

OREGON CITY COURIER

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THE WESTERN CURSE

The West has many things of which to be proud, and one thing of which to be ashamed. We have the most fertile fields of the nation, the grandest forests, the mightiest peaks and mountain ranges, the most magnificent of rivers, the greatest production of assorted food products, the grandest scenery, and the most contemptible grafters.

We have gamblers whose play with fortune wins our admiration on account of its daring and its risks, we have robbers whose boldness softens our hearts towards their misdeeds, we have politicians of such surpassing cunning and skill that we are forced to admit that they are "the limit," we have peace officers whose bravery in the face of peril is truly heroic, and we have the meanest class of bunco and con men extant.

We have the stamp of man, unfortunately, for whom lynching is too good. We have the cowardly, petty, sneaking crook who fears to face his victim, and who does his dirty work by mail with his dupe in the East. We have the thing in man's attire who sells imaginary agricultural lands to the unwary and trusting 2,000 miles away, and who covers his trail so craftily that punishment comes to him but rarely.

California and Washington formerly had the monopoly of this sort of game. All that is needed for the "plant" is some worthless stump or alkali land situated near a thriving agricultural region. This land is bought by the operator for a song and a mortgage. Photographs of good lands are sometimes secured, booklets describing nearby communities are procured; and photos and pamphlets are sent to a selected "sucker list" along with an alluring offer to sell, upon monthly payments, land similar to that described. Oftentimes the promise is made that the land purchased by the poor Eastern dupe will be cleared and placed under cultivation, so that when the buyer is ready to claim it, a producing home will be ready. Such an offer is apt to appeal to the Easterner, and trusting in the fabled "Western honesty" made famous by Bret Harte and others, the deal is closed. The scamp at the Western end of the net gets the money, and the dupe gets what the dupe usually gets—nothing but trouble, ridicule and loss.

California and Washington formerly had the monopoly of this sort of cattle, but California and Washington have stamped them out like poisonous snakes, and now the "fraid-of-their-shadow grafters" are infesting Oregon. It appears that it would be a good plan to corral them all and send them where they belong. Oregon is a great state, it has vast resources, and the prizes it has won at the San Francisco fair will attract more than usual notice to it. These cowardly grafters should not be permitted to sully the fair name of the state by selling worthless lands, unseen, to trusting Easterners who will believe what they read of Oregon in the public prints.

Oregon is too fine a state to have the smirch of these sneaking and cowardly robbers upon it. Let us act before the breed multiplies any more.

YET ONCE AGAIN

Before the next issue of the Courier goes forth to greet its readers, and to receive their prizes or condemnation as the case may be—yes, we know some folk don't agree with us—there will have rolled around and passed the most weird holiday of all on the American calendar. We thus refer to the Fourth of July, the anniversary of the birth of liberty in the Western hemisphere, the day on which we celebrate the independence of this our native land.

The Fourth of July is a nationally observed holiday, but it is not a national holiday. The greatest day in American history has somehow been left out of our formal holiday list—our only official national holiday, in fact, is Thanksgiving. Also, oddly enough, we have for many years

been celebrating the Fourth of July in anything but an American custom. We have borrowed from the Chinese the use of firecrackers and fireworks—delightful things originally invented and designed to frighten devils and pacify the gods.

It is only of recent years that we have looked askance at the Chinese form of celebration—with its American improvements in deadliness and noise-making ability—and have commenced to observe the anniversary of our independence with something like native methods. It now appears that the "safe and sane Fourth" has come to stay, however, so perhaps we are really getting more American and more patriotic, and so are more truly realizing what it is that we celebrate every year.

This year we have somewhat more than usual to celebrate. We have a greater independence than in years past; or at least so it seems. We see the rest of the world, from which our forbears broke away in 1776 or later—the forbears of some of us only left the Old World in the last generation—engaged in a mad game of pillage and death. We look with unspeakable horror on the happenings on the other shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific; and then turn with a new relief and a new thankfulness to our own independent land to rest our eyes from the encarninated sights we have seen afar.

The thing that made our independence possible has saved us from this war. It is not because we are the United States that we are not now engaged in a death grapple with some other power; it is because of the principles upon which our government was founded. We are a government of the people by the people, we are a nation wherein the majority rules, we are a people who think as individuals and yet who act as one man through the President. Because of the part the people play in our government, and because of the individual American habit of minding one's own business, we are free of the war. We are independent, America is our home and our field, and we have not only learned that for ourselves but we have taught it to the rest of the world. And so we are at peace, while the major part of the rest of "civilization" is anything but that.

This is not all that the Fourth of July means to us this year. It is not the most important thing of which we should think when we celebrate—but nevertheless it is a part of our celebration this year. The rest of the things we celebrate on the national birthday all of us know—and know by heart, and occasionally think about. Most of us will think about them fleetingly for a few minutes on Saturday, Sunday or Monday, when the orator of the day draws his address to a patriotic climax. And so as not to spoil the effect of that climax, the Courier doesn't mention them in advance.

Go out and celebrate the Fourth. If you can't go to one of the big gatherings, have a private celebration of your own. Do something to make the day different from other days, and sometimes during the day find time to salute your flag, find time to glory in your citizenship in the independent United States, and find time to say truly and honestly: "Thank God, I am an American."

LEST WE FORGET

Some republican newspapers have been having fits of joy recently because the government's suit to declare the steel combine a combination in restraint of trade has blown up from the inside. The republican papers seem to regard the failure of the federal side of the case as a "slap at Wilson and his interference with business." They tell us with great labor that the failure of the government to win its contentions is proof positive that the democratic idea is all wrong. They remark that maybe now the administration will "leave business alone."

Taken all in all, they are having a perfectly lovely time.

However, lest they enjoy them-

selves too much, and work up too much enthusiasm, the Courier rises to remark that the suit against the "steel trust" was filed and instigated during the administration of William Howard Taft, and that the papers were drawn up and filed under the direction of his Attorney General Wickersham.

Both of these gentlemen were republicans, the suit was launched by a republican administration—and the Wilson regime simply fell heir to it along with a mass of other unfinished republican business.

Now gloat, will you?

FOR MA AND PA

This is a little heart-to-heart talk for mother and father. If you are neither a mother nor father, and don't ever expect to get in this useful class, you'd better pass these remarks up.

The old song used to plaintively inquire "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" The song is now out of date, and we seldom hear it, except at meetings of the W. C. T. U., and now that Oregon has gone dry, we presume the W. C. T. U. will cut the song from its list, too.

It might be well to inquire, however, not only as to the whereabouts of your boy tonight, but also as to the whereabouts of your girl. It might even be permissible to inquire as to where your neighbor's children are.

Two Clackamas county girls were recently taken to a reform school by the peace officers of this district. Two boys, who were accused of having contributed materially to the downfall of these girls, were arrested, but a jury of men found one of them not guilty owing to a technical flaw in the evidence, and both boys

to curb the animal spirits of the young. It doesn't expect the impossible to happen. And, also, the Courier doesn't believe in the double standard of morals. The Courier thinks it is just as wrong for a boy to overstep the line as it is for a girl to do it; and, by the same token, the Courier thinks a girl has a right to demand just as much decency in the man she is going to marry as a man has to insist on decency in the woman he hopes to make his wife.

For this reason this paper believes that it might be well, at this time in particular, for mother and father to put on their wraps at night and go and take a look around. Let them go to the Saturday night dance, let them stroll down the road in the dusk or let them wander along the banks of the river. Then let them go home and think about what they have seen and figure it out for themselves. And after they have thought it out, let them hold a family conference and talk the matter over.

That is the only way conditions will be bettered; and the sooner every mother and father realizes that THEIR daughter or THEIR son may be contributing to the unhappiness of this world, the sooner will there be less sorrow and grief and repentance when it is too late.

Think it over, ma; and you do likewise, dad.

FREE SCHOOL BOOKS

Frequent discussion of the cost of free text books for our public schools is one of the joys of our present day civilization in Oregon. Usually it is argued that free text books would put too great a burden on the taxpayer. To shed some light on this, the Courier reprints with pleasure the following govern-

ment report on the matter, taken from the Commerce Reports of June 16.

Greatly exaggerated ideas prevail concerning the total number of text-books sold in the United States each year and the annual profits resulting from such sales. Confidential data obtained by the United States Bureau of Education from 43 textbook publishers in the United States show that their aggregate total sales of textbooks for use in public and private schools in 1913 amounted to \$17,274,030. The aggregate for public schools, elementary and high, amounted to \$14,261,768.

The total enrollment in public elementary and high schools for the year was approximately 18,609,040. Excluding the elementary-school enrollment of California, since California prints its own elementary books, the number becomes 18,213,786. For each child enrolled in the public schools in the United States, therefore, the total annual sales of text-books is 78.3 cents. The total expenditure per child for all school purposes is approximately \$38.31. The cost of textbooks is thus approximately two per cent of the total cost of maintenance, support and equipment. The cost per child on the school-population basis (5 to 18 years of age) is 56.6 cents; the annual per capita cost of textbooks on

the total-population basis is less than 15 cents.

These figures indicate that there is little ground for the fear sometimes expressed that the introduction of free textbooks will add greatly to the cost of the public-school system and will greatly increase the rate of taxation for school purposes. As a matter of fact, the cost for textbooks is a relatively small item in the total expenditure for school purposes.

Bureau of Education officials feel convinced that the figures obtained afford a trustworthy statement of the real facts about the size of the schoolbook business. The 43 firms from which data were obtained handle probably 99 per cent of the total textbook sales in this country. Besides California, Kansas also now prints its own textbooks, but the plan was not in operation in 1913.

Great minds differ. Pastor Rusell says we are now entering upon the contest of Armageddon. Roosevelt said that the last republican convention was Armageddon. Who's a liar?

David Grayson, in the July American Magazine, says "in the country there is always such a consuming and ungratified need of something to

wagering their pay-checks by the restraining influences of kelly-pool and billiards?

The Rev. T. B. Ford evidently reads his Bible, and profits thereby. Last week he invited the mayor and city council to attend patriotic services in his church, and duly separated the sheep from the goats by adding that the mayor would be given a seat on the platform, and that seats for the council would be reserved in the body of the church. Queezy—which are the goats and which the sheep?

Other ministers, too, are men of discernment. The Rev. Dwight Newell Hillis, who will appear on the Chautauqua circuit this year, officiated, soon after taking the pulpit at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, at a banquet tendered a man who had been an usher in old Plymouth for fifty years. On each table were two bottles of wine—that is, on each table but the press table. On the special banquet board reserved for the newspapermen there were two bottles of wine at each place. Yes, there was a good "write-up" of the banquet in all the papers the next day.

Who says the country newspaper has not taught the world something? How often have we read in the Bingville Bugle some such item as this: "As we go to press Farmer Brown's barn is burning. Full particulars in our next issue." And now comes Cor. A. E. Wakefield, stationed at Port Elizabeth, and in the Daily Consular Reports, says: "The market for ostrich feathers has improved further particulars by next mail." We wait in suspense, even as we used to do when we read the old-fashioned country paper.

And now the unkindest blow of all has fallen. Portland papers please take notice. In the Daily Consular Reports for June 16 is a two and a half page article on "Harbor Improvements at Portland, Oregon." And by whom do you suppose it is written? No, Mr. Piper. No, it is by W. B. Henderson, of SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. It has come to this—a Seattle man has to boost Portland! Well, we are glad somebody did it, anyway.

Another fond dream of our childhood is shattered. We used to think orange marmalade was made in Dundee, Scotland, and that it was almost next to haggis as a native Scotch delicacy. And now we learn through the assorted news that our Uncle Samuel, at Washington D. C., sends us that "so great is the demand for marmalade in London that Spanish shippers are still sending bitter oranges, which have just arrived on the English market. It is, of course, abnormally late for the fruit!"

Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little mighty bad. Here are some of the things that Great Britain wants, according to the Board of Trade Journal, of London, England: bent timber, bronze powder, cheap playing cards, chip boxes (British gamblers must be pikers!) dolls' eyes, Kaffir mirrors, military badge buttons, mouth harmonicas, slate paper, tin bootlace tags, luminous paint, pea jackets, prepared nat-

ural foliage for decorations, Scotch wool pants and screw stoppers. Isn't that a heluva list for a nation that is at war?

Times must be hard in New Zealand. An American consular officer reports that there is a shortage of gas pipes. In this neck of the woods when a man goes looking for a piece of gas pipe the sheriff usually begins to expect a hold-up.

Fine chance to sell two Ford. Consul Chester Donaldson, at Port Limon, Costa Rica, reports "there are no agents or dealers in automobiles in this district, but there are two possible purchasers."

And now, ladies and gents, let us conclude this meeting by rising and all singing together:

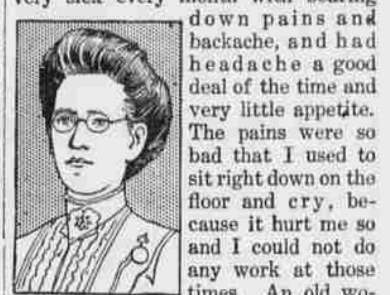
The boy stood on the burning deck,
But did not seem to care;
He said "I've just come from
Frisco,
And its hotter * * * *
down there."

R. L. Holman and T. P. Randall, Leading Undertakers, Fifth and Main St.; Telephones: Pacific 415-J; Home B-18.

IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN CRIED

Suffered Everything Until Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Florence, So. Dakota.—"I used to be very sick every month with bearing



down pains and headache, and had a good deal of the time and very little appetite. The pains were so bad that I used to sit right down on the floor and cry, because it hurt me so and I could not do any work at those times. An old woman advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I got a bottle. I felt better the next month so I took three more bottles of it and got well so I could work all the time. I hope every woman who suffers like I did will try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. P. W. JANSSEN, Box 8, Allyn, Wash.

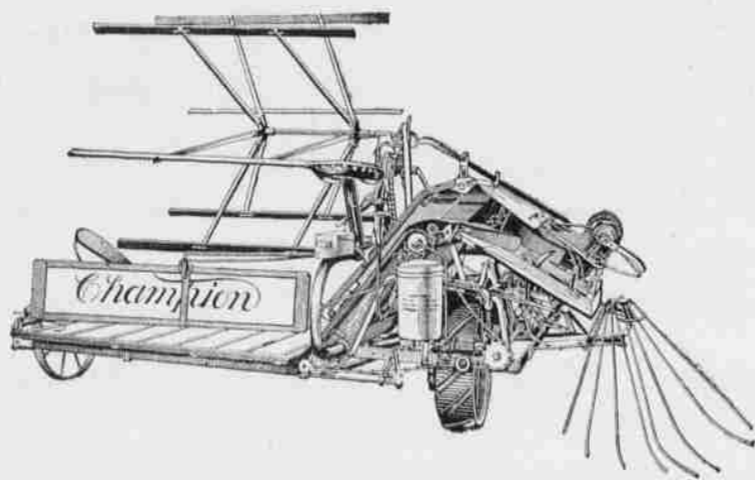
Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

You Can't Get Blood Out of a Turnip

Neither can you get your money's worth out of a binder that hasn't had it hammered and built into it the factory. A good way to find out about a binder is to look it over carefully and see if it measures up to your idea of what the machine should be. Another good way is to ask those who have used the machines. If we didn't have the fullest confidence in our machine we wouldn't advise you to do this, but as it is we will be mighty well pleased if you will ask every person you know who owns a Champion Binder, how he likes it.



THE CHAMPION BINDER like all Champion Machines is built upon the quality first policy and then it also has some very important advantages, for instance it's positive force feed elevator, which insures a continuous flow of grain to the picker arms. The Relief Rake which prevents bunching at the inner end of the platform. The Champion also has many other good strong features which we will gladly show you if you will call on us.

Need Anything in Pump or Water Supply Goods?

We carry a big stock of pumps of all kinds, pipe, fittings, hose, engines, pressure systems, etc. Give us a call when interested in this class of goods.

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Molalla, Ore.



were turned loose with only a reprimand from the court. After "justice" had thusly dealt with the young people in the case, some sage body remarked that it was too bad the parents of the girls hadn't brought them up better.

Owing to the double standard of morals, which seems to be accepted quite generally hereabouts, any young loutario may gallivant around the country and not suffer very much, but any girl who makes a mistake goes to the reform school—or worse—if she is found out. One of these days the father of one of these girls is going to see the wrong of this sort of thing, and is going to take a nice, powerful rifle and go gunning for the boy in the case. Then there will be a murder, a trial, a lot of slush about the "unwritten law," and ill feelings and general dissatisfaction all around.

Don't you think it would be better, you mothers and fathers, if you called a halt before this over-due shooting comes off? Don't you think it might be well to look into the morals of the dances that the young folk attend, and also into the week-end picnics that are staged at the various "parks" in this county, most of which feature a Saturday night dance?

The Courier doesn't believe in prudery or in blue-laws, or in trying

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laugh at." Maybe so in the East, but in Clackamas county the farmers have the Oregon City council as a perpetual source of mirth.

In the Spokane county jail recently, according to our friend and philosopher, Robert Hunter Doble, a prisoner volunteered to play upon the organ brought in by a visiting evangelist. The evangelist balked, saying: "What, you play on God's organ, you who have never been saved?" Nice, Christian sentiment for the evangelist, wasn't it?

In the current number of Farm and Fireside appears an article entitled "How to make the Hired Man work harder." From our observation of hired men we think it would be much more interesting to have an article on "How to make the Hired Man Work." After solving that problem we might go on to the next one, and make him work harder.

Councilman Henry Templeton, who sharpens the city lawn mower for a dollar a throw every now and then, remarked last week that if the pool halls were closed on Sunday the boys would go out in the woods and gamble. We wonder where Mr. Templeton discovered that all the Oregon City boys were born gamblers, and were only kept from

The man who runs an automobile on a wheelbarrow income will some day not be able to buy a wheelbarrow.

THE BANK OF OREGON CITY
33 Years in Business

\$1,635,000 Hidden

In This Year's Goodyear Tires

Here are amazing facts:

Goodyear Fortified Tires contain five costly features found in no other tire. They have other features not common.

If we omitted those features, this year's probable output would cost us \$1,635,000 less. We could add that much to our profits. And you would never know it until troubles came.

This year's improvements alone will cost us \$500,000 yearly. Most of this goes into extra rubber—all into extra rubber.

We shall spend on research \$100,000 this year to find other betterments still.

Users Save \$5,000,000

Yet our 1915 price reduction—made February 1st—will save Goodyear users about \$5,000,000 this year. And that was our third reduction in two years, totaling 45 per cent.

These extra features—used by us alone—will save users millions more.

That's why Goodyears dominate. They have long outsold any other. They are gaining new users faster than we can supply them. We hope, for your own sake, that they'll soon win you. Any dealer will supply you.

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- OREGON CITY.....Pacific Highway Garage
- Otto Menke
- WOODBURN.....S. E. Brune & Sons
- H. F. Scholl