

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT SHOWING THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON, ON THE 5TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1916. Liabilities. To general fund warrants drawn on the County Treasurer, and outstanding and unpaid \$ 27,636.48

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNTY CLERK OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON. Showing the amount of claims allowed, on what account, the amount of warrants drawn, and the amounts of warrants outstanding and unpaid on the 1st day of January A. D., 1916: General Fund. Roads and highways \$170,167.54

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNTY TREASURER OF CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON. For the six months ending on the 31st day of December A. D., 1915, of money received and paid out, from whom received and what source, and on what account paid out: Special School Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 6,001.58

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County School Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 19,910.83

District Road Fund and Special Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 27,537.33

State School Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 53.67

Institute Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 213.92

County Fair Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 1,824.61

Trust Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 2,037.71

1915 Taxes Collected. To amount on hand from last report \$ 134.20

Total Balances, January 5th, 1916. Special school fund \$ 6,371.63

Special City Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 649.05

General Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 19,903.28

Special School Fund. To amount on hand from last report \$ 6,001.58

DOMESTIC BLISS. Married Man. It takes my wife a long time to read anything. I skim whole pages instantly. She hates to be read aloud to. I love it.

When we travel I always suggest to her in advance the car we shall take. She agrees, but will suddenly change her mind and insist upon taking another one. I grumble to myself and obey. She likes the top of the auto up. I loathe it. It remains up.

I always praise her golf, no matter how badly she plays. She always deprecates mine, no matter how well I play. When I criticize anything she does I don't say it; I think it. That something makes trouble enough.

I compliment her occasionally before others. She pretends that she doesn't understand why I do it. When I buy a new suit she will never admit that she admires it until it is worn out. Then she says the next one isn't half so becoming as the last. When she gets a new gown I admire it intensely until it is about time to replace it with another. She never likes any hat that I have ever bought. I like every one of hers—on principle.

I laugh at her when she gets too serious. When I get too serious she scolds me. I keep her informed about my business only when she asks me. She never asks me, so you know the result. I tell her a funny story every day. If I have two I keep one for the next day. Sometimes she laughs at them.

She asks me occasionally if I think her hair is as long as it was. I always tell her it is longer. I hate bridge, dinner parties, dancing and the opera. She respects my opinion and makes me do them all. She makes out checks and forgets to enter them on the stubs. Every time I catch her in this omission she reminds me of the celebrated occasion when I left the tickets to a large theater party in my other suit.

She always keeps her temper when I lose mine. I keep mine when she loses hers. I once told her she was thoroughly spoiled. She kissed me and said she knew it—Life.

LUNGS OF A BATTLESHIP. Ventilation is a Serious Problem in Building War Vessels. One of the most difficult problems in building a battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation. She is a very complicated creature, made up of so many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition and stores, dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulkheads and water tight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for flooding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air and speaking tubes.

First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine rooms. When you begin to think of gangs of coal black demons working away in the bowels of the ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draft the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of the steam driven fans to the furnaces and boiler rooms. The supply of air comes down through large water tight trunks, which are continued right up to the weather deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine rooms large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas when mixed with air forms an explosive, so in order to prevent the possibility of injury to men or ship supply and exhaust pipes are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air—Pearson's Weekly.

THE CHINESE WAY. Taking a Street Car Ride in the City of Shanghai.

A PUZZLE FOR A WHITE MAN. Experience of an American Tourist Who Made a Bluff at Appearing to Know All the Ropes—A Patient Conductor and an Interested Cargo.

Writing of his adventures in the Chinese city of Shanghai, Homer Croly, in Leslie's Weekly, tells of the experience he had there in taking a ride on a street car.

The car was full of Chinamen, with not another white soul aboard, all sitting there in their skirts, their faces as expressionless as the heads of drums, but as soon as I came in their faces began to fill with interest, one nudging another until the whole car was looking at me.

I felt that something was wrong, but I could not figure out just what. I knew that it shouldn't create that much of a sensation for a white person to get on a car in Shanghai, but still they were looking at me as if I could be signed by a circus. I struggled to look unconcerned, but I knew that my cheeks were backfiring.

The conductor, in his suit of blue jeans, with a satchel over his shoulder, came up and said something to me, while I nodded with earnest carelessness and handed him a twenty cent piece, knowing that he could get enough out of it to satisfy his wants. "Mun stau chong du?" he asked.

I nodded again and held out my hand for the change, plainly showing that I made the trip on the line twice a day. "Mun stau chong du 'aling k'ing shon da?" he asked with more feeling, pointing down the street with one hand.

"I didn't catch the drift of his remarks, but I wasn't going to show him that I wasn't an old citizen and taxpayer, so I shook my head this time and nestled back in the seat as if I were all settled. But the conductor became more excited than ever, drafted the other hand and gurgled: "Mun stau chong du 'aling k'ing shon da feah da tsu sh'oo peh quong?"

So I waved in the other direction and tried to nestle again, but the conductor came back with another round of monosyllabic re-enforcements. With that his fellow men in the car came to his help with an arsenal of words, each one thinking that he could make it plain by raising his voice just a bit higher than any one else.

Reaching in his satchel, the conductor offered me a slip of paper spotted with Chinese writing. I took it and started to stuff it nonchalantly into my pocket, but he became more excited than ever and came back with another string of empties, while I put the slip back into his hand as if it made the most slightest bit of difference in the world to me whether I kept it or whether he had it—I would leave the details of the trip to him.

NO DRY BATTERIES. They All Contain Moisture or They Would Be Useless.

So called dry batteries are in common use for small electric call bell systems and private telephone lines and were used extensively for ignition on earlier makes of automobiles. Applying the word "dry" to the battery is misleading, for there is no such thing as a "dry" battery. There never was, nor will there ever be.

If it were dry no current would generate, as it requires moisture to produce chemical-electric activity when the circuit is completed from the plus to the minus elements.

The so called dry battery is really an "inclosed wet battery" which retains its moisture to its limit of life, whether in service or not. The limit of life depends on the stored capacity, how frequently the circuit is applied to it, evaporation due to age and deterioration of the conducting elements.

The battery consists of a zinc cylinder case containing a carbon in the center, the intervening space filled in with a paste compound of one part zinc oxide, one part sal ammoniac, three parts plaster of paris and two parts water. The quantities are greater as the capacity of the battery is increased.

As soon as a circuit is completed a chemical combination is started, and the current flows from the internal part of the zinc to the carbon, then out from the carbon to the appliance and returns to the zinc. The external terminals of the battery are the reverse of the internal.

When the battery is exhausted it can be recharged by sending current into it from a close circuit battery, such as a nitric or sulphuric acid cell. Pouring water through a small hole at the top of the battery is an aid to the return of its life, but neither this nor the former will restore the battery to its original efficiency.—New York World.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAGLE. Curious Ancient Monument Left to Us by the Indians.

On the broad top of a stony, rain gullied hill in middle Georgia there lies a very large eagle, concerning which conflicting stories are told. The one point that seems to be certain is that the Indians left the eagle as a legacy to the state. A hundred years from now it will probably be found lying on its back, with outspread wings and tail, even as it lies today. For it is made of quartz rocks so cunningly placed that it would require a pick in a strong man's hands to displace any one of them. The rocks lap and overlap in such a manner as to represent feathers. No cement holds them in position, and the stones vary in size, weighing from a half pound to three or four pounds. The image rests on a very firm foundation, for the stonework extends several feet into the ground.

Once, perhaps twice, treasure seeking vandals dug into the breast of the eagle, but the work must have proved too laborious, for the diggers gave up before they had reached the bottom layer of overlapping stones. Rough but fairly accurate measurements of the bird show the length of the eagle from the middle of the tail to the head to be 102 feet and from tip to tip of outspread wings 120 feet. The length of the beak is ten feet, and the height of the body at the center of the breast is ten feet. The eagle lies with its head to the west. Tradition does not give any satisfactory explanation of the age or the meaning of the great stone mound. It may have had religious significance to the red men who built it, and it may be the burial place of some great chief. It is one of the most mysterious and most interesting of prehistoric monuments in the United States.—Youth's Companion.

HE MIGHT NEED IT. Fate of Marines Is Uncertain at Best, As Story Shows. Fearing the Government did not provide sufficiently warm clothing for her favorite grandson serving in the United States Marine Corps, an elderly lady brought a fleecy hand-worked comfortable to the recruiting station of the sea soldiers and requested Sergeant George S. Fynmore to forward it to him.

"Poor Fred may be shivering and shivering with cold just like the soldiers in Europe," she told Fynmore, "and this comfortable will be just the thing. You'll send it to him, won't you?" Sergeant Fynmore assured the old grandmother that it would be a privilege and a pleasure to do so. But when he forwarded the package to Port-Au-Prince, Haiti, where the grandson is now serving, he enclosed a note explaining that the old lady had worked hard in an endeavor to have the comfortable finished in time to come as a Christmas present and that he didn't have the heart to disillusion her about the need for such things in Haiti.

"But," he added in the note, just by way of encouragement, "sometime when yours serving in Alaska I'll get her to send you a cake of ice."

Rural Carrier Examination. The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for the county of Clackamas, Oregon, to be held at Oregon City on February 5, 1916, to fill the position of rural carrier at Molalla, and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from other post offices in the above-mentioned county. The examination will be open only to male citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. This form and application blanks may be obtained from the offices mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington at the earliest practicable date.

Card of Thanks. We desire to thank our friends and neighbors who so kindly extended their help and sympathy in the loss of our beloved wife and mother. And also for the many beautiful floral offerings. MR. E. F. GINTHER and Family.

HE WAS DISCOURAGED. Police Judge in Portland Quits Job Because of Inability to Help. John H. Stevens, who has just resigned as city magistrate in Portland, and who for many months has presided over the daily grist of police court cases down at Second and Oak streets, took up his work with the idea that perhaps he would be able to do something to help humanity out of the gutter. While he was on the bench the judge tried hard to put backbones into weak men, tried to reason with silly women, and tried to make the way of the transgressor somewhat less hard than usual. But he eventually gave it up, and in resigning gave the following reasons:

"I am tired of the endless procession of woe and misery and misfortune that passes before the municipal bench, inasmuch as I can do little or nothing to lessen it. I am weary of penalizing people, and of not being able to help them to better lives thereby."

To some this may sound like an indictment of our modern system of laws and punishment. "Printing with a punch"—at the Courier.



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Only Nation Without Budget. We are the only civilized nation that hasn't a budget system. France, Germany, Russia, Japan, England, Italy, Spain, Rumania, Serbia, Portugal, Bulgaria and Venezuela—all these countries and many more have budgets in each country, that is, certain responsible officers prepare a definite plan for doing things, estimate the cost of executing it and suggest means for raising the money. There is only one important nation that has no business plan, and that is the one that has chiefly distinguished itself as a nation of business men—the United States.—World's Work.

Human Mystery. Almost every man believes in the mystery of woman. I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; women are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety. I do not believe that there is either a male or a female mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind.—W. L. George in Atlantic Monthly.

Luck. Jack—Congratulate me, old man. Tom—What's up? Are you engaged? Jack—No. Miss Roxleigh refused me the day before her father made an assignment.—Boston Transcript.

His Own Den Too. Husband—A man is coming to see me on business. Can I have him come into my den? Wife—And interrupt my dressmaker? Never!—Life.

To Her Taste. Jess—Why did Mrs. Harry Harold? He's a perfect blockhead. Jess—Well, you know she always liked hard wood trimmings in a house.—Judge.

Nature and Poetry. Environment aids poetry, but does not create it. Nature is the grand agent in making poetry, and poetry is present wherever nature is. It sparkles on the sea, glows in the rainbow, flashes from the lightning and the star, peals in thunder, roars in the cataract and sings in the winds. Poetry is God's image reflected in nature, as in a mirror, and nature is present wherever man is.—Selected.

His Weak Point. A man who takes a business view of things when recently asked his opinion of a person of quite a poetic temperament replied: "Oh, he's one of those men who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash!"

Something Else. "Is loving a verb?" "No; it's just plain nonsense." Having made this reply to his daughter's question, Mr. Grouch looked a few daggers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Laughing cheerfulness throws sun light on all the paths of life.—Richter.

5000 ROSE SLIPS ON HAND. Oregon High Schools That Received Them Last Year May Ask Again. Five thousand Frau Karl Drushki rose slips, set out last summer and now well rooted, await the call of the public and private high schools of Oregon. Upon request a reasonable number will be sent free to each. Last year 2500 slips were sent out to schools in lots averaging about 20. Requests from numbered about 125. Requests numbered about 125, nearly all from high schools. The University has no objection to second requests from schools that secured slips in 1915 since the offer probably will be made annually so that schools may build up permanent Frau Karl Drushki hedges. Last year's slips grew in almost every instance.