

TELL 'EM ABOUT IT

Write to the Folks Back East and Give Your Opinion of Oregon

In an effort to boost Oregon and make it better known to Easterners who may some day "see America first" and take a jaunt out this way, the Portland Chamber of Commerce has announced that January 17 to 22 shall be "Letter Writing Week," and calls upon every loyal Oregonian to write to everybody that he or she may know in the east during that week.

The Portland Chamber of Commerce is NOT furnishing stamps for these letters, but it will have on tap a number of letter-writing experts, and if you can't think of enough nice things to say regarding Oregon these experts will be glad to send you a rough draft of a letter as a model. There will be a meeting in the Portland Chamber of Commerce on January 5 to work the plan out in detail, and anybody interested is invited to express his views.

ALL SNORE TOGETHER

Slumber of Marines No Longer Disturbed by "Sawers of Wood"

Because six of its eleven occupants snored and kept awake the five other sleepers not guilty of the habit, Sergeant Timothy Reardon, in charge of a squad-room in the Washington barracks of the United States Marine Corps, has replaced the silent snoring members with Marines from other squad-rooms who snore sonorously and wonderfully.

"So they'll keep each other awake when they saw wood and won't disturb the rest of some person not a member of their lodge," said Sergeant Reardon by way of explanation.

The new arrangement suits the eleven snorers perfectly and the five who vacated are pleased beyond measure.

It has been said of United States Marines that they can readily adapt themselves to any and all circumstances, under any and all conditions, and Sergeant Reardon thinks his strategy is proof positive of this.

If you were sick and have tried everything else, and have not received results, try Chiropractic treatments and get well.—Stone & Hoey, Caulfield Building, Oregon City.

RED TAGS NEXT

Auto License Numbers in 1916 Will Make Bulls Angry

With a pleasing disregard for human safety, Secretary of State Ben Olcott has ordained that automobile tags for 1916 shall be a brilliant red—almost a crimson. And considering the number of precincts in Oregon where stock is permitted to run at large, it may be surmised that before the end of the year various and sundry automobiles and Fords will be butted by bulls and yearlings that don't like the red placards. However, this will only add to the joy of life in the Oregon country.

The average auto owner will also have to look out for the other kind of "bulls" after the first of the year—police being familiarly alluded to as "bulls" in certain circles. For the edict has gone forth that all autos not tagged promptly by January 1 with a 1916 license will be apprehended, and the drivers likewise. So if you would keep out of trouble hasten and get that new red tag for your benzine buggy.

Nice for Woodburn

Woodburn' city levy is 13.3 mills. The school levy is 11 mills. These added to Marion's 16 mills will make a levy for Woodburn of 40.3 mills.—(Woodburn Independent.)

The Courier—\$1.00 per year.

O. A. C.

FARMERS' AND HOME-MAKERS' WEEK and RURAL LIFE CONFERENCES

January 3 to 8, 1916. Live Information, Practical Help for the Home the Farm, the Community. Conventions of Oregon's Greatest Industries Conferences on Oregon's Most Vital Problems. LECTURES—DEMONSTRATIONS—EXHIBITIONS—ENTERTAINMENTS. Two thousand people attended last year. It is a great place to make friends—with live thinkers and live thoughts, good workers, and good work.

WINTER SHORT COURSE

January 10 to February 4, 1916. A Practical Agricultural Course in a Nut Shell. Applied Science in Actual Work of the Farm and Household. COURSES IN FRUIT RAISING, FARM CROPS, SOILS, STOCK RAISING, DAIRY WORK, POULTRY RAISING, GARDENING, COOKING, SEWING, HOUSEHOLD ARTS, HOME NURSING, BUSINESS METHODS, ROAD BUILDING, FARM ENGINEERING, RURAL ORGANIZATIONS, MARKETING. Correspondence Courses Without Tuition. Expert Instruction in Music. Reduced railroad rates. For program write to The College Exchange, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis. (tw-12-1 to 11)

A DINNER IN JAPAN

Troubles of a Hungry Man Not to the Manner Born.

SQUATTING AT THE TABLE.

It Tried the Patience and the Muscles of the Stranger in a Strange Land, but From an Epicurean Standpoint the Worst Was Yet to Come.

Describing an amusing experience in Japan, Homer Crox in Leslie's Weekly tells how, after arriving by train in a frontier town, in his efforts to find a hotel, he tried to break into a bank. Realizing his mistake, he finally, by use of the sign language, was directed to a real hotel, where, after removing his shoes, he entered. Then:

What interested me most was something to eat, and opening my mouth to its fullest I pointed in. They motioned me to follow upstairs, but I held back, showing that I wanted the dining room, not the bedroom. Seeing a door, which I thought must be the dining room, I pushed it open, but it was the kitchen; so, thinking that they knew more about things than I did, I let them lead me upstairs. When the girl pushed back the sliding doors my heart crawled down another step, for there was only one piece of furniture in the room, a seat that looked like a two legged milk stool covered with carpet. There wasn't a single chair in the room and no place to hang my hat or coat, nothing except a bare room with a heavy matting on the floor and one of men toes brazenly peeping through my stocking.

I started to sit down on the milk stool, but it squirted out from under me, while the servant girl made no effort to hide her laughter. Dropping down on the floor, she showed me how to use the milk stool by sitting on the floor and leaning one arm on it, like a picture before Pompeii.

She took my hat and coat, and I wondered where she was going to hang them, for there wasn't a single nail or hook in the room. Carrying them over to the wall, she pushed back a small sliding door and placed them on a shelf and brought me back a kimono. She motioned for me to get into it and started down the hall. I got out of my clothes and was just slipping into the kimono when I heard her coming. I called to her to stop, but she did not understand, so I wrapped the kimono around me the best way I could and tried to keep it together, for there were no buttons on it.

On the floor she placed a table and on it a pot of tea. The table was just barely a foot high, and there was no milk or sugar for the tea, for these things spoil tea to a Japanese. Then she came with a plate of fish, a bowl of rice and a little square box with a bamboo tube in it and a bowl. In the bowl was a glove of charcoal. Soon I puzzled out that this was for lighting cigarettes and the bamboo for dropping the butts into. The first thing a Japanese thinks of is tea, and the next is cigarettes.

I started to draw up to the table, but I could not find a place for my knees. They wouldn't let me get near enough the table to carry out my designs on the fish. Seeing my trouble, the girl dropped down to show me how. She turned her feet back, with her toes pointing straight behind her, and sat down, her face in one direction and her toes in another. It looked easy, but it brought me up with a short breath. No European can sit in such an attitude.

Putting one leg under the table, with one bare knee glistening on the side, I bent over the table to proceed with the eating, but here I ran up against a snag. All I had to eat with was chopsticks. Weaving them through my fingers, I tried to break off a piece from the slab of fish, but it wouldn't break. I turned it over, hoping to spring it, but with my wabbling sticks I could only grease the plate. Openly the girl laughed. It was better than a picture show to her. She showed me how it should be done—by lifting the whole fish with the sticks and taking bites as if it were a piece of bread.

The next dish was something that puzzled me. In a round wooden dish about the size of the bowl that used to come in a package of oatmeal were white squares of meat in hot water. I worked out a piece and ate it and asked her through signs what it was. She threw out enough for a paragraph, but that did not bring me light. I asked her again, and away she went and came back with a book and, coming up close, pointed to the picture of a horse! I had been eating horse meat. Something in the book to sink, leaving me weak and limp. Although she brought me two or three more things to eat, I waved them aside. My appetite for the time had been appeased.

John Muir's Great Wealth. John Muir, who has left a rich legacy to his countrymen, like so many thousands of writers and American idealists, was poor. He was a close friend of Mr. E. H. Harriman, the multimillionaire railroad king. One day Mr. Muir surprised his wealthy friend by saying, "Harriman, you know I am a richer man than you are?"

"Yes?" said Harriman, with a question in his tone. "Because," continued Muir, "I have all the money I want, and you haven't."—From "American Ideals," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper.

Remember you must die. Let this not startle you, but let it soften you while there is yet time to do some good in the world.

Citrolax. Best thing for constipation, sour stomach, lazy liver and sluggish bowels. Stops a sick headache almost at once. Gives a most thorough and satisfactory flushing—no pain, no nausea. Keep your system cleansed, sweet and wholesome.—R. H. Weibrecht, Salt Lake City, Utah, writes: "I find Citrolax the best laxative I ever used. Does not gripe—no unpleasant after-effects."—Jones Drug Co.

"Printing with a punch"—at the Courier.

A Deathbed Promise

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I had hoped, my child," said Atkinson, "to find paying dirt for you before pegging out, but it is denied me. If I could have left you rich I would not now mind handing in my chips. But remember this, my little girl, if there's any such thing as the dead helping the living I'll help you."

These were the last words spoken by Tom Atkinson to his daughter, Ellen. He passed into unconsciousness and died the same night. Ellen had been with him in the gold fields for years and had suffered with him one disappointment after another till to her they were no longer disappointments, but expected happenings. But till the very last he had expected to strike it rich and when he was taken down with his last illness believed that he would get well enough to dig a little lower in a hole he was sinking and would strike the continuation of a lead that was paying handsomely but a hundred feet away. When death came he had not reached the goal and left his child with but a small bag of dust, not worth \$50.

However, Ellen possessed something she valued more than gold—the heart of an honest, energetic young man, who was clerking in a store not far from the property on which her father had done his last digging and where he had built the cabin in which he and his daughter lived. Mark Hosmer married Ellen a few days after her father had been laid to rest, and they lived together in the cabin the bride had occupied ever since her father had been seized with his last infatuation.

Hosmer was willing to work, but the district was not producing the gold that had been expected, and sales in the store were running down. His salary had been reduced and had reached a point where they found it difficult to make ends meet. One night when Mark came home from work he told his wife that he feared his employer was about to discharge him and do all the work himself, since the business would not warrant an assistant.

At 2 o'clock the next morning Ellen awakened her husband and asked him if he heard anything unusual. After listening he said that he did not and asked her why she had asked the question. She replied that every now and again she had heard a sound like earth thrown from a shovel.

"Go to sleep, my dear," he replied. "You lived so many years in the sound of dirt thrown out of holes in the ground that it has got on your nerves."

The next night Ellen fancied she heard the same sound, but since Mark had not heard it and thinking she would trouble him by calling his attention to what he seemed to consider a crack in her brain, she did not wake him. But she listened herself. She would hear the sound, apparently not far from the house, of a shovelful of earth thrown on the ground. Then all was silent. In a few minutes she would hear another shovelful tossed. It seemed to her, from below, as though some one were digging in a trench. Once or twice she thought she heard a pick strike a stone, but of this she was not sure. She could not to catch the sounds, but it seemed to her that they came from a corner of the lot in rear of the cabin.

She was tempted the next morning to tell her husband that she had heard the sounds repeated, but refrained, realizing that he would think something had gone wrong with her. As soon as he had departed for the store she went out to the rear of what was a four acre lot, half expecting to find that some claim jumper had been digging for gold. No sign of earth thrown up appeared.

There was a thick undergrowth separating her from where she had seemed to hear the sounds, and passing through it she came to the extreme corner of the lot. The ground was just as it had always been. The surface was uneven, and a ledge of red stone a few feet high furnished a convenient seat. She sat down on it and idly picked up a loose piece of it and examined it. She noticed that it presented a rather singular appearance. Her father had often shown her such pieces of ore, which, he said, were very rich in gold.

Ellen took the fragment to the cabin and put it in her bureau drawer; then, taking her father's pick and shovel, she went back to the spot from which she had taken the stone and began to dig.

Since the place was concealed by undergrowth, Mark did not notice the excavation. Ellen, who had had a long experience in the appearance of ore, dug on till she came to something that looked worth examination. Taking specimens, the next day, instead of digging, she carried them to an assayer.

One evening when Mark came home from work looking distressed on account of the dullness of trade, which foreboded his discharge, Ellen threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming: "Mark, we are rich!"

"What do you mean?" "Come and see."

She took him to the hole she had dug and, picking up a piece of ore, told him that she had had a specimen from the place assayed and it had shown \$900 to the ton.

"How came you," he asked, "to dig here?"

Bowing her head reverently, she told him that her father had guided her, and when he asked how she reminded him of the dead promise and the sounds she had heard at night.

Scott & Bowen, Bloomfield, N. J.

Hard Rains Play Havoc

The Christmas trade of this section has been given a hard jolt by the heavy rains of the past several days, which have prevented people from getting out of the house. While we did not buy elaborately of holiday goods yet we find ourselves with more goods than we desire to have on hand at this time of the Christmas season and certainly do not wish to carry them over if a low price will move them. Therefore we will for the BALANCE OF THIS WEEK Cut the very life out of Holiday Goods—

ONE-THIRD OFF from Regular Price on All Holiday Goods!

Toilet Sets in Ivory, Sterling, Ebony, Plate. Regular \$2.50 now \$1.65. Regular \$5 now \$3.35. Regular \$7.50 now \$5.00. Regular \$12 now \$8.00. Sets \$1 to \$18 all 1-3 off. Manicuring Sets FROM \$1 TO \$10 with One-third Off! Regular \$1.50 now \$1. Regular \$3 now \$2. Regular \$4.50 now \$3. Reg. \$6 now \$4. Regular \$9 now \$6.

Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, All Leather Goods, Parisian Ivory in Sets and Single Pieces—All One-Third Off. Everything marked in plain figures; come in and take your One-Third off and make your selection.

Jones Drug Company

COUNTY SEAT DIFFERENT. JOHN MILLIKEN IS DEAD. HOW ABOUT OREGON? Are People Leaving State, and if so, in What Proportion? Last week's Benton County Courier contained a front page article by Editor M. J. Brown in which the declaration was made that for every man who came into Oregon with a carload of household goods to settle and establish a home, seven men left with their families. The Courier would like to know where Brother M. J. Brown gets his statistics. We are rather inclined at this writing to doubt the correctness of the ratio. We are inclined to believe that there is a misprint somewhere, and that Brer Brown meant to say that for every man who came into the state another one went out. This would make the population nearly stationary, except for the normal increase from births, and would seem reasonable. But the idea of seven going out to one coming in—well, that seems a little bit strong for even Oregon. We admit that incoming settlers are not often treated with such courtesy as would cause them to be glad they came; but we really don't think they are being driven out by groups of seven. If Brother M. J. is right on his figures, and will tell us where he gets them, this paper will also have a few words to say—for if people are leaving Oregon six times as fast as they are coming in, there is surely chance for newspapers to get busy and seek a remedy. NO STORAGE ALLOWED. District Attorneys Rule that Prohibition Law Prohibits Hiding Beer. If you want beer to drink after the first of the year you will have to keep it in your own cellar, or in the woodshed, or you'll have to get along with the 24 quarts every four weeks that the law allows you to get from a mail-order booze house. Such is the decision of district attorneys of the state, who met in Salem last week to consider the provisions of the prohibition law that becomes effective January 1. The embargo on storing large quantities of beer for future delivery is delivered mainly at cold storage plants. While it may be that beer so kept will be only for the use of the owner, and that it has all been paid for before the end of this year; the law says that the finding of large quantities of the forbidden drink in any place shall be prima facie evidence that it is there to be sold, and the storage house containing it may be abated as a public nuisance. Hence it is deemed to be against the law for cold storage houses to hold beer for customers. FINE PAPER RECEIVED. Birthday Edition of The Dalles Chronicle is Interesting. Celebrating its 25th anniversary, The Dalles Chronicle last week printed a special edition that had many points of attractiveness and merit about it. Perhaps the most interesting feature was a reproduction of the four pages of the first paper—the first regular issue of a newspaper printed between the Missouri and Columbia rivers. Aside from a mass of interesting information about The Dalles and some superb views of the Columbia Highway and the Cello canal. The paper is well gotten up, typographically, has enough advertising patronage to show that it stands well in the community; and is altogether one of the best examples of small city journalism that has come to the Courier in a long time.

Enjoy your New Year dinner in a newly furnished dining room. Dear Amy:— May is going to invite you and Bob to take New Year's dinner with them. John and I will be there too. We wanted to be at home New Year's and have you with us, but because I had helped May pick out her new dining room set, she insisted that John and I take dinner with her and Frank. Always, Lou. P.S.—May is tickled all kinds of ways with her new dining room set. She, of course, bought it from FRANK BUSCH Leading Furniture Dealer 11th & Main Sts. Oregon City, Ore.

Give Your Horse a Christmas Feast made up of our superior feed. It will not cost you any more than you now pay, so why not give your faithful friend a real treat? Why not every day, in fact? You'll get your reward in better service and better condition. Commence on Christmas anyway. Our feed will soon show its improving power. Remember our SNOWDRIFT FLOUR Portland Flouring Mills Oregon City, Ore.