

OREGON CITY COURIER

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

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

"POLLY WANTS A CRACKER."

'Steen minds with but a single thought are bobbing up in the editorial columns of Oregon country newspapers, and many editors who never expressed an opinion or took a stand on anything have just found out that Oregon is bound down and gagged with "freak" legislation, and that unless we become normal once more, and hike back to the old "system," Oregon will hit the chutes of ruin and disaster.

Great minds sometimes run in the same channels, but they don't bunt up like a flock of sheep and all beat together. A master mind inspires this chorus of criticism, a master of the old-school, want-to-get-back bunch, and the parrot papers respond "Polly wants a cracker."

The object is to fight U'Ren. The bunch is afraid of his chances for governor. Now get down to tactics.

What is this "freak" legislation W. S. U'Ren has put on Oregon's statute books? Show us the specific statutes.

Point 'em out, one by one, and show the damage they are doing to Oregon.

Come on with them. Drag them into this page of the Courier and let this paper help to advertise the pernicious measures.

Oregon has a lot of fool laws, useless bunk, petty statutes, that the supreme court dumps overboard as fast as it gets to them. But who is responsible for them? Fool legislators, petty statesmen, peanut-headed, two-bit legislators.

These are the people responsible for Oregon's fool laws—not W. S. U'Ren and his cadre of statesmen who are responsible for the "Oregon system," a system that such men as Governor Hughes of New York stamped that state on and held up to the boss-ridden, money-controlled people as the true system of popular rule.

Again we ask, show up the "freak" legislation of Oregon that has W. S. U'Ren's label on it. Come on with SPECIFIC instances cut out the generalizing, nail them down and point out the fathers.

When Oregon editors refuse to let the politicians think for can't get by a weak-kneed conspiracy can't get by.

DYNAMITE

A Needy hop grower was in the Courier office Monday and he made the definite statements that both Withycombe and Smith were understood by the growers to be weak candidates, and that the hop growers had passed a resolution that none who were for state-wide prohibition would be employed in the hop fields this year.

As to the first statement, Dr. Smith will no doubt have to denounce or defend it before the campaign ends.

As to the last one, a resolution of record, we want to ask if it is not a violation of the constitution, if it is not intimidation, coercion, bribery, and a violation of the corrupt practices act?

The hop growers have no more right to combine and use to give employment to temperance people than they have to discriminate against Catholics.

It does not seem that the intelligent farmers of the valley would have carried them to this crisis, but coming direct from one of them, we print it as we get it.

Certainly they could not have taken a worse means to block their own way.

BEAUTIFUL HOPE

Straddles on the liquor question. Opposes power of governor to veto items in appropriation bills. Denounces the driving out of the Chinese.

Opposes governor removing officials for neglect of duty. Says initiative, referendum, recall and corrupt practice acts, are all right in a way, but we have gone too far.

Says the farmers' \$1500 exemption law is vicious. Says he favors the old assembly form for nominating candidates. And this stand candidate hopes to be governor of progressive Oregon.

Government ownership of railroads NOW, and of all natural monopolies within this generation—that is the demand of the intelligent citizen.—New York Journal.

ELBERT HUBBARD

SAYS:

The people who imagine the ginger jar, stocking, clock, or trousers pockets are safer receptacles for money than a bank, are shining marks for shining sharks, also for moth, rust, thieves and fire.

A banker's success depends absolutely on one thing, and that is protecting his depositors, and American bankers of all men, now know it. It is good working policy to have faith in your banker—in times of doubt consult him. He may give you unpleasant advice, but the chances are he's right.

The Bank of Oregon City

Oldest Bank in Clackamas County

JUST FRIGHT

The effects of a Democratic tariff, as usual, have resulted in decreasing the exports and increasing the imports and in doing other and various things of like importance.—Morning Enterprise.

Sure 'nough. This is open season for "various things of like importance," and the Enterprise is obeying orders.

How is it, Editor Brodie, please explain to this anxious public, how these mills that have been closed at this stage of the political game, have been for years able to invade foreign markets, and sell cheaper than foreigners could—and cheaper than they sell at home.

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Admitting that a leasened duty the material needed by our mills and our people, and which we do not produce enough of, will never put a country into panic, only at periods when hard times are needed to change an administration.

Big politicians tried hard to start a panic during Roosevelt's Republican administration, but couldn't make it stick.

The masters of industries are trying it on Wilson, and the Enterprise is contributing its little influence to help on a panic—responding to the master's voice.

That's all.

WHEN YOU GET ENOUGH

Every tick of the clock weakens the two party candidates for governor of Oregon.

"They are both playing fast and loose to get votes," is heard on every hand.

Withycombe's platform is weaker than Booth's declaration. It is soothing syrup and in the judgement of this paper he would be the weakest man who ever held down the governor's chair.

Smith, what is he and what does he stand for? Have you ever seen a ripple in the water that he caused? Do you know of anything he will do or stand for if elected?

He has inherited Governor West's blessing—and West's backbone didn't go with the legacy.

And in the meantime taxes pile up, state expenses pile up, political jobs pile up, Oregon lags behind, and then the politicians yell "freak legislation" to hide the real cause.

But there is a candidate for governor who stands for something, and if he is elected governor there will be a rattling of useless bones in Oregon.

W. S. U'Ren has done more hard, conscientious work for the common folks of Oregon in one year than the thirteen candidates for governor ever did in their lifetimes.

He is a thinker and a doer. The empty honor of being governor is the least of his ambitions. He has practical plans; he stands for the good of the many, and the great gift of the masters of politics is to shut him off from an opportunity to work them out.

One after another you have taken the old party down the line.

Year after year extravagance and taxes have increased.

This year we have two Castoria nominees on the old party tickets.

Little relief you will get from them, for they will have plenty of debts to pay.

And if you have had enough of present conditions—change them.

QUALIFIED

The Enterprise is out squarely for Withycombe for governor, with these qualifications to recommend him. It says:

His clothes, face, hands, hair shoes; everything on him is exact and precise. Sunday night he wore a light suit and a high collar with the points turned down. With his short beard nicely combed, and his clean, honest face, his neat, and attractive appearance, Dr. Withycombe is one of those few men who are precise and attractively clothed, but one who would pass you on the street without notice.

And that paper never told us if he parted his hair in the middle; what number of collar he wore; what kind of a watch fob, the maker of his underwear, or whether or not he had cut his wisdom teeth.

If the proposed proportional representation measure carries we will have the Oregon City Courier to thank or abuse, for to our knowledge that is the only sheet in the state backing the project.—Woodburn Independent.

And while you were noticing things, did you see any sound argument in the hundreds of Oregon papers that are NOT backing it, WHY they are not?

Can you present a substantial reason in opposition, can you present an argument that will hold water against a system of electing officials in proportion to the wishes of the people?

If you can, trot them out. No paper in Oregon that comes to the Courier office has yet done so. They just hang back and yell "freak" legislation at a bill that would give any party representation only in proportion to its voting strength.

Freak newspapers need more to be abolished than freak laws.

Ever hear of a tie tapper on a section having appendicitis? Ever hear of a negro, dago, Chinaman or Jap being operated on and part of his works taken out? Isn't it passing strange that only those who can dig up the coin and pay hospital expenses are the ones who are "rushed to the hospital" and carved up?

Silver was demonetized by the same interests that looted the New Haven railroad of \$125,000,000 and have systematically robbed everybody right and left all their lives. One of the results of that is that there are thirteen owners of every dollar on deposit, we are all head over heels in debt and nine-tenths of our business is transacted on hot air.—Contra Costan, Richmond, Cal.

A Kansas minister recently reminded his congregation that Eve did not realize she lacked clothing until she ate the apple. "And," he added, "I wish a few of the women of my congregation would eat one."

WHAT PEOPLE THINK OF WATER AND GOVERNMENT

Interesting Sidelights Thrown on City Problems in Street Conversation

Friday evening of last week there gathered on Seventh street, in the shadow of the elevator, five men. One was a pioneer who came to Oregon City when it was but little more than the end of the Oregon trail, one was a Main street businessman of the present generation, one was a machinist, one was formerly a saloon-keeper here, and the fifth was a city employee. They started talking about the mass meeting called for last Saturday to discuss what was the matter with the city government, and they wound up in the nearest thing to a fight that has been seen for some time. When a Courier reporter joined the group the conversation was going this way:

"It's a waste of things today," said the Main street merchant, "is that you old-timers who came here with John McLoughlin, ought to step aside and let modern folks run the city. You old-timers are the curse of Oregon City, you've blocked every improvement that has ever started here; you stopped the Oregon Electric from coming here, and now you're fighting our getting pure water."

"Is that so," said the pioneer, showing some heat. "Well, let me tell you something. If it wasn't for us there wouldn't have been any Oregon City. We made the town, we put up the buildings on Main street, we built the place, as for water, what do they drink in the old world? They drink filtered water. London does Paris drink? What does London drink? What do all the big cities drink, do you know?"

"I don't know what they drink and I don't care," said the Main street businessman of the present generation. "But I know this—if when you old mossbacks had decided to filter sewage water and drink it you had taken the same amount of money that you put into this filtration plant down here you could have tapped a pure mountain stream somewhere, and we'd be drinking good water today at half the cost. But you folks didn't care what you drank, and because you don't care you think we oughtn't to care. Now let me ask you something—do you think it is fair to our children to force them to drink the slop that Salem and Eugene and Albany and all those other cities pour into the Willamette river?"

"I haven't got any children," said the pioneer, "and—"

"That's just it," interrupted the businessman. "You haven't any children, and you don't care whether we have or not. You live for yourselves, and you want us to do the same thing. Now say you put up buildings on Main street. Maybe you did, but men like me have paid you a lot more in rent for those same buildings than the shacks that you put up and the land you put them on cost you together when you bought them. And what have you done for us in return?"

"They voted the town dry for you," said the former saloon-man, "and drove all your trade to Portland."

"Huh, an Americanized Chinese boy, fifteen years old, could run our city, you live for the bunch in power now do," said the fourth member of the party.

"Well, said the city employee, "go up to the meeting and tell them so."

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