

The Courier is the Official State paper for Oregon for the Farmers Society of Equity, and has the largest circulation from Portland to Salem.

OREGON CITY COURIER

OREGON CITY, ORE., THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1913.

31st YEAR

No. 27

If you want to buy, sell or trade, try a small ad in The Courier—the best advertising medium in Clackamas County—and you will get the desired results.

THE SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUIS

WIERD, BARBARIC CUSTOM OF OUR SAVAGE DAYS

HOLD RATTLESNAKES IN MOUTH

Wonderful Religious Ceremony Dating Back Before Conquest

(M. J. Brown, Courier, Oregon City.)

The Moqui snake dance is a relic of ancient savagery, more weird and horrible than anything that can be seen in darkest Africa. Yet it is performed by our native sons, our first Americans.

Roosevelt wrote it up in the Saturday Evening Post. He saw it last August. I never saw it, but I am going to write of it. I have visited the Moqui cliff cities. I have seen the flat rock where the snake dances are held; the ceremonial rooms where the actors make their preparations; the Indians who have taken part in the mystic rite and I have talked with many a white man who has seen the famous rattlesnake dance.

But first let me locate the Moqui land. It is the most remote of any of the Indian reservations, with the possible exception of Zuni, and the Hupi people remain the nearest to what they were before Columbus landed, of any of the American Indians.

Far from any other tribe (except the wandering Navajos) and seldom visited by white men, these Indians retain their old customs and ways of life—practically as they were when Coronado found them 375 years ago. And how many hundreds of years they had lived there directly for the first time American eyes see them and the American has to pinch himself to be sure he is not dreaming.

There are seven cities in the Moqui country, so I am told, I saw two of them, and when a white man told me how they spelled the second one I dared not tackle the third. Si-chom-wei. You pronounce it. The first was not so bad—Huapli.

These Indian villages are all built on the top of mesas (hills) of solid rock, built up of jobi blocks, and built in just the same way they were built hundreds of years before the conquest. The houses are all one great house, all built adjoining, and cut up with partitions like stock yards.

There are wonderful sights the first time American eyes see them and the American has to pinch himself to be sure he is not dreaming. There are, I am told, from 1,500 to 1,200 Indians in these several towns. And far out in this remote corner of the U. S. way back where the American desert forbids many to go, here is held, once in two years, one of the most barbaric ceremonies the world has ever seen—and right here almost in the center of our country, and in the year 1913.

The man who started that slogan "See America First," had probably been to the snake dance. I intended to have seen this year's rattlesnake dance. A friend at Espinosa, N. M., wrote me it would be held about the middle of September. But it was in August, and I missed it.

There is no particular date for it. It is held once in two years at a certain time when the moon does a certain thing, but only a Moqui Indian can tell the day a month in advance. He can.

You don't care about the legends and the religious ceremonies that go with this weird dance, so I will cut it short and get down to the snake dancing and snake eating. But I will say that in every one of the seven pueblos I have visited, Santa Clara, Isleta, Acoma, Laguni, Zuni and Moqui, the deadly rattlesnake is held sacred by the Indians.

For about two weeks before the snake dance the priests who are to take part in the ceremony, begin to train, and that training is drinking daily large quantities of bitter medicine made from secret herb, and for a week before the ceremony not to touch food in any form. It is also said the Indians rub their bodies with this medicine.

It is said if an Indian is bitten during the dance, the effect of the snake poison on his system, full of the herb tea, is only a stomach sickness and that after the dance many of the Indians may be seen, bending over a trough vomiting.

There are from 15 to 20 of the priests who take part in the ceremony. They march into the court and do a few preliminary stunts, and then the game starts.

One after another, they reach into buckskin bags, grab a huge rattler, lift it to the mouth, fastened to it with their teeth, about six or eight inches from the reptile's ugly head, and with the huge snake hanging from their jaws they nippity-hop pus out "rock" the snake's puncture again.

Mind you there are six or eight inches of the business end of this deadly snake free to act, free to strike into the Indian's face, and may do. However the dancers do not try to be bitten, in fact they try not to be. They dance in pairs and an attendant whisks feathers in the snake's face to tickle it and prevent it from biting. But often the snake will drive its fangs into the Indian's cheek,

another Indian will unhook the snake, and the bitten man will continue to dance on as if nothing had happened.

After about so many turns around the court, the Indians will swing their heads, give the snake a snap, open their jaws and deposit them in a writhing mass on the rocks, while they get fresh snakes, and it is up to the attendants not to let these snakes run into the crowd. If the rattler coils they will never grab him, but tickle him or prod him to strike, and the instant he lengthens out then they grab. One Indian will sometimes have a half dozen of these huge snakes at a time, and I have seen many a rattler in this country from three to six inches thru.

This is about all there is to the dance—just grabbing a great, writhing reptile, putting it in the mouth, dancing around with it, dropping it, getting a fresh one, and occasionally being bitten. But only those who have seen the big, deadly diamond desert rattlers, can fully appreciate these barbaric rites.

It is often printed that one Indian will hold a snake and purposely let it strike the bare breast of his partner, but those I have talked with, who have seen several of the dances, say this is not in any way true.

The fangs are not withdrawn from these snakes, this is established. They are as deadly at these dances as when sleeping on the hot sand. The secret is in the medicine the Indian drinks, an herb that counteracts the deadly poison—and the Indian has kept that secret for about four hundred years that Americans know of.

On three sides of this dance rock or court are the Indian houses or ceremonial rooms, and on one side there is a perpendicular descent of many feet—just a straight drop down, and without any railing or protection whatever.

I was shown the spot where an Indian girl fell over this bluff and was killed and mangled on the rocks below.

Four years ago at the dance there was a large crowd, many Navajos being present. The girl was standing on the very edge of the bluff, and when the dancers let go of the snakes one huge fellow started directly for the girl, trying to avoid being bitten, she fell over the bluff and was instantly killed.

Up to a few years ago but very few white men ever saw the rattlesnake dance, but today the Moquis are getting wise, they are beginning to advertise and to combine business with religion—they are beginning to commercialize the dance, beginning to welcome the white men and sell them the choice seats for 75 cents per. The Moqui is about the last man on earth to fall for the white man's ways and influence, but he is falling. Roosevelt made a great ad for the show, and hundreds of tourists are expected at the next meeting. Make your reservations early.

I expected to see the usual marks of degeneracy among the Moquis, but I did not. In Zuni, I saw sights one could hardly believe, as results of seven marriages, but at that pueblo the 1600 people have lived in one house for so many hundreds of years that they are all more or less relatives.

There I saw perfect albinos, with pink cheeks, red eyes and white hair, full blooded Indians, and I saw lunatics, deformed Indians, and no end to strange freaks. But nothing of the like in the Moqui villages, also they are as ancient as any pueblo in America. This I account for because the villages are scattered, and the tribes mix more or less with their neighbors on the east—the roving Navajos.

I had long heard that the Moquis had the handsomest girls and the ugliest old squaws in the southwest, but I could not find the beauties. However beauty is from custom and viewpoint. They say the Indians think our women are hideous. A freighter said after one became accustomed to the Moqui belles they were as handsome as white women.

The girls and women have a most peculiar way of doing up their hair, and that gives them an odd appearance to unaccustomed eyes. Unmarried girls wear it in a big ring, about the size of a sauce dish, over each ear. This indicates they are single, while the married squaws wear it in a roll over the ears. And the fashions in Huapli land never change.

Health, you see it everywhere. The girls are perfect specimens of development, of trained development, and the men are like iron. It is said it is uncommon to find Indians who have lived one hundred years and over.

And I found among the Moquis so many living examples that raise the Dickens with our modern rules of hygiene and science of sanitation.

There are probably hundreds of Indians at this reservation who never have and never will take a bath, and yet we down-and-out white men go to him at the last resort, live his life and get well.

Their homes are filthy, and during cold weather they close up and cord up without any ventilation. Yet they are the finest specimens of health and endurance in our country. Probably there was never a toothbrush on the reservation, yet men and women have beautiful and perfect teeth. I have seen men whose wrinkles and hair indicated extreme age, with almost perfect teeth. And never a dentist opened a Moqui mouth.

No appendicitis, rheumatism, spinal meningitis, or any of our fashionable diseases. No surgeons, operations or hospitals. And none are needed. Yet the Indians are horribly dirty—poorly filthy. I never rub up against them. Nearly all of them have body lice, big fat "seam squirrels," bred from filth. When they get too thick, and bite too fierce, they will wear their clothes and rub their bodies with sheep dip.

INTERESTING OLD HISTORY

How I. O. O. F. Order here was Deprived of Being First Coast Lodge

One of the social events of the season that is looked forward to is the celebration of the 60th anniversary of Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. O. F., to be celebrated at Busch's Hall December 31, when the old year will be given a farewell, and the New Year welcomed. On that day it will be 60 years since the organization of the lodge in Oregon City, and several lodges of Clackamas County have been invited to attend to assist in celebrating this notable event, and there will probably be about 500 people in attendance.

Oregon City Lodge No. 3 should have been Oregon City Lodge No. 1, but the following accounts for it not being such: The charter of the lodge was applied for and granted in 1850, and was forwarded by mail on a sailing vessel to San Francisco, but for some reason the ship failed to stop at San Francisco, but proceeded to Honolulu, where the charter was removed from the ship, and where the name of Oregon Lodge was removed from the charter, and in its place inserted "Excelsior" Lodge No. 1, of Honolulu. Before Oregon could procure a new charter, a lodge in Salem had been organized, this being named "Chemeka Lodge No. 1," and this was granted the first charter in Oregon, while the Samaritan Lodge of Portland was organized and given the second place, and by that time the second charter was granted Oregon City Lodge.

The charter members of the Local order are now deceased and were the following: William P. Burns, Mosse Kahn, Simon Kahn, Charles McCue, Charles Pope and Emioren Holbrook. The oldest members living are: John T. Apperson, initiated into the order May 27, 1857; John Meldrum, initiated July 15, 1857. Mr. Apperson resides at Parkplace, and Mr. Meldrum at Meldrum Station. William P. Burns who recently died in Portland, was the first Grand Master, and was the father of Charles Burns of this city.

The records were destroyed by fire January 1859. The only articles saved at that time were the Bible and charter, the former saved by the late D. J. Slover and the latter by the late J. M. Bacon. At the time of the fire the building was located on lower South Main Street, now the site of the Oregon City Manufacturing Co's plant.

The present building was erected in 1860 by the I. O. O. F. Lodge, and has been the home of the order since that time. The property is owned by the order and is located in the center of the city, the lower floor of the building being used for the post office. The lodge is in a flourishing condition, and has a membership of 155, all of whom are in good standing. Since the organization the local organization has paid in benefits to sick members, widows and orphans about \$100,000. This is probably the only order that has a home in the state of Oregon for the orphans and widows of members, and this is located at Portland, Mrs. W. H. Howell, of this city, is superintendent of the home.

In observing the 60th anniversary of this order Judge Grant B. Dimick of this city will give the opening address, and Judge Thomas F. Ryan, of Salem, will give the history of the lodge. There will also be a literary and musical programme, preceding the grand ball, the music for dancing of which will be furnished by a local orchestra. Some of the best musical and literary talent will be secured for this occasion. L. G. Lagerson of this city, who has been a member of the I. O. O. F. Lodge of the East for many years, and is at the present time a member of the Oregon City Lodge, is chairman of the entertainment committee. During the evening a banquet will be served. The hall is to be elaborately decorated for the occasion.

Anyone who could spend an hour or two enjoying the prattle of its tiny inmates, would certainly come away with the conscious feeling of how much is being done for these helpless little ones.

Yes, and much more could be accomplished with the co-operation of the charitable men and women of Portland and surrounding country. The Home is a haven for all—it matters not the race or creed. Now, when within a very few days, we will rejoice in the great "Day of Thanksgiving," let us hope the little orphans will be remembered generally by their old friends, and that many new ones will be among the number of those who send donations to gladden their young hearts on that happy day.

When the matter of the complaint asking for an injunction against County Judge Anderson declaring Oregon City dry in 1914, came before Circuit Judge Campbell Saturday, he granted the liquor people ten days' time in which to amend their complaint.

Straws that Show Wind's Direction
The Hillsboro "Drys" have won the second battle over the "Wets." Judge Campbell having made a decision in their favor on the recent election contest. Every straw would indicate that Oregon is going to get into the "Dry" column before long even if it does rain "occasionally."

Swedish Thanksgiving Festival
A Thanksgiving festival will be held by the Scandinavians at G. O. Molins, Fallview, Oregon City, on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 27. The programme will begin in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. Dr. Van and others from Portland will take part in the programme. The ladies Aid Society "Vorkas" will meet at same time. All Scandinavians are most cordially invited to attend.

Had Sand to Stand By
The Oregon City Courier and The News-Reporter are two of the newspapers that did not receive a complimentary letter from President Campbell of the state university, for support given to the university measures at the last election. These two papers knew how the people of their respective counties stood on these appropriations. They knew that the majority of their readers were opposed to them.—McMinnville News-Reporter.

Up Against It
Oregon City has gone dry, the water has typhoid germs and the milk is condemned. What is a fellow to do there?—Molalla Pioneer.

Dr. Morey, of Liberal, was in this city Saturday.

son who can stand a little roughing, can see. It is a safer locality than the streets of our cities. Yet how pitifully few of us ever see the wonders at home, and how many of us rush across the big drink to ancient Pompeii and other less interesting places abroad? America is just as old as any old corner of our country, and Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, California and Old Mexico are literally crowded with wonderful and ancient museums. M. J. Brown.

MURDER, FIRST DEGREE

Grand Jury Indicts Harry Clark for Murder of Chief Henry

In September Indian Henry, last chief of the Molallas, was killed. Suspicion was strong against Harry Clark, an Indian well known in police court circles of this county. Enough evidence was presented to the grand jury to warrant his indictment. The trial will probably come off at the theft of brass from the plant the six other indictments have been reported.

S. Hoffman was held for the alleged concealing and purchasing of stolen brass that had been taken from the plant of the Crown-Columbia Paper company. Wom Eo is held on a charge of assault with intent to kill Wong Ying, a laborer on the Portland Eugene & Eastern at Canby, September 11; Alonzo Haskins, performing acts that tend to contribute to the delinquency of Bula Barcum; James McDonald and Roy Laloux, of brass from the plant of the Crown-Columbia company; Ed Pollock, daylight burglary in the house of Marie C. Gelinsky at Lakewood; James V. Reece, threatening to kill Ailene Reece.

A WORTHLESS SYSTEM
How Much Longer will we Dump Good Money Into Poor Roads?

How much longer will it be before the people of this county will square away on some system that will stop burying hundreds of thousands of dollars into mud dumps, called roads? Clackamas county is laughed at as the worst road county in northwestern Oregon.

We have 59 roads supervisors, all working independently, spending a barrel of money each year, and yet our roads do not improve, and it is pretty much money thrown away. Good roads are the biggest problems in the United States today, and all over the country states and counties are facing them and working them on.

The Courier has no system to propose, but it does know that we have men capable of working out a system and getting this county started on PERMANENT roads, if we only build a mile a year. The supervisor system, judging from results, is all wrong. Fifty-nine men, without any definite policy, aren't getting us ahead any.

We are spending huge sums on roads, if we had commenced 20 years ago to build little, built hard surface and maintained the work, today we could have had hard surfaced, splendid thoroughfares on all the principal roads of the county.

It costs producers three times what it would under good roads, to get their stuff in. It holds back development of the county as nothing else can. It holds back the cities and towns of the county.

We ought to get at this proposition and work out a remedy. We should stop sinking good money into roads that are very little improvement. We should commence to build the roads that last.

Remember the Little Ones
Among the many and necessary charitable institutions in and around Portland, a more worthy one cannot be found than the home to which these few lines of appeal have reference.

Anyone who could spend an hour or two enjoying the prattle of its tiny inmates, would certainly come away with the conscious feeling of how much is being done for these helpless little ones.

Yes, and much more could be accomplished with the co-operation of the charitable men and women of Portland and surrounding country. The Home is a haven for all—it matters not the race or creed. Now, when within a very few days, we will rejoice in the great "Day of Thanksgiving," let us hope the little orphans will be remembered generally by their old friends, and that many new ones will be among the number of those who send donations to gladden their young hearts on that happy day.

Ten Days to Amend
When the matter of the complaint asking for an injunction against County Judge Anderson declaring Oregon City dry in 1914, came before Circuit Judge Campbell Saturday, he granted the liquor people ten days' time in which to amend their complaint.

Straws that Show Wind's Direction
The Hillsboro "Drys" have won the second battle over the "Wets." Judge Campbell having made a decision in their favor on the recent election contest. Every straw would indicate that Oregon is going to get into the "Dry" column before long even if it does rain "occasionally."

Swedish Thanksgiving Festival
A Thanksgiving festival will be held by the Scandinavians at G. O. Molins, Fallview, Oregon City, on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 27. The programme will begin in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. Dr. Van and others from Portland will take part in the programme. The ladies Aid Society "Vorkas" will meet at same time. All Scandinavians are most cordially invited to attend.

Had Sand to Stand By
The Oregon City Courier and The News-Reporter are two of the newspapers that did not receive a complimentary letter from President Campbell of the state university, for support given to the university measures at the last election. These two papers knew how the people of their respective counties stood on these appropriations. They knew that the majority of their readers were opposed to them.—McMinnville News-Reporter.

HOUSE WAS RANSACKED

Burglars Loot Fred Swift's Residence and Carry Away Much Stuff

Friday, Saturday or Sunday night, the home of Fred Swift, manager of the Clackamas Southern railroad, at Risley, was broken into, thoroughly ransacked in every room, and many articles of value taken.

The residence is owned by Mrs. Vernah Shewman, who is now with her parents at Tionesta, Pa., and was leased furnished to Mr. Swift. Mr. and Mrs. Swift were away at the time the burglars forced an entrance through the bathroom window, and once inside the house it appears they took their time and did a thorough job of turning things over. Almost everything in the front part of the house was carried to the back rooms and examined and rifled. Drawers, boxes, trunks, hand bags—everything was dumped, and sorted, and what was wanted was taken.

A clothes room, where Mrs. Shewman had stored a trunk, grips, clothing, etc., was locked. This was rifled, and the contents of the trunk scattered and rifled. The housebreakers carried off a medley of plunder, including clothing, boots, silverware, sheets and pillow cases, a revolver, canned fruit, coffee, etc.

Mr. Swift had a full suit in a clothes room. The coat and vest were taken and the trousers left. As a box or drawer was examined the contents were scattered over the floor, and the house was indeed a sight.

Mrs. Tyra Warren, who lives across the street, first discovered the house had been broken into, and after a hasty examination she reported to Sheriff Mass, but as Mr. and Mrs. Swift were away and it was impossible to determine just what had been taken, there has been little to work on.

DOESN'T LOOK SAFE
Why Was Not Salary Fixed in Proposed Charter Amendment?

It seems to us if the salary for the chief of police had been definitely fixed in the proposed charter amendment, it would have been more satisfactory to the voters.

The present charter fixes the salary of the chief of police at \$60. This was adopted years ago. This is not salary enough for today. The pay should be at least \$100.00. But it would seem that the salary should be definitely stated before the people are asked to raise it—that it should be as specific as are the salaries of the other city officers.

Should the proposed amendment pass, five men, a majority of the city council, could, if they will, defeat any appointee of the mayor, by fixing a salary so low that he could not accept it, and they could, if they will, pay some man they wanted, two or three times as much.

If we always had a harmonious council and a mayor in accord with it, the license would do no harm, but history, which often repeats, tells us we may have a lot of scappers running things some day in the future, and we might regret this salary-fixing power, after we had given it away.

The people of this city are willing to pay any good chief of police a good salary, and if the council had fixed a maximum and minimum, liberal one might provide for a good man, the people would have sustained it with their votes.

But we very much doubt if they will give five men the unrestricted power to fix a salary so small a man can't accept it, or so high it becomes a graft snafu.

As the propositions is presented, the people SHOULD VOTE IT DOWN.

Turn Your Ring Over
Any number of you would give a quarter or more to make the babies at the home happy if someone would call on you personally.

A few have dropped into the Courier office and started a little fund to be expended for the little ones at St. Agnes home, but so many forget it. Turn your ring over and wear it so until you remember. We want to gather together a few dollars and make the children happy—want to give them a few of the things that children love best, which the home cannot give best.

Help this along. You wouldn't forget your own children. A quarter will make a little one happy for a long day. Drop in.

FRANCHISE BEFORE COUNCIL

City Fathers Look Favorably Toward New Era of Competition

The Oregon City council peeled their coats and delved into a thorough examination of the proposed Carver franchise at a special meeting Monday evening. The opposition peeled their coats, too, and while the session was not quite as warm as one or two of the previous franchise meetings, nevertheless it was a little exciting at times.

No definite action was taken in regard to the franchise, which Mr. Carver desires as the completing link to his Portland-Oregon City electric line. The sections of the franchise were gone over one by one, with Mr. Carver and his attorney, H. E. Cross. It is probable that some definite action may be taken when the matter again comes up Friday evening.

The feeling prevailed at the meeting that Oregon City needs another electric line between here and Portland, and needs it badly, and the city fathers, while considering the active opponents of the line along Water street, for the most part, looked at the general good to the city as a whole, that the new line would mean.

As Councilman Horton wisely said: "I believe it would be a great mistake if the council should do anything that would cause them to lose this road. I believe we need a new line and ought to encourage, rather than prevent the construction of every line that wants to enter here." Councilmen Toole, Matzner and others also argued favorably, on the ground that the general interest of the city demanded that the new line be allowed to enter.

The opponents of the road are the owners of Water street property, or which the line, if granted, will run. Outside of private interests the people of Oregon City very naturally welcome the line with outstretched arms, and feel that a competing line between Oregon City and Portland will build up Oregon City faster than any other influence. The merchants along Main street want the line to come clear through, as it would be an unfair advantage to stop the line at Twelfth or Fifteenth.

As the franchise to the P. R. L. & P. on Main street does not permit of a common-user Water street, the only means by which the new line can enter Oregon City. The hill solution is entirely out of the question, as no railroad would want an interurban franchise with a terminal point on the hill, and it would be grossly unfair to ask a road to come in on the hill section.

The Courier editor will bet a new hat that there's not a city in the United States that would turn down the Carver franchise, after due consideration of its merits and faults. The franchise is fair, if ever there was one. Mr. Carver is a man of action, and has embodied his spirit in the ordinance he asks the council to pass. Carver delivers the goods—and within eighteen months; otherwise he forfeits his rights. Already Mr. Carver has about five miles of his line graded, has started on the Clackamas River bridge, and has franchises through Milwaukie, Gladstone and Portland, from East Portland clear into the very heart of the west side.

Every citizen of Oregon City who is interested in the ultimate good of the town should be a booster for the new Portland & Oregon City Railway.

LOOK THEM OVER.
Six Men to Pick Three Council Members from Next Monday.

Next Monday is the city election, to elect mayor, councilmen and pass on three or four charter amendments. Mayor Jones has a clear field. There is no candidate against him, and the chances are he will have an outright as much as a cinch as M. D. Lavareute had for treasurer last year.

The wet and dry factions are taking some part in the councilmen contests.

In Ward 1, J. O. Staats and H. M. Templeton are the nominees. This is the city's only wet ward and no doubt the hardest fight in the city will center here, as Mr. Staats has plainly stated where he stands on the matter of saloons, and that he would not vote to grant any license in the city, so as long as the people vote dry. Just what position Mr. Templeton takes on the liquor question the Courier does not know.

In Ward 2, Phil Sorghon and E. C. Hackett are the nominees. Mr. Hackett is said to be a no-license man. He was formerly a candidate for sheriff and is a man of good business ideas. Mr. Sorghon is an employee of the P. R. L. & P., and regardless of whether he is for or against license the Courier does not believe it good policy to elect any man connected with any corporation to the city council. It places him in a position where his every act would be subjected to criticism.

In Ward 3, E. B. Andrews and O. W. Griffin are the nominees. Mr. Andrews is an architect, a man well known, and a "dry" candidate. Mr. Griffin is a contractor and is a "wet" candidate.

Logan and Evergreen Sermons.
Rev. E. A. Smith will preach next Sunday, December 7, at Logan at 11 a. m., and at 3 o'clock he will preach at Evergreen school house. Subject at Logan "Some Thanksgiving Heroes." At Evergreen will be "A Voice Behind You." All the community invited to these meetings.

S. S. District Convention at Canby.
Beginning with an address Tuesday evening, December 9th, 1913, and continuing Wednesday, December 10, until 3:00 p. m., there will be held at Canby in the M. E. church the District Sabbath school convention. All Sabbath workers are cordially invited to be present. There will be a good program and entertainment will be furnished delegates. This is the convention of all the Sabbath schools in the Canby district, but workers outside our district will be welcomed. C. F. ROMIG, President. MRS. W. H. LUCKE, Secy.

GEO. C. BROWNELL FOR GOVERNOR

REPUBLICAN RUNNING ON A PROHIBITION PLATFORM

THIS IS EXPECTED DECISION

Story is He Will Make Announcement Saturday of This Week.

Oregon City is very likely to have a third candidate for governor. George C. Brownell is very likely to announce as a candidate for governor, on a state wide prohibition platform.

This is more than "political rumor." The Courier gets it from those connected with the state prohibition headquarters in Portland and from local prohibition workers in the city. Mr. Brownell is considering the call, seriously considering it, and it is said that within a few days he will give a definite answer—will either jump into the fight and make an aggressive campaign, or will refuse to take any part in next year's contest.

It is reported that Mr. Brownell made the prediction some months ago that in his judgment the next governor of Oregon would be the man who came out squarely against the booze.

Whether Mr. Brownell would be a Republican candidate for the primaries on a prohibition platform, or whether he would run as an independent on a dry platform, or whether he would run at all, remains to be seen. The state organization we are told believe the chances for making Oregon dry would be much better in 1914 if Republicans, Democrats or independents were candidates on a dry platform, than if they were to place the regular line of Prohibition nominees in the field. They think other party nominees would poll a larger vote.

Should Mr. Brownell kick in and play, Oregon City would have three Republicans for governor, and there would doubtless be some warm times in the old town.

GIVE THE CITY A CHANCE
Give Her Good Water, Good Government and Let Her Spread

A dispatch from this city to the Journal says Oregon City is the defendant in seven suits in the circuit court.

These eprance street improvements, two public elevator actions, the water commissioner suit, and so on. How many of these actions would have been brought if we had had a commission government?

Three or four of these actions are the outgrowth of factions, matters that could have been and should have been settled without going to court. You may bet and win your bet that these actions will cost the city a snug little expense bill before they are finished, whichever way they are decided.

Perhaps you did not know that Oregon City is paying out over \$800 per month in salaries under the present so-called "free government." Add the cost of expensive mistakes to this salary roll and give it to about three capable, common sense, business men, or adopt the business manager plan and put a big boss on the job, and Oregon City would go ahead and be some city.

Given good water and good government, and this city should bound ahead.

We have everything to make a city a great water power, great mills, great payrolls and the richest surrounding country.

What this city wants now is a CHANCE TO GROW. Let us square away, put in a managing system as big as the city, cut the everlasting warfare—and grow.

HANDSOME CLACKAMAS AD
Immigration Commission's Album Has Clackamas Well to Front

The Oregon Immigration Commission has just issued its foreign booklets which may be seen at the publicity office of the Commercial club. The set contains three volumes, one book of 64 pages, one of 92 and an album of 194 pages and are printed in the German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. The album contains 18 photos of Clackamas county, which is seven more cuts than is shown by any other county. This is due to the publicity department having secured photos and seeing that Clackamas county had its share of publicity. These books will be sent out in sets to parties who do not read the English language. The following cuts are subjects in the album: Al Gribble, Aurora Dairy scene. P. O. Lindgren, Meadow Brook, field of oats. Geo. Lazelle, Oregon City, field of rye. Henry Babler, Logan, harvest scene. Mrs. Kate Spulak, New Era, wheat field in shocks. E. P. Schedens, Damascus oat field. A. R. Cummings, Canby, field of corn. A. H. Anthony, New Era, apiary. Josi Sherebele, Oregon City, hop field. General Farming Landscape, Tualatin Meadows. Farm in Scandinavian Colony, (Carlsborg). J. W. Smith, Macks