

OREGON CITY COURIER

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THE FARMER SUFFERS

Noting in the daily press that wireless telephony has bridged the gap across the American continent, and that people have actually talked to each other through the ether between Washington, D. C., and Honolulu; we are again reminded that the farmer is the principal sufferer from the duplication of telephone service by two competing companies. And in this county we have several striking proofs of this, one of which may be cited.

In a community not over five miles from the county seat there are three "farmers' phones." One line is connected with the Bell system at Portland, another line is connected with the Bell system at Oregon City, and the third line has connection in some mysterious place with the Home company. If farmers using the first mutual line want to talk to Oregon City merchants, they can ring up and get any store or shop that has Pacific states phones in the county seat, and they get direct service. If a farmer on the second line wants to talk to Oregon City friends, he has to call Oregon City through Portland, and then he may talk with any Bell subscriber in the county seat. If the farmer on the third line wants to talk to either Oregon City or Portland, he is limited in his conversation to such people as have Home phones.

But if the farmer on the first line wants to talk to a farmer on the second line, he must call around via the county seat and Portland, and his toll charges are correspondingly high—even though the man he wants to talk to may be only half a mile away. And if the poor farmer whose mutual line connects with the Home phone wants to talk to a farmer on either of the other two mutual lines then he must go over to his house and talk with him in person, for his phone isn't any use at all.

The chief beauty of the telephone—as an ideal—is that it makes it possible for city and country to talk with each other at a moment's notice; and that it also removes the isolation of farm life. That is the ideal.

But under the double system of telephones, with the Bell and Home companies refusing to interconnect their exchanges, the farmer is more isolated than ever by having a telephone, and he can only talk to a limited number of phone subscribers. The farmer pays for his telephone, thinking he can use it to expedite his business—and he finds that he pays for only half or one-third of the telephone service he might naturally expect.

If there is any excuse for two telephone systems, which work in perfect harmony as far as rates go; and which only give such service as is actually paid for, the Courier would like to have somebody enlighten it. It is true that one of the competing phone companies appears to charge a lower rate than the other—but the reduction is only apparent. As a matter of fact the cheaper telephone has not the extended service that the other company has, it has not the connections, and it cannot get them as things are at present. So the cheaper service is not cheaper—it is simply limited.

The city dweller does not suffer quite so much from this duplicate and unsatisfactory service. The city man or woman can usually find a neighbor who has "the other phone." But the farmer is handicapped every time he wants to call up somebody on "the other phone," for he may have to go miles to get to a house that has a line connecting with it.

Duplication of telephone service is a waste, a polite form of robbery and a nuisance to the city man; but to the farmer duplication of telephones is grand larceny as far as time, money and convenience go.

MORE ABOUT TAXES

There seems to be no end to discovery of injustice in the general property tax. At the Conference on September 14 of the League of Iowa Municipalities at Council Bluffs, Mayor Cross, of Burlington showed the unfairness of assessments of merchandise, even assuming that every merchant return the exact value of his

stock on hand on the day of assessment. Mayor Cross said:

"A little inquiry at my home city elicited the following answers to the question, 'About how often do you turn over the value of your stock?': hardware and furniture, once per annum; dry goods, two and one-half, or three times; shoes, one and one-half to two times; drugs, two to three times; jewelry, once in three years; grocery, three to eight times annually; meat market, once a week or 52 times a year.

"From these answers we find that a jewelry store is taxed 156 times as high as a meat market having the same amount of sales, etc.

"Wholesale houses turn their stocks over about three times a year, while the large mail order houses in the large cities throughout the country turn their stocks over much quicker. These latter are given a big advantage in taxation over the local merchants, as they fill many of their orders direct from the factory where the goods are manufactured which therefore do not show upon any invoice of stocks for taxation."

In other words, however, conscientious assessors and taxpayers might be, anything approaching a fair and equal assessment of merchandise is an absolute impossibility.

There are other reasons, of course, why merchandise should not be taxed. There should be no tax levied on anything produced by human labor, because we do not want to discourage production of wealth.

In the same address, Mayor Cross made clear the inexpediency of taxing any kind of personal property or improvements on land. He urged local option in taxation, so that any community which might want to adopt the single tax should do so.

THE MODERN VIEW

After Artemus Smith had left the inquest, his friends gathered about him and asked him what he had told the coroner's jury.

"I didn't tell 'em anything," replied Artemus. "A lawyer asked me if I had seen the accident, and I said no, that I got there right after it, and I was excused. But I'll get my witness fees just the same, for I was subpoenaed."

"That's pretty easy money," remarked one of his friends.

"I should worry," said Artemus, "it ain't my money, it is county money."

And therein Artemus expressed the modern point of view. "I should worry, it ain't my money, it is county money." Or maybe it is city money, or state money—as long as it is money raised by more or less indirect taxation we don't worry how we spend it.

This is not to be taken as a criticism of any coroner's case, or of any specific case at all. It is typical of the way nine-tenths of the people feel about public expenditure. Just because we Oregonians don't pay a poll tax, we look upon all tax-raised money as some weird kind of God-given providence, to be obtained on every opportunity. And some of our officials, who have the spending of this money, seem to hold the same view.

One of these days we will all wake up to the fact that we all pay taxes—either directly or indirectly; and then we will take an interest in the public funds, and regard them as our funds. And we will watch to see how they are spent, and who gets them, and what each person receiving public money did to EARN it. And when all of the people get curious about that, and read the monthly expense accounts of the counties and the cities and the state—why then taxes will be reduced and we won't all of us be yelling that times are hard, and that we want economy in public offices.

The fault doesn't lie at the top of the heap—it lies with common citizens like the imaginary Artemus Smith whose imaginary but typical remark is the excuse for this bit of wisdom.

HAVE YOU WAKENED UP YET?

WAR STUFF

In beginning this editorial we wish to offer an apology to our readers for not having had one sooner. We no-

ting that all the "great newspapers," many of which have less circulation than ours, have a war editorial every day. We have only had about three since the war started, but we will try to make up for this later.

Now after making that beginning, we wish to call attention to a discovery that we made when we wrote the heading of this brilliant editorial; and that is that if we had spelled the first word backwards, the caption would have read "Raw Stuff" instead of what it does read.

Upon discovering that by this simple transposition we could make "war" read "raw," a great thought struck us; and we wish to give it to our honest and frank opinion here that this great war is pretty raw stuff.

And this is an age in which the human race is supposed to have outgrown the cave-man period, when raw meat, raw vegetables and raw thots and actions were the proper thing—because then man didn't know any better.

So we therefore close this editorial with the declaration that war is raw, and that we ought not to have any more of it.

AGAIN WE VENTURE

The Benton County Courier, which we dearly love to read, and whose nuggets of wisdom we and the Oregonian occasionally like to reprint, remarks in its issue of last week that it observes the Oregon City Courier does "printing with a punch." And our Benton county namesake says that it supposes we are going to print the ball scores of the world's series with that punch.

The Estacada Progress also observes that we do "printing with a

publican leaders," whatever that is.

And this Bourne party, who never had any actual residence in Oregon, but who maintained a legal residence in a room and bath at the Portland hotel, has now apparently deserted the ranks of Oregon's stalwart republicans and has gone to South Carolina, the latest gem in the prohibition diadem.

What does it mean? Does Bro. Jnothn. love Oregon less than he did when he was on the payroll, or has he concluded that the republican party in Oregon has been submarined and burst wide open down the middle?

Sailors say rats desert a sinking ship—and maybe seafaring men know what they are talking about.

Do your Christmas shopping early!

Rain opened the hunting season, but they went out just the same.

We haven't heard any more about the bar association. Have all the attorneys reformed?

While ankle-watches may be all the vogue, we fail to see what use they would be to straight-laced ladies.

Oregon City seems to have awakened to the desirability of hard surface paving for its streets, judging from the work being ordered.

Why is Councilman Templeton like a dictionary? He has so many words inside of him. And why is Councilman Templeton not like a dictionary? A dictionary is useful.

A federal consular report tells us that during the years ending March 31 1915, Canada spent over \$38,000 for skates. That's nothing—before Ore-

MORE PAVING PLANNED

Special Meeting of Council Decides on Improvement of Hill Street

At a special meeting of the Oregon City council last week an application signed by practically all the property owners on John Q. Adams street from Fourth to Seventh was presented, asking for the immediate improvement of that section of the thoroughfare with a four-inch hard surface paving of the Worswick specifications at 75 cents per square yard. Part of the cost of this will have to be borne by the city, as the library park fronts on one side of the street.

With Councilmen Hackett and Van-Auken absent, the application for the street work was carried. Albright Meyer, Long and Metzner voting for it, Templeton voting against it, and Andrews and Cox voting mentally but not audibly. It is believed that if Andrews and Cox had expressed their vote verbally they would have been registered in the "no" column.

Owing to the desire to get the work completed before the winter weather sets in, the council instructed the Worswick company to proceed with it at once, and the council will in regular routine go through the red tape necessary to drawing a contract. Mr. Andrew spoke briefly in opposition to the plan, and Mr. Templeton talked for fifteen minutes upon his reverence for the city budget, as an alibi for voting against the idea. Had there been a full council present it is expected that the petition for the paving would have been recommended by a five to four vote, and with Templeton voting for it. Mr. Templeton, however, said that he wouldn't have voted that way at all, but would

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THE **Rexall** DRUGGISTS
Oregon City, Oregon

Social Is Success

G. Everett Baker, of Portland, and Albert Roake and Verne Roake's orchestra, of the county seat, were the chief entertainment stars of the "Peace and Plenty" social given last Friday evening by the brotherhood of the Congregational church. Refreshments were served on shingles instead of plates, and music by local players added to the festivity of the occasion.

Mrs. Orchard Dies

Mrs. S. A. Orchard, a pioneer of 1852, died last Friday at The Dalles. She was 87 years old. Mrs. Orchard is survived by two daughters, Mrs. C. E. Myers, of Gladstone, and Mrs. Lucy Allen, of The Dalles.

J. A. LIZBERG

Abstracter

See him for Abstracts of Title, Loans, Real Estate, Insurance, Deeds, Mortgages and any facts in any Public Record.

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Childhood Memories

Isn't it a fact that some of the things that happened to you in your childhood are still among the most vivid things in your memory?

Childhood impressions are lasting. As the twig is inclined, the tree will grow. If you teach the child the saving habit by starting a bank account, the habit will grow. Many parents realize this and have had their children open accounts at our bank. They are taught to save pennies, the nickles and the dimes. In after years it is easy for them to save the dollars also. You couldn't do better by your children than to help them start a little bank account.

The Bank of Oregon City

34 Years in Business

punch," and modestly says that for itself it doesn't use a punch, but uses a job press. We long suspected that the Progress made its weekly debut from some such bed.

Pursuing our exchanges further, we note that the Benton County Courier in 24-point type announces that "The Courier doesn't take orders from any man."

As the Courier usually "prints the truth as it sees it," we are pained to hear from its own ink-stained lips that its customers are all ladies. Taking printing orders exclusively from the fair sex may be very delightful—but there is money to be made also from printing orders handed in by mere men.

We trust Brother M. J. Brown will soon see the error of his way, and make his print shop coeducational.

WHO SAID RATS?

Brother John Jonathan Johnathan Bourne has purchased a vast estate in South Carolina, and will erect thereon "two magnificent bungalows."

Brother Jonathan is the present and self-appointed leader of the attack on the Wilson administration—the unpatriotic, unreasonable and uncalled for attack that our friend and neighborly contemporary over Barlow's store so dearly loves to aid and abet.

Brother Jonathan used to be a republican senator from Oregon, and at present is one of the "national re-

gon City went dry that much was probably spent here for "skates," too.

Cutting out three of the county's road districts may help some; but we know three road supervisors who won't be able to see any benefit in the change.

No, that noise last Friday morning was not a surprise attack from the Japanese army of invasion—it was simply the Oregon army of pheasant hunters "going after 'em."

There is a "h" of a difference between Oregon and Europe. No profanity is here meant. In Europe the men with guns are hunting pheasants; and in Oregon men with guns are hunting pheasants.

Some people wonder why the inter-urban line fears jitney competition from the county seat to Portland when the "jits" charge a nickel more for the ride, and make no better time.

In spite of the fact that telegraph service with Europe was suspended for 48 hours this week for reasons of "military necessity," we didn't notice any falling off in the big headlines over the war news.

Did you ever give the Courier a trial on your stationery? You will find that they have the most up-to-date faces of type and are right there with the punch in getting up a suitable design that will please you—and

have balked at the ballot and left the matter up to the mayor for decision.

Earlier in the session Mr. Schuebel called the attention of the council to the fact that after being instructed on May 19 to foreclose certain liens held by the city, he had drawn and filed papers, only to find that the instructions for so doing had been accidentally omitted from the minutes. He asked the council to order the minutes corrected.

Mr. Templeton rose statuesquely in his place, and announced that he remembered the original motion perfectly, that he had made it and that Mr. Metzner had seconded it. He then said he would move for a correction of the minutes—and losing the trend of his thought at that point he consulted a piece of pink paper lying on his desk and in a second or two read off the motion, which carried.

The pink slip of paper was unsigned, but contained the following orders: "Make motion to instruct City Recorder to enter into the minutes of May 19, '15 a motion instructing the City Attorney to foreclose all city liens returned by the City Treasurer."

Who slipped these "orders" to Templeton was not divulged, and he showed considerable peeve later on when a newspaperman grabbed the pink slip from his desk. Other councilmen who saw the proceeding laughed.

"Printing with a punch"—at the Courier.