

OREGON EQUITY NEWS

P.W Meredith Editor.

Cue dollar wheat. We farmers raise corn too, and maybe the price also.

Europe will eat no more in war than in peace. War destroys food and prevents its production.

Who will furnish the food and the money for the war?

There is very little profit in wheat at one dollar.

We still live in a barbarous age. See Europe.

Europe is already bonded for all its worth. Will the bankers allow a general prolonged war?

Courier readers are pleased to note that Ed Olds and John Stark were again in an active state of eruption.

Mr. Gill is another candidate for governor, who is rated as a clean man of honesty and ability. He deserves more votes than he will get. Time will be friendly to him.

We have yet to hear the first word that would in any way retard the running of Brother C. E. Spence as the independent candidate for the legislature. We are pleased to speak a good word for a clean man.

The Equity campaign for dollar wheat has created quite a movement in that direction and signs point to success.

People will eat cheaper flour this winter if the farmers control prices than they would if our Boards of Trade made several million out of it.

Our wheat crop is 9 hundred million; our population is 1 hundred million. That is 9 bushels to the person, and when we take out seed and stock feed we only have 5 or 6 bu. to the person left. Only a few bushels to sell.

We have a state water board that costs us \$20,000 per year. Is it any wonder people want a "dry Oregon"?

The State owns a little railroad about eight or nine miles long in The Dalles, which costs us \$10,000 and over every year to keep it moving. We should Morganize it.

It costs us in this state \$10,000 every year to watch our banks and bankers and from the interest we are paying with commissions and bonuses our ten thousand is not doing us much good.

We tax payers here in Oregon are so extravagant that we pay \$25,000 for a livestock sanitary board. There are a lot of fat fellows who have "boarded" off us taxpayers long enough.

We pay out another \$25,000 every year to another lot of "boarders" to investigate OUR (?) natural resources. In other words travel around the state and enjoy its superior climate and unequalled scenery at our expense.

Our last legislature appropriated \$40,000 for our dozen fish hatcheries and we are not objecting to that, but we don't like to pay 20 cents per lb. for these fish into some private individual's pocket or to a cannery corporation's treasury. When we raise hogs they are ours.

There is a candidate for governor of Oregon who is opposed to 40 many state boards and boards. There are two other candidates for that place that have been boarders for some time. One of them for 16 years eating from our tax money.

The last legislature appropriated \$45,000 to our state university for a M. D. factory and then under the title of "Sanatoria for Tuberculosis" \$50,000. We believe this little wad of money gravitates to the doctors' trust for occupying a house built for consumptives. But where we taxpayers shine as receiving special privileges is in the little donation of \$150,000 to the feeble minded. This wise legislature has made provision for us in advance. We should feel grateful.

Equity farmers, who have carloads of apples, peaches, pears or other fruits can have them marketed to the best advantage through the North Pacific Fruit Distributors. They marketed nearly four thousand car loads last year. Get in communication with their secretary, H. C. Sampson, Spokane, Wash. Small fruit growers in a number of localities of the Willamette Valley might be able to sell through this organization to their mutual advantage.

Our State Agricultural College costs the tax payers over four hundred thousand dollars per year. The present financial condition of the farmers is not a very good recommendation for our O. A. C. This is too much money taken away from our home schools for what we get in return. Until the farmer has more money for home use he had better not be so extravagant with an institution that is so far away. We farmers have raised more than we can sell at a profit so we can dispense with a lot of this "raise more stuff" business for \$400,000.

Some of our Brother Equity farmers still think that the man who runs the little store around the corner gets too much of the farmers dollar, but if he will analyze the figures sent out by our many public figures he will see that he is mistaken. For proof of this take the one hundred families who own America and see if your store keeper's name appears on the list. We believe our railroads could be built all new for less money than they are bonded for. Want some stock?

The farmers who are organized take this method of informing our scientific agricultural colleges that we are not farming for the sole purpose of raising more stuff for other people to eat and to wear. What we are farming for is to make enough money to live and enjoy what we produce and have enough to pay taxes. A word or a warning to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Most of our school teachers are young girls or old maids and our doctor's trust or drug trust or some

other scientific trust wants us to have eugenics and sex hygiene taught in our schools. They may yet baby homes. Young married people are entitled to all the science that would in any way aid them in rearing premium babies, but modern science seems to work in other directions.

We common, hard working farmers have been taught by our scientific salaried non-crop raising farmers to procure seed as close to our homes as possible; that foreign seed no matter how good, would do as well and then our Agricultural Department proceeds to let the contract for seed for our Congressmen to an English firm. One farmer said of his congressman "his arguments won't go down and his seeds won't come up."

Mr. U'Ren's plan to have the state take over the large fortunes in excess of \$50,000 for good roads and to employ idle men is being advocated by a good many people as the best thing to do under the present existing conditions. Lieutenant Governor Morris of Wisconsin is advocating a national law to tax inheritances. Mr. Morris is a candidate for U. S. Senator. We believe if we must have large aggregations of capital that the state or nation should own it and prevent large profits that rob the people and corrupt government and business.

The North Pacific Fruit Distributors is a combination of 108 organizations of fruit growers of this territory and claims to be the largest of its kind in America. It should have ALL the business of this territory and Equity members who have carload shipments should make arrangements to sell through them. They have the best machinery for handling perishable fruits of any organization in this territory.

Never before in the history of this country has the farmer been well enough organized to set the price on any crop they produced. The price has always been made by the dealers and speculators. The Equity in Kentucky sets the price now on tobacco. There will be a meeting next Monday of all farmers' organizations at Kansas City, Kansas, to set the price on wheat. The price will be one dollar per bushel and not be allowed to go below that and that will stop some of the fluctuations that make millionaires and paupers in a few days' time. The millers can then buy of the farmer instead of the board of trade, and flour need not be higher.

Later on corn and other crops can be ruled by the farmer instead of the gamblers. If the farmer can set the price on what he produces he then can pay the prices asked by other organizations and enjoy a little of the prosperity caused by good crops.

Now is the time for all farmers to get in and push for a little of the profits that usually go to other organized men. Washington County Equity is well officered with J. Schmitke President, and J. F. Stedman Secretary. Washington county has 16 local organizations and they are all wrestling with the marketing question. The Hillsboro Independent publishes accounts of their activities. There is a general demand over that county for a more centralized business head and the same here in Clackamas. Time and experience will give us that organization. The state directors are busy on this question and announcements will be sent to secretaries.

The European war caught several thousand of America's globe-trotting gentry spending good American money in that turbulent land, and without gold they were paupers. Banks refused credit papers of all kinds so they became the same as tramps or hobos. Congress allowed the situation to play jokes with their sympathy and they proceeded to donate \$2,500,000 to the relief of these rich won't works. This greatest of all wars may cause the end of some nobility at home as well as in Europe. So might it be.

Congressman Moss of Indiana has introduced a bill in Congress, 17971, appropriating \$375,000 for an investigation of the present system of grading and marketing grain. It also empowers the Secretary of Agriculture to establish grades by officials of the Department under civil service examination, and all grain sold by grade to be graded by government licensed inspectors. It is aimed to prevent the boards of trade from buying the farmers' wheat as No. 2 and selling to millers as No. 1, as they do now. The bill does not say who shall set the price or who shall pocket the profits.

The Equity page is one of the pages of the Courier that goes to press first and what Equity news that comes in later will be found on another page.

The Equity Society is growing rapidly over the country. Our national union at Indianapolis reports receipts for December last at \$957; Jan. \$1,243; May \$1,600, and June \$2,200. What we need most in Oregon is federation of the Union Grange and Equity.

LIKE THE WAR IN EUROPE

Prohibition Movement Merely a Fight for Markets between Interests. Everything is being standardized and systematized now-a-days. Standard Oil is the head of the system in America. It is the light of the world. But if the light that is thine be darkness, how great is that darkness?

When someone asked Jesus what he must do to be saved. He said: "Keep the commandments." Thou shalt not covet nor bear false witness nor shall not commit adultery, nor kill. But these commandments of God are superseded and abolished by human law. It is no theft to steal, provided one steals enough and does it legally. Killing is no murder provided it is done by wholesale under forms of law.

The laws of God being thus abrogated by the governments of the world, the churches in alliance with these governments issue a new set of commandments. Thou shalt not dance. Thou shalt not drink beer.

Thou shalt not play cards. Thou shalt not say damn. And thou shalt not speak irreverently of the Almighty Dollar, lest the light of its continuance be withdrawn from thee.

This is the Standard Oil brand of religion. These are the commandments of the churches, especially of the Protestant factions. The Catholic and Episcopalian churches do not forbid dancing or drinking beer. A man may live off the rents from a red light district or by income from any other infamous extortion. In prices of oppression in wages and still be a pillar in a fashionable standardized church.

Rockefeller Junior is the model and ideal of this kind of religion. I suppose he never danced nor drank beer, nor said any bad words in his life. But what has this to do with prohibition. That is what we shall see.

It is said that the Tobacco trust or some other benevolent institution affiliated with Standard Oil is investing its surplus accumulations in wholesale purchases of retail drug stores. Anywhere there are over 7,000 drug stores in the Rexall trust according to its own printed advertisements. Now this is an urgent economic reason why we should buy our booze from the drug stores instead of from the saloons. Doubtless it is a fertile source of campaign contributions.

As a choice between the whiskey trust and the Standard Oil Company I would choose neither and in a fight between the two I pray fervently for the extermination of both. As a choice between Bacchus, the beer god, and Mammon, the money god, I prefer Bacchus, for he has some amiable qualities, while his opponent has none. If I was so hard up as to have to borrow a dollar I would rather borrow from a saloon keeper than from a pious person, for if I got it at all I would get it without having to mortgage a farm or without being put through a humiliating course of

A PROFOUND QUESTION

Oh, for a Solomon to Devise a Means to the Ends of Justice

The only excuse for what follows is that it has elements of humor in it. It happened some time ago. We have watched for something else to happen, but it hasn't.

Over near Gladstone there lives a man who has chickens. He values his chickens sufficiently to lock them up at night in a coop that has a burglar alarm attached thereto. Also he has an 18-year old son who is a light sleeper.

Nearby this personage lives another man who had no chickens. One night the man who had no chickens went to the burglar-alarmed coop of the man who had, and climbing inside set off the alarm. It woke the youthful son of the chicken owner, and he promptly got out a shot-gun and started to corral the robber. The looter of the coop, hearing footsteps approaching, and realizing that he was in a position difficult to explain, called forth that he had a revolver and warned the youthful son to keep away on peril of getting drilled full of lead.

The youthful son, considering discretion the better part of valor, retreated. Presently the marauder leaped from the coop and started beating his way to other parts. The youthful son rose up, and with his trusty shotgun let fly. The little leaden pellets found their mark, but the marauder continued to run until he arrived at his domicile, where he hastily went to bed and lay upon his stomach, demanding loudly that somebody come and pick out the shot from that part of his anatomy upon which he had been accustomed to sitting down.

explain how the peppering occurred. So the case waxes in abeyance.

In the meantime news of the restlessness of the officers of the law percolated to the criminal's wife. No doubt fearing for her husband's freedom she decided also to get legal advice on the matter. So journeying to Justice Sievers, who is widely recognized as an oracle, she asked his opinion of the case. His honor told her of the legal impediments to any case that the state might draw, and the wife felt better. In fact she cheered up considerably. She even denied that there had been a crime.

"Why, your honor," she said, "my man couldn't do that. He couldn't steal; he's just joined the Moose!" And so the case stands. Anybody who can devise a way that the state will be enabled to prove its case should communicate at once with the peace officers, for they are very anxious to make an arrest and secure the evidence necessary to convict.

OBSERVATIONS

Stark's Sarcastic Comments on Topics of General Interest

Years ago it was said that if you heard your boy in another part of the house saying "I want to be an Angel," you had better look after him at once. The same applies to affairs political. When a great moral wave sweeps over the land it is time to dodge. For a certainty the gang is fixing up a nasty mess.

About a year ago Kaiser Bill made a ruling to banish booze out of the army. Immediately a loud chorus was turned loose, that the morals of the world had been hoisted a long notch by the royal scepter. It seems not to have occurred to the drawing room reformers to enquire why that aggregation of organized murderers commonly called the army was not abolished by royal edict. Thinking is a dangerous habit the "unco

pact sealed with a river of elegant booze. But the cries of orphans rings in my ears and sobs of the widows can be plainly heard over the wireless of human compassion.

Against whom is this war directed? "Against the foreigner" answers our stupid or lying informant. Nonsense! The machinery was breaking down and the workers of various nations were becoming restive. The business men could no longer make profits. There was no movement to stop preparing for war, and fancy contracts to the armament trust were being disputed, so something must be done—to the workers of each country, civilized country, Christian country. What nicer than a grand killing holiday. To my idea the Kaiser Bill formed a secret agreement with the French Henry Dubus and you will them. Let it be forgotten that the late fat man held a secret conference with the great western criminal, Diaz, traveling all the way to El Paso to do so, and the patriotic yaps split their faces along the whole route.

But the outcome of this grand tragedy may result in the undoing of some of the royal pimps at European courts, and let us hope, the repudiation of all debts contracted by these vile villains. These debts the world can never pay, and like the debts saddled on the American people by the trust organizers, must finally be abolished. It is well to note that Jean Jaures was assassinated before hostilities began. He, the leader of the socialist group in the French Chamber of Deputies, was a forceful opponent to war. It is likely that many of the German Socialists will also be murdered because of their opposition to war. "For God and our country" is everywhere the rallying cry of the soft-handed scoundrels. Right here at home as well as in Germany.

It is time for the workers to keep their heads steady, for when ye hear of wars or rumors of wars, take no part in them. Let those who make war fight the battles.

John F. Stark.

NATIVE LIFE AS SEEN IN HAWAII

(Continued from Page 1)

day, and she had rather stay at home. I asked her if she knew anyone who could get me further up the valley? She talked with her mother for a few minutes in Kanaka, and I had hoped that she would take the job, but eventually mamma said "Nay, nay, Pauline." She said her brother would be back soon, but I knew what soon might or might not mean, so I ate some poi, gave the boy some change and went back to the trail.

Poi, with fish, is the native food. It is made from a root much like an Irish potato. They dig it, dry it and then pound or grind it into a coarse flour. From this they make a gruel, and the Hawaiians eat it with their fingers.

The native Hawaiian doesn't work much—he doesn't have to. He can almost reach up and grab a living. He can catch fish anywhere there is water—and they say with the bare hands. The taro plant (from which poi is produced) will grow anywhere where the soil is scratched; The bread tree hands down its fruit; the alligator pears and the many other fruits and vegetables grow almost without cultivation; so the native can eat his fill, hunt a shade where the mountain breezes will cool him and lie there until it is time to eat again.

It is indeed a land to dream in, for he who seeks the simple life and wants to stay as long as he can. With a tropical sun most always on the job; with tropical vegetation, shabby, flowers and fruit growing in profusion; with other seasons than spring; with a soil so fertile that it is only necessary to cover the seed—what more does a native want than to eat and lie down, wake up and eat again? There is no filling the woodshed with cord wood or the cellar with coal; no telephone, electric light or milk bills; no box rent dues, no rent notices. It is the perfectly real "simple life." Where one simply marks time until old age, to the natural order of things, calls him in.

There is very little work for the inland natives to do if they wanted to—and they don't. The Japs, Chinese and Portuguese do the work in the sugar plantations (the biggest industries of the islands), banana, pineapple and other plantations. They will work cheaper and harder than Hawaiians, and the natives can simply eat fish and poi and watch their land go over to the capitalists.

Their great sport and recreation of the natives is swimming, surf riding, and fishing. No country on earth can beat them in water sports and swimming. Women are as happy in the water as the men, and almost as expert swimmers. They furnish great entertainment at the beaches for the tourists. With their boards they will swim out to the first breakers, get in front of a roller and ride in on it, many of them standing erect on the coasting board.

The native Hawaiians are fast disappearing, and today represent but about 30 per cent of the population of the islands. Honolulu has about 14,000 Hawaiians, 14,000 Japs, 7,000 Chinese, 6,000 Portuguese, 1,000 Koreans, 1,000 Porto Ricans, and the rest are a scattering few of British, Germans and Americans—excluding the standing army.

The disappearance is the result of marriage with other races. Many marry Portuguese and it is surprising how many of the small percentage of Americans, Englishmen and Germans here have Hawaiian wives. The natives are not considered as inferior—they are not looked upon as the American negro is—and they tell me they make industrious wives and splendid mothers. To be sure it is the better class of Hawaiians, the white men marry—not the black, thick-lipped damsel—and I have found this class one which a man readily raises his hat to.

The Hawaiians are natural base ball artists, and I think McGraw could well afford to take a trip over to the islands today looking for new material. I saw a game between Hilo (pronounce it Hee-lo) and the Oahu (O-ah-who) that was about as good as any game I ever saw. They not only are natural ball players, but they know the ball game, know it and play it as the league teams do.

But here is something different—it may make you squirm a bit—and I would not advise reading it just before a meal: I ran onto a bunch of natives fishing off the end of a little peninsula and after watching them a few minutes one of them pulled up a devil fish, a little octopus with eight or ten legs.

No sooner had the cuttle been landed when the several natives pounced on it, each cutting off a leg, the raw end of which they put in their mouths and greedily chewed, while the live and writhing snake-like leg would wind around their faces and poke into their eyes.

This is no cuttle fish story it is literally true, and it was the most nauseating sight I ever saw. The natives will catch the big salt water crabs, pull off their pinchers, run their thumb into their backs, push out a portion of white meat and eat it while it is yet alive.

Certain kinds of sea weed they search for and eat, and raw fish liver is considered a fine delicacy, in fact raw fish liver is always on the menu at the poi suppers put on for the tourists, but I have yet to find the white man who claims he could ever get by with it.

One of the reasons given for the great scourge of leprosy years ago is because of the eating of raw fish and sea weeds, and yet this is vigorously denied by the natives, who say it is a Chinese malady and was brought over by the Chinks. Poi suppers are very popular with the tourists. They will give a native woman a certain sum of money to prepare it, and when ready the tourist will form a party and attend.

A young pig will be baked on hot stones. A hole will be dug in the ground, lined with stones, and a hot fire built. After the oven becomes hot, the fire will be raised out, the pig covered with tea leaves (a plant having seasoning qualities) covered over with hot stones, and then dirt covered over the pit. In two hours that pig is some eating.

The tourists take readily to the poi, and it is a part of the game to eat it as the natives do, taking the two front fingers, scooping up the paste and carrying it to the mouth. Next week I will tell you something about the so-called lake of fire.

M. J. Brown.

The BLIZZARD Silo Filler Is The Thing!

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT THE VALUE OF SILAGE FOR FEED AND THE BLIZZARD ENSILAGE CUTTER IS A GOOD INVESTMENT FOR THE FARMERS OF THE NORTHWEST FOR STILL ANOTHER REASON. IT ENABLES THEM TO PUT AWAY THE CROP WHEN IT SHOULD BE PUT AWAY, REGARDLESS OF WEATHER CONDITION. MANY CROPS COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED IN THE PAST FEW YEARS IF FARMS WHERE THE LOSS OCCURRED HAD BEEN EQUIPPED WITH A SILO & BLIZZARD SILO FILLER

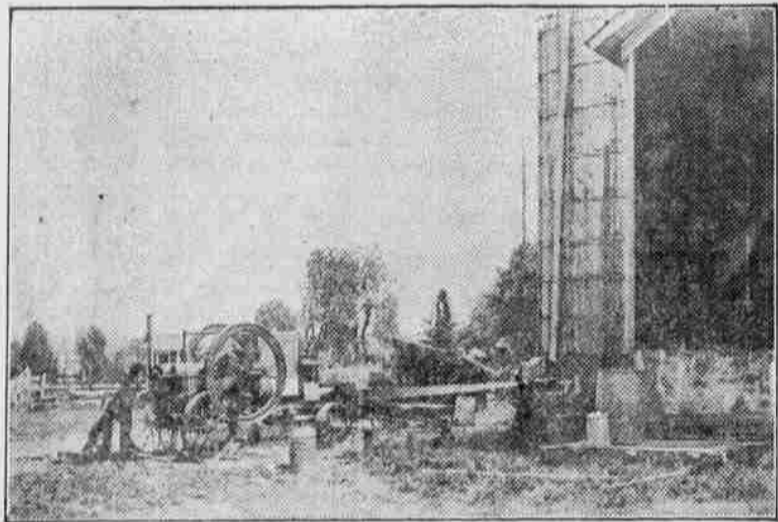


Photo Taken May 20, 1914, on the Farm of Streich & Neiger, Cleone, Ore.

WHY SILAGE PAYS

If you want to know how much the silo filler will do for you, send in the coupon for this book. State the size of your silo, and we will quote you. It places you under no obligation to buy.



Portland, Oregon Spokane - Boise

The Blizzard Is a Time Tried Machine

Don't make the mistake of buying a silo filler of questionable merit

They cost nearly as much in the beginning and far more in the long run, or short run, either, for that matter. The Blizzard is a practical machine. It combines knives, fan and fly wheel instead of using these as separate units, thereby saving power and making a more compact cutter. It elevates without fail into the tallest silo. It cuts the material with a sheer cut, does not crush it. The Blizzard is responsive to control and safe to operate. The Blizzard is widely imitated, but nothing can shake its popularity with those who have used them.

Finds It Very Satisfactory

Cleone, Oregon, May 2, 1913. Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co., Portland, Oregon.

Gentlemen: We have used your Blizzard ensilage cutter the past season and find them a very satisfactory machine in every way. We put up over 600 tons of corn and had no trouble cutting from a height of 32 feet, using an L-15 machine. We consider them the best machine made for the purpose. We also used it to cut alfalfa and clover hay fed to sheep and cattle at our yards this winter, and it handled the work in good shape.

Yours truly, THE SUN DIAL RANCH By E. G. McGaw.

catechism.

Yes, Mr. Editor, let me assure you that the fight about prohibition is a war for control of the home markets, a contest to capture Henry Dubb's money. The odds are against the whiskey trust as a commercial proposition for Henry does not get more than ten cents' worth of whiskey for a dollar in money.

To destroy his liberty to be cheated out of ninety cents on the dollar is not much of a damage but there are many other sides to the question. Only John is greatly concerned about the inalienable right of Henry Dubb to work where he pleases. Has he not an equal right to spend his dime where he pleases? If he thinks that he gets better value over the bar of a saloon than over the counter of a drug store why not convince him of this by fair competition instead of legislative coercion? It is not exactly justified that some predatory interests should invoke the law to assist them against others.

The whiskey traffic, as at present conducted is a gigantic swindle that ought to be and must be ended, but it is only a side line in a scheme of universal robbery. The over-zealous people who are setting out to clean up the saloons had better lay in a liberal supply of soap and whitewash and begin by cleaning their own premises. Judgment begins at Jerusalem. There is going to be a house cleaning in this country as well as in Europe, but it will not end with the saloons even if it should begin with them.

J. L. Jones.

Pay your subscription in advance and receive the Courier for \$1.00.

PLASTERING and LATHING All Work Guaranteed Prices The Lowest LEON DAILEY 416 Water St. Oregon City

In the course of events a report of the occurrence spread about the neighborhood. The story filtered to Former Chief of Police Miller, at Gladstone, and to the present chief, Percy Cross. That there had been a crime committed or attempted, they did not for a minute doubt, but as nobody was making complaint, they decided they could not take action. Conversation continuing, a report of the occurrence reached the ears of Constable Jack Frost and Sheriff E. T. Mass. These two hunters of criminals at once took up the scent, and investigated. They finally became convinced that all was as it had been reported to them, and then they appealed to County Attorney Gilbert Hedges.

Mr. Hedges expressed the opinion that as neither of the officers had first-hand information of the crime they could not make an arrest. He said that the law, in its justice, guaranteed to every man certain rights; and that no officer could force a man to convict himself. "But he's got the bullets in him," expostulated Jack Frost, "and if we can show that we can cinch him, can't we?"

Mr. Hedges surmised this could be done, but said that the officers would have to devise some means of making the man exhibit his bullet-scarred person willingly—that he could not be forced to put before the court this necessary evidence to convict him. And the owner of the chicken-coop refusing to make any complaint, there was nothing for the officers to do.

Appeal was made to Justice Sievers next, but his ruling was also like unto the ruling of the County Attorney. He mourned the fact that a crime had been committed, but he found no way by which the guilty man could be forced into producing proof that he was peppered with buck-shot, and then be compelled to

quid" never fall into. So when recently the canteen was kicked over in Russia by that bloody, unspeakable monster, another loud cackle was started by the pink tie brigade. It does not follow that his crowd doesn't know better, for it is likely they are just trying to get up a reputation as humorists.

For certain they all recalled how the fat ex-president filled his tank at the czar's reservoir on one of his trips. Nor is it likely the sweet, gentle reformers of erring mankind tried to gold-brick us; but knowing we were from the country they started these hosannas just for fun. For all mankind that meets up with printer's ink has learned of the unspeakable cruelty and intolerance of the czar of all the Russias. Also during the Chautauqua season, just closed, we heard stories coming from a man's lips, who said it was no hear-say with him. All this was known to our very best people, and for all mankind that meets up with grow on so evil a tree these "respectables" were just training to be funny.

As I write these lines in my dingy shack my mind and heart is out on a field of carnage, a third way round the world from here, where our fellow-men are murdering their kin by thousands all at the command of these royal pimps who have been lauded for their ability to pull off the great moral bunk game.

These titled parasites will not lose any of their blue blood, but have a grand holiday seeing the workers slaughter each other because of a false notion of "patriotism." Perhaps the wheels in your head are gummed up with this rubbish; mine were once too, but no more for Willie. God is also getting called up over the long distance to help at the killing. The priest and the politician are the committee thru which the real masters of bread do the dastardly work among men.

Think of the destruction of the habitations of mankind that will occur; the groans of the dying, the curses of the wounded maddened with pain. The fury of the scene appals me when I think of it and then the question, "Why?" What has been decided? Absolutely nothing so far as the supposed points of controversy are concerned. The whole problem will be decided by a few genteel scoundrels and the com-

REDLAND

John Thorpe, a native of Ohio, died the 5th, at his daughter's home at the age of 63 years, his daughter being Mrs. Sloper. Mr. Thorpe was a well as usual while eating dinner, but took a pain in his chest, went out and sat under an apple tree and died within a few minutes, supposedly of heart trouble. Mr. Thorpe came from Kansas to Oregon about 25 years ago, working at his trade of carpenter and he helped put up the Marquam building, and while working there he and some others left the job as he did not consider the building safe to work in, which subsequent events proved.

Several years ago he moved onto his farm and built himself a neat home as he was a first class mechanic.

He leaves to mourn his loss his wife and daughter, Mrs. Sloper. He was buried in Logan cemetery, Rev. Smith conducting the services.

Miss Ethel Robb gave a farewell party Saturday night as she is going back to Michigan to visit her mother.

Between the yelping of coyotes and cougars Redland is treated to a grand opera morning and evening, but it is hard on the turkeys.

Miss Ager of Astoria is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ager.

TOM J. MYERS and E. A. BRADY RESIDENT UNDERTAKERS

The only RESIDENCE Undertaking Establishment in Clackamas County - Day and Night Service Tenth and Water Sts. Main 123 A-37