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# OREGON CITY COURIER

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31st YEAR

OREGON CITY, ORE., THURSDAY, OCT. 16, 1913.

No. 21

## MEXICO, A VIEW FROM THE BORDER

### THE REBELLION, AND WHAT IS BEHIND IT

### A BIG BUSINESS MONEY SCRAP

Little Side Lights of the Big Contest Down Beyond the Rio Grande

I did not go over into Mexico as I had intended. Not because one could not go over, but because the getting back did not look promising. I went along the border the greater part from El Paso to Del Rio, but there seemed to be a sign out "Abandon all Hope Ye Who Enter Here," and I had more hope than anything else, and I did not care to lose it. Secretary Bryan said don't do it, and I pinned my faith to the orator of the Platte.

But along the border, in every little river town, in Sanderson, Comstock, you will find more interesting things than over the line and in the ranks. In these towns you find the adventurers, the Soldiers of Fortune, the men who sit around the round tables in the back rooms of the saloons, and have more to do with the Mexican rebellion than the barefooted soldiers who go out and get shot.

Like the Italians, there are several varieties of Mexicans. Down Mexico City you see one class, the political class, the job holding class, the "better" class, so called.

Over in Northern Mexico you see another class. These fellows don't hold any jobs or have any pull. They just get out and make trouble, join any old thing that promises scrap.

These men are ignorant, deplorably ignorant, and they don't go after things the way a white man would. It would seem as if they did not know what they were after. Some disturber will come along with a little goat braid and a few brass buttons, and he can gather a bunch of followers in just about thirty Mexican minutes.

And the real reason is that Mexico's land is in great holdings and the common man has no chance. There is no hope for him. An existence is all there is before him. He lives in poverty, deplorable poverty. All he can hope for is enough to eat and half enough to wear.

And these men make up the rebel army of Mexico. Given half a chance they would be peaceful and contented. But seven thousand families own all the arable land of Mexico, and millions of the working class are little better than slaves as a result.

as the conversation was confined to stock conditions in Texas, the chances for rain and how sheep were doing, he was courteous and entertaining, but the minute I pushed the talk around to Mexican troubles he closed up like a telephone booth, and there was nothing doing.

They tell me that anyone who knows anything about the war game can come down here, cross over and get a following in about fifteen minutes. A private in the standing army, who knows the drill work, can get a solo stalk and line up a bunch of men who are dying to die for their country. As they say about as soon as they can do the "present arms" there comes from some mysterious source some Standard Oil guns. If he can hold the fellows together, that is pasture them where there is some chance of pillage and forage, and add to his numbers, then he is considered as a factor in the situation. If he can't, then he is soon done for by the federals. If he isn't killed in battle, he is given a splendid chance to be assassinated later—a casual shot in the back, the kind Madero got.

It's a great old scrap—viewed from the safe American side of the muddy Rio Grande, but I can't help but think if the Americans would have kept out of it, it would have been settled long ago. Mexico is a gold mine and the Yankee knows it—Pancho doesn't.

There are rich mines down there. There are great expanses of grazing land. You can buy the land for 75 cents an acre, and you can get the mines by simply claiming (and defending) them. The trouble now is title. A man may have a valuable property today. All he has to do is to forget he has it for a few years (no taxes) and he will wake up some morning and find he has fallen heir to something, that an aunt in Detroit has died and left him all there was to leave. But in Mexico today you are a millionaire and tomorrow you are hunting a meal ticket. It all depends on which way the wind blows.

They say the national election, October 26, will settle things, but it won't—that's my guess. Porfiria Diaz ruled these black people with a hand of iron for many years. He played the game to the limit, but didn't or couldn't read the sign language. De la Barre followed him for a day, and then that patriot, Francisco Madero, stepped into the shoes of the tyrant. Given half a chance, they tell me, Madero would have made good. The majority were with him, and he had plans to give the acres of Mexico back to the Mexicans and give them a chance to live contented.

But Huerta double crossed and betrayed him. He did it through the help of Felix Diaz, the man he now fears, and a nephew of the old ruler. Madero was shot in the back, assassinated, and here's betting Huerta will shuffle off just about the same finish a little later this fall. He dare not run for president; he dare not loon in his present hold. It's a short end either way he plays it.

It's a great game, to watch from along the side lines, and it is a wise man who can see how it will end. Two big business factions are scrapping for it. Wall Street knows more about the situation than the men in the ranks. The Mexicans are the checkers, they are fighting for something. There is nothing to lose and there is a hope for freedom. They are becoming enlightened. They are no longer peons and nevels. Just how they will work it out, you and I don't know, but certain it is they will keep on making trouble until they get what they want, or what they are entitled to. October 26 may settle things for a period, but they will never stay settled until they are settled right.

The common Mexican is very much like his cousin, the Indian. They will not work steadily and will not work at all unless necessity compels it. I do not mean the Spaniard when I say Mexican—I mean the half Indian Greaser. You can never make Americans of these fellows or teach them American ways.

Given a few acres of land, from which they can make a Mexican living, with very little work, and they are the most contented, care-free people on earth. Denied this way of existence, then they are a bad lot and ripe for anything that hobs up.

## LET US HAVE A CITY MANAGER

### AND RUN THIS CORPORATION ON BUSINESS METHODS

### HAVE OUTGROWN OLD SYSTEM

Gives Us the Right Charter and We Will Have Right Government

If the Charter revision committee that Mayor Jones has appointed will get right down to brass tacks, cut out all politics and have only the future and best good of this city in view, there could be some wonderful changes in government for the best good of all framed into that charter, and this city could be run, as it should be run, on the same business system that big business concerns are run—and we would get 50 per cent more efficiency and save the city lots of money.

The trouble with this city is the trouble of every city of its size—the trouble is the system. It has grown too big for country village, no salary administration.

We have a city of about 6,000 population with nine men to govern it. Every one of these men has his private business to look after, and the city's business must necessarily be a side-line—a work that is taken up after hours, an overtime proposition, and a work that not a man of them gets any pay for.

It isn't business, common sense or human nature to expect these men to neglect their own business, the business that provides them with livelihoods and takes care of their homes and families, to give this time to the running of a city, for which they get absolutely no pay and many, many kicks.

Many of the councilmen put in long extra hours of hard work for the city, but it is not sufficient for the needs of the city. The city is too big for the small system.

What this city needs, and what every city of its size on the coast will soon have, is a form of government that is business; a form of government where there is direct authority and personal responsibility, a management like the Willamette Paper Co., a head, a system, and results.

There are various forms of reform city government. Some are better than others and they get better results.

This city needs a manager, a superintendent, a man who knows the business, knows how to manage, who has made the work a study.

## IT IS ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW

### AND SHALL A DOZEN MEN DECIDE THAT POINT?

### OR IS IT FOR PUBLIC VERDICT

Some Points to Think Over in Health Officer Controversy

If some particular church or religious organization in this city should hold a meeting and a half dozen of its officers pass a resolution denouncing other churches as fakes and gold brick organizations, what an indignant public would do to this organization would be a plenty.

The different churches have different means for the same end. Individual choice depends on the point of view.

An osteopath says the proper means to stir up a sluggish liver is by means of the hands.

A regular medical physician says the proper way to get that liver back into full tone is by means of calomel.

It will be but a matter of two or three weeks before the reports of all our water propositions will be put up to the people in dollars and cents, and then the matter will settle down to a campaign of decision, and it is to be hoped Oregon City will settle the question right for a long time to come.

Hal Rands, the engineer with a crew of five men making surveys of the South Clackamas project and he hopes to have his report ready by the last of this month. Oregon City has the most confidence in Mr. Rands. He is one of the best engineers in Oregon, a man of unquestioned integrity and honesty, and when he submits his report it will be as nearly accurate as can be expected.

On the other hand Prof. F. J. Tooze has spent many weeks of hard work on the Bull Run proposition, has gone to the very bottom of the proposition, and when he makes his report the people will be fully assured that it is absolutely honest and reliable and the cost of the pipe line and other expenses are as nearly correct as it is possible to give them.

Until these reports are in, there is little use of discussing or sustaining any project, and when they are submitted the matters no doubt will be speedily settled.

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## WOOLEN MILLS INCREASE OUTPUT

### AND WILL ADD FIFTY EMPLOYEES TO THE PAYROLL

### GOOD NEWS FOR GOOD CITY

Largest Woolen Mills West of Rockies is in Flourishing Condition

The statement given out by the woolen mills in the city that the government department out put will be materially increased, and about 50 new employees added to the big payroll, is good news to the best city on the Pacific coast.

Already the work of installing the many new machines and completely changing the garment factory is under way. A large department, formerly used as a stock room, will be added to the garment factory, and the latest machines are being installed.

There are now employed in this big factory from 350 to 375 employees, drawing salaries from \$36 to \$70 a month, and the addition now under way will put about 50 more on the payroll.

And by the way, when you come to look back and think back, this factory has done something for Oregon City, and has been one of the big factors to make it what it is—the biggest manufacturing city in Oregon.

Do you realize that these woolen mills have been running steadily and growing gradually for 50 years, since 1873 or 1874, so an old resident informs us. And it is the largest woolen mill and garment factory west of the Rocky Mountains.

This plant is a most valuable asset to the city from the fact that the work is light and it gives employment to a class of people that find work they can do hard to get—women girls, boys and men too old to do the hard work of other factories.

Nearly all of the work of this big plant is easy, nearly all piece work and the wages depend entirely on the ability of the workers. Some women make men's pay, because of quickness and ability.

The factory has steadily increased its business during the many years, and today its goods have almost a national reputation, and the plant simply cannot keep up with its orders. On his recent trip to the southwest the Courier editor visited one of the largest wholesale houses in the south which bought its entire garment, robe and other lines from the woolen mills here.

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