

BANNER COURIER

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'Flag of the free heart's hope and home! By Angels' hands to valor given; Thy stars have lit the welkin dome...

—JOSEPH DRAKE



PEACE AND TRUTH:—Thus saith the Lord, Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not...

WELL DONE.

T O M. D. LATOURETTE, chairman, and other members of the committee on arrangements for the dedication of the new bridge, more than usual credit for such service is due.

GOVERNOR AND LEGISLATORS.

T HE Banner-Courier does not share with her contemporaries the expressed belief that the legislature, about to convene, will oppose the governor-elect in obtaining the reforms he advocates.

A PERTINENT REQUEST.

T HE plea to christen the new bridge with genuine aqua pura from nature's sacred mountain stream from whence it rushes of its own physical free will, bringing joy, strength and life to the valley here below, should not have been necessary.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

E VERY day there may be made new beginnings, but in this thought and experience there is lacking definiteness so essential to ultimate success and achievement.

At this turning point it is but natural that the careless shall pause in thoughtful resume of the past and take careful invoice of the future—hence, the New Year resolutions.

The passing year has brought both joy and sorrow. What, for us, may the next year have in store? Who of our associates or our loved ones will be with

us a year hence? These are questions serious and disquieting. We have blundered, doubtless. We have left undone or have done things which we would blot from the book of life as we stand on this New Year's threshold.

We are inclined to make light of "New Year Resolutions," as they are so often made and so soon broken. But these same resolutions ARE a REAL HELP, if we make them with the firm determination to keep and live them.

Among the resolves sure to result in larger usefulness to ourselves and others, sure to yield joy and satisfaction, is to apply the principle of the Golden Rule. Living thus, we shall love our neighbor as we love ourselves; we will not say bitter words which sting him; we will forgive him as we would want him to forgive us; we will respect his weakness, his prejudice; help him in ways which will not humble.

Let us be kind, reverent and of good cheer, and the New Year—next year—will bring to us joys abundantly.

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

T HAT Governor-elect Pierce will strive to consolidate the multitude of commissions now acting in disconnected haphazard ways, is endorsed by the rank and file of the citizens of the state. That the new governor will, however, be able to carry out extensive consolidation plans without stubborn resistance is not likely.

The situation will call for courage, diplomacy and real struggle on the part of the governor and those who will co-operate with him, if the reduction of the number of boards and commissions shall be large enough to be of real value to the state.

The combinations and eliminations should not be confined, when undertaken, to a mealy few, for political or partisan purposes. This kind of a proposition will die "a bornin'," as it deserves. There should be a genuine, commonwealth-size plan launched and accomplished for a state government operating under not more than a dozen departments.

Here's to the next Governor of Oregon for such plan!

Hubby Makes New Year Resolutions

I will reverence the parlor. Verily, verily, no cigar stumps nor ashes shall I leave behind me, nor shall I lay my head upon the sacred embroidered cushion.

I will reform. The socks that are taken off at night, even so shall they be picked up by me and put into the laundry basket.

I will be thankful. For the cut glass berry bowl and the mahogany sewing table, for the synthetic toilet lotion, for the belligerent cigars; for these Christmas gifts, will I show rejoicing.

I will not answer back. Yea, though the bills of the New Year morn are mighty as mountains, and I will walk in the shadows of bankruptcy, I will not lift my voice against thee.

I will not complain. No, though goulash and croquettes be handed to me even unto the third evening, I shall hold my peace, and my desire for portehouse shall be no more.

I will not struggle. That good-will may abide throughout the coming year, I cheerfully resolve to obey all the rules of the institution which harbors me.

New Year Song

On New Year's Eve in England, All in the olden day, The children went a-caroling, All in the olden way; And ever as they journey'd on, This chorus would you hear: "God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!"

Across the fields and meadows @ And through the frosty light, While starry eyes and starry skies Illumed the wintry night, The children caroled blithely on, In chorus sweet and clear: "God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!"

Our days are sadly modern, Our ways are modern, too; But hearts still beat as high with love As once they used to do— So take the old-time message, Good friends, both far and near; "God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!"—Exchange.

City's Taxes Increase

Oregon City's taxpayers will be called upon to pay next year a higher levy

than ever before. Last year the tax for municipal purposes alone was 33.4 mills. This year it will be 36.4. The increase will be the result of two mills additional for schools and one mill additional for the fire department.

The distribution of the tax is—Repayment portion, \$375,000; finding bonds, 7 mills; general city expenditures, 7 mills. Repayment portion, \$30,000, refunding bonds, 1 1/2 mills. Library, 1 mill; school district 13.4 mills; fire department, 3 mills; special road tax, 2 1/2 mills; city hall bonds, 1 mill.

These levies include neither county nor state taxes and there is strong probability that the total tax here for all purposes will be close to 70 mills, or 7 per cent.

The total bonded indebtedness of the city is \$437,000.

FRUIT MEN OF AMERICA

WATCH OREGON RESEARCH "You have something in your horticultural products investigations no other institution in the United States has," writes C. I. Lewis, managing editor of the "American Fruit Grower", Chicago.

The Fruit Grower has just published a three-page illustrated article on the work of the experiment station laboratory in better canning, drying and otherwise preserving perishable fruits and vegetables, including the new recirculation prune drier. The editor says this story is very interesting and readable and will be of interest to growers all over the country.

"I believe you would do well to give a great deal of publicity to this work because there is tremendous interest in it all over the United States," the editor writes. "I have been hoping it will be supported in a nice way on the experimental side so you can go ahead and capitalize the present building for experiments as well as teaching."

This new work was started a few years ago and has already developed many new facts of interest about Jam, jelly and dried products, and closer use of culls and waste products of manufacture. E. H. Viegand is in charge.

A speed of 1,200 miles an hour will be entirely possible in aircraft within the next 25 years, according to Professor F. W. Pawlowski, of the aeronautical engineering department of the University of Michigan.

Finger prints are now sent by radio by means of the Belin system.

Beasley's Christmas Party

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

SYNOPSIS

PART I.—Newcomer in a small town, a young newspaper man, who tells the story, is amazed by the unaccountable actions of a man who, from the window of a fine house, apparently has converse with invisible personages, particularly mentioning one "Simpledoria." The youth goes to his boarding house, the home of Mrs. Apperthwaite, next door to the scene of the strange proceedings, bewildered.

"One explanation might be just barely possible," I said. "If it is, it is the most remarkable case of somnambulism on record. Did you ever hear of Mr. Beasley's walking in his—"

She touched me lightly but peremptorily on the arm in warning, and I stopped. On the other side of the



She Touched Me Lightly but Peremptorily on the Arm in Warning, and I Stopped.

board fence a door opened creakily, and there sounded a loud and cheerful voice—that of the gentleman in the dressing-gown.

"Here we come!" it said; "me and big Bill Hammersley. I want to show Bill I can jump anyways three times as far as he can! Come on, Bill."

"Is that Mr. Beasley's voice?" I asked, under my breath.

Miss Apperthwaite nodded in affirmation.

"Could he have heard me?" "No," she whispered. "He's just come out of the house." And then to herself, "Who under heaven is Bill Hammersley? I never heard of him!"

"Of course, Bill," said the voice behind the fence, "if you're afraid I'll beat you too badly, you've still got time to back out. I did understand you to kind of hint that you were considerable of a jumper, but if— What? What'd you say, Bill?" There ensued a moment's complete silence. "Oh, all right," the voice then continued. "You say you're in this to win, do you? Well, so'm I, Bill Hammersley; so'm I. Who'll go first? Me! All right—from the edge of the walk here. Now then! One—two—three! Ha!"

A sound came to our ears of some one landing heavily—and at full length, it seemed—on the turf, followed by a slight, rusty groan in the same voice. "Ugh! Don't you laugh, Bill Hammersley! I haven't jumped as much as I ought to, these last twenty years; I reckon I've kind of lost the hang of it. Aha!" There were indications that Mr. Beasley was picking himself up, and brushing his trousers with his hands. "Now, it's your turn, Bill. What say?" Silence again, followed by, "Yes, I'll make Simpledoria get out of the way. Come here, Simpledoria. Now, Bill, put your heels together on the edge of the walk. That's right. All ready? Now then! One for the money—two for the show—three to make ready—and four for to GO!" Another silence. "By Jingo, Bill Hammersley, you've beat me! Ha, ha! That was a jump! What say?" Silence once more. "You say you can do even better than that? Now, Bill, don't brag. Oh! you say that was up in Scotland, where you had a spring-board? Oh! All right; let's see how far you can jump when you really try. There! Heels on the walk again. That's right; swing your arms. One—two—three! There you go!" Another silence. "Zing! Well, sir, I'll be eternally snatched to finders if you didn't do it that time, Bill Hammersley! I see I never really saw any jumping before in all my born days. It's eleven feet if it's an inch. What? You say you—"

I heard no more, for Miss Apperthwaite, her face flushed and her eyes shining, beckoned me impersonally to follow her, and departed so hurriedly that it might be said she ran.

"I don't know," said I, keeping at her elbow, "whether it's more like 'Alice' or the interlocutor's conversation at a minstrel show."

"Hush!" she warned me, though we were already at a safe distance, and did not speak again until we had reached the front walk. There she paused, and I noted that she was trembling—and, no doubt correctly, judged her emotion to be that of contentment.

"There was no one there!" she exclaimed. "He was all by himself! It was just the same as what you saw in Scotland."

"Did it sound to you"—there was a little awed tremor in her voice that I found very appealing—"did it sound



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to you like a person who'd lost his mind?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know at all what to make of it." "He couldn't have been"—her eyes grew very wide—"intoxicated!"

"No. I'm sure it wasn't that." "Then I don't know what to make of it, either. All that wild talk about 'Bill Hammersley' and 'Simpledoria' and spring-boards in Scotland and—"

"And an eleven-foot jump," I suggested.

"Why, there's no more a 'Bill Hammersley,'" she cried, with a gesture of excited emphasis, "than there is a 'Simpledoria!'"

"So it appears," I agreed.

"He's lived there all alone," she said, solemnly, "in that big house, so long, just sitting there evening after evening, all by himself, never going out, never reading anything, not even thinking; but just sitting and sitting and sitting— Well," she broke off, suddenly, shook the frown from her forehead, and made me the offer of a dazzling smile, "there's no use bothering one's own head about it."

"You're going to your work?" she asked, as I turned toward the gate.

"I'm very glad I don't have to go to mine."

"Yours?" I inquired, rather blankly.

"I teach algebra and plane geometry at the High school," said this surprising young woman. "Thank Heaven, it's Saturday! I'm reading 'Les Miserables' for the seventh time, and I'm going to have a real orgy over Gertrude and the barricade this afternoon!"

III. I do not know why it should have astonished me to find that Miss Apperthwaite was a teacher of mathematics except that (to my inexperienced eye) she didn't look it. She looked more like Charlotte Corday!

I had the pleasure of seeing her opposite me at lunch the next day (when Mr. Dowden kept me occupied with Spencerville politics, obviously from fear that I would break out again), but no stroll in the yard with her rewarded me afterward, as I dimly hoped, for she disappeared before I left the table, and I did not see her again for a fortnight. On week-days she did not return to the house for lunch, my only meal at Mrs. Apperthwaite's (I dined at a restaurant near the Despatch office), and she was out of town for a little visit, her mother informed us, over the following Saturday and Sunday. She was not altogether out of my thoughts, however—indeed, she almost divided them with the Honorable David Beasley.

A better view which I was afforded of this gentleman did not lessen my interest in him; increased it rather; it also served to make the extraordinary dices of which he had been the virtuoso and I the audience more than ever profoundly inexplicable. My glimpse of him in the lighted doorway had given me the vaguest impression of his appearance, but one afternoon—a few days after my interview with Miss Apperthwaite—I was starting for the office and met him full-face-on as he was turning in at his gate. I took as careful invoice of him as I could without conspicuously glaring.

There was something remarkably "taking," as we say, about this man—something easy and genial and quizzical and careless. He was the kind of

(Continued next week.)

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A New Year Present Banner-Courier



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