

WHY IS A TWIN?

Officers Look So Much Alike they Feel Bad if you Do Not Say So

A question that has often puzzled us is: Why is a twin? They are a source of much embarrassment to their friends and are constantly in trouble themselves with explaining that it was twin brother or twin sister.

"How are you, Spooner?" "I'm fine," Spooner replied, "but I don't seem to recognize you."

"Why I was with you at a few months ago," the friend replied in a shocked tone, feeling himself utterly forgotten in the mind of one with whom he had been intimate and whom he could never forget.

"Oh, I see!" Langdon chirps up, "you must mean my brother Lloyd. He was there."

That's just the way it goes in the lives of twins. They are useless ornaments when they travel over the same territory, and we have all the respect in the world for the Spooner brothers, at that. Langdon Spooner has just been commissioned a first lieutenant in the artillery branch after attendance at the second officer's training camp at San Francisco. Lloyd Spooner was commissioned in a like rank at the first training camp. Put them in army uniforms and you have two birds from the same flock—like as the

proverbial peas in a pod. The boys are sons of Mrs. Ellen Spooner, prominent resident of Jennings Lodge. Langdon is spending a few days at home before reporting for duty at American Lake.

With Dickens At Christmas

He Made Yuletide Real Again

BEFORE the Christmas hearth I muse alone, And visions of the past, both grave and gay, Rise from the ruddy coals; outside the moon Of homeless winds is chidden by the lay Sweet sung by children who keep holiday, Making the season's mood their very own. And slowly, while I gaze and dream and grope Less lonesome, do the sights and sounds of earth Fade, and my fancy wanders With a great master of lament and mirth, Who saved his hand to gild the long ago.

A wondrous company! Mice-her smiles In spite of poverty, and Little Nell, Too frail a flower, travels her weary miles, Then falls on sleep, and David tries to tell The trials of the young; now Pickwick's spell Makes laughter easy, on a pinnacle Of sacrifice sits Carion midst year's wiles.

Drolla, villains, gentlefolk of all degrees Make populous the air, a hundred strong, Last comes, as fits the season, Scrooge, his knees A-tremble, till he harks the Christmas song Of love and knows that spite and greed are wrong And how that charity is more than these.

Master of human hearts! No Christmastide Whose chants are not the sweeter and whose cheer Is not more blest since Dickens Hued and died! The savor of his teachings makes each year Richer in homely virtues, doth endear Man unto man; hence shall he long abide. —Richard Burton.

ESTRAYED—Black Sow, weight about 125 pounds.—G. C. Tiedeman, O. C., Rt. 4.

PROPHECY IS ACCURATE FROM OLD GERMAN BIBLE

Corporal E. R. Therber, company A, McMinnville, whose wife is with friends in Oregon City during her husband's absence with the troops has sent the following self explanatory article to The Courier from a New York newspaper:

When razing the old monastery of the Holy Ghost at Wismar, Mecklenberg, some months ago, an old Bible was found which contained a remarkable prophecy regarding the present world war. It was written in 1701 by one of the monks on parchment and is now yellow and seared with age. It now is on exhibition in a glass case in the city hall of Wismar. So much publicity has been given the prophecy in the papers of Germany that thousands have flocked to Wismar to see it.

The prophecy not only gives the cause of the war, but also indicates the countries engaged. Up to the present it has been amazingly accurate. It does not exactly state that Germany will be victorious, but indicates how long the war will last, when the decisive battle will be fought, and where and when peace will come, and adds that Germany will continue to exist as a power for many years. A translation of the writing on the parchment is as follows:

"Lord, have mercy on thy people, despite the fact that they are turning more and more away from thee; that they are destroying thy monasteries and cloisters and forgetting thee. A time will come in Europe when these people will feel the weight of thy hand, when malignity and hatred will rule. It will be at a time when the papal seat will be vacant, and the confederation will come as the result of the murder of a prince. Seven nations will rise against the eagle with one head and the eagle with two heads. The birds will defend themselves furiously and viciously with their talons, and their wings will protect their peoples. A prince from their very midst, a sovereign who mounts his horse from the wrong side, will be encompassed by a wall of enemies. His slogan will be 'Onward with God.' The Almighty God will lead him from victory to victory and many will meet their death.

"There will be wagons without horses and fiery dragons will fly through the air dropping fire and sulphur and destroying cities and villages. The people will turn to God. This terrible war will last three years and five months. The time will come when food can neither be sold nor bought, and bread will be carefully distributed. The seas will be tinged with blood and men will lie in wait under the waves for their prey."

Here follows a reference to America, which was in those times often referred to as the "country of seven stars." "The people of the Seven Stars will attack the ring of steel and suddenly fall upon the nation in the rear and rend it in twain. The whole of the lower Rhine will tremble, but nevertheless will endure to the end. "The land in the west will be one

vast desolation and the land in the ocean will, with its king, be crushed and suffer all the pangs of hunger. The land of the bearded people will still endure for a long time to come and following the war the world will be united in one great brotherhood.

"The victors will carry a cross and between four small cities and four steeples of equal height the decisive battle will be fought. Between two linden trees the victor will fall upon his knees before his army, lift his hands to heaven and thank God. Following this, all ungodliness will disappear; the indecent dances that prevailed before the war will be seen no more and God will reign in church, state and family.

"The war will commence when the grain is ripening and will reach its height when the cherries bloom for the third time. Peace will be consummated by the prince in time for the Christmas mass."

EXTENSION SCHOOLS HELD

Highland and Logan Farmers Enjoy Lectures and Demonstrations

The first of two extension schools under the auspices of the Oregon Agricultural college, was held at the Logan Grange hall Friday afternoon. Professor E. L. Larson, of the college, and R. J. Werner, Clackamas county agent, were those who addressed farmers on the subjects of soil analysis and they also conducted a demonstration. Miss Lorene Parker, formerly of the Oregon City high school staff, talked to women on home economics. A similar program was held Saturday afternoon in the Highland community, where Mr. Werner conducted a practical field demonstration for boys of the neighborhood.

PAYS SECRETARY

The local branch of the Red Cross society has opened a permanent office in the Masonic building and has placed Miss Eva Moulton, of Glen Echo, in charge, at a salary of \$80 a month. It is said by the organization officials that the work of the branch has become so great that the undivided attention of a least one person is demanded for the proper execution of its affairs. Miss Moulton's salary will not come from the Red Cross fund if the finance committee can arrange for its payment from private subscriptions made es back to the home of her parents, that end plans are being made. The secretary's office will adjoin the Red Cross workrooms.

Ready Now at Old Prices

Fresh lots (just received) of Foley's Honey and Tar are selling at before-the-war prices. This puts a well-known cough medicine, ready to use, in homes at less than it costs to buy and mix the ingredients yourself, and saves bother and muss. Mrs. Mary Kisby, 3533 Princeton Ave., Spokane, Wash., writes: "I was sick in bed with laryngitis. I coughed very badly. I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It stopped my cough and I got better. So now I am around the house again."—Jones Drug Co.

Bob Stillwell's Christmas

By ANNE CAREW

BOB STILLWELL sat down on his sled with his chin in his mittened hands and tried to plan what he could give folks for Christmas, for it was only three days away. "I can't give a thing," he muttered at last, for he did not have a penny of his own, and he knew that money was very scarce on the farm that year. The Stillwells children would be lucky if they had mittens and warm shoes and stockings. Yet Bob knew that his sister Nan was dreaming of a doll house, little Peter wanted a puppy all his own, and he didn't dare think of his big sister Amy and big brother Elmer and his father and mother.

"Why not make 'em something?" was the thought that came to him. Bob jumped up and went home whistling through the woods. Under the pine trees he stopped and brushed away the snow. When he got through his pockets were full of dried pine cones, large and small, and some pieces of birch bark.

The day before Christmas Bob unlocked the washboard door and looked at the result of his labors. There was a doll house for little Nan made out of an egg crate, with real

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HE SAW THE GRANDEST NEW SLED.

wall paper on the walls of the two rooms, bits of carpet on the floors and some cardboard furniture that Bob had made. He had even tacked little scraps of lace at the windows for curtains.

For Amy there was the lovely picture from the Sunday newspaper which she had admired. Bob had remembered and had made a frame for it out of strips of wood, and on the wood he had glued tiny pine cones, pieces of birch bark and dried moss, and as the picture was a woodland scene you can imagine how pretty it was. Bob had found a chair rung, which he scraped and polished with some oil and turpentine. He put some screws in the ends, and Amy gave him a piece of narrow red ribbon to make loops—and, behold, there was a necktie holder for Elmer! For his mother he whittled a reel for her clothes lines, and it was a wonderfully handy thing, and for his father he bought a pipe. It happened this way: He did some errands for the man who kept the tobacco store in the village, and when the man would have paid him some money Bob said he'd rather have a pipe. So now they were all provided for except little Peter. How was Bob going to get hold of a real live puppy?

"You go over to my brother's place at the foot of Long hill, and you tell him I sent you," said the tobacco man. "Maybe he will let you have a puppy and work it out for him on Saturdays. He has a paper route."

"I'll do it if he will!" cried Bob eagerly. Half an hour later he hurried into the woodshed with a wriggling little puppy under his coat. Of course he had to tell his mother about that. And how Bob did enjoy the secret, running to and fro with milk and scraps of meat for the puppy!

When Christmas morning dawned I think Bob Stillwell was the most surprised boy in Little River. He was so interested in watching the pleasure of his brothers and sister with the gifts he had made with his own hands that he stood smiling, forgetting to look at the tree for his own presents.

"Look, Bobby, look!" screamed little Peter. Bob looked and turned pale with surprise. The grandest new sled, painted a bright red, runners and all. His father and Elmer had made it together. And there was a red woolen muffler that Amy had knitted for him and other things that Santa Claus brought him.

Shots Call Officers Mrs. Joe Robinson of Willamette, Friday night fired two shots from a revolver into the still night air. Sheriff Wilson and Constable Frost answered the call and for some time searched the neighborhood for prowlers Mrs. Robinson was sure were about the place. No sign of life was found, however, and the scare is charged to Mrs. Robinson's imagination. Mrs. Robinson said she saw two men standing in her back yard just before she fired the shots.

DR. MILLIKEN DOES GOOD WORK FOR COAST ARTILLERY

LUCK

In the person of Dr. W. T. Milliken of the First Baptist church, Oregon City, has a "fighting parson" of the kind we read about, but seldom ever see. Dr. Milliken is held in high esteem, too, by at least one officer in the forces of the United States. The good doctor hasn't taken up arms to prove himself a patriot of high order, although he bears all sorts of weapons to induce sinners to enter the army of the Lord.

Dr. Milliken, by his own efforts has enlisted six men from Oregon City and sent them to the 3d coast artillery, Coast Artillery corps, stationed at Fort Stevens at the mouth of the Columbia river. Therefore, he merits the warm appreciation of Captain Huntley of that unit, for a service that would rapidly build up our fighting forces if it were duplicated by half the other preachers in the land.

The six men who have been enlisted in the coast artillery as a direct result of Dr. Milliken's work among them, are his two sons, Wesley and Frank Milliken, Corporal Frank King, Leslie Kellogg, John W. Rayl and Louis Conklin, all well known local young men.

And the private recruiting office conducted by Dr. Milliken has not been closed. There are more boys who will go some of these days as a direct result of their advice from this patriotic minister, who, aside from being a perfectly good recruiting officer for Uncle Sam, is serving Christianity's army well in the same capacity.

Hang Up a Jar Instead Of a Stocking

NO little Mexican boy or girl ever thinks of hanging up a stocking. They have something far more interesting. Three or four days before Christmas stands spring up about the alameda, or open park, without which no Mexican village is complete. All about these shops are hung the pinatas, which take the place of Christmas stockings. These are apparently great dolls two or three feet tall, dressed in tissue paper, with paper mache faces and dangling legs and arms. In reality their flowing paper garments conceal earthen jars for the holding of candies.

Sometimes the pinatas are in the form of angels or fairies, but usually they represent some person prominent in Mexico. President and Mrs. Diaz used to smile from every stand. The Mexican child may live in a hut built of flat stones piled together in a public lot, but he has his pinata at Christmas time.

In the better homes the pinatas are strung on a rope across a room. They are always heavy with their load of dulces, or candies, and they dangle somewhat dangerously over the heads of the beholders. Finally, the tallest man is blindfolded, given a stout cane and turned round and round. Leaping up, he strikes at the suspended figures. Amid shrieks of laughter and directions he keeps striking until he hits one of the jars. "Crack!" go its sides, and, being made only of baked clay, they crumble away and the sweets come pouring out. Nobody is too dignified to scramble for them. The older people are on their knees with the children. Everybody gets at least a mouthful. Then another is blindfolded, turned about and told to strike for another sugary deluge—Laura Crozer in McCall's Magazine.

URGES LABOR DRAFT

Farmers' Union Reelects J. D. Brown President. Wants Bond Repealed

Drafting of men for industrial service to the end that the labor shortage may be relieved and production of foodstuffs increased was urged in a resolution adopted at Pendleton Friday at the closing session of the farmers' union of Oregon and southern Idaho. It was decided to ask representatives in congress to amend the selective draft law to include all men from 21 to 40 for either industrial or military service and to make industrial slackers as culpable as military deserters.

The resolution declared the shortage of labor is handicapping the government in the prosecution of the war and recommended that a sufficient number of farm laborers be paroled from the army to relieve the situation.

The union decided to initiate a bill for repeal of the good roads bonding measure, passed last year, so that the last \$3,000,000 can not be spent.

Another resolution was aimed at foes within and without the union who are trying to separate the national union into distinct state unions, and it was voted to ask the coming Washington-Idaho farmers' convention to stand with the Oregon union.

J. D. Brown of Portland, was re-elected president, F. A. Aikens of Corvallis, secretary-treasurer, and Frank Burkholder of Coquille, vice president. H. B. Davidhizer of Joseph was named national delegate and John Wells of Imbler, alternate. Dr. C. J. Whitteker of Cambridge, Idaho, and Barnett Roe of Gaston, were chosen to the executive board and A. R. Shumway of Milton, on the legislative committee.

There is no luck in life. Luck is of your own making. Luck means rising at six in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you make two, minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means the hardships and privations that you have not hesitated to endure, the long nights that you have devoted to work. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch; Luck means trusting in God and in your own resources, a religion whose motto is "Help yourself and Heaven will help you."—Selected.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE

One of Interest to Our Readers

Good news bears repeating, and when it is confirmed after a long lapse of time, even if we hesitated to believe it at first hearing, we feel secure in accepting its truth now. The following experience of an Oregon City man is confirmed after three years.

Thomas Trembath, 310 Sixth St., says: "I have bought Doan's Kidney Pills at Huntley Bros. Co.'s Drug Store and they have my endorsement. I used them when my back and kidneys bothered me and they certainly made the soreness and lameness in my back disappear in short order." (Statement given April 4, 1913.)

On April 17, 1916, Mr. Trembath said: "Doan's Kidney Pills can't be equalled for backache and other signs of kidney trouble. Whenever my back pains or my kidneys are out of order, a few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills fix me up all right." 60c at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

CASES OF TWO WORKERS GO TO NEW GRAND JURY

Floyd Hogan, Thomas Carlton and Samuel Finucane, striking paper mill workers, had preliminary hearings on Monday morning on charges of assault and battery. The trio was brought into Justice of the Peace John N. Siever's court last Thursday after complaints had been made against them by Frank Miller and Roy Jeffcott, two of the men who claim to have been roughly handled in the melee on the suspension bridge at an early hour last Monday morning. The complaining witnesses believe these three men to have been in the group which attacked strikebreakers on their way to their lodgings on the west side of the river after spending the evening in Portland. As a result of the fight Miller and Jeffcott both received painful bruises, Miller being forced to have stitches taken on his lip where he had been struck. Finucane was similarly charged recently when he is alleged to have attacked Matthew Rissberger, a boy working at the Crown Willamette plant.

The charge of assault and battery was dismissed as to Hogan, because the complaining witnesses could not identify him. The other two men were bound over to the next grand jury and posted bonds of \$100 each to assure their appearance. A great crowd of union men and their sympathizers attended the preliminary hearing conducted before Justice of the Peace John N. Sievers.

The Courier and Farmer \$1.00.

ONE FINED \$5.00 AND OTHERS' BAIL RETURNED

Frank Yare, who was arrested last week when he refused to leave the picket line on the suspension bridge, was fined \$5 in municipal court Thursday for disorderly conduct. D. Burgess and E. L. Moore, against whom charges were placed following the early morning fight on the bridge Monday were released from their bonds Thursday when the case was dismissed. It is understood that Captain Joe Keller was instrumental in securing the release so that he could start his campaign of law maintenance in the city without a black mark on the strikers' side. The two men were under \$25 bonds.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story: Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I wouldn't live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSON, Route D, Box 150, Richmond, Ind.



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