

OUR COUNTRY'S WONDER PLACES

GREATEST WORLD'S MUSEUM THAT BUT WE HAVE SEEN

SURPASS WONDERS ABROAD

Where they are Located and How to Visit Them

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

It would almost seem that our most learned are the most ignorant of America's wonders.

I talked with a county school commissioner in New York state regarding the antiquities of our country, but he was so hopelessly and embarrassingly ignorant of them that I permitted him to change the subject.

In Dunkirk, N. Y., I attended an illustrated lecture on the ancient wonders abroad. The lecturer was high in state educational circles. He had been abroad and taken photographs of the wonders in Italy, Greece, Egypt and other places, which he showed with stereoscopic slides. At the conclusion he strongly advised, almost pleaded, that every student present who possibly could, should see at least part of the old world wonders, as a part of his education.

I ate supper at the same table with him after the lecture, and I remarked that he had not shown a picture of old world wonders that could not be almost duplicated and surpassed at home.

He asked where were the Catacombs like Rome and Syracuse, and I replied in the mummy caves in Canyon De Shelly, northeastern Arizona.

He wanted to know where was there scenery that would equal the Alps and I told him to take a trip up the Rio Grande river from Santa Fe, and he would find it, and afterwards see the magnificent Grand Canyon, which put in the background anything on earth. And as to Pompeii, there were 16,000 buried cities in New Mexico and Arizona.

Wonders? This country is full of them, full of the strangest, most people, scenery and ruins in the world—and just as old as the oldest.

And it seems so strange that more of our people do not see them and know more of them. Nine out of ten educated men can tell more of the antiquity of the old country than of their home. And there is not one of our cluster of wonders but what any man or woman can see with safety yet nine-tenths of us know as little of them as we do of the interior of Africa.

We all know of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and hundreds of our people go abroad to see it, but up in northwestern New Mexico, back in the mountain hamlets, a community of Penitents, have had annual crucifixions of human beings for years, and today, while these barbarities have been stopped, there can be seen horrible scenes of self-punishment. I have seen the fanatics with the blood running down their bare backs and dripping off their heels. They are self-scourgers—a remnant of the Flagellants of the middle ages in Europe.

Our school boys know of the wonderful snake charmers of the Orient, and the jugglers of India, but they DON'T know that our own Montezuma Indians will handle the deadly diamond rattlesnake as we would a rope, and that the Rio Grande Pueblos perform some of the most wonderful of magician's tricks.

Every school boy and girl can tell you of the history of Salem (Mass.) witchcraft, but there is among the mountains of New Mexico today, 1913, a great area where many a Mexican man and woman are murdered because they are witches and can bewitch.

How many of our people know anything about the extinct cliff dwellers? Yet only about twelve miles from the station of Espanola, on the narrow gauge railroad of the D. & R. G., north of Santa Fe, you can see the grandest ruins in the world. There is not a hardship in reaching these cliffs. The country is comparatively level, and the road follows the little Santa Clara river. And here on one cliff you can see the former homes of ten thousand people, who lived, died, and whose history perished before a white man ever dreamed there was a western continent.

We all know about the great Sahara desert abroad, but right here at home we have one as absolute, and in spots more deadly, extending from Idaho into old Mexico, and embracing parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and Texas. And its most gruesome part, Death Valley, has an African desert an irrigated ranch by comparison.

The most of us have heard of the petrified forest, but ask where it is and see how few can tell you. And yet a railroad runs almost to its front gate. Get off at Holbrook, drive six or seven miles and you reach a forest of agate, covering hundreds of square miles—an area where wood has turned to stone. While it is not much to look at, yet it is one of the big wonders of America, and a place almost any man can see if he will.

Zuni, one of the Seven Cities of Cibola, is one of the most interesting sights an American could hope to see. It is a people of the past, living in the today. It is the oldest inhabited place in North America. There the Indians live in their great communal home, 1900 of them. They have lived there hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, and there are some of the strangest, wildest sights one could dream of. Zuni is a hard place to get to, but it can be made with absolute safety. About 100 miles south of Gallup, New Mexico, and it must be made with horses, for the road is too rough and too sandy for auto travel. But make it and you will never forget or regret it.

Southwest of Zuni, well down to the Mexican border, is a big depression in the land, and covered with shallow salt water. There are no streams running into it. It is apparently fed from salt springs underneath. Out in the center rises a little peak or island, from the top of which gushes a spring of pure, cold fresh water.

We half waded, half floated out to

the island on an old water-logged raft, and my partner couldn't see why we went to all this discomfort to see a fresh water spring.

It reminded me of the story of two men looking at Niagara for the first time.

"Isn't it wonderful?" asked one, as he saw the great volume of water tumbling over.

"Wonderful!" repeated his companion (who of course was an Irishman) "I don't see any wonder. There's the water and there's the hole."

The wonder with me was how salt and fresh water could come up from the same lake. But there are many things to wonder at in the great dry land.

There are mud springs to be found in this country, big wells of liquid quicksand in localities where one would not think there was wetness enough in a hundred sections to extract a match. These pits are covered over with polished, baked mud and you would never dream of their danger. I broke a hole through the crust of one and shoved an eight-foot limb out of sight. Animals know their danger far better than men. They say if you once get in you never come out and I believe it.

South fifty miles from a little desert station called Grant's, just on the Arizona line, is a wonderful historic sight, the rocks where the first comers into America wrote their history. Very few white men have ever seen these historic rocks. A man at the station told me it was money thrown away to make the trip and it would wear a man out. "In thirty minutes you have seen it all and you will not have known what you saw. You can't read or understand them."

But I had read them and understood them long before I ever saw them, and I had read every scrap of history I could find of the venturesome men who wrote their names and missions there. They were written in Spanish by the early Spaniards who cut their way through this wilderness from Mexico to the Rio Grande. And they did not know there was a Rio Grande; what there was ahead of them, or whether they could ever come back. Just appreciate that Coronado, at the head of a band of adventurers, lured on by mysterious legends of gold, marched from the gulf of California to Missouri in 1540.

The great autograph cliff is called Inscription Rock. There is a spring there, the first in many miles, and nearly all the pioneers passed it and camped there.

There are dates there that go back 1580, and there are the names of Orante and other men who made early history, but I looked in vain for the name of famous Coronado. Whether he missed this camping place, or whether he was too busy to write, I do not know. But there are scores of names of early heroes there, and some have written descriptive letters.

One can't write of such a place and make it interesting, but he will never forget the alburn rocks, once seen. And it DOES seem as if our government should protect this wonder spot.

There is another great wonder of the far dim days of our country, and one easily seen, in fact it is in plain sight of the Santa Fe railroad for several miles, near McCarthy's a mile telegraph station just over the New Mexican line in Arizona.

This is the stone river, once a river of molten lava but now a river that will never flow. In ancient days it poured out of Zuni mountain and flowed for forty miles across the country—a literal river of fire. As it cooled it rose higher and higher and today it lays there from ten to twenty feet above the land. It filled low spots, made lakes and formed its path for forty miles. It is now eternal stone—black, glass-like lava.

I never saw its source, but I was told it was a wonderful sight to see that it tore out the side of a great mountain by its force and weight, and that today you can see once great torrent where it broke asunder the mountain and ran in a great river of fire down its side to the level country. The river was as plain today as it was thousands of years ago when it was alive. I have walked for miles alongside of it, and some day I hope to see where it was vomited from the earth.

I have seen buttes, solitary and far from others, rising at least one hundred feet high, whose tops were almost solid lava, and no other trace of lava could be found for miles. How these hills of solid sand could have a lava roof I never could guess out.

These are a few of the strange, wonderful and historic spots of our country. There are countless others all through the southwest.

Would you pass up such wonders, the most of them to be easily seen, and tear off to the old world?

The people of England know more about our wonderful dry land than we at home do.

And when you have seen these places, drop over the Rio Grande into Mexico, into the inland country where the railroads have not gone. There you will find ways and ruins of the time of Christ; there you will find ancient wayside shrines, old Aztec ruins, wonderful stone implements.

This is not a new world. People lived on this continent as early as they lived anywhere. There is no use to go abroad for the ancient, our country is full of it.

Christmas Program at Shubel German Lutheran Church at Shubel, Rev. H. Mau, Pastor.

A program will be rendered under the Christmas tree December 24th at 8 P. M. Everybody invited.

Of Interest to Farmers The Commercial Club, Dear Sirs:

I have a good many requests for the names and addresses of growers of clover seed, with whom farmers and other buyers wish to come in contact for the purpose of purchasing seed direct. As considerable quantities of clover seed are produced in your county, I am requesting that you send me the names and addresses of the leading growers. I would suggest that it would be a rather valuable office for the commercial club of each county seat to keep a list of the growers of high grade seed each season on file. I believe this would be of great assistance to farmers throughout the state if it were known county seat commercial clubs had available such lists.

Thanking you for such assistance in this matter as you can give me, I am,

H. D. Scudder

For any pain, burn, scald or bruise, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the household remedy. Two sizes, 25c and 50c at all drug stores.

OREGON EQUITY NEWS

All locals elect officers in January.

The success of your local depends on live working officers.

You want men for officers who will do all in their power to make money for the farmers by co-operation.

Farmers must stop competing with each other and instead must help each other to get the highest price.

A good, active, thinking member is worth a lot more than a local officer.

Look by over the year just gone by and see what the Equity has accomplished in Clackamas County and ask yourself if that is not worth every cent it cost. And then look at Idaho, which has done so much more and see how much good the future has for us to do. Get more farmers in to help.

The Farmers Society of Equity is not a gang of political grafters. It is not a political party or machine. Neither does it propose that our country shall be governed by any set of grafters or ring of politicians, who hide behind the American flag in order to live from the hard labor of others. No sir!

This political Tower of Babel was progressing finely until some worker asked what we were going to do about the trust question and then confusion came and we workers have not been able to understand a politician since.

The Courier says that our state tax is going to be nearly four times larger next spring than it was last year. Now how are we going to get four times as much for our strawberries and spuds? Now would be a splendid time for our Uncle Sam to send us another issue of emergency currency. But Uncle, please register it this time.

John Stark is working to establish a system among the small fruit growers, which will result in less berries rotting on the vines and more \$ 3 to the growers, and it is my guess that he will succeed.

If all Equity members were real workers for the good of all just think, if you can, what would be done next year.

Working people, as well as those who live in luxury from the work of others, have souls and they have opinions of salvation and morality, and these two classes have their eyes on the organized churches. The Laborer wants to know if he is worthy of his hire. If Christ said "Call no man Master."

If the wealth of this country was produced and distributed on the same principle that education is produced and distributed it would be impossible to have classes which live from the labor of other classes. In fact, we would not have classes, we would have just one class, Americans.

The farmers are a class of workers who, until the last year or two, have been in a system of competition. Other classes have gone out of competition and entered into a system of co-operation. All these associations have dumped their expenses on the farmer and pocket the profits. The farmers are going to turn the tables soon.

Our government has been 40 years trying to regulate the railroads and for 40 years the railroads have gone ahead regulating themselves. If the farmers were half as well organized as the railroads they would be the captains of industry and control their business the same as the railroads.

If the farmer is compelled to pay these high taxes and the big profits on what he has to buy, he must have a price for his produce large enough to meet these expenses and the only way he can do that is to organize and set the price and have the supply where people can get it. Let the demand find the supply.

We hear people talk about the wonderful progress in America and the whole world. Yes! Our locomotives are four times larger and stronger and freight charges are not less. Passenger trains are longer and faster but not cheaper fare in proportion. We have more dollars but they come higher. We have more millionaires, and also more paupers.

We have made wonderful progress. We can build a city in a few days and we can build a gun that will demolish it in a few seconds. We have the machinery for prosperity and it grinds out poverty. We, the people, can build a nation the most powerful the world ever knew and we can convert it all into rivers of blood.

Justice used to be a Goddess born of civilization, that knew not classes or professions. She was for all men and men were weighed in her scales according to their worth to their fellowman. But what can she do now for a class of men who refuse to do anything for themselves?

We farmers are taught to be superstitious. We are taught that labor is honorable, yet we are made fun of by those who live from our labor. We have been taught that "Thou shalt not steal," and yet we bow in reverence to the man who draws his dividends on watered stock. We are taught the golden rule and let our children be born to pay interest and others are born to collect it.

The Court of Appeals of New York has decided that a circuit or federal judge can call out the militia during a strike. The Governors of the states will soon have to step down and out and pass over their power to the judges. And the strikers! Well, they get shot either way.

Last year Congress gave our Agricultural Department \$50,000 to help organize the farmer to market his crops. I suppose they spent the money, but they failed to organize a single local. In the mean time the Equity has organized thousands of locals. Are you farmers going to wait for your Uncle Sam to organize you?

If you can imagine anything more comical than a Washington City dude out here in Oregon in the winter trying to organize us hayseeds, you should work for a humerus mag-

zine. He could do about as much as a lost dog at a country fair.

The farmer raises the game birds at his own expense and pays taxes on the land that they are raised on and the game should belong to the farmer as much as his Plymouth rocks, and no one should be allowed to kill them and carry them away. We farmers must insist on such a law and a few others with some justice in them.

Down in Coos County the big lumber interests led a revolt on the county budget and forced the County Court to cut it down and several thousand dollars. Coos County has a mob down there that they use on most any occasion to make or unmake laws and it seems to work as well, or better, than the Legislature and the annulling courts.

Well, next spring, when those farmers who voted for the big appropriations to our State University, go to the county treasurer to pay their taxes, you will see the maddest set of hayseeds that ever were allowed to bring in mud on a court house floor.

The commission men of Portland have raised the rate of commission from 10 to 15 per cent. The Evening Telegram seems to favor public markets but just how far it will go with the campaign remains to be seen. The Farmers Union is getting very strong in Oregon and when the Equity Grange and Farmers' Union are federated there will be something doing.

P. W. Meredith.

WHY FARMERS GET LEFT

The Banker is on the Job, the Farmer Lets Him Stay On

Local of the Farmers' Society of Equity the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered forwarded to the national headquarters, to be used at the next annual convention.

Whereas numerous persons and societies for civic uplift are making strenuous efforts to improve our public highways and

Whereas the lord of Admiralty of Great Britain, the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, has proposed the willingness of his government to co-operate with other nations to suspend all naval construction for one year, be it

Resolved, that this local of F. S. E. ask of the National Convention of public highways.

Be it further resolved by Maple Lane local F. S. E. to ask the National Convention to request of the Congress of these United States legislation to enable farmers to borrow money from the National treasury upon first mortgage security at as low rate of interest as heretofore paid by National Banks.

It does not seem to require any argument in favor of the first resolution when it is remembered that farmers are taxed to support the navy and receive no benefit whatever from that costly institution. A frog has as much need for a bottle of hair dye as we have for a navy; but it is different with the highways.

We read no end of arguments for good roads, none of which may be controverted, yet it seems that the advocates are all interested in saddling interest bearing bonds for them. In fact the suspicion is strong that our interest bearing debt is really the main object in view by some of these promoters.

On November 20th Thomas, on the floor of the senate, speaking on the co-operation with Great Britain to stop the senseless expense said, "since 1892 we have spent \$2,109,912,973.30 on the navy."

Think of it. Over two billions of dollars in 21 years and we have to our credit a lot of junk.

He further said "the debts of the nations are constantly growing. They have reached the huge sum of more than thirty billions of dollars. The annual interest charge upon them is more than twelve hundred and fifty millions of dollars. This toll is levied upon the productive energies of the people, who carry as well the budget of the annual expenditures amounting to an aggregate of eight thousand millions more."

So far as regards the navy, we have no navy on the great lakes, yet we fear no invasion. This is true in regard to other part of our boundary. Just suppose that the two billions had been wisely spent on our roads in twenty-one years, we would have highways that were useful instead of useless scrap iron.

There is no reason why this government should loan one class of people money and not another, yet that is what is being done.

About 7000 banks can borrow money at rates from nothing to two per cent, yet the farmer, the most numerous as well as the most important class, can not borrow a cent upon any condition, and why? The banker went to Congress or sent his "walking delegate" there while the farmer stayed at home and walked his legs off looking for someone to loan him money upon best security on earth. Will we ever get wise?

Secretary Houston, speaking before the National Grange said that the farmer did not need nor did he want special legislation to obtain credit. I heartily agree to that. Take the special legislation away. Put us all on an equal before the cash box. Is that what we ask?

The banker, however, wants special legislation and will get it because he is Johnny on the spot. Stark.

Where to Get Clover Seed To the locals wanting clover seed—If you will get in communication with F. C. Miller, Albany, Oregon, Route 4, I think you can get exactly what you want from farmers of the Farmers Union. You must write immediately as the farmers are selling.

P. W. Meredith

FARMERS' UNION STATE OFFICERS

The State Officers of the Farmers Union of Oregon are as follows: President—A. V. Swift, Baker, Ore. Secretary—P. A. Sikes, Milton, Oregon.

Executive Board J. D. Brown, Arlington, Ore; Clyde Williams, Buhl, Idaho; W. W. Harrah, Pendleton, Ore; W. O. Parks, Elgin, Ore.

Legislative Committee A. R. Shumway, Milton, Ore; A. P. Davis, La Grande, Ore.

Co-operative Buying of Woven Wire Fencing, Gates, Etc.

I am taking orders for a car load of wire fencing, gates, etc., from a reliable Indiana firm that guarantees their product and gives 30 days trial after receipt of goods, if money is deposited subject to their order after that time.

I, and sixteen others, received a car load of this fencing two years ago and there is a saving of 25 per cent and up in price allowed and a saving in quality of material and workmanship.

I will send a catalog to one member of an Equity Local or Grange, giving marked prices delivered at Oregon City, freight prepaid. Write soon as possible as order should go by Jan. 15th, as some are getting impatient. Call up through Redland central at address O. D. Robbins Oregon City Rt. 2, P. O. 120.

WHAT COULD BE DONE?

President Schmideke of the Equity was in the city the first of the week, and was pointing out the benefits the farmers might receive when thoroughly organized and standing together.

"Take coffee for instance," said he. "In Brazil the natives sell it to the local buyers at three or four cents per pound. The buyers ship to a San Francisco importer and make their profit. The importer sells to the wholesaler and takes off his profit. The wholesaler passes it along to the retailer and takes out another profit. The retailer sells it to the consumer and one more profit is added. And from the first cost of three or four cents the coffee goes to 30 or 40 cents when the drinker gets it.

United, we farmers could buy it direct from the importer, and perhaps even nearer than that to Brazil. And what is true of coffee is true of every article we do not produce.

EQUITY WAREHOUSE MARKET

Selling and Buying Prices Quoted Weekly for the Public

Dec. 16th, 1913 We submit selling prices on the following articles, as per present market:

Potatoes, Early Rose, \$1.25; White Rose, \$1.25; American Wonder, \$1.00; Burbank, 75 to \$1.00.

Onions, fancy, \$2.50; choice, \$2.00 to \$2.25; small, \$1.50.

Parsnips, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Beets, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Turnips, White Egg, \$1.00. Cabbage, \$1.00 to \$1.50.

Beans, small white, 6c to 6 1/2c; large, \$4.90 per cwt. Apples, 50c to \$1.50; dry, 10c per lb.

Prunes 4 1/2 base. Veal, 15c to 15 1/2c. Hogs, 9c to 11c. Beef, 9c to 12 1/2c. Calf Hides, 18c. Pelts, 12c.

Hens, 14 1/2c to 15c. Springs, 14 1/2c to 15c. Geese, 12 1/2 c. Ducks, Indian Runner, 12 1/2c; Pekin, 14c.

Turkeys, live, 20 to 21c; dressed, 23 to 25c. Eggs, 38 to 40c. Pop Corn 4c to 4 1/2c.

We also submit the buying prices of goods now under contract; and which we can furnish you on short notice:

Shorts, \$22.50. Bran, \$20.50. Flour, \$4.20. Pearl Oil iron blbls., 10c; wood blbls 14c; case, 17 1/2c.

Gasoline, tank, 16c; case 23c. Head Light Oil, tank, 11c; blbls., 15c; case, 18 1/2c. Red Clover Seed, 16 1/2c; guaranteed purity test, 90 per cent; germination test, 90 per cent and over. Alskite Seed, \$18.00. Guaranteed

purity test, 90 per cent; germination test, 90 per cent and over. Timothy Seed, \$5.50, 98 per cent to 99 per cent pure; germination test 92 per cent. Seed prices fluctuate daily and are subject to change without notice. Equity Warehouse Co.

Carus Equity Local

There will be a regular postponed meeting of Carus Equity Local on Saturday night, Dec. 20th at Eldorado Schoolhouse. Mr. John H. Tees, manager of the Portland Equity Warehouse will be present and make an address. All members as well as any visiting members, are requested to be present.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price \$1.00.

Why not get your Lumber from the MILL, direct and save money? Let me figure on your lumber bill. 1000 loads of WOOD for sale or trade.

George Lammers Beaver Creek, Route 3

Leon Deslarzes, violin teacher, 714 Jefferson Street, Phone Main 112.

QUARTERLY EQUITY MEETING

Starkweather and U'Ren Will Talk In Oregon City January 10

The quarterly annual meeting of the Farmers Society of Equity will convene on Jan. 10, 1914 at the W. O. W. hall in Oregon City at 10 A. M. sharp.

Several important propositions are to be discussed. Also the election of officers occurs at this meeting.

Hon. H. G. Starkweather will be present in the afternoon and will deliver a lecture on the observations of the recent Rural Credit Commission of which he was a member. Mr. Starkweather will speak from 1:30 to 2:30 P. M. and will confine his talk largely to the co-operative methods as seen in the different countries of the Orient. All producers and consumers whether members of Equity or not, are urged to attend this lecture.

Immediately following this lecture Hon. W. S. U'Ren will speak upon a proposed State Public Market Bill, which he will advocate and which he intends to introduce or have introduced, to the next state legislature. All citizens are also requested to be present at this time.

It is very important that all locals send full delegations and that all delegates be on hand early, as it is desired to begin the meeting sharply at 10 A. M. in order to finish our work before the noon-hour.

S. L. Casto—Pres.

Advertisement for The Rayo Lamp, featuring an illustration of a child reading and a lamp. Text includes 'If You Value Your Child's Eyesight', 'You will provide him with a good oil lamp. Scientists agree that an oil light is best for studying and reading.', 'The Rayo Lamp gives a soft mellow light. An ideal light for the home circle. Scientifically constructed. No glare, no flicker. Easy to light and care for. Ask to see it at your dealers.', 'Standard Oil Company (California) PORTLAND'

Advertisement for HOGG BROS. featuring the text 'YOU ARE INVITED TO Save Money CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE AGAIN-- and the old custom is to give all your Friends and Relatives a Gift the place to get the BEST values for the least money is at HOGG BROS. We Can FURNISH YOUR HOUSE From The Kitchen to The Garret'