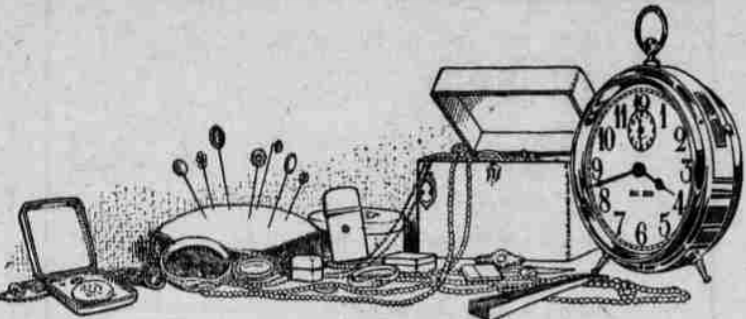


GREAT IS HUMBUG Greater is Truth. We will Let in the Light on This Business.



Gifts of Quality

THE high standard of quality, maintained by this store, is so well known that a gift bearing our label is instantly thought of as a gift of quality.

If you are contemplating purchasing a gift for any occasion it will be well for you to look over our superb assortment.

Our slogan is, "Always the highest quality merchandise at the lowest possible prices."

Burmeister & Andresen

Oregon City Jewelers Suspension Bridge Corner

COUNTY AND CITY LOCALS

A little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Wettlaufer Wednesday, April 12th, at the Oregon City hospital.

Miss Corelia Amrine, of this city, spent Saturday at Canby.

Mrs. M. Gleason and Mrs. Hannaford were Portland visitors the last of the week.

S. P. Davis has purchased a new automobile.

J. J. Egr is building a cottage on his new property recently purchased, on John Adams street, near second.

Thomas Davis, of Beaver Creek, was in Oregon City Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kamrath, who have been in California for the past 10 months, have returned to their home at Beaver Creek.

Bud Simmons, of Eighth and Monroe street, is reported very ill at his home.

The new Welworth waists for this week have arrived and are being shown exclusively at Bannons.

William H. Howell, of the county seat, has been named foreman of the new grand jury drawn this week.

The largest assortment of Easter Hats at most reasonable prices.—Miss C. Goldsmith.

Most excellent Easter Music by big choir at Methodist Church Easter Sunday. Welcome to all services.

Mrs. Charles White, of Mulino, was a county seat visitor early in the week.

Mrs. R. A. Christenson, who has been visiting friends in Albany for some days, has returned to her home in the county seat.

Next issue of the Courier will contain the announcement of the big 1c sale of Huntley Bros. Co.

Miss C. Goldsmith has just received a beautiful line of novelties in untrimmed Hats.

This is Parisiana Demonstration Week. Bannons are selling any Parisiana Corset in the new spring models that sell regularly for \$1.50, for \$1.00.

Children's Entertainment Easter Sunday Morning at the Methodist Church, 10:00 A. M.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Young spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young and Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Cross. Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Young now reside at Camas.

Easter Cards, Easter Egg Dyes, Bibles, Testaments, Gift Books, Candy, and many other desirable Easter Gifts at Huntley Bros. Co., The Rexall Store.

Mrs. J. K. Weatherford, Mrs. W. B. Chance and J. S. VanWinkle have returned to their homes in Albany after attending the funeral of their



Bring Your Eye Troubles to Me

and get the benefit of my experience, without extra cost to you, of diagnosing your particular case.

I guarantee all glasses fitted by me to be a source of comfort and satisfaction.

My prices are as low as high class workmanship and first class stock will allow.

We make all of our glasses right here, on the premises, hence I can give you better service than is usually to be had elsewhere.

Wm. A. Schilling

Optometrist & Optician 617 Main Street Oregon City, Oregon

record, and but few of his friends knew of his valor as a soldier.

James P. Bartlett

James P. Bartlett, a pioneer of early days, and a man who served through several of the Indian wars in the Northwest, was found dead in his cabin at Tualatin Monday.

He had evidently died during the previous night from heart failure. Mr. Bartlett was a native of Indiana, being born at Evansville in 1838.

When still a young man he came to the coast, and lived in several places in Washington and Oregon. For a time he was auditor of Columbia county, and later was a judge at LaCentre, Wn.

More recently he was a mail carrier attached to the Tualatin post office. Mrs. Cordelia Bartlett, of Wilsonville, four sons and two daughters survive him.

S. M. Ramsby

S. M. Ramsby, former county recorder, died from heart failure last Thursday at his home in Molalla. His health had been poor for some time, and while his death was unexpected, it had been feared for some months that his end was approaching.

Mr. Ramsby was born in Indiana in 1852, and was brought to Oregon by his parents when but a small boy. He was raised in the Molalla country, and 41 years ago married Miss Francine Dickey. His widow and one son, C. E. Ramsby, survive him.

He is also survived by his three sisters and three brothers. Mr. Ramsby was chief deputy in the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue for this district for a number of years, and throughout the greater part of his life held the confidence of local republican leaders.

He was a member of the Elks, Odd Fellows and Artisans, and was widely known in the lower part of the valley.

Card of Thanks

Words can never express our gratefulness for all the loving kindness manifested toward us at the time our loved one passed on.

MRS. JOSEPH SEWALL Mrs. J. D. FELLOWS MR. J. D. FELLOWS

BIRD TALK DRAWS

Maple Lane Children Spend Afternoon Learning of Feathered Aides

Last Friday the Maple Lane branch of the Liberty Bell Bird Club held its first regular meeting in the Maple Lane school, with sixty-five out of eighty-three members present.

The teacher, Mr. Ginther, turned the whole afternoon over to the club and a good program was given. Mrs. William Hammond, of Gladstone gave one of her lectures on birds which was highly appreciated by all.

A short history of the club and its purposes and work was given by G. F. Mighilla. Talks on nests and nesting were given by C. W. Swallow and by Mrs. Ollie Swallow.

Julia Schmidt was awarded the first prize for an essay on bird life, and Margaret Albright won the first prize for constructing a bird house. The club will meet again on May 6.

Did you know that the Courier is \$1.00 per year if paid in advance?

BROWNELL'S RECORD IS FOR THE PEOPLE

This man was a member of the State Senate from Clackamas County for twelve years, and his record was exceedingly good.

OLD PACIFISTS FOUND

Blackfoot Indian Has Right Idea of Keeping War from the Home

The wife's mother must never come face to face with her son-in-law, and both must use every honorable means to avoid meeting at any place after the marriage has taken place, according to a tribe law of the Blackfoot Indians, Sergeant William Dube, an old Indian fighter of the United States Marine Corps, now retired, told comrades of the George F. Elliott

Camp of the Spanish War Veterans, at a meeting recently.

"And yet the plain Indian is pointed out as a horrible example of savagery," Dube went on. "No sir, the Blackfoot is the original pacifist and the mother-in-law custom proves it."

Sergeant Dube, United States Marine Corps, retired, admits that he has himself been married three times.

The ravages of the foot-and-mouth disease are over, says the government. So is another fight won by your Uncle Sam, who is busy all the time.

ed in coaxing their uncle to come out into the garden with them.

"No," said Uncle Joe, "I've thought of a much nicer game for you than that."

He was very mysterious about it and made them go indoors while he got things ready. In about five minutes he called them out again.

"I've hidden some 'secrets' in this garden," he said. "The game is that you've to look for them—and whatever you find you may keep."

"I say!" called out Frank the next minute. "Just look what I've got. And he held out a large toy Easter egg, filled with soldiers, for the others to see."

"And look here!" almost shrieked Molly in her excitement. "I've found a chocolate egg filled with cream. Just like the one I had meant to get."

"They asked Uncle Joe if he could explain it, but he couldn't and no one else could.

"I'm so glad we gave our money for Tinker," said Molly later on. "But isn't it lovely to have had those scrumptious Easter eggs too!"

The children found lots of other eggs besides. It was a curious thing, though, that Molly had found exactly the egg she had wanted, and so had Frank, and so had Jack.

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"I'm so glad we gave our money for Tinker," said Molly later on. "But isn't it lovely to have had those scrumptious Easter eggs too!"

The three saloon keepers who lost their licenses, in Oregon City, to sell intoxicating liquor, can dispose of the same under their government licenses, in quantities of not less than one gallon, nor more than four and seven-eighths gallons.

Respectfully submitted, WM. M. STONE.



The Children's Easter Eggs

THE Pinkerton children were feeling very excited. It was Easter Saturday, and mother was taking them out to buy some Easter eggs.

She had given them each 50 cents and told them they could buy whatever eggs they liked themselves.

And so, talking of their plans, Molly, Frank and Jack kept running on in front of mother to have more time to look into the shop windows and running back again to her to tell her what they had seen.

"Boys," said Molly as they neared the corner of the street, "we mustn't forget Tinker's penny, must we?"

Tinker was a blind man's dog. The blind man always took up his stand on the very same corner, and the children never passed him without putting a penny in Tinker's can.

The blind man got to know their footsteps quite well and always looked forward to exchanging greetings with them. Tinker knew his little friends, too, and when they drew near he would strain at his lead, making frantic efforts to get loose and run to meet them.

It was Molly's turn to give the blind man a penny that morning, so she made her way to where the blind man was seated.

But he was all alone. There was no Tinker there!

"Where's Tinker?" the three children asked as if in one breath. "Oh, don't tell us you've lost him!" Molly said.

The old man shook his head, and they noticed how sad he looked.

"Bless you, dears," he said, "it wouldn't be easy to lose Tinker; he never leaves my side. No, it's worse than that!"

"What is it? Please tell us," said Frank.

"Tinker's ill," said the blind man. "Why not send him to the vet.?" asked Frank.

The blind man shook his head in a pitiful way. "I've no money to pay for vets. I haven't. He'd charge a dollar and a half."

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Respectfully submitted, WM. M. STONE.

To the Honorable Mayor and the City Council: Gentlemen: The three saloon keepers who lost their licenses, in Oregon City, to sell intoxicating liquor, can dispose of the same under their government licenses, in quantities of not less than one gallon, nor more than four and seven-eighths gallons.

(Here is Wm. M. Stone's "booze" advertisement, published in the Enterprise on the 14th of this month and repeated, with slight variations, in all of the County Papers.)

BOOZE! Voters Attention! The Booze Trust is dying hard. It is spending thousands of dollars to defeat certain men for District Attorney in every county of the State.

Why? The whiskey distillers and brewers want boot-legging. There is big money in it for them. They think that if the law is not enforced they can boot-leg at will, and people will get disgusted and want to repeal the prohibition law, and then the triumph of Booze will come.

And with it goes Lord's Oregon Laws! Closely behind is the Oregon Legislature! And the Oregon City charter is at the tail of the procession.

All gone, brushed off the U. S. by one great opinion of William Stone, C. T.

This will either put him up beside Chief Justice Holmes or make him Oregon's state jester.

This is some opinion, and it just can't die a natural death.

If it sticks (of course it will be carried to the U. S. Supreme Court) better have a row-boat ordered for you will see some WET old times in Oregon.

The last Congress passed a law making it criminal to ship liquor into dry territory—and according to Mr. Stone's edict THERE WON'T BE ANY DRY TERRITORY.

Some smart Alec will take up a government license in Kansas, and the work of John P. StJohn and Carrie Nation will have been naught.

Our last Legislature passed a law that the possession of a government license was prima facie evidence that a man was a "blind pig" operator, when he had not a county or state license.

And William Stone has blown away the Legislature.

Lord's Oregon Laws plainly say what shall and what shall not be done in the booze way, and provide the penalties, but Lord's overcoat wouldn't make Stone a vest pattern.

Away go Lord's. Our city charter lays down the booze regulations and restrictions about as tight and carefully as any charter can, and William Stone brushes them aside in 12 eight-point, 13-em lines.

Why don't we have him abolish the Legislature while he has his abolishing suit on, and save Oregon a heap of money?

Honestly, fellows, what do you think of the booze "opinion"? Have we a legal genius on the city staff, or had we better call in the lunacy commission?

Under this opinion any grocery store, pool room, moving picture store, millinery store, woman's club, or any other concern, can pay \$25 for a government license and start a four-quart wet goods emporium in connection.

Any person can take out a government license and peddle booze in gallon quantities.

(Following is the comment of M. J. Brown, then editor of the Courier, on Wm. M. Stone's "booze" OPINION, published in the Courier April 25th, 1913.)

Booze! Talk about going SOME! Some is a real slow one.

Judge Landis jumped into national fame in one day when he fined the Standard Oil Co. \$29,000,000.

City Attorney William Stone has him run way back in the brush.

"THE CITY HAS NOTHING TO SAY AS TO THE SALE AND DISPOSAL OF LIQUOR UNDER THESE GOVERNMENT LICENSES SO LONG AS THE PARTIES DO NOT SELL IN QUANTITIES LESS THAN ONE GALLON."

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Immortality.

It is a thing to be thankful for that twentieth century thinking and twentieth century science are confirming, cumulatively, the dictum of Christian authority that the soul of man is immortal.

To assert nowadays that the universe is the outcome of chance is to array oneself against the world's best thought. To affirm that the universe is reasonable means, in the last analysis, "that the world acts as it might be expected to act had it been thought through by mind."—George Wharton Pepper.

FOR THE EASTER TABLE. The favorite Easter colors—violet, light green, yellow and white—lend themselves so attractively to the table decorations, and it is so easy to make centerpieces of fluffy chickens or rabbit families that most women feel quite competent to arrange their own Easter tables.

However, the hostess who is willing to accept her schemes ready made may profit by the advice of one who is an expert in arranging tables.

"One of the prettiest ways," she says, "is to use violets—quantities of them—and little white plastic or paper mache rabbits.

A low bowl, gilt basket or deep silver dish or tray may be filled with violets and surrounded by a half dozen or more white bunny nines.

At each place have a white spun sugar rabbit holding a bunch of violets and foliage. The menu or name cards should be violet tinted; the ice cream cases made of white satin, with the ribbon violets on top, these may be used as little pin-cushions.

Later, or they can be of violet satin, with a little white satin bunny surmounting it. Candelied violets in the bonbon dishes will help to carry out the color motif.

THEIR EASTER DUNNIES



Obituaries

Joseph Sewell

Joseph Sewell, a veteran of the Civil War and a member of Meade Post, No. 2, G. A. R., died at his home April 18. Mr. Sewell had an enviable military record, having enlisted in K Company, of the 95th Illinois Infantry in September, 1862, and serving through many engagements until the close of the war.

In spite of his service to his country his modesty caused him to refrain from all allusions to his military