

OREGON CITY COURIER

Published Thursdays from the Courier Building, Eighth Street, and entered in the Postoffice at Oregon City, Ore., as 2nd class mail matter

E. R. BROWN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Subscription Price \$1.50. Telephones, Pacific 51; Home A-51

THIS PAPER REPRESENTS FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE



GENERAL OFFICES
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

WHERE WE LOSE

The Rev. T. B. Ford has left Oregon City to take up more extensive church duties as superintendent of this district of the Methodist Episcopal church at Salem. While the Courier congratulates Dr. Ford on his advancement, and while this paper believes that the entire district of the Methodist church will be benefited by having Dr. Ford in charge as the directing spirit; this paper is sincerely sorry to see Dr. Ford removed from the county seat. And the Courier believes that many people will feel as it does—people who did not attend Dr. Ford's church, as well as those who did.

Dr. Ford was one of the great forces in Oregon City. He was a great force in the county. He was one of the few men hereabouts whose life reached out and influenced the lives of others. Dr. Ford was a MAN, and perhaps those who differed with him are more willing to admit this than those who were in closest touch with him. In a time of change, and of compromise; in an era of search for something new, for something different, Dr. Ford stood as a pillar of support for the old order of things, for the church of his boyhood, and for the religion of his fathers.

There was nothing modern about Dr. Ford or the religion he preached. This is said as a compliment, and is the truth. Dr. Ford was a stalwart foe of modernism. He preached and he believed the creed that he learned when he learned the duties of the ministry. His religion, and the religion that he expounded from his pulpit, was the old, unyielding religion of a time that has gone by—and because of this it was a religion that held and grew and endeared itself to the hearts of his flock. Modern discussion of religious creeds found no place in Dr. Ford's mind; modern variations of creed to suit the popular fancy was unknown to him. He preached the religion that had been taught him, the religion to which his church has clung from the start, without compromise, without modification, without idea of change.

Dr. Ford was a stalwart of the old school. He never forgot that he was a minister, and he never wanted to forget it. His calling in life he viewed as a sacred duty, and to in any way transgress from the tenets of his creed he regarded as treason to his church. And for this he was a great man, a man greater than perhaps even he knew. In a shifting, modern, questioning life he represented a concrete example of the church militant; his life was a constant example to others to hold fast to their beliefs, and to dismiss any suggested modification as heresy. Such men as this are needed in the world to uphold the old order of things until a new order is proved worthy of support; such men as he are the pegs which hold the fabric of our civilization together, and which prevent us from slipping too far to radicalism.

First and foremost Dr. Ford was a minister, a powerful preacher, a soldier of the church. Together with all this he was a kindly neighbor, a man who took a keen interest in the drift of modern times yet who did not approve of this drift. And also he was one of the keenest politicians of the time. But neither his politics, his interest in current events, or his interest in his neighbors ever clouded his chief duty—which, as he saw it, was to be a minister of the Methodist church. At all hours of the day and night he was ever ready to answer the call of the church, to do the work of the church, or to fight the battles of the church.

Such a man can ill be spared by any community. Oregon City will feel his loss keenly, for it is doubtful if any younger man who may come to fill his place will have the same old-time stalwartness of character. Men like Dr. Ford are not moulded in these modern days, the life of the twentieth century is not conducive to their development. Yet the very life which does not make men like this needs leaders of this stamp. Dr. Ford will be missed—missed in many quarters. The Courier is sorry to see him go; yet it does not begrudge him his advancement. This paper hopes that in his wider field Dr. Ford will meet

prosperity and success; and it also hopes that his duties will permit him at frequent intervals to return for brief visits to the field in which so much of his needed work was done.

HINT FOR LIBRARY

Trying ever to be useful to the community that supports it, the Courier this week is going to suggest that a much-needed change be made in the library rules at Oregon City. We trust that the library board will think well of the suggestion, and that it will be adopted.

Perusal of the press of the nation gives us the information that the management of the St. Paul poorhouse has set apart a room in the building for the use of elderly and indigent ladies who like to smoke. In this room the county poor may sit at their ease and read the papers and magazines, and enjoy corn-cob-pipes, old briars or cigars. Cigarettes only are barred. No longer will the county poor have to sit out in the Minnesota blizzards in winter time if they want to smoke—they may sit in comfortable quarters, next to the big stove, and enjoy life in their declining years.

If St. Paul can do this for its indigent poor, why cannot Oregon City do it for its thrifty and industrious citizens? The saloon having been abolished in this community, and no substitute for the "poor man's club" yet having made its appearance, why would it not be both charitable and progressive of the library board to clean up the basement of the little building in the Seventh street park, install a few tables and chairs, and there establish quarters where the studious could read and smoke during the rainy season? This would increase the patronage of the library, might even spread learning and entertainment in places where it would be appreciated, and would also provide some substitute for the saloon and pool-hall, both of which seem to be under a more or less strong ban at the present time.

The Courier makes this suggestion in all seriousness. There are libraries in New England where a room is set apart for smokers, and the plan has proved a thorough success. People who never before knew the uses of a library have become earnest patrons of the institution, to their own profit and to the profit of the library. Smoking is conducive to meditation, and many a man (and perhaps woman) will get more out of a book if reading it under the soothing influence of the weed that made Sir Walter Raleigh famous. Particularly in a community like the county seat, where there is no place for the single man to go on rainy evenings, would such a refuge be appreciated. The library is for the use of the public, and a very considerable proportion of the public likes to smoke. Probably there is room in the basement of the library for such a den, and doubtless the ventilation could be so arranged that the fumes of pipes and cigars would not penetrate to other sections of the building.

The Courier would like to know why the plan should not at least be given a trial.

A WISE LAW

The Courier is glad to see that New Jersey has taken the lead in enacting needed and important legislation. It is indeed fortunate that New Jersey's wise men have done as they have done for by so doing they have set an example that even the Oregon City council could well follow. They have not only passed an important law, but they have not waited until public necessity made the law a crying need—they have looked ahead, seen their duty to the future, and acted promptly. It is too bad that there are not more law-makers like those of New Jersey.

And what has New Jersey done? New Jersey has made it a misdemeanor for any operator of an airplane, airship or other appliance for travel in the atmosphere to proceed on his or her way at night unless legal lights are plainly displayed. All air machines in New Jersey must henceforth show a red light in the rear, must carry port and starboard lights

on either side of the pilot's seat, and must be equipped with a searchlight for use in crowded spheres of aerial travel.

It is true that there is no pressing need of such a law at this time. No collisions between airships have occurred in Jersey's peaceful skies because the speeding mechanical birds have not duly displayed warning lights. But the New Jersey legislators doubtless figured that the time might come when such regulations would be necessary, and so they put them on the statute books. This is real progress—it is real law-making, and it is worthy of copying. Particularly is it worthy of the attention of Oregon City's council, which is engaged in giving the county seat a business administration.

Oregon City's council should go a step further; not only should it immediately pass an ordinance regulating the lights and speed of aeroplanes and airships, but it should also provide a code to be followed by submarines that may travel back and forth in the Willamette river. All submarines coming south in the river should be forced to carry pink lights in their noses and two green lights in their tales, and should always duck below the surface when passing under the suspension bridge so as not to frighten horses passing over the structure. Submarines going north should wear a red light in their tales and three pale blue lights in their noses, and should reduce speed on approaching the locks. These matters should be looked after at once, as none of the present council can tell how soon airships and submarines will become part of our daily life.

It is hoped that Mr. Templeton, the county seat's great humanitarian, will put this little matter down in

oats, \$10 per 100 pounds; onions, \$12 per bushel; potatoes, \$8 per bushel; fresh pork, \$3.50 per pound; salted pork, \$3; quinine, \$80 per ounce; rice, \$1.50 per pound; rye, \$12 per bushel; cotton shirtings, \$1.75 per yard; shoes \$25 per pair; socks, \$4 per pair; sheep, \$50 per head; sugar, \$5 per pound; soap, \$2; tea, \$10; tobacco, \$3; wagons \$700; wool, \$12 per pound.

A display ad calls attention that gas will thereafter be \$80 per 1000 feet.

A physician advertises that on account of the closing of the ports He-patica pills will be \$5 a box.

Advertising rates in the Confederate are quoted at \$5 for ten lines. Every man is urged to offer himself as a martyr to the Confederate cause and all are warned that they may expect no hope from the "vile foe now aiming at our destruction."

"Is There Any Hope for Us?" is the heading of a long editorial. It relates Sherman's triumphant march through Georgia, the fall of Savannah, the capture of Fort Fisher, the occupation of Columbia, etc. It says the future is full of peril, but that the only hope is in God, and that He will not forsake.

Even in these days that tried men's souls, an occasional joke was evidently relished and the Confederate printed the following:

"Hall's Journal of Health, which claims to be authority in medical science, has taken a stand against married people sleeping together, but thinks they had better sleep in adjoining rooms. It says kings and queens do not sleep together, and why should other people? Think of separating a married couple on a cold winter's night, because Hall's Journal of Health says so. You go to grass, Mr. Hall."

support the students in brands of idiosyncrasy that are neither useful as recreation or in the development of character?

There is in many institutions of learning in these United States a law against what is commonly known as "hazing;" and in many more of the universities and colleges to fraternities, with their mock rituals and their snobbishness, are under the ban. Why not in Oregon? Why should the annual attack upon those students who for the first time seek the opportunities for higher education? Why should the freshman in college be regarded as legitimate game by the upper classes? Has not the average freshman troubles enough?

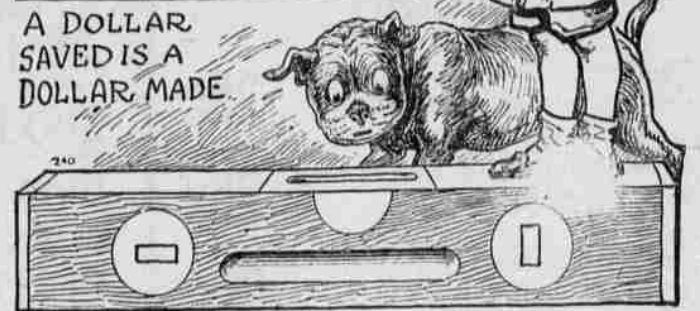
Every now and then somebody gets crippled or killed in a hazing episode. When that happens there is usually an end to hazing. Must Oregon wait until some youth is stretched cold as the result of this puerile silliness, before the practice is stopped? It would seem that the taxpayers have some rights in the matter, and that hazing ought to be regulated to a considerable degree. If both these things were done there would be considerable college time saved—and as time is money in college even as it is elsewhere, there would be money saved, too. And anywhere in Oregon that money may be saved there will be a relief to the taxpayer. The taxpayer bears enough burdens as it is—he ought not to be asked to bear the nonsensical burden of the annual monkey-business that is so great a part of college and university life every fall.

PLAIN FOOLISHNESS

When Councilman Henry M.

RESOLVED THAT WE HAVE BUILT OUR BUSINESS BY DOING BUSINESS ON THE LEVEL. WE WANT YOUR TRADE AND WE CAN KEEP IT IF YOU WILL COME TO US JUST ONCE.

A DOLLAR SAVED IS A DOLLAR MADE



We do not claim that we can sell goods on a smaller margin of profit than our neighbors; but we do claim that our connection with the United Drug Co.—that mighty association of 7000 Rexall Druggists—enables us to buy many lines of goods at less cost than anyone outside the organization can possibly buy them. That's why many of our prices are lower. We solicit your business on the basis of prices, good merchandise and cheerful accomodating service.

Huntley Bros. Company

THE **Rexall** DRUGGISTS
Oregon City, Oregon

DICK'S HAND AND POWER FEED CUTTERS
Also Diamond Grinders, Giant Roller Mills.

HOOSIER DISC DRILLS
No Better Made

The Light Draft J. I. Case Plow
Walking and Riding

Sanders and Benecia Disc Plows
Best for the Northwest

FARMERS

SEE US FOR YOUR NEEDS IN Farm Machinery Implements Buggies Pumps Engines

Our Stocks Are New—Our Goods Are Up-To-The Minute.

We Sell at Portland Prices

W. J. Wilson & Co.
Oregon City

Geo. Blatchford
Molalla, Oregon

VULCAN CHILLED PLOWS
We guarantee them to work where any other chilled plow will work and places where others will not.

DOWDEN LIGHT DRAFT POTATO DIGGER
Digs cleaner and easier than others.

Iowa Curved Disc Cream Separator
Guaranteed to skim closer (warm or cold milk) than any other cream separator on the market.

The Bloom Manure Spreader
With the patented reach is the lowest priced GOOD spreader made.

MYER DOOR HANGERS
Easy Running Long Lasting

or ukase—whatever one desires to call it—is discriminatory, and there for would not stand in any court of law. The jitney men say they will ignore it. Aside from this it is foolish; and in addition Mr. Templeton says it is in the interests of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company and also helpful to the Southern Pacific. It is nice to know that Mr. Templeton is the familiar friend of these corporations, and that Mr. Templeton is even willing to be foolish to please these corporations—for it is said that Henry M. Templeton will try to beat Mr. Hackett in the latter's race for mayor at the coming election. It is always interesting to know where a candidate for mayor stands, and which corporations are his friends.

THE LAW

It is not surprising that there is at times to be noted a distrust of the law. Nor is it surprising that there are complaints in regard to the "justice" of judicial decisions. Not so very long ago there was a case in the courts in which one of the presiding judges remarked that the court was not concerned with the justice of the claims of either party, but was concerned solely with the interpretation of the law.

Last week in the county seat Judge Campbell decided one of the Milwaukee water cases. Apparently he decided it according to the law as it related to property rights. It so happens that in these Milwaukee water cases there are also rights of life and public health at stake; and to some it appears that a matter of life and health should take precedence over one of property rights.

Many people in Milwaukee are unable to see the point of view of the court in reaching the decision it did. Milwaukee sought pure water. The water companies declared that Milwaukee could not have pure water until they received from the people a valuation which they placed on their old and imperfect plants. Hence the issue was between public health and property rights. The court, it appears, ruled in favor of property rights—and in the minds of some of the residents of Milwaukee, this was a mistake.

Two nice new earthquakes at San Francisco. Are you still planning to see the fair?

French and Germans are fighting over Champagne. Many fights have started over champagne.

The war will now take a back seat—the "world's series" is on the front page of the newspapers again.

M. J. Brown answers us and says the European war loan will never be paid, but that we'll get rich on perpetual interest. That's nice.

Now that the Enterprise has pronounced the road laws as much of a puzzle as the city charter, why doesn't Chris move to have 'em codified?

John N. Sievers appears to be the only republican candidate for district attorney who isn't campaigning in the papers. Why so modest, John?

Pure mountain water got heated eight degrees in its journey through the pipe line last week. If you or I, brother, had rawled through all that pipe we'd have been heated more than that.

Rex Lampman, who writes dashed funny stuff for a Portland publication was the "lion" of an "evening" in society the other night. Rex said he only went "to study types." Wait till his hostess hears that!

Somebody told Mayor Jones the other day that Bob Robinson, the "miner poet" who recited a ditty about pioneers and manures before a former charter committee had been hung. Not so—Bob is working, instead.

Robert Strahorn, we note, is building another "independent railroad." Maybe Robert will do that someday—but everything he has built "independently" so far has rapidly found its way into the Southern Pacific sack.

Jonathan Bourne's purchase of a 1600-acre farm in Alabama disposes of him as a political factor in Oregon, where he merely had a legal residence. He never displayed that much faith in the future of this state. He is now eliminated by this purchase from the senatorial field here, for which let us feel thankful.—(Woodburn Independent.)

No matter what crime Hooker had committed he should have been treated humanely. Even in war it is customary to do this, and the wounded soldier of the enemy is treated just as well as the soldier of the captor. No officer has a right to take the law in his hands and mete out justice according to his personal ideas. In civilized America we should be careful how we act in matters of the character of the Hooker tragedy.—(Albany Democrat)

Minister Gives Testimony

The Rev. C. M. Knighton, Havana, Fla., writes: "For three months I suffered intense pain in kidneys and back, which at times laid me up entirely. I read of Foley Kidney Pills and after trying various remedies without result I decided to try the Foley treatment. I was relieved almost with the first dose and it is a fact that I used only 1 1/2 bottles when all of the pains disappeared. I am 55 years of age and now feel like a young man again."—Jones Drug Co.

NEW SYSTEM

Painless Dentists

First-class Painless Dentistry at reasonable prices. All our work Guaranteed.

Painless Extraction

EXAMINATION FREE

We Speak German

LADY ASSISTANT

Rooms 9, 10, 11, 12 Andresen Bldg.

Phones: Pacific 10 Home A 200

A Drop of Ink Makes Millions Think



It also writes a check that pays that bill of yours. You may want to send money a distance for various purposes. The "drop of ink" and a bank balance at this bank makes the check you send pass as handy as money.

The Bank of Oregon City
34 Years in Business

IN THE OLDEN DAYS

An interesting old-time newspaper was brought to the Courier office last week—the Daily Confederate, published at Raleigh, N. C., February 23, 1865.

On the first page is a column of market prices for foodstuffs, implements, dry goods, etc., from which are a few quotations. The prices were no doubt in Confederate currency.

Apples, per bushel, \$7; axes, \$18.50; beef, \$2 per pound; salt, \$2.50 per pound; tallow candles, \$5 per pound; wool cloth for soldiers' clothes, \$5 per yard; coffee per pound, \$12.50; corn per bushel, \$12; corn meal, \$12.50 for 50 pound sacks; wool hats, \$8; hay, \$8 per 100 pounds; artillery horses, \$1500 each, rent of room per month, \$40; sole leather per pound, \$10; molasses, \$15 per gallon; mules, \$1500 per head; nails, \$200 per keg;

The old paper is yellow with age and its folds are worn through, but it is a valuable relic. It was brought to the Courier office by Sam Moore.—(Benton County Courier.)

HIGHER EDUCATION

Citizens of the state of Oregon contribute annually large sums of money for the maintenance of the state university and the agricultural college. According to the prospectus of these institutions, the young men and women who attend them may learn many things there—the professions of law and medicine, engineering, architecture, in short everything from law to cooking, including farming and road-building. The institutions are maintained to make better citizens, to impart useful knowledge, and to advance the interests of the rising generation in the state.

All of which is as it should be. And that the citizens of Oregon should pay for this, through taxation, is also mete and proper.

What, then, of the youth that attends these institutions? Should they realize what the state is doing for them, and apply themselves diligently to taking advantage of their opportunities? Or should they spend much of their time in ducking each other in mill-streams, in forcing a part of the student body to wear green hats, and in the serio-comic monkeyshines of the fraternity houses? Is it right to ask the taxpayers of the state to

Templeton launched and put across his famous "public utility vehicle" ordinance it was evident to all sober-minded men and women that in due time there would follow a legislative mess that would at least be amusing, and that probably would be pathetic. Last week the mess was spilled, when Councilman Templeton's street committee submitted a report to the council providing that all non-resident jitney owners should pay a license fee of not less than \$50 per quarter in advance before any "franchise" should be issued to them to operate.

Even the Hon. Christian Schuebel, who delights to draw up ordinances, resolutions, stipulations, laws and other things, saw the approaching folly of the Templeton plan, and suggested that the council repeal the Templeton funny-business, and in its place pass a sane, restrictive and regulatory ordinance dealing with jitneys. Mr. Templeton, however, raised the cry of "mock economy," and declared that to pass another ordinance would simply make more business for the city official newspaper. Mr. Templeton hates to see any newspaper get any money at all.

Perhaps the chief other person present at the council meeting who fully appreciated the idiocy of the Templeton resolution was a jitney driver, who rose and asked Mr. Templeton what the license fee for Fords would be if regular automobiles were charged \$200 a year. The Templeton report, resolution