

OREGON CITY COURIER

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FOUR DAYS MORE

When this copy of the Courier reaches you there will be just four more days in which you can register. Don't stop to read the balance of this if you haven't registered, but put down the paper and hike just as fast as you can travel either to the county courthouse or to the district registrar in your community, and get your name down on the registration books.

If you have already registered, think of those of your friends who haven't yet done so, and get after them. Tell them that it is the duty of every American citizen to vote and so have a voice in the management of his country. Tell him it is not only his duty—it is his privilege; a privilege that was won at the cost of thousands of lives and gallons of blood. The vote—the right of expressing individual ideas in matters of national, state, county and city government, is the greatest thing that we, as Americans, have. It is what lures annually to our shores thousands upon thousands of citizens from other parts of the world, where the people are not allowed to rule, and where the individual's voice in government is weak and unavailing to a large extent.

It is, of course, a nuisance to register. But for that matter it is a nuisance to get dinner—and if you don't register, the time may come when you'll find it a whole lot harder to get dinner. The popular remark these days is "That the high taxes," or even something stronger than that. And one of the reasons why taxes are high is because people who have the power of selecting representatives, didn't pick the right men—and as a result that bunch up at Salem looted the public treasury and forced taxes up to the high water mark they have attained.

The best way to reduce taxes is the register, and then when you go to the primaries, nominate men whom you know will cut down some of the outgo of public funds. And after nominating these men, the next step is to go to the polls again in November, and vote them into office; and also to vote down the pet schemes of conspirators who have drawn bills to get themselves and their friends nice fat jobs at the expense of the taxpayer. No man who hasn't registered has a right to roar about high taxes, about the abuse of public power in office, or about anything else.

There are, as we've already said, but four days in which to register. If you haven't registered already, do it now—do it in the first of the remaining four days, and spend the next three hunting up neighbors of yours who haven't registered, and see that they do. Don't waste time cursing high taxes or incompetent officials—the reason for incompetent officials is the same as the reason for high taxes: lack of interest on the part of the people, failure to avail themselves of the privilege of voting.

These remarks apply also to the ladies—though be it said to the credit of the women of Oregon that since they have been accorded the privilege of the ballot, they have used it rather better than have the men. However, some of the ladies haven't registered yet. They ought to do so, for the future holds just as much woe and grief for the ladies as it does for the men if the "spoilsmen" are to be allowed in office. Hence the thing for every citizen of Clackamas county to do now is to register, and see that everybody else is registered.

To express it mildly, and also briefly: REGISTER TODAY OR SHUT UP KICKING AT WHAT YOU GET.

MOSTLY POLITICS

Do not let the title of this outbreak of editorial wisdom alarm you. Politics is looked upon by many folk as a fearsome and dreadful thing, but it is in reality mostly hot air. And so, to a large extent, are these political remarks to be confined to glittering generalities—even as are the slogans of the multitudinous candidates now

seeking favor at the hands of the voters throughout Oregon. Politics, which is the favorite pastime of Oregon's native sons, is with us now full blast, even as it has been every springtime since the first weary travelers pulled in over the old Oregon trail. So it is meet that the Courier should have a few words to say about the subject.

Politics has been described as the science of enabling those who are out to get in. This science is largely built on promise, and is utterly without gratitude. True, there is political gratitude; and this has been defined by a great Oregon political leader as "a quick forgetfulness of past favors and an eager anticipation of favors yet to come." When a candidate says "vote for me and I will be grateful," he really means "vote for me and I will be grateful for your vote again when I run for a second term."

Of course the day may come in Oregon when some men of youngish age, experienced in the ways of this world, and discouraged at present management of public affairs, may seek office—not because they want the salaries and the empty honor that goes with the job, but because they want to give the people a little bit better government than they have ever had before. Such men should be of reasonably independent means—they should have enough to get themselves three square meals a day and a place to roost at night, and they should not be ambitious to own automobiles or summer villas by the sea. Such men could probably fill public office just as well as public office is now filled and perhaps a little bit better.

If the day ever comes when men like this will run for office in Oregon men or women who are not connected with past political history, the voters will probably flock to them in throngs. Let the average voter once be convinced that a candidate seeks office merely to see how well he can fill that office, and his election is assured. Yet it is to be remarked that not a single candidate has yet thought of this. Not a single slogan says "give me office so I can have the fun of trying to be a good public servant and seeing how much money I can save the taxpayer." Not a single candidate has yet said "all I want to be elected for is to prove to my fellow citizens that a man can hold a public job without becoming diseased with the craving for bossism."

Everybody in sight so far wants the office to "reform present evils," or "to lower taxes," or "to serve the people loyally." Everybody with a hat or cap in the ring is going at the thing with businesslike forethought and system, is carefully measuring words of double meaning, so that the voter will now believe one thing and yet so that latter the voter will be unable to find therein any definite promise. In short, all the Oregon candidates now seeking a job are carefully preparing a verbal alibi that they can use at the next election, when they are asked why they didn't live up to glittering promises made.

The Courier, out of curiosity, would like to see some candidate come out who was a lover of all mankind, a man of broad tolerance, of average common sense. A man who took the typically American humorous who could smile when he asked for political support, and who could say willingly and openly before hand: "If you elect me I will play the game to the best of my ability, and I will try to keep expenses down, I will try to be decent and human, but I won't promise the impossible." Some candidates have approached this attitude, but they haven't any of them attained it—yet.

LOOKING FORWARD

The truth crops out in unexpected places. A recent number of the Spectator, Portland's weekly review of society, big business and other things, mostly paid for, contained editorial comment regarding the wisdom of prosecuting parents for the crimes committed by their minor children.

The Spectator said, in brief, that it was the duty of parents to bring children up in righteousness; and that when children went wrong, it was more often the fault of the father and mother than of the child.

A couple of weeks ago the Courier was struck by this same happy thought, and in an editorial comparing Kansas and Oregon, mentioned the fact that at least one Oregon judge seemed to have realized that a delinquent mother was to blame for her child's missteps, and should be punished for not giving the child a fair start in the world. However, it is seldom that the mother is herself to blame. In nine cases out of ten it is the father's fault; either because the father holds himself aloof from the home life that his children hardly know him, or because the father leaves entirely to an already overburdened mother the task of giving his and her children the ethical training they ought to have.

Bringing up a child consists of more than teaching it to say "please" and "thank you," and in sending it to Sunday school at ten every Sabbath morning. Bringing up a child consists of more, too, than telling it to be home at nine in the evening, and scolding it if it isn't in when the curfew rings. This, in fact, is the least part of bringing up children. To the average child the world is a strange place, a place to be closely watched, and to be noted in every detail. And if the active mind of the child notes that dad comes home with the smell of booze on his breath, that he swears at his wife or doesn't even speak to her at all, and that he goes out right after supper and doesn't come home until everybody is all asleep; that child is pretty apt to disregard the teachings of the mother

—to Oregon's credit, and for the sake of Oregon's future citizens.

WE HAVE WITH US

This being the season for wild things, outbursts of human cussedness, and general sprouting and growth, we have with us baseball games, pink and green sporting extras, fishermen and fisherwomen, press agents of circuses and outdoor parks, political candidates of various kinds, and T. Roosevelt. All these manifestations of spring are reasonably well known to the American people, and one can be pretty sure in advance what each one will do, or try to do. That is, each one but that modest lily of the spring field, T. Roosevelt.

This Roosevelt person, it appears, is going to "spill the beans" for the republicans at the national convention. Just how he will spill them, however, is a matter of some doubt. If he pussyfoots around and lines up enough uncommitted delegates to force his nomination to save a split in the party, he will spill them as far as results go. If he doesn't round up enough, and splits the party again, he will also spill them. And if he is neither nominated or successful in splitting the party, he may spill the beans quite as effectually by either supporting or not supporting the convention's nominee.

In politics Roosevelt is "heap bad medicine." Suppose he isn't nominated and doesn't manage to produce a party of his own. Suppose he gets right in behind the republican nominee and tours the country speaking for him. Everybody will say that the nominee is "Roosevelt's man," and everybody who under other conditions would refuse to vote for

body in Clackamas county would get behind "Queen" Rose, who has been nominated as a candidate for honors at the Portland Rose Festival by a representative group of county seat bachelors, and make Miss Rose Uptegrove the county's candidate. Over in Eastern Oregon all of Umatilla county has gotten behind Pendleton's candidate for queenly honors, thereby showing the right spirit, and a winning spirit.

Miss Rose Uptegrove is a young lady who will make an admirable queen of Oregon's big summer festival. She has personal charm and winning ways, and she also appears to be a young woman of sound common sense. Born west of the Mississippi, and having spent the greater part of her life in the Coast country, she is typically a Western girl, and so would do well as the ruler of a Western festival. Portland has insisted for a number of years that the Rose Festival was an Oregon celebration, and not a Portland one; so it is but fair that an Oregon girl—and not a Portland one—should be its queen. And what is more typically Oregon than Clackamas county? What community in Oregon can boast of more pioneer history than Clackamas county? And what would be more fitting than a Western girl from Clackamas county for queen of Oregon's distinctive festival?

It will be Queen Rose if Clackamas county at large will get in and help. Oregon City will do its share—campaign manager Kelly will see to that. And as the county seat at heart desires to be on good terms with the rest of the county, and has lately shown new evidence of this; it would be a fine way for the county at large to reciprocate by helping elect Miss Rose queen of the forthcoming fes-

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The Courier makes this correction because some people have endeavored to read into the wording of the Courier's story of the occurrence some "politics" that wasn't there at all. As the French say, "honi soit qui mal y pense."

His Age Is Against Him

"I am 52 years old and I have been troubled with kidneys and bladder for a good many years," writes Arthur Jones, Allen, Kas. "My age is against me to ever get cured, but Foley Kidney Pills do me more good than anything I ever tried." Many people suffer from kidney trouble who need not suffer when they can get Foley Kidney Pills. Mr. Jones, in a later letter, says if it was not for them he would never be able to work in the hay field. Rheumatism, aching back, shooting pains, stiff joints, all have been relieved.—Jones Drug Co.

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It was found that under compression Douglas fir will stand 5,695 pounds per square inch, as against the Baltic timber mark of 3,950 pounds per square inch, while red cedar made a very creditable showing against the Baltic timber of 3,407 pounds per square inch. Tests in tension were even more favorable for Douglas fir. This is shown by the fact that it would take 11,450 pounds, or more than 5½ tons, to pull apart a stick of Douglas fir having a cross section of 1 square inch, whereas just half that weight would suffice to pull apart Baltic timber, and only 3,300 pounds were required to separate cedar.

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to the effect that home is the ideal spot. The child will wonder—silently, probably—why it is that dad doesn't think home is all that mother say it is; and having already learned that actions speak louder than words, will disregard the kind words and dwell upon the actions.

And if this child later "goes wrong," it isn't the mother that is to blame. It is the father, who silently taught the child a contempt for home and a contempt for its mother. And it is the father who should be prosecuted—not so much for what he has done, as for what he hasn't done.

The time will come when we will realize this, and when the inherent right of every child to a proper bringing up will be so thoroughly understood that our homes will be happier, that dad won't go out to lodge so often, and that the family circle will really be a circle—and not just a curved line with a couple of gaps where father and the boy are absent. And then we will have less child delinquency, less population in our reform schools, less rowdiness on the streets, and no double standard of morals. In Oregon it appears that this day is already in sight on the calendar, for a Portland judge and the Portland Spectator have both received a glimpse of the future. When both a jurist and a society magazine see the light, the light itself must truly be near at hand.

Let us hope that progress will con-

Roosevelt himself will scratch up "Roosevelt's man." On the other hand, suppose Roosevelt opposes the republican nominee. He will keep from that unhappy goat the remainder of the "progressive" vote, and he will stampede to a certain extent his following away from the ticket. Just where he will lead those he stampedes cannot be guessed—he might lead them to the prohibitionists or to the socialists.

Last week when T. Roosevelt told some of his friends what they would have to do in order to nominate him he took a paste at the "hyphen," among other things. A good deal of the potential Roosevelt support lies with the "hyphen," for the simple reason that two-thirds of the hyphenated Americans want to see the United States at loggerheads with either one side or the other of the warring European factions, and they figured T. Roosevelt would bring this situation about if he had a chance. By taking a slam at the "hyphen" T. Roosevelt hasn't helped himself any, and he hasn't helped the republican party—which is the hope of the "hyphen." In short T. Roosevelt appears not only to have signified his intention of spilling the republican beans this year, but he has already got the bean pot tipped over on its side and the lid loose.

A NICE THING TO DO

It would be awfully nice if every-

body in Clackamas county would get behind "Queen" Rose, who has been nominated as a candidate for honors at the Portland Rose Festival by a representative group of county seat bachelors, and make Miss Rose Uptegrove the county's candidate. Over in Eastern Oregon all of Umatilla county has gotten behind Pendleton's candidate for queenly honors, thereby showing the right spirit, and a winning spirit.

A CORRECTION

In its account of the raid on the Hotel Belle last week, the Courier said, among other things, that District Attorney Gilbert L. Hedges was a member of the raiding party. Mr. Hedges was not in Milwaukie during the raid, but met the party when it returned with the confiscated liquor late in the evening. He was present in the sheriff's office when stock was taken of the spoils, and as many of the other members of the party were also present, the Courier's reporter surmised that he had been with the raiders all evening.

The district attorney's office, however, planned the raid, accumulated the evidence upon which it was made, and the members of the raiding party received their instructions late in the afternoon from Mr. Hedges before leaving for Milwaukie. And the deputy district attorney was with the official party when it descended upon the resort, so the office was represented throughout the entire proceeding.