

**GOVERNMENT BY MAGIC**

**More Economical and Efficient than Our Stupid Methods of Legislation**

Suppose that Congress or some state legislature had enacted a law that every male person old enough to wear pants must have the said garments appropriately adorned with a crease up the back and another down the front! The law would have been received with a howl of derision. All the powers of the nation could not have enforced it.

Yet some invisible government, some secret intangible power did really enact this law and the people fell for it unthinkingly. There was no legal expense, no highly paid officials, no complicated machinery of courts and counselors. The law enforced itself automatically and effectually.

Saint and sinner alike adopted the sacred crease. Devout Christians, exquisite gentlemen, distinguished crooks, thugs, prize fighters and pug noses all fell in line. Rich and poor accepted it as a belated sign of brotherhood and indeed it was widespread among those who profess to know, that the matter a young man's purse is, the more carefully he creases his pants.

No one goes to church or Sunday School or into any good society lacking this outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual submission to the authority of some deity, unknown but omnipotent and omnipresent.

I mean no one of any account. Of course there are many who do not wear the conventional crease. But they don't appear in the best society. They are undesirable or unbelievers. A man with baggy pants is possible in a cheap bar-room, but let him try a high-toned salon or expensive hotel, and if they don't actually throw him out, at least he will encounter a stony stare that will make him feel so queer that he will sneak out very quietly. He will imagine that everybody is looking at his pants.

Indeed the Sign of the Crease is more potent than the Sign of the Cross, or the Square or any of the society emblems. Jesus said: "Take up your cross and follow me," but no one understands that order. It is like talking Welsh to a Chinaman, but when the God of Cloth says "Grab a hot flatiron and do as you see me do," everybody obeys with alacrity.

Indeed pressing pants, training for football and primping up for dances is an essential part of the program in higher education. In the Agriculture College they can take a bull calf fresh from pasture and in two or three years transform him into a domesticated lion with all the qualifications of a dancing master. If this is not magic, then let somebody tell me what is magic.

What seems to be needed is for some enterprising person to start a correspondence school to teach magic. Then all the inexperienced legislators might qualify themselves to introduce laws that the people would be willing to obey instead of passing measures so obvious that many folks threaten to go gunning for the officials who attempt to enforce them.

Indeed all government is a work of magic, but the performance is becoming so rotten that the audience will some of these days be tempted to wreck the show and run the performers off the reservation.

**STATE TAKE IT OVER**

(Mt. Scott Herald)

There are thousands of acres of wild land in this state that would be appreciated by the people. Some of this land has been taken up and lies idle. Other land has been despoiled of its forests and awaits a home maker. It is considered good business policy for the state to appropriate money for irrigation purposes, taking a lien on the land for the money expended. Would it not be equally as safe an investment for the state to buy up some of the stump land, plant it into small farms, twenty to forty acres, finance the settlers in a limited way and in a manner so that all funds advanced shall be expended on the land and its improvement, and exempt those lands from taxation until deeds were issued?

If that were done some thousands of people now residents of the state, and utterly without hope of securing rural footing, would quickly become producers. They would soon become a state resource, and in a few years the present uncultivated areas would become a paying element when the annual tax collections were counted. What is the sense of the state's policy of waiting until some one comes along with sufficient cash to open up these vast tracts of idle acreage. The system mentioned above would materially aid in reducing land values. That ought to be no cause for objection on the part of the man who owns the land for the crop he can produce on it. He can grow just as much on an acre whether that acre sells for \$50 or \$500, and the probabilities are he can get about as much for his products. As to the fellow who is holding the land for what he can get for it, let us forget him for awhile. Moreover there is some complaint about the taxes. If land values come down, farmers will have less cause to complain about taxation.

**No More Fooling**

The Herald is making a tabulated record of the occasional dead beat who takes and reads a newspaper for a year or two and then tries to sneak out of paying for it by saying he never subscribed for it. In every state where it has been tried the courts have held that the fact that a person took a paper from the mails and read it became a subscriber by consent, and that the debt for the same could be collected by suit, the same as for other commodities consumed in like manner. The Herald proposes to collect from such dead beats besides printing their names so honest subscribers can see what they look like. A man who will swindle a newspaper will also swindle a merchant.—Houlton Herald.

**AS THE WHEELS TURN OVER**

Has it ever occurred to you that there is room in this world for all of us—that there is food enough for all of us? Can you not comprehend that it is not necessary that any one need be short in the comforts of life in order for you to have plenty?

Do you not understand that no one need be in want? Under our present economic system wealth is acquired only by impoverishing a large number of your fellow men. One person is surfeited and many are brought to want. This idea that it is so natural, is generally accepted as inevitable, consequently the strife after wealth by all the devious methods, legal or illegal, are resorted to. In its train are all crimes and cruelties of which the victims suffer. This is all wrong and it also shows the stupidity of our government in its attempt to abolish these wrongs by suppressing symptoms. It can't be done. Then as an anesthetic we are insulted with charity, which only aggravates the situation. Give us justice and then the symptoms will disappear.

There should be work for all, leisure for all and plenty for all. This condition may not have been possible a few centuries ago, but now with the mechanical development under reasonable rules it is not only possible but logical that the whole human family should be happy.

This condition must be brought about. The present government does not comprehend how to do it, so it must be abolished and substituted by a theory of government working toward that ideal. Then we can have "a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it."

Just imagine, that is if you are gifted with an imagination, the legislature putting in a full session repealing the laws on the statute books of this state. Of course that will not happen, but just imagine if it would what the result would be. Oh! I am aware you would quickly move out of Oregon and go where there is plenty of "law."

Of course it is not necessary for you to know what laws are in vogue in the place or state you went, for you don't care a darn what laws are enacted in this state just so it is law, and plenty of it—you will believe in it anyway.

In this respect you are quite different from this obscure scribe. He is doubtful of the benefits of most of the dream stuff labeled "law." You may be sure I am no patriot to arbor such ideas about our sacred laws. Happily I am not alone in that frame of mind. I observe "our most prominent people" always weigh the stuff carefully and if it is not to their liking will order the supreme court to annul the law and you, if you happen to take interest enough in public affairs to have noticed it, will be glad if it, for it was a "bad law anyway." See anything?

Just for the sake of a little mental speculation, ruminating of the mind, as it were, let us think a little on the line of that just suggested.

Just for the sake of a little mental volumes which are vaguely referred to as "law books" were instantly to disappear from human ken. Then of course no courts of law could continue in session. Just imagine what the result would be.

Surely the mills would stop for want of power because the water could no longer flow over the falls or the power wheels until the law builders at Salem would introduce a bill reading "be it so enacted by the legislature of Oregon that water must hereafter flow down hill."

This bill would have to be read upon three separate days and attach an emergency clause to it so it became effective upon the signature of the governor, who might delay the bill long enough to answer all the weighty questions propounded by the alleged prohibitionists and all this time the waters of the Willamette standing as still as "Jordan's stream" was reported to have stood, until the governor signed it and the great seal of the state attached. Do you think so?

Do you think the cold rain would cease falling alike on the ragged-bent back of the worker and the silk umbrella of the shirker?

Would your flocks no longer increase do you think, if those mysteriously worded annotated statutes should be no more?

Would the sons of God no longer make love to the daughters of men if Ballinger's code could no longer be found or a long piece of paper with an "infernal revenue" stamp stuck to it could not be "legally" written, now would it be so?

Oh, I am aware all this doesn't interest you and that is just what is pathetic about it.

The season for loaves and fishes has opened in Salem. It must be fine sport with nearly a million suckers in this state pond.

Now that the law factories are in full operation the guessing contests will follow later.

John F. Stark.

Education is by no means confined to the schools. Daily life is a school, college and university rolled into one, and in one way and another it offers more courses than any university can give.

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**FARMERS' UNION DEPARTMENT**

**Co-Operation, Hang-together and Stay With it Will Win**

(By P. W. Meredith)

Eastern Oregon is a good market for western Oregon.

The Equity and Farmers' Union just made that discovery.

Farmers can find markets when they organize to help each other to live.

David T. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, said at Columbia, Missouri the 13th. "The individual farmer acting alone is practically helpless. Is there any stronger argument for organization?"

Secretary Houston also advocated rural credit legislation both on the part of the nation and the states.

Secretary Houston said there were 7,500 co-operative institutions of farmers in the United States that marketed last year one billion dollars' worth of products.

It is probable that there will be established quite a lot of trade between the farmers of eastern and western Oregon when the Willamette valley farmers are organized a little more and arrange the necessary machinery.

Europe has war and in addition she has disease, poverty, famine, and last very destructive earthquakes. Oregon has only poverty and a legislature, but we think we will not feel

wish to be open for business by April first. John C. Lawrence of Spokane, will no doubt be its president. He was at one time president of the Garfield bank.

The purpose and object of this bank is to help the several co-operative enterprises of the Farmers' Union. The Grange is going to assist and has taken stock in this bank. Oregon needs just such an institution.

Prof. Hector Macpherson of the Oregon Agricultural College, has drafted a state rural credit law that will be introduced into this term of the legislature. Now if the legislature was composed of farmers the bill would become a law.

The Portland retail grocers are planning to buy direct from producers and eliminate the middlemen. An ice-making firm has agreed to sell to them direct. They may take the entire output of the Albany creamery and in time no telling where co-operation will stop.

Senator Borah said on the floor of the senate the 13th that the new banking organization was a "sort of antediluvian mastodon too dead for a menagerie and too much alive for the operating table designed for the treasury but seemingly on its way to the Smithsonian institution." We refer this to Mr. Mills of Portland.

There is a freak bill before congress to establish a standard barrel for all fruits, vegetables or other dry commodities, and if a farmer or any one else sells or offers for sale any produce except cranberries in a

producer."

Mr. Ashbrook is from Ohio and voices the sentiment of congress for the last 50 years and if the farmers or other producers of wealth ever expect to have fair treatment at the hands of congress they must organize and adopt better ways of electing their representatives in congress.

In proof of what we have just said we quote from the congressional record of Jan. 2, page 910, from a statement by Senator Bristow of Kansas, where he told the U. S. Senate that the farmers were not prosperous. "I know that the American farmers are not organized into a concrete organization to have representatives in the National Capital, who can go to committee rooms of senators and make certain demands, and if those demands are not met, enforce them by votes cast in mass at the polls. The farmer is an independent, hard-working citizen, the bone and sinew of American life, who has been the butt of legislation by special interests from the beginning, and it seems never too late for the American congress to go directly after him in any effort they make to reduce the cost of living.

They try to reduce the price of what he produces but do not attack the influences and the combinations that exploit him and multiply the price of his product after it leaves the farm.

That is the spirit which permeates and controls in the legislation, that is now proposed and I denounce it as unjust."

All the comment we wish to make on Senator Bristow's remarks is to

**OLD MAN DONNELLY**

**A Story of the Shadow of a Wooden Image, by J. L. Jones**

Old man Donnelly was a tenant farmer. He had cleared a farm worth ten thousand dollars for Squire Tottenham, and had paid him rent all the time for the privilege of doing it. The Squire had the farm and all the money and Donnelly in his old age was a pauper.

Not a pauper in the sense in which that word is understood here. The terms pauper and beggar are commonly applied in literature to folks who are deprived of wealth. A gentleman who has lost his fortune is said to be reduced to beggary, which means, I suppose, the condition of those who never had any fortune.

Donnelly was deprived of his wealth as fast as he made it. He had worked faithfully all his life producing wealth for the squire, and as he had accumulated nothing for himself he had to continue to work in his old age to the limit of his strength. The story was told that in the beginning he purchased the 200 acre farm from the Squire on a contract for \$200, but the Squire on a contract for \$200, but being young and honest and simple-minded, he feared that his credit was not good for such a vast sum, and so he had surrendered the contract. Some of his friends, hearing of this, offered to advance him money, but the Squire would not return the contract. He would not sell at all so Donnelly remained a renter.

The Squire was a great, clumsy, heavy man with immense hands. A massive nose extended along the middle of a flat, expansive, expressionless face. Eyes like brown glass marbles, were set close in by the upper corners of the nose. The strange picture was framed in a setting of thin, straight, black hair. Altogether he did not give one the impression of belonging to any known race of human beings but reminded one of an animated wooden image, moving about mechanically in slouchy, ill-fitting clothes. But thanks to his wealth, he was the most important person in the community. He owned a saw mill and a flour mill in the village of Stanhope, and many farms in the vicinity. Many others beside old man Donnelly were making money for him, which would have been much more profitably spent upon their own families.

Some twenty or thirty miles away was an Indian village. Thirty miles was a long distance in those days. I had never been so far from home, but it happened in the course of time that I was on a trapping expedition along some lakes not far from there. We met an Indian from that place. His name was Tottenham. He was formed after the image of the old Squire, only he was not so heavy. The man who was trapping with me knew about him. It was well known in the Indian village that he was a son of the old squire and there were others. And then I learned that Squire Tottenham, like the elder Astor, had laid the foundation of his fortune by trading with the Indians, buying furs.

This was after I had left Stanhope. During my time there old Tottenham was the chief pillar of the church. There were several church buildings in Stanhope but the one called "THE" church was the Anglican or English. The others were only Methodist or Presbyterian "meeting houses." The church stood near the center of a tract about an acre, covered with cheap monuments and grave stones and surrounded by a tumble down picket fence. I belonged to the church and used to sit in the front seat in the gallery besides the pastor's son, a mischievous youth who was my boon companion. The old squire and his family occupied a pew close up to the pulpit. It was boxed up high and square and comfortably cushioned.

The Squire always fell asleep during the sermon. His head would go bobbing forward and presently he would recover himself with a gasp and snort. Just then my companion would stuff a handkerchief in his mouth with one hand and make a punch for my ribs with the other. Sometimes he would try to kick my shins. These were my first experiences of the consolations of religion. He dared not do it outside but we could not fight much up there because we were exposed to a cross fire from the other end of the gallery, which was occupied by the choir. Otherwise our position was an ideal one—we could see without being seen.

In the summer the flies used to disturb the slumbers of the old Squire but some of his children generally kept them off. He had a second wife and several fat moon-faced children like Eskimos, and one that was slim and pretty like her mother. He had also a daughter by his first wife, an old maid, nearly as big as her father and every feature like him, though her figure was shapely. She used to sing in the choir and she practised Christianity a great deal because she had not anything else to do. I don't think she ever danced. It would have been interesting to see her if she did. I never knew whether she was acquainted with her relative in the Indian village and never heard of them visiting at the Squire's mansion in Stanhope. Indeed, I did not know of the relationship till after I left there, but the family resemblance was so striking there could be no mistake about it.

Our family lived next to old man Donnelly, and I was intimately acquainted with him and his boys. He was the best educated man in the neighborhood and an universal favorite on account of his good nature and sturdy honesty. No one ever heard him curse or swear when he was sober and he never at any time used filthy language. But twice or three times every month he would get loaded up with fireworks at the village tavern and come home late. Then he would swear and curse at everything. One night he started to curse the old Squire and he kept that up, a steady string of it, till finally he turned it into a maudlin, sing-song and went

to sleep cursing.

Another night, one of his boys told me, he ran out without his boots thru the deep snow to a barn about half a mile off, where he had some cattle and a yoke of oxen. The boy followed him. Donnelly fondled and hugged the poor old oxen and blubbered and cried over them for a long time. Then he went home in a penitent frame of mind and got up early and went to work as usual the next morning. He always took his jags on his own time and at his own expense. The profits of the Squire were not diminished. He was not working by the day. He had a steady job for life that he could not get away from.

When drunk enough he usually acted like an insane person, but no one could tell how much of it was just acting. Sometimes he was violent and pretended to be dangerous. He would drive the boys out of the house and fire off the gun at the wall. This did not do any damage because the cedar logs were solid, but it scared his old wife so that she could not sleep any more that night. But next day she would start with fresh reinforcements.

Looking back at it now I can see exactly what was the matter with Donnelly. He was worked to death and could see and feel that his work was useless and that everything was slipping away from him. His neighbors who owned their own land, were getting comfortably fixed. He could not build a new house for himself nor even a barn fit to shelter his cattle. If he did the landlord would raise his rent.

This feeling was restrained and imprisoned within him when he was working and he hardly did anything but work. But when he was drunk it broke out in what the lawyers call "emotional insanity." It was the shadow of the Wooden Image that was resting on him, strangling his soul, smothering his aspirations and sapping his life. It was as if he were mortgaged to the devil by a secret contract, and held under a withering curse.

Donnelly's wife was a cripple. She, too, worked far beyond her strength and constantly scolded and complained. She nagged him everlastingly because he had failed and let things slip through his fingers. How could he help it? His finger joints were big. His heart was big too, but it was broken.

His life was a long drawn tragedy. For lack of a few miserable dollars when he needed it most—for yielding to an impulse that was honest rather than evil—he was caught in the grip of an intangible enemy; he was convicted without a trial and sentenced to life-long servitude.

He was a man of great strength and violent passion. The blood of the Norsemen was in his veins. His pride rebelled against such a stupid fate. Is it any wonder he cursed? And his curses were aimed more accurately than fool's prayers. They struck the target. It was told that the Tottenham fortunes were dissipated and that his family (the whole branch of it) had ceased to prosper.

It is not a pleasant reflection that the sins of the parents are visited on innocent children, but such things happen. The shadow of the Wooden Image never yet has been lifted from Donnelly's sons. They are scattered abroad among strangers, no two of them together.

Donnelly and his sons are types of a class. Their individual cases are insignificant items in a world tragedy. Millions, yes hundreds of millions of lives are withered and shriveled by the same deadly blight. Our Agricultural colleges are not making any progress in discovering a spray that will cure it.

The professors in these institutions are more interested in the animal and vegetable kingdoms than in the world of humanity. This disease of landlordism, complicated with landlordism is a thousand times worse than the White Plague. It is the essence of all plagues and all slaveries, but the High Priests of this cult hold the keys of the House of Mammon and like the Pharisees and hypocrites at the end of the last dispensation, they will neither enter the kingdom of Heaven themselves nor suffer others to enter.

J. L. Jones.

Sowing wild oats is necessary to most young fellows—but don't mix in any rye.

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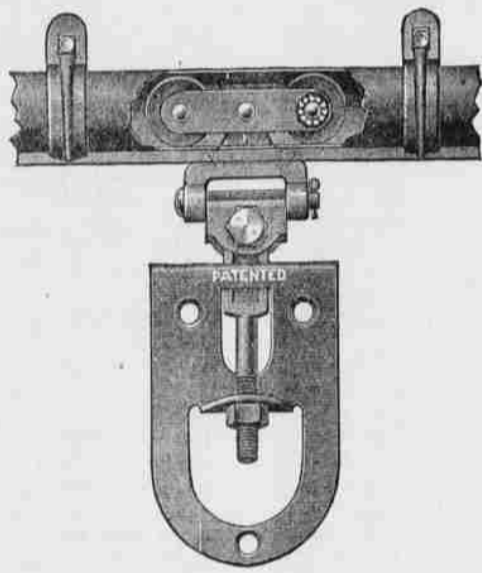
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jealous of Europe by the time our legislature adjourns.

The State of Washington has issued county school and municipal bonds to the amount of \$100,000,000. The governor doubts if they can ever pay the debt. Oregon is in better shape but there is no telling what a legislature will do.

The United States has exported fifty million bushels of wheat MORE than last year. 70 percent of the 1914 crop has been sold. The farmers are not holding the wheat. The high price is not due to the millers. They make only 8 cents on a barrel of flour.

The high price of wheat is due to the speculators who are organized into boards of trade and chambers of commerce. The United States government has investigated the wheat business in Chicago and will probe still deeper. The price of wheat in Italy is \$1.99 per bushel.

If taxes are made higher and if middlemen's profits are allowed to go higher and freight rates go higher and everything goes on as it is now going the people who raise the wheat and the people who build the mills will be forced to go without bread, charity soup without bread would be spoiled water.

The Farmers' Union are to have a bank in Spokane to be known as the Farmers' Bank and Trust Co. They

smaller barrel than one containing 7056 cubic inches can be jailed six months or fined \$500.

The staves must be exactly 28 3/4 inches long and the barrel must have a head of 17 and one-eighth inches. Now if the Courier has a reader that can see any benefit to the producers in this bill let him arise and explain. If there is any benefit to the consumer we would like to know it.

It is a great benefit to commission merchants and dealers and they can have what few farmers we have left on the farms put in jail.

In regard to this barrel bill we quote from congressional record of January 6th, page 1160:

Mr. Floyd of Arkansas: "Suppose a barrel had the capacity of 1 bushel." Mr. Ashbrook: "He has the right under this bill to sell one-third, one-half, three-quarters or one barrel."

Mr. Floyd of Arkansas: "I understand that; but suppose it was of less quantity and not the exact proportion described in the bill? You are imposing all kinds of difficulties upon the fruit producers. You are giving the fruit buyer and the man in control of the fruit market the advantage in this proposition. It is a barrel maker's bill and a vegetable and fruit buyers' bill, not a fruit growers' bill in my judgment."

move to strike out the word independent and pass it unanimously.

**How to Cure a Lagrippe Cough**  
Lagrippe coughs demand instant treatment. They show a serious condition of the system and are weakening. Postmaster Collins, Barnegat, N. J., says: "I took Foley's Honey & Tar Compound for a violent lagrippe cough that completely exhausted me, and less than half a bottle stopped the cough." Try it.—Jones Drug Co.

**Proposals Invited**  
Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the undersigned in Oregon City, Oregon, on or before Thursday, February 4, 1915, at 6 o'clock p. m. for 250 cords of good, first growth, large body fir wood, four feet long and split suitable for furnace burning, delivery to be made between June 1, and September 15, 1915, at the Eastham, Barclay and High School buildings, in Oregon City, Oregon, as the School District may designate. Payment for said wood to be made in 50 cord lots as fast as delivered and accepted. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. By order of the Board of Director of School District No. 62, Clackamas County, Oregon. E. E. Brodie, District Clerk.

In the midst of Life we are in Debt!