

OREGON CITY COURIER

Published Thursdays from the Courier Building, Eighth and Main streets, and entered in the Postoffice at Oregon City, Ore., as 2d class mail matter

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

Subscription Price \$1.50. Telephones, Main 5-1; Home A 5-1

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

It takes some dragging in to make President Wilson responsible for a killing of a foreigner across the Rio-Grande.

If George C. Brownell should be the Republican nominee for governor wouldn't the Oregonian be in some hole?

The Oregonian opposes the U'Ren proposition to have the estates of dead men pay for Oregon roads. Now the rank and file will favor it all the more.

If it becomes necessary to discipline Mexico, The Enquirer's choice for disciplinary lies between Col. Roosevelt and Miss Fern Hobbs—Buffalo, N. Y. Enquirer.

A lady voter said to a party of ladies at a home gathering the other day: "One thing is certain. If Mr. U'Ren is elected governor when Oregon goes dry this fall, OREGON WILL BE DRY AND KEPT DRY."

When Gear finally marches into the political arena, the hands play and his former appointees cheer but the assembled multitude turn their thumbs down, and the candidate is fed to the lions. Again in May, 1914, will Gear be butchered to make a Republican holiday and he will play the same part in the political drama at the following election. As long as Gear has the breath to announce his candidacy he will be numbered among the active or receptive candidates for the governorship.—Newberg Graphic

Under a cartoon showing a row of autos on one side of the street and a bread line on the other, the Buffalo N. Y. Courier, prints this comment:

A civilization which will permit people to freeze or suffer or die in a country where there is coal enough and food enough and doctors enough for all is a queer civilization, isn't it? And yet it is the best civilization that the human race has developed in many thousands of years.

IT HAS COME

We knew it would. It has taken the Oregonian and the silk stocking bunch five weeks to think up something—but they have done it.

The U'Ren proposition to build Oregon roads with a percentage of the fortunes left by dead Oregonians, and give work to Oregonians who want to live, will never do.

"It will drive rich men out of Oregon."

Sure.

And when they go they will take their timber tracts, their sky scrapers, their speculative land holdings and their mortgages (on which they pay no taxes) with them.

They said if the income tax became a law it would drive rich men out of the country.

They said if the country adopted the parcels post it would drive every country merchant out of business.

They said when Oklahoma passed a guarantee of bank deposits it would chase every bank out of the state.

What "they say" and what happens are just a little different.

Oregon has too much that capitalists want to scare them out by the awful threat that when they die, and their bodies are covered with "damnable mold" the tax man is going to levy an assessment on the fortunes they left of over \$50,000 for the public good of Oregon.

But if the predictions of the scare squad were literally true, Oregon would be far better off.

It is not the rich men who are developing Oregon—they are absolutely locking it up and holding it back.

If we could pry the millionaires from the states and use its wonderful resources and riches, Oregon instead of being a tax-burdened, locked up, empire would be the greatest state in the Union, for it has everything—everything tied up.

U'Ren's idea of state development, through hard surfaced roads, paid for by dead men's fortunes, put into operation would do more for Oregon than the Panama canal and the platform of every other candidate for governor on top of it.

When men quit letting such big business mediums as the Oregonian think for them, and use their own heads more, they will work for and vote for this U'Ren idea.

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The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY

GOING, GOING

Notice how little one hears of party these days in state politics.—Portland Journal.

Every year you will notice less. What difference does it make to the average voter what the brand is on the man who is elected?

It's childlike, this party enthusiasm.

A candidate's pledges are what count.

On election night the bulletins flash out the results. The victors shout, throw their hats in the air and act crazier than the inmates of the bug ward at Salem.

The losers gets mad, rave and curse a plenty and go home to bed.

Next day it is all over.

The old officials step down, the new ones up, and things move along.

Men and women must absolutely forget party and brands and vote for men and principles before they will get the relief they are demanding.

Bolting the party nominee used to be an unforgivable sin. To-day it is a credit.

In a half dozen years there won't be any established parties.

Voters are "using their beans." They have swapped political enthusiasm for horse sense.

FORESIGHT

That Benson killing in Mexico has put England in a devil of a hole, and has shown the long head of President Wilson.

Benson, a hot-headed English rancher, whose stock was being confiscated by the rebels, went over into Mexico and went personally to Villa with his wrath. He was killed.

England, which boasts her flag protects her subjects in any corner of any country, wanted to know forthwith all about that killing.

Villa, sly old rascal, referred Great Britain to Carranza, the rebel general.

Great Britain rushed in months ago and gave recognition to Huerta, and she could not ask anything from Carranza without recognizing his army and his cause.

All that country can do now is to appeal to Huerta—and this general has troubles enough to save his own head, without digging up dead Englishmen.

So England must fold her arms and get what it can through the U. S., a country whose president had foresight enough not to rush in and have his own hands cuffed.

Any old Mexico laughs at the country on whose possessions the sun never sets.

WHERE'S MOSES?

Assessors come and go.

The law requires that property be assessed at its true cash value.

The assessors take the oath of office and play horse with its sanctity.

Big business property and speculative holdings are assessed from one-seventh to one-fourth of what they sell for.

The worker, the little man, comes through with the big end of taxation. The Portland Journal has been showing up for months this exploiting game.

And yet not a candidate for office has proposed a remedy.

BACK TO SURVIVAL

A writer named C. N. Hess, in the Portland Journal advocates intervention and war in Mexico to furnish employment to millions of workers and keep the wheels of commerce turning.

This is a splendid suggestion, and how Mr. Hess beat the Courier editor to it is to be explained. But we'll raise the ante.

If killing off surplus Americans will make good times, why not play the "Made in Oregon" and "Trade at Home" ideas and have the killings done on American soil, the shooting done by American workmen, with American guns, and give the American undertakers, doctors, surgeons and nurses the benefit?

Why not compute about how many American boys would have to give up their lives in the conquest of Mexico, apportion them according to the number of unemployed in the different states, and have regular "killing days" to thin out the workmen and provide work to those who were not shot?

This has Hess' scheme beaten a mile. It would keep trade at home, make demand for "home seeker" rates on the railroads, strengthen John Manning's "back to the soil" gubernatorial plank and solve the problem

of the unemployed. Back to the survival. If a man has not a job he has no right to live. Stand 'em up, shoot 'em down. 'Raw for good times.

DAMFOOLISHNESS

Attorney General Crawford, a candidate for governor and famous for his many famous opinions, has "handed down" another one, that the fish and game commission "has authority to delegate the appointing of deputy wardens to the master fish wardens and the state game warden."

How wonderfully interesting. Now if he will only hand down another to the effect that deputy fish and game wardens, under the fish and game warden, who are under the fish and game commission have power of appointing assistant deputy wardens to the game wardens of the fish and game commission, then will we soon have offices to go all around, and no one will sign an initiative petition to abolish the fish and game commission, for he would be abolishing his own job.

If there is a bigger joke on Oregon's payroll than this fish and game business, it is the state tax commission.

If there is a bigger one than the tax commission it is the railroad commission.

If there is a yet greater one than the punk railroad job, it is the naval militia joke.

If there is a bigger and more expensive one than the militia leech, it is the state board of health.

If—but what's the use?

You go on with "The House that Jack Built," and then wonder how he ever paid for it.

THE AXE

There are four Republican candidates for the legislature announced from this county and every man of them promises to cut out useless boards and commissions in this state.

Almost to a man the fifteen Republican, Democrat and Independent candidates for governor pledge themselves to the same cause.

State expenses are going to be cut to the bone in the coming legislature—there is little doubt of this—for, unless such action is taken and state expenditures and taxation lowered, we will certainly do away with the legislature entirely.

There is open rebellion against high taxation. You hear it everywhere.

A Springfield farmer was in the Courier office Saturday and he said his taxes had advanced from \$20 two years ago to \$100 now.

He said the roads were no better, the school in his district no better, no more or better law protection—and that he had absolutely no value received for the extra \$80 of taxation.

Another man said he had a claim in Lin county and that, beside the regular state and county tax levy his property was assessed \$17 extra for "special road and school tax."

"And there isn't a road or school within 40 miles of my claim," he said.

This state is entering a New York state race for Oregon purses, and we can't stay with it. The legislature has made law after law and appropriation after appropriation as if there were no end to money supply, and now we have reached the "back up" period.

We are where there must not be expended a single unnecessary dollar, and where every man who draws a public office salary must give a dollar's worth of work for every dollar he draws.

We are where public expenditures must be cut down to absolute needs. The fish commission, the tax commission, the railroad commission, the naval militia, the state board of health and scores of others should be lopped off, and the necessary work of these commissions be done under the state officials—who should always have done it.

GILL "CAME BACK"

"Hi" C. Gill, elected mayor of Seattle on an "open town" platform in 1910, recalled by the women voters at a special election a year later, was re-elected mayor of the Queen City of Puget Sound Tuesday of this week by a majority of over 14,000.

This time Gill ran upon a law-enforcement platform, and polled a goodly proportion of the votes cast by women.

His chief opponent, James D. Tremaine, "waxed with alarm" Gill's former record throughout the campaign, but all his efforts to revive old prejudices against Gill failed.

Early in the campaign Gill announced that he was making the race "solely upon nerve." The week before the election he told newspapermen and where every man who draws a public office salary must give a dollar's worth of work for every dollar he draws.

His campaign emblem; and judging from results his economic appeal made a hit with the voters.

Gill's re-election by the same women voters who recalled him two and a half years ago offers a delightful chance for those who would "analyze the women vote" to commence drawing conclusions. His return to office also would seem to indicate that Seattle was tired of professional reformers, for regardless of his "law enforcement" platform, Gill is known to be personally inclined to the greatest amount of "reasonable interpretation" possible with the city statutes.

GOOD GRIT

That man Wemme is a persistent cuss, and if Oregon and the U. S. don't watch out he will certainly give them the Barlow toll road after a while.

About a year ago he tried to slip it over onto Clackamas county as a gift—with something like \$60,000 and upkeep in way of acknowledgement. The Courier aired it, and it didn't go through.

Now he has tackled the government, and begs the big U. S. to please accept the road as a token of Wemme's esteem, etc., with the little matter of \$60,000, as aforesaid, embraced in the gift.

But Forrester Graves had his fingers crossed, and he tells our big country that Mr. Wemme has nothing to let go of but a franchise from Oregon for the collection of tolls.

Some of these days Wemme will get mad at the public's unappreciation and will give that toll road, toll gates and all, to Alaska.

"LEST WE FORGET"

GEORGE C. BROWNELL

AND W. S. U'REN

Robert Ginther Compares the two Men, the Work and Standings

To the Courier:—Tonight as I sit by my humble fireside here in Maple Lane my thoughts go back to the days of '94. Twenty years have passed since then, and in this brief space of time history has been made in Clackamas county and in the state at large that will leave its impress on American government. I was just leaving my minority in those days of political strife and like many other young men we took a deep and earnest interest in political questions.

Two men were then trying to explain to us their views of governmental mistakes, and each had a plan which was expected to improve and uplift the American ideal of equality and justice to all. The one man came before the people of Clackamas county, and for that matter I presume, before every other assembly of his fellow citizens in a quiet, courteous, gentlemanly way, and explained his ideas without ever abusing his opponent or holding him up to ridicule. The other man always came with a flourish of trumpets, big brass bands heralded his coming, a fluent spellbinder, on election day he carried the day usually with much abuse of his opponent and considerable mud-slinging and ridicule. Great promises that were never intended to be fulfilled, this man held others fast by his fine deceptive oratory.

The one man during those twenty years of quiet but earnest labor has revolutionized the government of Oregon. While he hasn't held public office, yet he has compelled politicians of every shade to do his bidding. By striving for equal and just laws for the people, he has compelled his very enemies (and there are the enemies of all good government) to vote for the laws he advocated. Notice the Initiative and Referendum; the Corrupt Practice Act, the Primary nominating law and many other laws for the people. This man has been growing in the esteem of his fellowmen during these years. The other man while seemingly victorious for a time, soon began to decline. Clackamas county became suspicious of him and his methods till she finally left him and his methods, forsook George C. Brownell, and from that time has been proud of that upright statesman W. S. U'Ren.

What a lesson for the aspiring youth of this nation and our time! This quiet, unassuming gentleman, unobtrusive, but still aggressive and firm in the great struggle for human progress!

And the people of Oregon are learning to know him as one of its truest and ablest, and perhaps its ablest public citizen. What a strange coincidence that both these gentlemen after twenty years aspire to the same official position! Opponents again as of old. In the light of the past, Mr. Brownell ought to take a hint. A good man sometimes can "come back." But, George, forget it! I was amused, George, at your little slam at that other George who happens to be senator, when you said something about him having one foot

in the North End and the other in the Methodist church. I brought my mind back to the scene last winter when I heard YOU preach a fine sermon in another Methodist church. "Oh, Consistency, thou art a jewel!" Of course, George, its possible for a sinner to become a saint and for a leopard to change its spots, but—well, George, you know the rest. Take the advice, dear friend, and retire to the quiet of your law office and there spend the remainder of your days reflecting over what might have been. We'll all feel better. Pardon this digression, Mr. Editor, but my reflections led me into a little friendly imaginary talk with my friend George C. I was surprised to read an "ad" in the Daily News of the 28th the Hon. G. C. Brownell of Oregon City, would speak Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock p. m. in the Socialist hall in Portland on his candidacy for governor. Its the same George as of old. But your game isn't played in Oregon any more, George.

Mr. Editor, I am a Socialist and have been for a good many years, yet I rejoice to think that I may have the opportunity to vote for W. S. U'Ren for governor of Oregon in the forthcoming election, as an independent candidate. No progressive citizen should hesitate to help a statesman of his type to a higher stars of usefulness. Here's to Governor U'Ren! We Socialists have nothing better to offer in a constructive way for the benefit of the toiling masses than will at the same time help all, except of course, the idle rich, than Mr. U'Ren offers in his platform.

Robert Ginther

A FOOL LAW OF A BIGGER FOOL CONGRESS

If a Native Born Woman Marries Foreigner She is Disfranchised

Two weeks ago a farmer came in to the Courier office and asked if a native born American woman married a foreigner if the marriage deprived her of citizenship.

Without looking the matter up at once said "no"—the very absurdity of such an unreasonable law was too apparent—for they tell us law is founded on reason.

But there IS such a law, a national law, that says marriage deprives a woman of citizenship, if she marries a man who is not a citizen.

We have looked this matter up and we find the law of the land deprives a woman of the right to vote in Oregon and the right of being a citizen of this great and glorious land of the free if she marries a man who is not naturalized.

Carnegie should give Congress a hero medal.

A MAN can run over into Mexico and marry a half dozen señoritas and yet remain an American citizen.

He can marry a Chinese if he will and yet retain his citizenship and have his vote count as much as President Wilson's.

But a woman born here, a native citizen, a property owner and taxpayer—if she marries a man who has not sworn allegiance to the government of the U. S., she becomes disfranchised.

It's great.

FOR SHERIFF



William Wilson has filed his declaration with the county clerk for sheriff of Clackamas county on the Republican ticket and will be an active candidate for the nomination.

Mr. Wilson is pretty nearly a "native son" of Oregon, having lived in this county for thirty years, and is widely and favorably known throughout the county. He has been coroner by both election and appointment.

Mr. Wilson has many friends and backers in his candidacy and he is considered as a decidedly lively candidate for the nomination.

GUY T. HUNT OUT FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Garfield Country Man Asked by Big Petition to Run

Guy T. Hunt, a rancher of Garfield precinct, six miles from Estacada, has announced his candidacy for representative and will be a candidate before the Republican primaries.

Mr. Hunt is a man whom the office sought. He refused to run at the request of friends, when petitions were circulated, signed by nearly every voter in his locality, he accepted and has filed his nomination.

Mr. Hunt is a hustler and stands ace high in his community. He is one of the men who started and put through the Garfield Country Club, a rural social proposition that is attracting state-wide notice.

Mr. Hunt stands for fewer and better laws; declares there is being too much money spent in county and state for results obtained; that the code relating to roads and highways needs thorough revision, also that tax and labor laws need careful and thorough consideration.

Mr. Hunt is a thorough temperance man, and lives in a dry precinct.

There seems to be a general sentiment that that part of the county should have representation in the house, and Mr. Hunt stands a good chance for one of the three nominations.

With pain and misery by day, sleep-disturbing bladder weakness at night, tired, nervous run-down men and women everywhere are glad to know that Foley's Kidney Pills restore health and strength, and the regular action of kidneys and bladder. Sold by all druggists.

HAS BEEN ACTIVE MAN

Franz Kraxberger, of Macksburg, Will be Popular Candidate

Franz Kraxberger, of Aurora, who is in the race for nomination for representative, was in Oregon City on Monday on his way to Portland, where he went on business.

Mr. Kraxberger is well and favorably known throughout Clackamas and Marion counties. He has served "Uncle Sam" for the past 15 years. For four years he was president of Marion County Mail Carriers' Association.



and for three terms served as State President of the Mail Carriers' Association. He was a delegate to the American National Carriers' Association, which convened at Peoria, Ill., in 1907.

It was through the assistance of Mr. Kraxberger that a woman's club was organized in the vicinity where he resides, as he believes in the women having a right to vote and to have a chance to give their views on the political questions, and worked for women's rights.

While in "Uncle Sam's" employ Mr. Kraxberger was one of the most obliging carriers, and no doubt he will come out with a big majority in the section in which he resides.

He has resided in Clackamas county for the past 20 years and although being a mail carrier for 15 years, he was engaged in farming.

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Take Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for an inflamed and congested condition of the air passages and bronchial tubes. A cold develops quickly if not checked and bronchitis, laryngitis and pneumonia are dangerous possibilities. Harsh racking coughs weaken the system, but Foley's Honey and Tar is safe, pure and certain in results. Contains no opiates. Sold by all druggists.

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2-Ply 108 sq. ft. weighs 44 lbs. 36 inches wide. \$1.60 wear 10 years  
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