

COUNCIL BATTLE LOSES ITS FIRE

(Continued from Page 1)

him that the matter was entirely in the street committee's hands.

"I think the matter of the elevator should be entirely in the hands of the committee on streets and public property," said Mr. Templeton, "but when it comes to the matter of discharging employees, Mr. Van Auker and the street committee have no power whatever. We had a disgraceful exhibition of this recently when Mr. Van Auker or the street committee tried to remove Mr. Bailey. Mr. Van Auker or the street committee has no right or power to take the bread from the mouths of his children, and who ever was responsible for that attempt is deserving of the gravest censure."

Mr. Van Auker bobbed right up and passed the buck back to the mayor.

"In justice to myself and the street committee," he said, "I want it distinctly understood that I was acting under the orders of Mayor Hackett, and that I did nothing on my own initiative."

Roake, Metzner, Albright and Cox then got into the fray and said their say about the elevator episode, after which the council was called on to vote upon a resolution declaring that no city employee should be discharged for cause, and then only by the mayor with the approval of a majority of the council. The resolution was adopted, with Buckles, Moore, Roake and Van Auker opposing it. Cox took a long time to make up his mind how to vote, but finally ranked in with the "solid five," saying he wanted to see the employment of city workmen taken out of politics.

"Those who voted against this resolution voted to keep the employees in politics," said Councilman Albright, "and they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

It was reported to the council that the city water board was considering the sale of a tract of 14½ acres near the Jones rock crusher, which had been reserved for a reservoir. Mr. Metzner said that Frank Busch had called his attention to this plan, and declared that the city ought to reserve that property for a public park and recreation center. Four acres of this tract are said to be ideally situated for a ball field, and the balance of the property could be made into a beautiful and centrally located park.

"There is no better place for a park and if the water board sells it, the citizens ought to get up on their ears and protest," said Mr. Roake.

Mayor Hackett declared himself opposed to the sale, and said he favored the holding of the property for a park. Mr. Metzner said if the city would make a park out of the tract he could get \$500 subscribed to fit up the level part as a ball field, with a grandstand. No action was taken, but the presumption was that the water board would be "called off."

The council then went back and bickered over the elevator operation, and talked itself to sleep. Adjournment was taken after half past ten.

MAN BURNS TO DEATH

James Hayek, of Highland, Meets Shocking Death in His Home

Confused in the smoke and flames, and unable to find the door of his room, James Hayek, 70 years old, of Highland, was burned to death Wednesday morning by flames that destroyed his house. Coroner Hempstead made an investigation of the old man's death, and judged from the position of the remains that Hayek had tried futilely to escape from the room in which he was trapped.

Hayek lived all alone in a house on the outskirts of Highland, and last night, feeling the extreme cold, built up a big fire in the stove, and retired, leaving the fire burning. An overheated flue, or sparks flying from the open door of the heater, set fire to the house, completely destroying it and killing the owner.

Hayek was unmarried. Three sisters, in Iowa City survive him. So extreme was the heat of the fire that but a handful of charred bones was all that was left of the body of the owner of the house.

THREE ARE CHOSEN

Milwaukee Councilmen Elected to Fill Vacancies Caused by Resignations

Meeting in the city hall Tuesday night, the Milwaukee council elected Herman Loeding, Dr. W. R. Taylor and Walt Hopkins members of the organization, to replace former councilmen Peery, Bond and Schoolson. The three new councilmen are strongly in favor of the immediate completion of the Bull Run water system for Milwaukee, and with their election to office it is expected that the completion of the new system will be rushed.

Of the retiring councilmen, Messrs. Bond and Peery resigned because business took them from the city, and Mr. Schoolson resigned because of his appointment as city attorney. Mr. Bond has moved to Sherwood and Mr. Peery to Oswego.

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The Courier

Descendants of Attila.

In these latter days we often hear the name of Attila, the terrible chief of the Huns. A noble family of Hungary, the Tskald family, claims him for ancestor. This family lives in Temesvar, in Transylvania. Its members speak only the Hungarian language even when they journey in the German part of Austria. Another family that puts Attila on its genealogical tree is the Esterhazy which also claims descent from Enoch, father of Methuselah and great-grandfather of Noah—Cris de Paris.

Babies in Pillows.

Babies are carried on, or rather in, long pillows by the peasant women in Hungary. A babe is laid on the pillow, the end is lapped over and is usually long enough to come up to the infant's chin. A string is then tied around the pillow, holding it close about the youngster, thus making a snug and comfortable little bed.

The Rubber Plant in 1735.

The first accurate information regarding the wonderful rubber plant was furnished by La Condamine, a French scientist who was sent in 1735 by the government of France to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito. This brought him to the heart of the rubber growing country, and much valuable information was thus obtained.

It All Depended.

A gentleman who was spending a month in the highlands of Scotland went to hire a carriage for the purpose of taking his family for a drive. He looked at a vehicle and inquired how many it would hold. The hostler scratched his head thoughtfully and replied, "It holds four generally, but six if they're well acquainted."—Argonaut.

All Mixed Up.

"Well, how did you come out with your jury duty?" "I don't like it," confessed Mrs. Wombat. "When the lawyer for the plaintiff got through I was sure he was right. When the attorney for the defendant finished I felt certain he was right. When the judge got through I didn't know who was right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HOARDING WEALTH.

Could I climb to the highest place in Athens I would lift my voice and proclaim: Fellow citizens, why do ye turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth and take so little care of your children, to whom one day you must relinquish it all?—Socrates.

Gave Him a Pointer.

George Ade was once stranded in a small town. He went into the barber's shop to get shaved and endured even unto the end. When the barber had completed his operation the humorist arose and, putting a handkerchief to his face, said gravely: "Sir, you have missed your vocation. You ought to be an oyster opener."

Why Tennyson Wrote No Letters. Tennyson once told Sir Henry Taylor that he thanked with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing and that the world knew nothing of Shakespeare but his writings and that he knew nothing of Jane Austen and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakespeare or of Jane Austen; that they, in fact, had not been "ripped open like plums."

The Relationship.

Mrs. Swiftley and her former husband were still friends. Noting the similarity of names and their familiar manner toward each other, a lady who was a guest with them at a week end party thought they must be cousins. "Is Mr. Swiftley a connection of yours?" she asked. "No," laughed Mrs. Swiftley, "a disconnection."—Judge.

Breaking a Mass of Iron.

A simple way of breaking a mass of iron is explained by an engineer. In a mass two feet square and four feet long he bored a perpendicular hole one inch in diameter and between three and four inches deep. This he filled with water and closed with an accurately fitting iron bolt. One heavy blow on this bolt broke the mass into two pieces.

Before and After.

She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite. "You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother. "And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

Proof in Hand.

"Those fish will cost you just \$10 apiece," said the fish warden as he caught a disciple of Isaac Walton pursuing his sport out of season. "Great!" exclaimed the fisherman, handing over the money. "Give me a receipt, please. Now the boys will have to believe me when I tell them what I caught."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Showy Man.

"Ma," said little Tommy Slathers, "I wish my pa amounted to something in the world."

Why, Tommy, your father is a millionaire!

"That ain't nothing, ma. Henry Penkels pa is a bandmaster and leads all the parades."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Modern Essay on Man.

"Woman," said a would-be philosopher, "ever has been man's companion, sharing his exile, exposing his cause and buckling on his armor." "And man ever has been woman's companion," replied his facetious friend, "sharing her happiness, exposing her when she would have him and burrowing up her dress at the back!"—London Telegraph.

To a Doctor.

During the week after Columbia university had given Walter Damrosch the degree of musical doctor the noted conductor received a note from Alexander Lambert, in which the piano pedagogue remarked:

"I am so glad you are a 'doctor of music.' Now, when I am sick of music I shall know where to go."

The First Cannon.

The first cannon was carried by soldiers, and one man held it in both hands while the other fired it.

Objected to Paying Twice.

"Look here, waiter. Eighty cents is an outrageous price for a portion of asparagus."

"Yes, sir, but you see, sir, we're putting on a very expensive cabaret show and—"

"I know all about the cabaret show. I paid for that with the soup."—Kansas City Times.

Be Careful.

"We were slowly starving to death," remarked the famous explorer at the boarding house table. "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them and thus sustained life."

"Sh-h-h! Not so loud!" exclaimed the dyspeptic boarder. "The landlady might hear you."—Wisconsin State Journal.

Working From a Model.

"The stage manager says that I must assume an expression of haughty scorn more eloquent than words," said the actor. "I wonder how I'm going to get that?"

"Come with me to dinner. We'll refuse to give the waiter a tip, and then we'll watch his face."—Washington Star.

Not That Kind.

Weary Walker—Lady, could yer help a poor feller a little? I've got a back-ache and a headache.

Mrs. Kindling—Well, I've got a little wood outside you could back, and it might cure your headache.

Weary Walker—Much obliged, mum; but, yer see, my headache ain't of the splittin' kind.—London Scraps.

Little Fish.

Here is a bit of good advice to fishermen from the United States fish commission: "Always wet your hands when you remove from the hook a fish that is too small to keep. It prevents injury to the fish. Dry hands rub off the slime on the body of the fish and cause a growth that will kill the fish in a short time."

Big Hallstones.

Hallstones fourteen inches in circumference were found in Hertfordshire, England, in the year 1697.

Sadness in Macksburg.

Writing to a contemporary, a correspondent from Macksburg finds little of joy or promise in the coming of 1916. "The doleful outlook as seen from Macksburg is as follows:

"The wild bells rang out to a wild sky" at midnight of Friday, last—rang to tell us that 1915, the saddest year in all history, had faded into the past. Sadder far has it been than were the dark years of our own Civil War. Few are living now who remember those days of mourning, when nearly every home in our land was dark with sorrow over some dear one who had gone to the front, never to return. The hearts of those mourners ceased beating long ago. The saddened hearts are ringing with the voices of a new generation, who know nothing of the war, save from history. The battle fields of the south have turned into beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds; the shattered buildings have been replaced by structures more tasteful and substantial than they, but not one of us who are living today may hope ever to see the ruins of the present war effaced. Sad as all this is, however, we could not let it darken our holiday week. We had been gladdened too much by the tender attention of Christmas time to give way to melancholy, but Christmas joy, abiding as its influence may be much, in itself, like all other pleasures in this world, be brief, and must give way to graver things. The Christmas tree and the decorations have been taken down, the gifts put away. The roses are blighted with frost and even Mt. Hood, who looked out benignly on Christmas morning, has gone back into obscurity."

CORK FORESTS.

Money Making Trees That Grow in the Poorest Kind of Soil.

The cork oak is a kind of jack at all trades among trees, and its service indicates well the kind of new freedom that trees may give us by their new helpfulness if we will just give them a chance. If the garden of Eden story had been written in Spain or Portugal I think the fortunate couple would have been placed in possession of a cork forest. If a man in either of these countries has a forest of good cork trees you will find him in Madrid, Lisbon or Porto. His cork forest works for him, and he stays in town.

Cork trees grow on the rockiest and poorest land. The poorer the land the finer the quality of the cork. Every eight or ten years the outer bark is stripped from the trees to furnish the ever more highly prized cork of commerce. By dividing the land up into blocks this decennial harvest will produce a fairly regular income.

These same oak trees produce acorns, often heavily, which are sold to some farmer, who drives his herds of lean hogs into the forest, where they harvest the acorns and turn them into salable meat. A Portuguese hog is expected to gain two pounds a day for ninety days when acorns are ripe.

More than this, there is beneath the oak trees some herbage fit for goats to eat. Thus the cork forest owner in Lisbon gets income from three contractors—the cork stripper, the pork raiser and the goat raiser. And with care the forest lasts forever. "The individual cork tree is good for a hundred years or more, after which it is a fine big salable tree, with enough young ones near it to take its place when it is gone to market. In Portugal a cork tree, ready for its third stripping, is considered worth \$25. When in full bearing an acre of these oaks will yield from one to three tons of cork at a stripping, now worth about \$70 a ton to the grower. Most of this is profit. The pork is profit. It is the common rule that the income from the pasture pays the small cost of caring for the forest.—J. Russell Smith in Country Gentleman.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

To Be Well Dressed Means to Be Attired in Good Taste.

Dress is a subject frequently in the minds of many. Some think too much about it and some not enough. No one, however brilliant in ability, even a "genius," can afford to be careless in this matter. "He is best dressed," says Trollope, "whose dress no one observes." Little touches of individuality in one's clothing are well, but it is not in the best taste to adopt any peculiar striking style that will make people in the street turn their heads for further observation.

One should beware of extremes in fashion. Means and occasion should be considered in choosing what to wear. Even the poorest garments, if clean, in order and properly worn, give a good impression of the wearer. Women should give sufficient attention to dress to decide what is suitable for the time and occasion and that it is rightly adjusted and no further attention.

To be well dressed is a passport, opening doors otherwise closed. To be lavishly dressed betokens a shallow mind. It would appear that one thought his clothes the better part of him. Even children's dress should be thought of with care. Their clothing should not prevent free action in their play. Nor should it be so rich as to give them an idea of superiority to children less expensively dressed and so make snobs of them.

The carefully dressed man shows more self respect than the sloven.—Milwaukee Journal.

When Cruelty Isn't Cruelty.

The magistrate of the department of Seine-et-Oise, in France, once gave a decision in a claim of cruelty to a horse which is remarkable as a legal subtlety. The law provides that the offense is punishable only when committed in public. If the sore is covered by the collar, he holds, the offense is not committed in public. If it is not covered by the collar there is no cruelty. In either event the case must be discharged.

Matter of Endurance.

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half the other evening, "do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?" "Indeed?" replied the delighted Mrs. H., with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?" "I certainly do," continued the heartless husband; "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Can't Be Done.

The Wife—This paper says that New York doctors have formed a society to study methods for staying the advance of old age. The Husband—Well, tell 'em you've tried prevarication and reducing the number of candles in your birthday cakes, and neither will do it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some Consolation.

"There's one consolation about being in jail, mum." "What is it, my poor man?" "After I once go to bed nobody here makes me get up and go down to be sure that the back door's locked."—Detroit Free Press.

Yachting Ethics.

In yacht racing every yacht is bound by rules to abandon the race and go to the assistance of any yacht or person in peril.

Work is the best thing to make us love life.—Ernest Renan.

Announcement.

To our many friends, we wish to announce that we have again resumed the fitting and repairing of eye glasses and spectacles. 15 years in this business has perfected us to such an extent that we can guarantee you absolute satisfaction. A complete line of lenses will be carried in stock; insuring prompt service at all times. Our jewelry stock is complete and up-to-date. Prompt and careful attention is always given to watch and clock repair. Goods will be sold on the installment plan to responsible parties.—W. M. Gardner, Jeweler.

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...Additional...
...Locals...

Fred Mortison, who has been visiting his parents near Molalla, left early this week for La Pine, where he will do forestry work.

Senga Jakinen and Antone Ranta, both of Molalla, secured a marriage license from the county clerk's office during the week.

Virgil Dart, of Molalla, is confined to his home as the result of having driven an axe into his foot while felling timber.

Councilman Roy B. Cox, of the county seat, has been elected superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school.

Herman A. Webster, a Portland attorney, was among the week's county seat visitors.

Miss Sedonia Shaw, of the county seat, is confined to her home with an attack of the grippe.

F. O. Boden, a civil engineer, returned this week to his home in the county seat after a long visit in Iowa, Nebraska and the Middle West.

Miss Anna Michels, of the Bank of Oregon City, is among the many sufferers from the grippe.

H. W. Hagemann, of the Logan country, was in the county seat the middle of the week.

W. H. Botteniller, of Beaver Creek, was a county seat visitor during the week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Nash, of Vancouver, Wash., were visiting friends in Jennings Lodge during the fore part of the week.

Notice

After February 1st, 1916, we will discontinue the giving of all Trading Stamps and Coupons. Anyone holding either Stamps or Coupons should cash them in at once as we will not redeem them after Feb. 1st.—Morgans' Cut Rate Store, Oregon City, Ore.

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