

TELEGRAM ENTERS GANG THAT SLAMS CLACKAMAS

Now see what's broken loose! The esteemed Telegram, which seems to vie with the two other metropolitan sheets to put Clackamas county in a bad light with the other counties of the state, contained the following effusion in an edition of last week. For more than a year the Portland papers have carried on a concerted campaign of depreciation of Clackamas county road work. First, they took out their spite on this county's plan of hard surfacing its own roads. When these roads were proved to be as lasting as any put down by the corporations funded by the metropolitan sheets they had to find some other method for detracting from Clackamas county efforts. Simon Benson, chairman of the state highway commission, has entered heartily into an attack upon Clackamas county's methods and his statements in the matter have been proved unreliable, even though published in such a medium as the Oregonian. The Telegram's latest outburst, reflecting an uncalled for light upon the entire county, says:

With Clackamas county virtually the key to the Pacific highway, instead of following the course of other counties, Clackamas county is asking the highway commission to prepare the grade. It will require approximately \$35,000 to prepare the grade south of Oregon City for a distance of several miles to avoid the steep, circuitous and dangerous old road. Clackamas county officials informed the highway commission that there was no money available, but it is believed that \$25,000 will be set aside out of the first taxes in April and \$10,000 out of the October taxes. If the county does this, the grade can be prepared and the road paved and finished in 1918.

It develops that there is little enthusiasm for the Pacific highway in Clackamas county because there is a belief that the traffic will pass through to Portland. Clackamas voters opposed the paving bond issue and the only roads they are interested in are local and neighborhood roads. A through road from one end of the state to the other does not appeal to them, judging from reports presented to the highway commissioners from residents of that county. Possibly because Clackamas county holds the key position the county is under the impression that the commission might be forced into preparing the grade, for the Pacific highway must be pushed through that stretch.

There will be something like \$300,000 raised for roads in Clackamas for 1918, but about one-third of this will be in special road levies for neighborhood roads, and the regular levy must go to the districts where raised instead of into a general fund to be used at the discretion of the county court.

The Clackamas county people back from the Willamette river will not use the Pacific highway and don't care for it. Those in the south of the county, of course, need it.

"In our county," announced a member of the county court to the highway commission, "some believe that the paving should start at the Multnomah county line and continue until the money is exhausted."

"That would be nice," replied Chairman Benson, "but would the counties which thus got what they

wanted first, help the others get paving later?" "Probably not," confessed the Clackamas county representative. "And," inquired Commissioner Thompson, "do the people entertaining such ideas think the commission would be giving a square deal to the other counties?"

Here is, succinctly, the policy of the state highway commission. The commission is willing and anxious to help those counties which are willing to help themselves. Any county which displays a disposition to help build trunk roads through its territory and submits a proposition to the state highway commission finds the commission ready to cooperate.

"ME SISTER'S GOT IT"

"Gimme two o' them things. Me sister's got it."

A wee toddler, newspapers under his arm, slipped two pennies over the counter at a booth where Red Cross seals were on sale. He was a ragged little chap—the kind of an urchin we imagine James Whitcombe Riley would have taken right into his noble big heart—and he was thin. Pennies were at a premium in that lad's home, I'll bet.

"Me sister's got it." And maybe that little sister won't be around next Christmas. She will be, of course, if the Red Cross can get to her with the aid that her brother's pennies will make possible. The pennies count in fighting tuberculosis—but the Red Cross must have many pennies.

When that ragged little chap said: "Me sister's got it," I could see a frail little flower, withering away in the awful winds of a dreadful plague. I could see her shrunken little hands reaching out for the tonic that was not there for her. I could see a dear woman, worn almost into a grave by the labors and trials of keeping body and soul together. And I could see that little sister who "had it," stretching out her thin, white arms to greet the little brother, whose two pennies went to one of the finest causes America's big heart can give tribute to this Christmas.

Two tiny pennies will help to save a suffering child, or a dying mother, perhaps. Two pennies will give something to the fight of the terrible plague and it will give something toward helping the soldiers who have put their life-blood at the service of the flag of our country, that a world may be made free from the plague of Prussianism that is cutting down the young men of our own and other lands like the scythe cuts the wheat.

"Me sister's got it." Can you wonder that the good woman who gathered in those two pennies counted them as her greatest prize for the day—and can you wonder that I saw a tear drop from her eye?

Old Soldier Gives Recommendation

Gustav Wangelin, Commander of G. A. R. Post, Finckneyville, Ill., writes: "I highly recommend Foley Kidney Pills, give quick relief from backache, rheumatic pains, stiff, swollen joints, languidness, pains in groin and muscles, all other symptoms of kidney trouble and sleep disturbing bladder ailments. They assist nature in restoring strength and vitality.—Jones Drug Co.

Christmas Gifts From The Woods

THE paper birch is an especial treasure, but we never cut the bark from a living tree, even when deep in the woods, unless we know that the wood is doomed to be cut at once. Too many ignorant or thoughtless people do not hesitate to strip the beautiful papery bark from the living tree, not realizing probably that the bark is needed to protect the running of the sap and that the outer bark, so smooth and silvery, will never renew itself. So, even if death does not immediately follow, the beauty of the tree is gone, said Orin Parker Phelps in the House-keeper.

Once I found a dead tree from which I was able to slip several feet of bark in rings. This only needed to be separated into convenient sizes, fitted with light bottoms, sewed in place by raffia or sweet grass, and lifting lids attached, to make boxes ready to fill with Christmas sweets.

In making laurel wreathing or garlanding we have found that by taking small twigs and winding one on to another, using light picture wire as binding, the wreathing makes very rapidly and easily.

When the white pine cones fall we gather bushels of them. And such treasures as the cones are! In the open fire they make a glorious blaze—fit background for wonderful fire castles—and as for kindling they are absolutely unsurpassed.

Remembering that the two little cousins living on the Pacific coast once sent a barrel of the western cones to a much loved poet, greatly to his delight, we tried sending a sack of cones, gayly decked with laurel, to a city friend who loves an open fire. In the very bottom was a small "chunk" with a paper bearing these words: "N. B.—This is a Yule Log." At another time a great armful of the cone bearing branches of the red pine were sent to a friend.

But our especial Christmas gifts, the ones we send to the nearest and dearest, are our little Christmas trees. We take a day and go up to the mountain swamp where grew the cranberries, and there we choose wee, little shapely trees, getting them, so far as we can, from the deep shade of other trees, for these are doomed to an early death anyway. We fit each little spruce securely to a board, covering it with moss and trailing vines. Then we deck the tree. Of course the gifts must be very tiny and varied to suit those to whom they go.

No other paper in Clackamas county publishes as much Clackamas county news as The Courier.

We Thank You for Past Custom, And Wish You A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR. Men's House Slippers LEATHER OR FELT Very attractively priced. All the latest shades in Women's Lace or Button Shoes. It stands to reason that we can sell you better shoes at a lower price than any other firm in Clackamas County, as we are the only exclusive shoe store in Oregon City. OREGON CITY SHOE STORE Oregon City's Exclusive Shoe Store

THE COLONEL AND ROSE TAKEN BY GOVERNMENT

Colonel Eduardo De Raymonte, gentleman of many lands, world traveler, doctor of medicine of Carnegie university, and suspected Austrian spy, came within an ace of spending a perfectly good Christmas holiday behind the cheery bars of the city jail. But the United States government reclaimed our friend, the colonel, from such an unseemly fate, and will perhaps confine him to an internment camp for the duration of the war. De Raymonte and Otto Rose were taken to Portland by federal agents on Saturday morning. But not until Rose and De Raymonte had suffered a disagreement as they languished in jail. Friday this all happened, and it so flustered Otto Rose that he "peached" on the colonel. Rose said that De Raymonte had

COMMUNITY COOPERATION NOT FULLY APPRECIATED

How many farm folks and small town residents fully appreciate what a spirit of community cooperation may be made to mean to them? Not alone can this be weighed in the scales of sentiment and civic pride. There is also something of a dollars and cents value in boosting one's home town if we study the matter from the mercenary side. In a community that is "financially sick" it is a very uncommon thing to find the individual prosperous. This is because the individuals who make up a community shape

ANOTHER KIND OF SPIRIT

Don't fool yourself for a moment with the belief that Christmas spirit in Clackamas county is confined to that variety that comes with the arrival of Santa Claus, because if you do you will be off your base, so to speak. There is another brand of spirit—it was a sacred ointment before the W. C. T. U. got in its good looks and passed the prohibition laws—and it comes in brown bottles and has a kick like St. Perkins' old white mule. Just a few nights ago a well known Clackamas county citizen, harboring a strong desire to make Christmas as merry as possible for the friends who were to come to his house, went down to Woodburn and boarded a late train coming this way. He walked into the smoking car and cast his eyes at the baggage in the several seats in most approved fashion. To the newsboy he said:

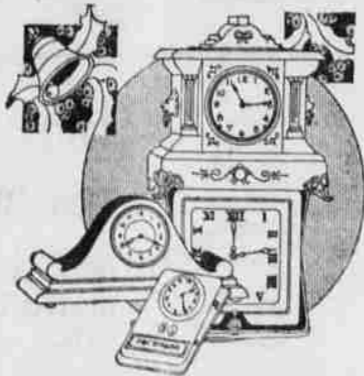
SELF DEFENSE DEFEAT BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE WITH ANURIC.

Many people in this section have suffered from rheumatism and kidney trouble and have found Anuric to be the most successful remedy to overcome these painful and dangerous ailments. The lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded Nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called Anuric. There is also something of a dollars and cents value in boosting one's home town if we study the matter from the mercenary side. In a community that is "financially sick" it is a very uncommon thing to find the individual prosperous. This is because the individuals who make up a community shape

Walk Right In and Look Around

Our regular stock was never more complete and our XMAS wares were never so beautiful and assorted

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CLOCKS
JEWELRY
SILVERWARE
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



- FLAT WARE
CUT GLASS
TOILET ARTICLES
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RIGHT PRICES—RIGHT QUALITY—PROMPT SERVICE

All Made-to-Order Work Guaranteed for Quality Finish and Workmanship

REMEMBER THIS STORE WHEN DOING XMAS BUYING

WM. GARDNER

Watchmaker and Jeweler

OREGON CITY, OREGON

Repairing A Specialty

Christmas Song

Now is the time when hol-ly sprays
Light all the barren, brooding ways,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
A paean in the Master's praise.
Now is the time when icies gleam
Like berry in the morning beam,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
And makes the Master's praise its theme.
Now is the time when mistle-toe
Is glossy in the noonday glow,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To praise upon his name be-stow.
Now is the time of inge mirth,
The blessed day of Christ—his birth,
And every bell, it sounds noel,
To ring his praise throughout the earth.
—Clinton Scollard in Ains-lee's.

County Treasurer's Notice

I now have funds to call in Road Warrants endorsed prior to July 16, 1917. Interest ceases on date of this notice, December 6, 1917. M. E. DUNN, County Treasurer.

SUES FOR CROP LOSS

Says Tenant Was Not Removed According to Owner's Agreement. W. C. Buckner bought property in section 17, township 10 south, range 13 east, from John S. and Georgia Dillon, upon their promise to have a tenant vacate the place at once. The tenant failed to release the property until last October, a year after the purchase, and Mr. Buckner has sued to recover \$5520 to cover the damages he claims to have suffered because of his enforced idleness when he could have been improving his place. One of the items, for which Mr. Buckner seeks to recover \$100, is the loss of the company and help of his wife during the year. He claims \$4820 damages for the loss in crops from the place.

BETWEEN THE TRENCHES

The birds between the trenches. Look down on death, and sing As blithely as they might have done In western fields, in Spring. They lavish all their treasure, Nor save that single tune; They know that some who listen Will hear no bird notes soon. Mary Carolyn Davies.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the original Little Liver Pills. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sold by druggists for nearly 50 years.