

# OREGON CITY COURIER

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## OLD SONG—NEW WORDS

The "mourning" Enterprise has tuned up its badly damaged fiddle again and is chanting the same old tune that caused Bossy, the acrobatic bovine, to jump over the moon.

The ridiculous reasoning of the Enterprise is mirthful—its buffoonery is that paper's only excuse for remaining among us. Ever since that fateful day when Bossy did her stunt in the skies the Enterprise has been frantically attempting to duplicate the performance in its editorial digester and jumps sky-high over fact into untruth in the exacerbation of its putrid egotism, which would expunge the democratic party and hold the republican party up to the horizon, where it might be admired for its wondrous deeds of thought and accomplishment.

If the Enterprise devoted half the space to the presentation of the merits of the case of one Charles E. Evans Hughes that it does to the defamation of Woodrow Wilson, the chance of Mr. Hughes' getting the votes of that particular circle which is instructed in the exercise of its franchise by the Enterprise would be vastly greater.

Mr. Wilson casts aside the robes of democracy or other affiliation for the mantle of true and loyal Americanism, which spells humanity in its broadest sense. Yet the Enterprise forgets that all men are brothers and would have Mr. Wilson executed for his misdeeds if its fevered imagination could find any misdeed of which the president is guilty. But, the sniveler that has no patriotism can see nothing worthy either in the constitution of the nation or in the man who is doing as much to perpetuate that constitution in the annals of the world as any other president who has been at Washington.

If the voters do not care to reelect Mr. Wilson, that is their choice. While the gentleman is at the head of the nation every man who loves that stary banner above him should lend the greatest possible measure of support to the president. Treason and venomous attacks have no place in the mind or heart of true Americans and those who attack the man who has been selected to lead them, more than ever when that man is of the stamp of American that Mr. Wilson is, deserved all the condemnation public can give. These crucial times are, at least, the times when Americanism should be paramount; when the union should be bound tightest with the bonds of that everlasting glory that was conceived by the fathers of the great republic.

Yet, we have with us the "mourning" Enterprise, chewing always at a bite that is too big for its childish mouth. Ranting in its surface fury like the little boy who forgets the honor due his mother and father, the "mourning" what-not forgets that democrats and republicans are brothers and sisters and that all who ask for the protection of the American flag should pay the tribute of respect and aid to the president.

The Enterprise says that President Wilson and the democratic administration have nothing to do with the prosperity the nation enjoys at present. It goes back east and garbles the statements of a true American to get evidence for its foolish assertions. Mr. Hedges says he is convinced that eastern prosperity is greatly due to the war. Does that statement mean that there would be no prosperity if the war did not exist? The thought is as utterly absurd as are the lies of the Enterprise.

Bring your search home, you who discredit the administration. There is evidence of prosperity on every side. Answer these questions, please, and then take a long look at your form in the looking glass of truth. See if there isn't yet some hope of infusing a little real Americanism into your disgruntled veins and a little true patriotism into your ignominious heart.

Do the local paper mills depend upon war orders for their prosperity to-

day—a prosperity greater than they ever enjoyed before? Are they not actually handicapped by the war? Do they not employ more men today than ever before and pay them better wages than ever before; and all in the face of the war which is, according to the reasonable Enterprise, bringing prosperity to the nation that would be in the last throes of death without the war?

What would Taft or our friend Hughes do today that Woodrow Wilson is not doing? How could prosperity be greater if Taft or Hughes or any other idol of republicanism directed the affairs of the nation? How would Hughes or Taft keep American troops out of war with Mexico and preserve the honor of a nation?

Getting back home for the moment: Is the woolen mill here dependent upon war orders for its prosperity? There is no denying the fact that these industries control the prosperity of this immediate vicinity, and they are handicapped directly by the war. Their imported supplies are cut off and they labor under conditions that have not existed in decades. Yet they are doing a greater volume of business than they ever did before—and the war is responsible, says the Enterprise.

There is no doubt that a certain amount of eastern prosperity comes because of the war, but that such prosperity would exist without the war, and in all lines of industry, is only denied by the pusillanimous minds of such as the Enterprise.

Whether or not you are of Mr. Wilson's political family, as a true and loyal American you owe the nation your fullest support of its president.

Meanwhile, with the "mourning" putrescence among us in the gay garb of the Enterprise, we propose a cheer to its slogan: "Let the republicans rejoice!"

## IN THE DAY'S MAIL

The Courier is filling a niche in the life of Clackamas county people that is a source of great pride to this paper. Like an individual, a newspaper takes much pleasure from its worthy accomplishments and sometimes bemoans the mistakes that it makes, usually through no fault of its own.

A day has not passed within the reign of the present management without the addition of names to the subscription list of the paper and in ninety-nine of every hundred cases a good friend is made of every subscriber.

Occasionally someone writes the office to say, as one did last week: "Please stop my paper. I do not like war nor the great statesman, Wilson," but such communications are so few and far between that they only serve to add zest to the business of the day.

As a matter of fact most of the letters received regarding subscriptions say something like one that came early this week: "Your paper seems to have an ideal—certainly it supplies the news of Clackamas county to its readers. Although I am 'off color' politically I find The Courier partisan-ship stands on a true American basis and I enclose M. O. covering renewal."

The Courier attempts to furnish the timely news of the county in a readable form without fear or favor and where an issue demands a stand this paper is usually found ungarbled in its attitude. It tries not to color its statements for political capital and avoids partisan politics to as great an extent as the signs of the times will permit.

It believes in construction and development; it is an abettor of all things for the upbuilding of Clackamas county and its pages hold only the advertising of those firms within the county which are the backbone of the progress that is coming quickly and surely to the happy commonwealth. Its advertisers are the men who are up and doing things in the county and the state and its readers

are the people who have the whole interest of the county at heart.

The pages of The Courier are read by people of all ages and in all homes it is heartily received for its cleanliness and honor. And in so saying, we would not have it seem that we boast. Rather we are listing the findings of a search for the source of the popularity of the paper, in effort to determine the cause of the rapidly and constantly growing subscription list and advertising patronage.

The Courier is a spokesman for Clackamas county people, a willing medium for the expression of their opinions and, so long as they be just and honorable, a champion for the causes of progress, development and construction of this great county, state and nation.

Partisanship is a side issue. The Courier furnishes the news and its news is readable in any household and by any member thereof. Those are a few of the reasons why The Courier fills an enviable place in the county and why its subscription list, at the present rate of increase, will double within a year.

If you are not a subscriber we venture to inquire: Why not? And at the same time we heartily invite you to enjoy membership in the great Clackamas county family that is bound together through a common spokesman in The Courier.

## SPECTATOR FIREWORKS

It is to be regretted that Hugh Hume did not publish the Spectator on the fourth of July. Its verbal pyrotechnics, in the excellent English at the command of the unnecessarily sarcastic editor, would have made an excellent feature for an explosive celebration.

Mr. Hume condescends, through the moth holes in the mantle of his charity, to say that the Courier's defense of the formerly iniquitous Friars' club, now a calm and peaceful resort for the entertainment of children and dyspeptics, may have been based upon misinformation. Perhaps!

Yet, the Spectator fires a bombastic volley, in saying that "since prohibition went into effect, the Friars' club has been what it was before—a resort for the lewd and vicious, a deadfall for the young, a rendezvous for the debauched and depraved of both sexes; a place of assignation; a public pest house; the visible shame of Clackamas county and the obvious disgrace of Clackamas county officials."

The Courier is ready and willing to admit that its statements were based upon misinformation if those of the Spectator are proved to be veracious. The Courier would dislike greatly to say that it had inhabited such a joint as Mr. Hume is certain exists at Milwaukee. It would regret to say that it had cast its clean white form into that vile den of debauchery and depravity for the sake of hurling bombs of rhetoric at Clackamas county and its officials. Nevertheless the Courier is indebted to the Spectator for the investigation it has made and upon which, undoubtedly, it bases its broad statements. The Courier, soused in its own temerity, would not venture such assertions as are made in the Spectator without first having made a thorough personal investigation.

It is only justice that a man be given a chance to vindicate himself; to wash away the sins of other days, and we do not say that Mr. Wilbur of the Friars' club, now Friars' park, will not come out right side up in spite of the untimely attack of the Spectator.

The Courier herewith informs the Spectator that this paper and the officers of Clackamas county are pleased to know that the Friars' club, a non-existent institution, is a notorious and crime-sodden black hole where all the inferno that can climb from Hades is commanded by the red devils of infamy into the destruction of virtue and manifold other crimes. The officers advise us that the Spectator is a power for good in the community because it has discovered, by personal investigation or otherwise, the condition that officers had thought ended after themselves making investigation and issuing their statements upon the actual findings of that search for crime.

Maybe Friars' park isn't the holy place that it might be, but the Courier, unacquainted with Manager Wilbur, ventures the assertion again that it is not the moral pesthouse that the Spectator would have us believe. We rely in Clackamas county upon the word of duly elected and honorable officers to as great an extent, almost, as we do upon the bombastic opinions of an editor so "soused in the temerity of his own ignorance" as to give these officers, and the law itself, the sordid details of his imaginary "what's what."

## FEDERAL AID

The concrete proposition in regard to federal aid in road building is as to whether or not the nation's money is to be retained or advanced the cause of good roads and the building of the same now. There is a great question in the minds of more than one authority on road building, and some of these are right here at home, as to whether the federal aid plan is to be a success. There is the possibility, as one prominent in road affairs has pointed out, that if the government helps the several states in building their public roads the governments of the states will only execute enough road work each year to get within the provision of the federal aid plan. That is to say, the states will build only as much road as is absolutely necessary in order to get federal funds.

The proposition is like a certain class of labor. It does only as much work as it is paid for and stops promptly when the whistle blows. In the case of the state and labor the question is the same. Will the state do any more than it is paid for; and will it not stop its good work the moment it has answered the requirements of the federal aid plan? Nat-

urally, it is to be hoped that such a sad state of affairs would not be the result of the plan, but the matter presents food for thought, and presents a subject for untangling before the plan of federal aid goes too far.

Recently both houses of congress passed what is known as the Shackleford bill, providing that the federal treasury can be called upon for road building funds to the extent of \$25,000,000 annually, and this money is to go to the states engaged in road construction. It is planned to bring the Mt. Hood loop road, part of which is in this county, under the terms of the Shackleford bill as one of the first roads to benefit by the plan. The fund is to be spent by the federal department of agriculture to help the states with road work. Apportionment of the fund is in hands of the secretary of agriculture, and the office of roads will exercise a general supervision over all roads aided by federal funds.

The bill will answer pleas of the states as expressed for many years at each session of the house and senate. There is that feature, however, unprovided for, which may mean that the state road builders will quit minute the whistle blows.

Plenty of rain? Good crops? Al-right, friends, let us not complain.

Oregon City is to build a 5,000,000 gallon reservoir. Quite a little city, yes!

Good roads have the better part of a decade. About time to act.

A fellow begins to realize that he is old when the recruiting officers refuse to enlist him for military service.

To the copperhead club, lead by the Oregonian as a result of the unanimous ballot of Oregon newspapers, we would suggest the election of the "mourning" Enterprise.

The German army is drawing its last breath! Germans defeated on all sides! Funny statements, when one reflects that Germany goes right along with the war.

A sage and prophet has suggested that the explosions in the war zone are responsible for the continued rainfall. If the Enterprise could see that statement it would change it and blame President Wilson.

Valley towns are stirred to action by the near-accidents resulting from the careless driving of young chauffeurs. Boys under eighteen are often irresponsible and the action against them is worthy of emulation.

## CURIOUS CORDOBA.

This Spanish Town is So Compact It Looks Like One Building.

Cordoba is scheduled on the European itinerary as a half day stand. Those who go from Seville to Granada and those who go from Granada to Seville take Cordoba on their way. Fifteen minutes for the cathedral, five for the alcazar, an hour for luncheon and on to further discoveries—that is the Cordoba program. The hotels of Cordoba are, in consequence, unpalatial, a circumstance in itself which endears the little town to the judicious. I do not believe there is a lit in all Cordoba, and if your wife wishes for any reason to buy a new hat she must go out of the hotel for it, and then it will be three years old.

At night all the tourists are gone to Seville or Granada, and you and the Cordobans and the stars share the amenities of Cordoba's one boulevard, of which everybody is very proud, because it is much superior to anything that Paris or even Madrid can show. It was a lucky chance which caused them to build Cordoba so handily between Seville and Granada. It has provided a still little backwater for the traveler's repose, a spot where he may forget that American bars exist, eat his meals untroubled by the squeaking of a tango band and adventure himself among the mysteries of a bill of fare jolly printed in blue and illegible Spanish.

You could put your hat over Cordoba, and very little would protrude. It is the compactest little town. From the tower of the cathedral it all looks like one building. You can hardly perceive the streets, so closely do they wriggle among the houses. The roofs are yellow, brown, gray, red; the walls and their shadows every color in the world. Among the buildings the green of the palms, orange trees, lemon trees, chestnuts, soothe the glare struck eye. The Guadalquivir snakes through its rich plains from the araway flat hills (red, gray brown, yellow), and over all are the great sky of the south and the huge sun of the south, which imposes silence on the world till night shall set the guitars a-buzzing.—William Caine in Century.

## Self Possessed.

Mrs. Manykids—There is one thing about our girls—they are always self possessed. Papa Manykids (grimly)—Yes, they're too self possessed. I wish they'd get some one else to possess them.

## The Point of View.

"Why so sad, old man?"  
"The doctor wants my wife to travel two months."  
"I understand. Sorry for you."  
"Understand? No, you don't. She will not go."—Fliegende Blätter.

## Good Reason Too.

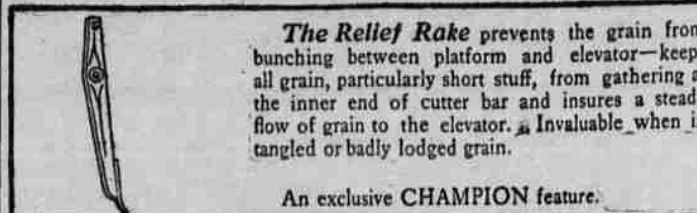
Chollie—And you like a beard on a man's face?  
Mollie—Yes, on some men.  
"But it hides the face."  
"Yes; that's the reason I like a beard."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Forced Sale

I am forced to sell my home to prevent mortgage foreclosure. Will sell at great sacrifice 2 good lots with 5-room house, in Gladstone. See my agents.

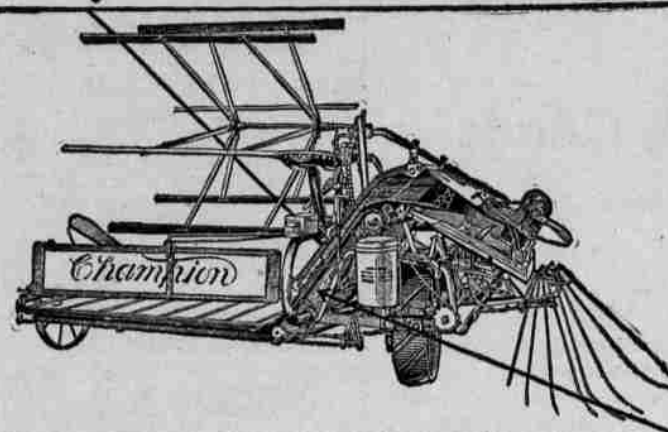
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## AUCTIONING OFF A WIFE.

Last Case of a Once Rather Common Custom in England.

It was long a popular belief among the ignorant in England that if a man sold his wife at public auction such a sale had all the legality of a regular divorce. The latest case of the kind on record occurred in 1832.

John Thompson, a farmer, had been married for three years, and he and his wife agreed to separate. Thompson brought his wife into the town of Carlisle, and by the bellman announced he was about to sell her.

At midday Thompson placed his wife on a large oak chair with a rope or halter of straw about her neck. He then made this announcement: "Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Anne Thompson, otherwise Williams, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. It is her wish as well as mine to part forever."

"She has been to me only a born serpent. I took her for my comfort, the good of my home. But she became my tormentor, a dome curse, a night invasion and a day devil. I speak truth from my heart when I say: 'May God deliver us from troublesome wives and troublesome women! Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a roaring lion, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna or any other pestilential thing in nature.'"

"Now, I have shown you of her dark faults and failings. I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows. She can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. Indeed, gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of women in general:

"Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace To laugh, to weep, to cheat the human race."

"She can make butter and scold the maid. She can sing Moore's melodies and plait her folds and caps. She can not make rum, gin or whisky, but she is a good judge of the quality of each from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her, with all her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of 50 shillings."

The woman was finally sold to one Henry Mears for the sum of 20 shillings and a Newfoundland dog. Man and wife parted in perfect good temper, Mears and the woman going one way, Thompson and the dog another.—Boston Transcript.

## Leaves for California

After spending most of the week in Portland in attendance at the summer school for the Episcopal clergy of the state, the Rev. T. J. Williams, rector of St. Paul's church of Oregon City, returned on Friday and the following evening departed for San Francisco, where he will join Mrs. Williams and spend about a month in the south. Mr. Williams formerly had a charge in San Francisco and has many friends there.

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See "All Aboard The Magic Carpet" at the Star Theatre, Tuesday, July 11th. It is a travel photo play explaining the A. B. A. Travelers' Cheques.



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