

OREGON CITY COURIER

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WAKING UP

Now comes the conservative Enterprise, perhaps the most rigid of the "professional" prohibition papers of the state, and announces that it believes "its prohibition friends have fallen down in their duty." The extent of this falling down is described as follows by the pleasing paper that intermittently comes forth from its lair over Barlow's store: "During the prohibition campaign, the dries circulated strong appeals for the habitude of the saloon. They declared their purpose was to save him, but now that their cause is won, they have forgotten that he exists. Where in the entire state of Oregon has anyone seen a concerted and intelligent movement on the part of our prohibition friends to provide a substitute for the light, warmth, comfort and companionship of the saloon?"

Yet verily, brother, even so. The saloon has gone, but in its place there is nothing but the cold street corner, where the wind whistles through the marrow of the bones of the men who formerly used to congregate in this or that "place" mainly for the warmth and companionship that was to be had. If we remember rightly there was a good deal of talk in Oregon City, some two years ago, about a wonderful "coffee house" that was going to be opened by the "dries." This coffee house was to be provided with tables, games of checkers, current newspapers and magazines; and everybody who had no other place to go was going to be welcomed. Coffee was going to be sold at two cents a cup, bread and butter and soft drinks, ice cream and cake were to be on the bill of fare. Where, oh where, is that coffee house that the "dries" were going to run at a profit?

Likewise in Portland and Salem and other spots in Oregon, during the prohibition campaign, much was heard of the coffee shops that were to open. And where are they now? Has the war put the price of coffee up? Has the prohibition mind discovered that coffee is composed largely of the drug caffeine—which is even more deadly than whiskey, gin and rum? Or have the professional reformers just quit cold?

It is nice to see the Oregon City Enterprise discover this laxity on the part of the reformers. The Courier mentioned it sometime ago, so did the Oregonian and other papers not as "officially dry" as the Enterprise. But now that the saintly sheet of the county seat, the palladium of truth, the censor of our morals and the dictator of our virtues has discovered it, maybe something will be done.

If the Enterprise doesn't look out, pretty soon it will be getting on the band wagon for a public park and a recreation center. Isn't it wonderful how progress comes even to the most conservative?

WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

Last week the Courier printed some statistics about Oregon and Washington, and asked what was the matter. And it found out one thing the matter right away quick.

The Courier hadn't been off the presses long enough to dry, hardly, when an excited "booster" rushed in and wanted to know why we were "knocking the state."

That appears to be one of the things that is the matter—people don't want the truth told. And if the truth isn't told, how under the sun do you suppose we are going to find out what is wrong, and so discover a remedy?

Is Oregon going to get where she ought to be, right up along side or ahead of Washington, if the first move on the part of people who ought to boost really is to cry "Shut up, you're spilling the beans?"

One paper in Portland—count 'em, ONE—has had nerve enough to point out that the Southern Pacific is discriminating against Portland in its round-trip passenger rates from the east. One business organization in Portland—count 'em, ONE—has had nerve enough to protest to the interstate commerce commission about this. And it wasn't the Portland

Chamber of Commerce, either—it was the East Side Businessmen's club.

The other papers and the other organizations would rather hush the matter up—and send out letters asking people to come to Oregon even if it does cost them more, and tell all about the Columbia River highway and the fine view of Washington you can get from it. DID THAT EVER OCCUR TO YOU? The Columbia River highway, built at the cost of a whole lot of money, gives a better view of Washington's scenic points, of Washington's snow-clad peaks, than it does of Oregon's marvelous scenery. And here in Oregon web low about it!

The Courier again rises to remark that it is time to take stock and see what is the "jynx" that has held this state back from development such as has been enjoyed by Washington and Oregon. When we face the issue squarely, understand it and appreciate it, THEN we can do something to make up for lost time.

Roaring about "knocking the state" won't accomplish anything—the real "knockers" are those mistaken "boosters" who want to put a Maxim silencer on everything but hot air. Hot air will make balloons rise, but it won't make Oregon get to the place in the Northwest where she ought to be.

Let's quit shoving out hot air, and put our shoulders to the wheel and SHOVE OREGON AHEAD. Tell us what YOU think would help.

THE NORTHWEST GAINS

Further proof of the fact that the "sane" management of the public domain under the officers of President Wilson's cabinet has benefitted the Northwest as it was never benefitted under the reign of Pinchotism is shown in a report from the Forest Service, which the Courier prints herewith. It will be noted that not only did the Northwest benefit by a more liberal use of the nation's resources that lie in the forest reserves, but that the nation itself benefitted financially. The Northwest knew what was good for it when it supported President Wilson, and that is why he is still "strong" in this section of the United States.

The report in question, dealing with the states of Oregon, Washington and Alaska, says:

"Figures just compiled by the Chief of the Office of Accounts, Forest Service, for the first half of the present fiscal year, or the period from July 1 to December 31, 1915, show an increase in Forest Service receipts of \$190,281 over the receipts for the corresponding period uring 1914.

"Perhaps the most striking increase shown in the report is in the receipts for water power rentals. For all the national forests of the country, there is an increase in these rentals of nearly 100 per cent over the receipts for the same period in 1914. There has also been a marked increase in the timber sale business on the national forests all over the country. This increase amounts to about \$153,000, over 50 per cent of which, or approximately \$80,000, is due to an increase in the timber sale business in District 6 (Oregon, Washington and Alaska). The grazing business, too, has increased—nearly 20 per cent for the whole country, and approximately 50 per cent for District 6.

"In fact, the report shows an increase in receipts in nearly every department of Forest Service work. It is evident that government business on the national forests is feeling the pulse of awakening prosperity, and indications, it is said, point to still further increase in Forest Service business for the remainder of the fiscal year."

FOR INFORMATION

Every time the Hon. Bill Stone meets a certain reporter of the Courier on the street and before a crowd the Hon. Bill Stone laughs loudly and with much apparent glee, and tells the reporter on the back and pats him that was a fine roast that he wrote about him in the last issue, assures the reporter that it is good advertising, and winds up his jovial remarks with: "Keep it up, boy, you're doing just what I want, and I'll pay you for it."

When the Hon. Bill Stone meets this same Courier reporter without the crowd being present, he talks like a sane human being, discusses rationally the political situation, and asks the reporter earnestly what he has heard about the other candidates.

The method of the Hon. Bill Stone in behaving this way is perfectly obvious. He hopes to discredit the remarks the Courier may make in regard to him, and desires to let the impression percolate through the crowd that the Courier is "roasting" Bill Stone because somebody is being paid for it. Of course nobody but a few of Bill Stone's simple followers believe this stuff—it is an old political trick in this county.

But, for the benefit of those who do fall for it, the Courier takes this occasion to remark that the particular reporter to whom the Hon. Bill Stone makes these frequent offers of payment is earning more money, right now, than the Hon. Bill Stone himself is earning in all probability; that he has watched and observed the political game for considerably more years than has the Hon. Bill Stone; that in spite of the tutelage that the Hon. Bill Stone received when he was working for George C. Brownell, the reporter probably knows just as much about politics as does Bill; and lastly, that the Hon. Bill Stone couldn't pay the Courier enough to change its editorial policy, and that if he did have enough to pay, the Courier wouldn't take it.

So next time you're in a crowd and you hear the Hon. B. S. make that funny crack about paying the Courier to be roasted, just remember Bill's initials, and charge it all up to that.

The smell of "never tells," natural and manufactured, must be made illegal also. Then, for proper enforcement, it may be necessary to institute in the state of Georgia a smelling constabulary of sufficient hardness to carry out the provisions of the statute.

It is nice to know that something besides clouds eclipsed the sun for part of a day at least.

Revival at Gladstone was discontinued until the cold weather ends. No warmth of spirit, maybe.

We have no war in the Northwest as yet, but bobbleheads are doing their best to provide a heavy list of casualties.

The Clackamas county stockmen who let their cattle die and their hogs fed on the carcasses had an original plan of economy.

Even if council meetings in the county seat are not as frequent as they used to be, they seem to be just as much worth while.

And still the republicans are seeking a man who is willing to be the party goat and lead the hopeless fight against the democrats.

Forty thousand dollars for a Young Men's Christian Association in the county seat isn't so bad—even if we have to wait ten years for it.

Young lady we know gets love letters thrown to her hidden in snow-balls. "Love will find a way" says the proverb—even if it is a cold way.

The British have lost to date about a half a million useful citizens in the

and a policeman kicked it down because it was "immoral." If it was immoral, where do you suppose the youngsters got their immoral ideas? Naming Louis D. Brandeis for justice of the Supreme Court is typically Wilsonian—to disregard pull and political preference, and to name a man worthy of the place and deserving of the place is what would naturally be expected of the President.

The Journal said that the Oregonian framed that slate that the republicans elected to provide harmony in the ranks of the Oregon Republican club, and the Telegram says that the Bolo club and E. B. Piper framed it between them. It is interesting to note that neither paper blames the "common people" for what happened.

It is a fact that the only part of the sidewalk in the business section of the county seat that was not promptly cleaned after each snowstorm was in front of the city hall property. Why should the city obey its own ordinances?

Six hundred thousand dollars will be distributed among widows and orphans whose woe dates from the sinking of the White Star liner Titanic. That is little enough, when divided among 200 claimants, one of whom alone will get \$50,000.

Another Oregon editor has discovered nerve enough to speak the truth. The Newberg Graphic says: "As the Oregon law stands the young man who insists on hieing himself to Vancouver, Washington, with his bride-to-be to get married puts a question mark after his name."

The Oregon Voter finds that high

A Prosperous 1916

May Father Time deal kindly with you and yours during the new year.

May he bring brightness into your home and may his foot prints be upon the right side of your bank book

May he often incline your feet in our direction and may your business be of such a nature that when the new year has grown old we will both look back and say "A very good year indeed."

W. J. Wilson & Company

10th and MAIN STREETS, OREGON CITY, ORE.

SELLING THE ENTIRE

Mitchell, Lewis and Staver Co.'s

Line of FARM MACHINERY and VEHICLES

THE GEORGIA PLAN

According to the Cleveland Leader, the kind of prohibition they have in Georgia is not wholly satisfactory to some of its good people. For a bill has been introduced in the legislature of the state making "the smell of liquor illegal."

It would seem that man in Georgia, as in some other places, is prone to deceptiveness. He has been known to wear a dicky and pretend that it was a wool shirt. He has dyed his mustache and worn a wig to make him look younger. He has pretended also to be better than he is in respect to forbidden indulgence in the cocktail, the highball, and the schooner of beer, to say nothing of the illicit "mountain dew" which must be disposed of quickly to prevent it from eating out the bottom of the jug.

Apparently the legislator who drew up the bill to make the smell of liquor illegal is not aware of the means commonly employed in this particular deception. His knowledge of the subject seems to be purely academic. There are on the market many different kinds of patented "never tells," in addition to such natural counter irritants as cloves, onions, garlic, asafetida, and other things behind which an alcoholic flavor can be more or less securely hidden.

If this measure is to be practically successful it must be so amended as to prohibit the carrying of these concealed weapons. Not only that, but

European war. But cheer up, conscription will provide half a million more.

Some of the eastern republican papers are cartooning President Wilson as a drifting iceberg. Well, in times like these it is well to have a cool-headed chief executive.

After five Chicago bank robbers had been surrounded they threw their "swag" out of a window and a newsboy tried to steal it. That newsboy has the makings of a future capitalist.

The President, having committed himself to preparedness, makes no bones about saying he has changed his mind. That bit of frankness on his part shows his honesty of purpose.

The Courier and the Portland Telegram, both having called attention to the need of a park and recreation center in the county seat; it is time for the Enterprise to join the procession.

New York has become the mecca of the rich who formerly went to Paris for the winter, it is said. It would be a good time to advertise the Northwest in New York, and get some winter tourists out here, too.

Some Portland children modelled the figure of a woman out of snow,

taxes are caused by a too free use of the initiative and referendum. The Voter should worry—if the people do vote for things that make taxes higher, the Voter and those behind it ought not to complain. But the fact is that the people are not to blame—things are slipped over them in spite of the I. & R.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for lagrippe coughs, colds and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for lame back, weak kidneys, rheumatism bladder troubles, and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic, for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels.—Jones Drug Co.

SAD, SAD STORY

Neighboring Newspaper Put Out of Business by Uncle Sam

This is a sad tale. This fact is mentioned first, so that you won't think it is funny.

Not more than a million miles from the county seat there is a newspaper published. This newspaper is printed in Canby, but it doesn't bear a Canby dateline. Far be it from such. It bears the dateline of the town in



Dear Amy:-

I was down to see mother yesterday, and you should have seen her face when she showed me a chair she had bought from a mail-order house. Why, the old chair was rickety, the cushion all caved-in and one rocker broken off--after only a few weeks use--and the freight she had to pay was something terrible.

Mother says she's had her lesson, and is sorry now that she didn't take my advice and buy her chair at home.

Do come to see me soon.

Yours as ever, Lou.

P.S.—For good wearable furniture, I recommend you to

FRANK BUSCH

Leading Furniture Dealer

11th & Main Sts.

Oregon City, Ore.

which it circulates. But it is printed in Canby just the same.

Last week or so the editor, in addressing his copy to Canby, had written the address. The copy went wandering around the Northwest, seeking a home; and finally it drifted in to the Courier. The Courier happens to recognize it, and sent it on its way again.

In the meantime the paper that was printed where it wasn't published didn't come out. If you were subscribing to that paper, this may explain why you missed a copy or so. And the moral is—if you want a thing done, do it yourself, for the past office isn't infallible.

JUST A SUGGESTION

Maybe You Won't Appreciate This, but All Newspapers Will

- The Corvallis Gazette-Times suggests the following as very reasonable prices for certain lines of advertising: Calling an ugly old maid who marries, a handsome and accomplished daughter of so and so.....\$15.00 Referring to a deceased dead beat as a highly respected citizen.....12.00 Calling a lazy dry-goods box whittler a pillar in the community.....10.00 Calling a third-rate windjammer an orator.....8.50 Referring to a business man who does not advertise, as a progressive town booster.....20.00 Saying anything complimentary about a town knocker.....15.50 Calling a moral coward a hero.....9.00 Sending a hypocrite to heaven.....5.25 Calling an unfit candidate a useful citizen and progressive party leader.....50.00 Lambasting the ins at the request of the outs.....15.00 Lambasting the outs at the request of the ins.....25.00

Pastor and Wife Honored

Meeting at the Oak Grove church last Friday, friends of the Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Allen celebrated the minister's golden wedding anniversary. A musical and social program was given. Participating in the celebration were also Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore, who on the same date celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding. The Rev. Mr. Allen was formerly pastor of the Oak Grove church, but has now retired.

You like suggestive printing don't you—something that has the "punch" to it? Try the Courier Job Department.

NO GIANTS WANTED

Marine Corps Satisfied with Ordinarily Developed Citizens

Michael Tuholski, a steel mill puddler from Cleveland, O., aged 22 years, was rejected at the United States Marine Corps recruiting station in Pittsburgh as "too big and husky" for the Marine Corps.

Tuholski measured six feet and five inches in his stocking feet and weighed 257 pounds without clothing. The medical examiner pronounced him a perfect physical specimen, but the maximum height for Marines is 73 inches and no giants or pygmies are wanted in the Marine Corps, according to Sergeant Michael De Boo, who is in charge of the recruiting station for sea soldiers.

The giant recruit, who says he is no white hope and has no desire to meet Jess Willard or Frank Moran, will resume puddling in the mills, he told De Boo when the latter rejected him.

Now Feels Entirely Well

Those who have backache, rheumatism, stiff and swollen joints or other symptoms of kidney trouble will be interested in a statement from A. H. Francis, Zenith, Kans., who writes: "I had a severe pain in my back and could hardly move. I tried several remedies with no result. I took about two-thirds of a 50c box of Foley Kidney Pills and now feel entirely well." Middle-aged and older men and women whose kidneys are weakened find these safe pills give relief from sleep-disturbing bladder ailments.—Jones Drug Co.

NATION DOES WELL

Crop Record Shows Farmers Have Been Busy Everywhere

Farm and Fireside quotes the Federal crop estimates for 1915 as follows and the sum totals hows that Uncle Sam has been making good at the time when it is most necessary: Wheat.....1,002,000,000 bushels Corn.....3,090,000,000 bushels Oats.....1,517,000,000 bushels Cotton.....10,950,000 bales Apples.....76,700,000 barrels Potatoes.....359,000,000 bushels "Compared with last year," says this magazine, "the corn, wheat and oat crops are heavier; cotton, apples and potatoes are less. Market prices have since a year ago declined on corn wheat and oats, and increased on potatoes, apples and cotton. The greatest decline of any important crop was cotton, which is less than three quarters of last year's production."

The Courier—\$1.00 per year.

Office phones: Main 50, A50; Res. phones, M. 2524, 1715 Home B251, D251

WILLIAMS BROS. TRANSFER & STORAGE

Office 612 Main Street

Safe, Piano, and Furniture Moving a Specialty

Sand, Gravel, Cement, Lime, Plaster, Common Brick, Face Brick, Fire Brick

Willamette Valley Southern Railway Co.

Arrival and Departure of Trains at Oregon City

Table with 2 columns: Leave Southbound and Arrive Northbound. Includes times for 7:25 A.M., 10:00 A.M., 2:30 P.M., and 6:55 P.M.

Daily Freight Service (except Sunday). The American Express Co. operates over this line.

Where's Your Bank?

A bank can't make money without depositors—the depositors need a bank, too

Of course, if it were only a matter of keeping the money hidden away, it could be put in a mattress or stove. But if you happen to be in the city or at a distance from home and your house should burn—there you are. Now if you had your money in a good bank, you could fill out a check any time, any place—no matter where you leave the bank.

4 per cent interest paid on time certificates.

THE BANK OF OREGON CITY

Oldest Bank in Clackamas County