

For friend-ship's sake--

THE Friendship Brace-let is the most popu-lar jewelry novelty of the day. Each link in the circle is the gift and taken of a friend and tells its own story of affection and sentiment.

It may be engraved with the initials or "pet name of the giver—the date of a memorable occasion, outing or gathering—the name of a place marked by specially happy associations.

Links may be added one at a time until the circle is complete.

We shall be glad to show you this charm-ing jewelry novelty. Price 25c each.

Burmeister & Andresen

Oregon City Jewelers
Suspension Bridge Corner

COUNTY AND CITY LOCALS

Mrs. Evan Williams, of Portland, was an Oregon City visitor Thursday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Fred Ely.

Program of Preparedness—Prepare to meet thy God. Gospel every night in revival now on at Methodist Church.

Miss Verle Trimble went to Portland Monday, where she is taking a course of stenography.

H. H. Hughes, of Gladstone, is able to get out again after a severe illness of lragrippe of three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Marks have recovered from the gripe. Mr. and Mrs. Marks' daughters, Mrs. Charles Blumh, of Portland, recently in the Good Samaritan hospital while suffering with pneumonia, has been removed to her home, and is now on the road to recovery.

Little Margaret and Katherine Blumh, who have been with their grandmother, Mrs. Marks, while their mother was ill, have returned to their Portland home.

How much religion must one have to get by St. Peter at the Pearly Gate? Question reasonably answered at Methodist Church Sunday night.

Mrs. W. A. Long, accompanied by Miss Etta Long and Mrs. Ralph Eddy, of this city, went to Camas Sunday, where they attended the funeral services of Mrs. Zana Jones, Mrs. Long's sister-in-law.

Fred Bullard is ill at his home on May street, Mountain View.

Kent Wilson left Friday for Eugene, where he will take up his studies at the University.

Miss Emma Libker, of the county seat, has left for Eastern Oregon, where she has proved up on a homestead.

Hermann Klinke, of Stone, was among the week's county seat visitors.

Walter Owens, of Beaver Creek, was in town the latter part of last week.

W. P. Kirchem, of the Logan county, passed through the county seat recently on his way to the dairymen's convention at Portland.

Better be sure than sorry—Have Heaven's Passport examined Sunday night at Methodist Church. Revival now on.

Harry McCarver spent the week end with relatives in the county seat.

Andrew Cremer, a farmer of North Dakota, who has been visiting with his aunt, Mrs. Christina Fischer, of Gladstone, has left for San Francisco to continue his western trip.



TORIC

There's a lot of difference between Toric Lenses and Flat Lenses besides their slight extra cost. They give you extra vision and extra comfort. They are better-looking, too. Come and see us about Toric Lenses.

LENSES

When combined with Fit-U mountings or frames, they improve the appearance wonderfully.

My work is fully guaranteed to give satisfaction and comfort.

Reference: Hundreds of satisfied customers in Clackamas County.

Wm. A. Schilling

Optometrist & Optician
517 Main Street,
Oregon City, Oregon

The Misses Coralie and Lapena Amrine, teachers in the county schools spent the week end with their parents in the county seat.

C. L. Blakeslee is visiting his son, M. L. Blakeslee, in the county seat. The elder Blakeslee is proprietor of a steam laundry at Corvallis.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Calvert, of the county seat, left this week for an eastern trip, and will be away about a month.

Miss Marie Friedrich visited her sister, Mrs. E. C. Gerber, at Logan, during the week.

D. C. Boyles, deputy county recorder, is tentatively his brother, O. S. Boyles, of Linn county, who was formerly prominent as a Clackamas county farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Bowman, of Portland, have moved to the county seat, where Mr. Bowman will go into business.

John Deininger, one of the well known farmers of the central part of the county, was in the county seat the middle of the week.

H. G. Starkweather, of Concord, was a visitor in town during the week.

Miss Alberta Dunn, who has been confined to her home with tonsillitis for some days, resumed work in the county treasurer's office this week.

The Misses Blanche Miller and Georgiana Snedley were visitors in Salem over the week end, being entertained by Mrs. Walter Spaulding, who is Miss Miller's sister.

The Rev. E. T. Sherman, pastor of the Congregational church in Corvallis, was a visitor in the county seat early in the week.

H. M. Eccles, of Canby, was among the week's county seat visitors.

Miss Maurine McAdams, formerly a resident of Oregon City, has been named assistant teacher of English in the Jefferson highschool, Portland.

RIGHT BACK AT 'EM

Story of Cupid on Phone Line Brings Sharp Retort from Somebody

Recently the Courier had a few forthright remarks to say about a romance that was being enjoyed by a pair of division 9 of the Highland telephone line. As far as the Courier could see there was no malice in the tale; but somebody who signs herself "Young Lady on Division 9" of the Highland Telephone Service" takes umbrage at the story, and has sent in the following:

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY

In speaking of a person's faults Pray don't forget your own; Remember those with homes of glass Should seldom throw a stone. If we have nothing else to do But talk of those who sin, 'Tis better we commence at home And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man Until he's fairly tried; Should we not like his company— We know the world is wide. Some may have faults—and who has none?

The old as well as young; Perhaps we may for all we know Have fifty to their one. I'll tell you of a better plan— You'll find it works full well: Try hard your own defects to cure Before of others' tell. And though I often hope to be No worse than some I know; My own shortcomings bid me let The faults of others go. So let us all, when we commence To slander friend or foe, Think of the harm one word can do To those we little know. Remember, curses, sometimes like Our chickens, roost at home— Don't speak of others' faults until You have none of your own. The Courier isn't quite certain who is being given this verbal spanking—but at the request of the young lady on division 9 we print it anyway.

AID FOR JEWS PLANNED

Live Wires Organize Committee to Collect Funds for Poland

To aid in the nation-wide movement to provide relief and succor for the suffering Jews in Poland, the Live Wires of the Oregon City Commercial club have appointed a committee to conduct a local relief campaign. B. T. McBain is chairman of the committee, and contributions should be sent to him or to the Courier office.

The plight of the Jews in Poland has been made doubly distressing by the European war, and thousands of families there are worse than destitute. The movement for their aid in the county seat is similar to the movement being carried on in all parts of the nation; and it is expected that at least a thousand dollars will be raised here.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Hall's Catarrh Cure has been taken by catarrh sufferers for the past thirty-five years, and has become known as the most reliable remedy for Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the Blood on the Mucous surfaces, expelling the Poison from the Blood and healing the diseased portions.

After you have taken Hall's Catarrh Cure for a short time you will see a great improvement in your general health. Start taking Hall's Catarrh Cure at once and get rid of catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Tell it to the printer at the Courier job department—he does the rest.

MONEY TO LOAN
PAUL C. FISCHER
Lawyer
Room 2, Beaver Bldg.
Oregon City, Ore.

Obituaries

John C. Dallas
John C. Dallas, 80 years old, died last Friday at his home near Damascus from heart failure. Mr. Dallas only a few weeks before had been seriously injured in a runaway accident, but appeared to be recovering from the effects of this. Coroner Hempstead investigated the death of Mr. Dallas, but found no unusual features.

Popular Teacher Dies
Mrs. Anna S. Hayes, for many years a resident of the county seat, and widely and favorably known as a music teacher, died Monday evening of this week at the home of Mrs. James, in Oregon City. Mrs. Hayes was a native of Michigan, and her parents still reside in Detroit. After coming west Mrs. Hayes was instructor in music at the Montann state normal school, and later held a similar position at the Monmouth normal school. Three sisters and two brothers survive her. The remains will be sent to Montana for interment.

John Younger
For 22 years a resident of the county seat, John Younger, 75 years old, died last week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. Gleason, on Ninth street. Mr. Younger had been an invalid for some time. For many years he was engaged in the jewelry business in the county seat.

Mr. Younger was born in Scotland and came to the United States 25 years ago. He is survived by four children: Mrs. Mike Gleason, Peter Younger, of Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Jennie Sileo, of Oakland, Calif.; and Miss Nellie Younger, of Portland.

Mrs. C. W. Pope
Following an operation at a Portland hospital, Mrs. Alice Pope, the wife of Charles W. Pope, of the county seat, died in Portland Tuesday evening. Her death was not unexpected, though she had at first rallied after the operation.

Mrs. Pope was formerly Mrs. Alice Brewster, and came to the county seat some six years ago. Two years ago she became the wife of Mr. Pope. In the county seat she was widely known for her interest in welfare work, and a large circle of friends will mourn her loss. A daughter a year old survives her.

C. W. Evans
Charles W. Evans, long known as one of the most experienced steamboat men on the Willamette; and before coming to the Oregon country a man who piloted many a river steamer along the reaches of the Mississippi, died Saturday afternoon at his home in the county seat. He had been ill for the five weeks preceding his death, and the end was not unexpected. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon in the Masonic temple, with the Rev. T. J. Williams officiating.

"Captain" Evans was a Mason, an Elk, a Woodman and an Artisan, and was highly regarded in all these lodges. Aside from his fraternal activities he was deeply interested in local community work and in development of the lower Willamette valley, and had a host of acquaintances throughout the state.

He was born February 27, 1856, in Nauvoo, Ill., and attended school in that town until 14 years old. Then with his parents, he moved to Keokuk, Iowa, where his early life was spent steambotting on the Mississippi. January 14, 1883, he was married to Clara Belle Huston, at Keokuk, and soon afterward became chief engineer on a Mississippi river steambot until 1887 when they moved to Portland and he became connected with the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company as chief engineer on the steamer Orient.

Later he was connected with the Columbia River Navigation company as chief engineer on the Telephone and the Bailey Gatzert. On account of ill health, he resigned his position and after a short rest became connected with the Willamette Navigation company as chief engineer on their boats. He directed the construction of the Lang, of that company's fleet, and for the last four years was chief engineer on her.

Mrs. Evans died July 1, 1912, and Mr. Evans later married Mrs. Rosina Fouts. The following children survive him: Claire Evans, of Eugene; Irwin L. Evans, of San Francisco; and Lucile Evans, of Portland.

FINE FLOW OF WORDS

Amateur Correspondent even Forgets to Use Personal Pronoun

A splendid war correspondent was lost to the journalistic field when a Larkins, Pa., young man enlisted in the United States Marine Corps.

Shortly after enlistment the Larkins boy found himself in Haiti with the Marine Corps expeditionary force and, in a letter to Sergeant Frank Stubbe of the recruiting station, he wrote, concerning the occupation of that Caribbean isle by the force of sea soldiers, "a mutinous, riotous, seditious and tumultuously violent party of Cacos barred our way to Haut de Cap. Their heedlessness, rashness, and precipitancy led them to attack our party, but they certainly found it a dismal, forlorn and piteous task, for we disposed of them with neatness and dispatch."

"Our only loss in that battle was the correspondent's 'I,' ... was Sergeant Stubbe's comment.

Since 1908, there have been taken from the national forests five billion feet of wood and timber products. Approximately 40 million feet of timber are cut annually under sales from the Chigach and Tongass national forests of Alaska.

How are you fixed for letter heads and envelopes?—Courier.

HUMANE HINT GIVEN

Correspondent Writes on "Feed the Birds" Plan, and Such Things

Editor, Courier: I have noted in the papers lately suggestions that during the "most unusual weather," when the snow lies in a thick mantle over everything, that it is a humane and kindly thing to feed the birds.

Now by nature I am a kindly man, so upon reading this suggestion I raided the pantry in the absence of friend wife, and distributed on the front porch the crumbs of three biscuits that my wife had tried to get me to eat at breakfast; and also three sausages that were left over from Saturday night's supper.

And the experiment proved a success. At once there were about a half dozen snow-birds and three Alaska robins on the porch, happily pecking at the provender I had provided. I was much pleased with myself, and was thinking how nice it was that we could feed the birds, when my reverie was disturbed by a commotion on the porch.

Looking out I observed my neighbor's black cat licking its whiskers, and looking longingly at several tufts of feathers. Also there were no birds. The cat then smelled of the biscuit crumbs, passed them up, and ate the remainder of the sausage.

Going to the cupboard behind the stove, I carefully drew forth my burglar-welcomer, a Colt's .45, and creating two of the cartridges, I again went to the porch and made use of the smoke-wagon. The first bullet stopped the cat's nine lives, and the second bullet splintered up the front steps and ricocheted across the street and through my neighbor's front window. Continuing on its way it smashed the reading lamp on their table, punctured the air-tight heater, and finally embedded itself in the wall, just back of the only picture my neighbor has of his mother-in-law. Incidentally it punctured the picture, too.

In view of that my neighbor forgave me, and joins with me in suggesting that not only should people "feed the birds," but that they should also "shoot the cats," and so be truly humane. Trusting you may think this advice worthy of being passed on to your readers, I beg to subscribe myself,

T. LORD C.

GOOD CHILDREN SLEEP

And Children Who Sleep are Good, too, Says Expert from Abroad

"One result of insufficient sleep is juvenile crime," said Miss Ravenhill, formerly of King's College, London, in an address to Oregon home-makers, at the Agricultural College. Miss Ravenhill made her investigations among the schoolchildren of Great Britain and found that most of them sleep from three to four hours of the sleep they should have each day, some even more. "The only way to get rid of fatigue," she said, "is by sleep, since fatigue is a poison caused by activity without rest."

"We have frequently heard it said that change of occupation is rest, but it is not. There is an advantage in fatigue in that it warns us when we need rest, but over-fatigue has bad effects, sometimes permanently bad. Just as continual stoking of a furnace without cleaning out the ashes causes it to burn more and more poorly, so insufficient sleep keeps us from living as we should live.

"The fatigue poison has a stimulating effect at first on the nervous system, under the influence of which boys are apt to do deeds that seem to them deeds of daring, which in sober moments they would not do. They are literally influenced through loss of sleep.

"We must set our faces against evening entertainments for children. Many school children are sent to bed at a reasonable hour during the week but this rhythm is broken for them on one or two days of the week. This irregularity is very injurious and sitting up one night cannot be made up for by the regularity of many nights."

TROUBLES FOR MOVIES

Films Can No Longer be Carried on Passenger Cars, Is Rule

As a further step to safeguard the lives of passengers from accident, Western railroads on the first of February, will prohibit the carrying of motion picture films in passenger cars. The celluloid of which the films are made is a highly combustible substance, and the fear that a chance contact with fire might end in disaster.

This action follows that already taken by railroads of the East and Middle West. A passenger on a suburban train running out of Chicago recently carried into the combination smoking and baggage car four reels of motion picture films and placed it on the floor between the seats. In some way, presumably by a lighted match dropped by a smoker, the films were set off and an explosion occurred in which 38 persons were badly burned, two fatally. As a result railroads are no longer willing to submit their customers to such a hazard.

When films are sent by express they can be inspected when received for shipment, and carried in the safe manner laid down by the packing rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This ruling has been recommended by the Bureau for Safe Transportation of Explosives.

Many unemployed men, some of them bringing along their families, have come to the county seat recently, thinking that the published reports in Portland papers about the enlargement of the Hawley mills in Oregon City meant that work was plentiful here. On arrival they find that there are no enlarged mills, and that the little work that is being done in making way for the proposed improvement is being entirely cared for by local labor. The Woman's club has "staked" several such families to money enough to leave the county seat.

"Watch your step"—the Courier Job Department.

A Queer Case Of Suicide

By WILLIAM BLAKEMAN

I am a Russian with a name so unpronounceable by English speaking people that I call myself Hawks. My real reason for assuming a name was that I was implicated in an assassination scheme, was given away by a fellow conspirator and fled the country before the police could lay a hand on me. Being informed that the Russian government had put the American police on my track with a trumped up charge of embezzlement in order to secure my extradition, I took another name. I was very poor, and, not daring to remain in one place long enough to gain a foothold by work, I adopted the profession of tramp.

During my wanderings I fell in with a man who much resembled me. He was an Austrian Pole who had come to this country to better his condition, but had not succeeded. He had become a tramp, like myself, in order to gain a living. We became very good friends and tramped together—that is, we slept in the same places at night. Shlimsky—that is the name he gave me—finally fell sick. We were camping in a wood at the time, and, since he objected to going to a hospital, I made him as comfortable as I could, provided for his necessities and nursed him. Had I realized how ill he was I would not have consented to this.

One night Shlimsky grew suddenly worse and died in the early morning. While looking on the body, considering what action I should take, noticing his resemblance to myself, a plan for removing the police off my track occurred to me. I ran a knife into his heart, spattered blood from my own arm on his shirt and pinned to his clothing a paper on which I had written the following:

This is the body of Paul Ximanovsky, alias James Hawks, a Russian, who was implicated in the Ivanovitch assassination in Russia. He has been killed by one of his own countrymen, a kinsman of the man he assassinated.

I left the body unburied and set off tramping. A week later I was arrested while passing through a small town and charged with murder. I had been seen in company with Shlimsky, and the local police had been put on my track.

Here was a dilemma. I was wanted by one set of police to be sent to Russia to be tried for the murder of Ivanovitch and by another for the murder of myself. As Ximanovsky I was dead and could not be killed any more; as Shlimsky I would be tried for my own murder, and there was every chance that I would be convicted. If I would be punished for killing a dead man.

However, thus far my ruse in throwing the police off the track of the man wanted in Russia was successful. The very prominence that the case was given in the newspapers helped this feature, for those hired by the Russian government to arrest me seeking an account of how I had been murdered abandoned the pursuit, sending an account of my demise to Russia. If I could get off from the charges of having murdered myself my troubles would be ended. But how could I hope to do this without telling the whole story and being taken to Russia as myself?

Not being able to employ an attorney to defend me the court assigned me one. I explained the situation to him. He believed my story and at once took a deep interest in my case, remarking, "This is the prettiest problem I have met since I became a lawyer." Then he left me to think out a plan to clear me without giving away my true character.

There was one point in my favor—those who had been pursuing me for the Russian government had been eliminated so long as I was not known to be their quarry. On this fact my counsel banked. The day after he left me a man came to my cell and asked me to write a statement as to where I was at the time my murder was committed. I did so, claiming to have left the murdered man two days before he died, but that I couldn't exactly remember where I had been for the next few days.

My trial came off soon after this. I did not see my counsel in the meanwhile and wondered why he had not visited me, fearing that he had failed to hit upon a plan for my defense. When I was led into court, however, he smiled at me, as much as to say, "Don't worry; it will come out all right." He called the man to whom I had given the statement and asked him if he had seen me write it. Then he called a woman who had befriended me and to whom I had sent a trifling gift with a letter. This letter I had signed James Hawks.

"Your honor," said my counsel, "my client has been accused of killing himself, which is impossible. I ask for a quashing of the indictment and that he be set at liberty."

The judge took the matter under advisement, but my counsel, who feared that delay would put the Russian government's police on my track, argued with him so strongly that he concluded to set me free. The lawyer at once came to me with the good news.

"You get" he said, "and lose yourself next time some other way."

I doubt if the Russian sleuths ever heard of the denouement, for I never learned afterward that they resumed their efforts to find me.

After this affair I settled in one place under another name, married and prospered.

Fifth and sixth grade pupils of the Oak Grove school recently gave a surprise party for Miss Naomi Kinder. Among those present were: Misses Adena Roth, Esther Wood, Celia Skelley and Agnes Skelly, Leora Griffiths, Norma Roser, Pearl Speck, Gladys Wetzel, Esther Bingham, Opal Speck, Dorothy Jones, Marjorie Goncehav, Naomi Kinder, Ozella Kinder, Johnny Reese, Boon Wilson and Vivian Kinder.

"Watch your step"—the Courier Job Department.

Conservative Banking

This Bank is opposite the Court House, next to the Postoffice and convenient to the Business District. We have a pleasant writing room, both phones and will be pleased to have you make use of same.



LEROY WALKER, President. THOS. F. RYAN, Vice President. JOHN R. HUMPHREYS, Cashier.

EVENING UP ACCOUNTS

Feeding the Birds Pays Them for eating Bugs and Weed Seed

"Feeding the birds in snowy weather is only squaring our accounts with the birds," says Professor G. F. Sykes, zoologist of the Oregon Agricultural College. "The few handfuls of grain thrown out for the birds during the recent snowstorm will bring the best returns of the year. Many a little bird-guardian, robin, blue-bird, siskin, gold finch or Junco, who came months ago to clean up the weed seeds of last season or to catch the cutworm and leather jacket lurking in the turnip or grass fields, was going about hungry and with cold feet. Many of them also have perished with the cold."

"An examination of the stomach contents of birds during an open winter shows them to be at such a time entirely beneficial. In one robin's stomach were found 210 March fly larvae, and a China Pheasant had eaten 673 larvae at a single meal. These grubs resemble cutworm and are a serious pest on root crops, grass and alfalfa. Moreover, five Juncos were found to have destroyed in a single morning 275 May weed seed, 101 wild grass seeds, and 301 pigweed seeds. Thus the Juncos, together with the siskins and green-backed finches, make away with millions of noxious weed seeds in the course of an ordinary winter season.

"With the snow deep on the ground the birds were having a hard time. They have no deep seated hostility towards us even though we have chided some of them for helping themselves to cherries or wheat during the summer. So they may be encouraged to take food put out on the window ledges.

In his bird-feeding Professor Sykes has found that the covers of baking-powder boxes, lard pails, etc., make admirable food trays for putting out bird food. Small grain, cracked corn, wheat or barley, even rolled cereals, put out in such receptacles or in wooden troughs, may be placed on the window ledge, the roof or porch of out buildings or on tops of fence posts. Crumbs from the table, too, were appreciated by the birds.

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LAW VIOLATORS FINED

Men Who Damaged Forest Service Equipment Pay Costs in Court

The District Forester at Portland, Oregon, announces the following legal cases as having been settled in District 6 (Oregon, Washington and Alaska), during the past quarter:

U. S. vs. Walter B. Davidson: On September 28 defendant pleaded guilty, in the U. S. District Court for Oregon, to cutting Forest Service telephone line on the Oregon National Forest and was fined \$10.

U. S. vs. Joseph Roberts: On November 3 defendant was arrested at Stayton, Oregon, charged with breaking into Seven Mile Ranger Station on the Santiam National Forest and stealing therefrom property belonging to the United States; also with cutting telephone line leading to said station. On November 12 he pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny in the county court and was fined \$25.

FIRE THREATENS CHURCH

Quick Work Saves Methodist Structure at Canby Sunday

Just as services were drawing to a close in the Canby Methodist church Sunday evening, fire was discovered in the basement of the building. The blaze started in a hole cut through a partition for a stovepipe. An immediate alarm was sounded, and the chemical engine of the Canby department responded, extinguishing the flames in short order. Damage approximating \$100 was done.

There was considerable excitement among the worshippers when news of the fire was whispered about, but all got out of the building in an orderly manner, and then waited to see if they could be of any assistance. The church was newly erected some three years ago, and had it not been for the prompt action of the fire fighters, the loss would have been heavy.

A help to you and a help to us—the Courier job department.

NOT ENOUGH CHILDREN

ever receive the proper balance of food to sufficiently nourish both body and brain during the growing period when nature's demands are greater than in mature life. This is shown in so many pale faces, lean bodies, frequent colds, and lack of ambition.

For all such children we say with unmistakable earnestness: They need Scott's Emulsion, and need it now. It possesses in concentrated form the very food elements to enrich their blood, to increase weakness to strength; it makes them sturdy and strong. No alcohol.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

TUESDAY BUSY DAY

Funny how it Never Rains but It Pours; even in Paper Matters

Tuesday, the day when the northern part of the county had such a good imitation of a silver that had even the oldest inhabitants couldn't tell the difference, was a busy day at the Courier shop.

Bright and early in the morning Postmaster Haggemann, of Milwaukie, flagged one of the Courier reporters and jumped on him for that little story last week about two girls having put the Milwaukie post office out of business by breaking a window. Mr. Haggemann said the story was all wrong—that two girls didn't have a fight, but that six girls had all tried to get out of the door at the same time. And he wanted it put straight in the paper.

Then in town the cheerful chorus continued. The Courier's attention was called to the fact that it had got off wrong on a divorce case last week—that's straightened out elsewhere. And then came Councilman Roy B. Cox, Sunday school superintendent and originator of the "silent vote" in the county, and flagged a Courier man on the street and wanted to know why the Courier was all the time knocking the cold storage business in which Mr. Cox has a share. Readers of the Courier who have seen any "knocks" on the Cox plant are invited to tell us about them—that is, all sensible readers who haven't got the acute and supersensitive acumen of the honorable councilman.

After Mr. Cox had got through relieving his feelings about this paper, and the reporter had duly reported to the office; in came by mail the poem published elsewhere in this issue, and in which a haymaker slam is taken at somebody—maybe the Courier. Then late in the evening there wandered in an irate citizen who wanted the Courier to force the city to clean the sidewalk in front of the fire-hall on Main street.

Tuesday was sure a busy day with us.

HERE'S WHERE WE RENIG