divine image—with attributes of mind and heart fully in accord with his Creator. He loved righteousness, and would have hated sin, had there been any to hate. But up to that time there was none.

After Adam's fall, the work of degeneracy progressed so rapidly that Adam's first born became a murderer. Doubtless the chagrin of Mother Eve in the loss of Eden and in battling with the thorns and the thistles of the earth under the curse embittered her mind, arousing anger and resentment, which marked her child. From then till now the course has been generally downward, with occasionally a well-born child less seriously marked by sin—less depraved. Still the Scriptures inform us that "There is none righteous, no, not one."

Hope for the Future. Mankind's experience for six thousand years forbid us to expect that any could commend himself to God upon the terms of human perfection, ability and willingness to keep the Divine Law. Jesus alone has kept that Law, and He because forgotten miraculously. He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

God refuses to grant everlasting life to any except the perfect who will keep His Law willingly and gladly. What hope then is there for our race? There is one hope for the world, and still another for the Church, instituted at Pentecost. The world's hope is in the Messianic Kingdom of 1000 years, whose rulers and judges will be God's Royal Priesthood—the glorified Church, Head and Body.

God's Messianic Kingdom will depose Satan, binding him for a thousand years. Speedily the iniquities of earth will be set aside, and the rule of the "rod of iron" will begin.

Everything opposed to righteousness will be dashed to pieces. Everything sinful will be discouraged by chastenings, and everything righteous will be encouraged by blessings.

Under that administration, the world will again reach the condition of perfection from which Adam fell. All wilfully rebellious, all lovers of sin, will have been cut off in the Second Death—"everlasting destruction."

The Church and the Law. The Church of Christ is selected from amongst mankind, who were born in sin. The members are not under the Law of Sinai in the sense of being required to keep it perfectly in order to get eternal life. (Romans 6:14) Nevertheless, the Law is very precious to the Church; for its spirit reveals to her how far short of perfection she is in the flesh, and to what extent the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ covers her fleshly imperfections. Thus, the Apostle declares, "The righteousness of the Law is fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."



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Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Clackamas County. Tille Taylor, Plaintiff, vs. William Fleming Taylor, Defendant. To William Fleming Taylor, the above named defendant: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the 30th day of October, 1913, said date being more than six weeks after the first publication of this summons and for want of answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between yourself and plaintiff and for a decree restoring to plaintiff her maiden name of Tille Cooley.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured. "I was taken with diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, then merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co.

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