

HERE ARE GOOD AND TRUE MEN

Nominees All Up For City Elections Next Monday.

MR HEDGES REPLIES TO MAYOR

Declares Mr. Dimick's Statement Concerning P. G. E. Co. Was Made Without Regard to Truth.

NON-PARTISAN TICKET.

- Mayor, J. EUGENE HEDGES. Treasurer, JOHN R. HUMPHREYS. COUNCILMEN, First Ward, JACOB CARBELL. Second Ward, WILLIAM SHEEHAN. CITIZEN'S TICKET.

- Mayor, GRANT B. DIMICK. Treasurer, FRED J. MYERS. COUNCILMEN, First Ward, E. D. KELLY. Third Ward, E. D. STORY.

City election will be held next Monday. While neither side is doing much talking, a great deal of active work is being done on the quiet and both parties are confident of success at the polls.

In reply to the assertions made by Mayor Dimick in last Friday's issue, Mr. Hedges said yesterday:

"Thirty seven years of my life, except the few years spent in pursuit of the knowledge which has tended to fit me for the position that I hope to be chosen to occupy, I have lived in this vicinity. During these many years all my actions, manner of life, motives and works have been open to this whole community. I do not refer to these for the purpose of suggesting that they be emulated, yet I feel that by our deeds we should be known, and I, at least, believe that no better means is afforded us of judging the responsibility, the honorableness and honesty of purpose of one than by a reflection upon his past acts, motives and methods. After such references to the past, if I should be found irresponsible or likely to do such unreasonable things as will endanger the city's welfare or highest interest, and another can be chosen to whom the same scrutinizing has been applied, who will likely supervise this city's affairs with greater care and more certain integrity he would be the wiser choice.

"Personally I believe there is nothing nobler than a man who, in spite of fate, perseveres in doing his highest duty, and who, if he is not happy, at least deserves to be. The office of mayor needs, and during the ensuing year more than ever before, to be filled by one of pure purpose and uncompromising determination and I shall hope if elected to be able to answer the requirements.

"Mr. Dimick has asserted that the Portland General Electric Co. is back of me and my candidacy. This statement was made without due regard to truth, or while his reason was subservient to passion, or with malicious evil prompting; or indeed while all these conditions existed.

"While I shall be pleased to have and to hold the confidence of the many honorable gentlemen who are in some or another manner interested in the company mentioned as well as that of other persons of the city. No false conclusions from proper premises, and no false premises resulting in a false conclusion, will change the unalterable truth. Mr. Dimick, like Caesar must be ambitious; but unless his statements savor less of untruth and unreason and reason his fancy will inevitably bear his reason and himself to the oblivion enjoyed by many others who have been guided by the same light upon the same course."

A Startling Discovery.

Within the past few days a star of magnificent brilliancy has appeared to most of our readers. On close examination it proves to be Marie Lamour starring in "A Wise Woman." Manager Shively says that by this discovery we are placed in possession of observation which proves that this luminary is approaching with great velocity, and that she will be distinctly visible to the people of this city in her radiance at an early date.

Great Luck Of An Editor.

"For two years all efforts to cure Eczema in the palms of my hands failed," writes Editor H. N. Lester, of Syracuse, Kan., "then I was wholly cured by Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's the world's best for Eruptions, Sores, and all skin diseases. Only 25c at Geo. A. Harding's.

Social Happenings.

FITZMAN-LEE. The marriage of John M. Fitzman and Miss Matilda Lee was solemnized at one o'clock Sunday afternoon at the residence of E. J. Tustin, corner of Fourth and Adams streets. Rev. A. J. Montgomery performed the ceremony, which was witnessed only by the relatives of the happy pair.

DERTHICK CLUB. The Dertthick Musical and Literary Club met Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Charles H. Caulfield. Beethoven was the composer of the evening. The following program was rendered: Life of Beethoven, Mrs. R. A. Miller. Sonata, Miss Edna Caulfield.

Rondo in C, Miss Mattie Draper. Two vocal solos, O'er the Crested Mountain, On the Cliffs, Miss Maud Warner. German Dances, Desire, Grief and Hope, Miss Edna Caulfield.

Analysis, Mrs. L. L. Porter. Those present were: Mrs. G. E. Hayes, Mrs. A. S. Dresser, Mrs. R. A. Miller, Mrs. Clark Ganong, Mrs. E. Sheahan, Mrs. L. L. Porter, Mrs. C. H. Caulfield, Misses Vera Caulfield, Edna Caulfield, Gertrude Fairclough, Moriel Stevens, Maudie Warner, Florence Patty, Veda Williams, Mattie Draper, Lulu Draper, Miss Florence Patty was elected a member of the club.

BIG INJUN TIME. Fifty Redmen of Portland came up Saturday night and joined with Wacheno Tribe in a hiyu time. Past Great Sachem Judge Cator, of Colorado, was present, and work was given in the warriors and adoption degree. About fifteen members of Wacheno Tribe went to Portland Wednesday night and attended an entertainment which was given by Willamette Tribe. Wacheno Tribe will exemplify degree work next Saturday night, when nine warriors will be raised to chiefs.

The Mother's Club meets this Friday afternoon.

Miss Mary Conyers will entertain the Dertthick club at its next regular meeting on December 9, at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Barlow.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence May, of Canemah, celebrated their fifth anniversary Friday evening at their home. About 50 invited guests were present and the evening was pleasantly spent in games and dancing. Mr. and Mrs. May were the recipients of many handsome presents. Refreshments were served.

PROPOSALS INVITED.

For Sewer Improvement Bond of Oregon City, Oregon.

Proposals will be received by the Finance Committee of the City Council of Oregon City until Wednesday, December 4, 1901 at 4 o'clock p. m. for the sale at not less than par value and accrued interest of One Sewer Improvement Bond of Oregon City, Oregon, amount \$357,000, as the same shall be authorized to be issued, said bond to be dated February 1, 1902, and shall mature in ten years from the date thereof, and be payable in Gold Coin of the United States and bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, interest payable semi-annually, said interest to be evidenced by coupons attached to said bond; Provided, however, the right to take up and cancel said bond upon the payment of the face value thereof with accrued interest to the date of payment, at any semi-annual coupon period at or after one year from the date of said bond is hereby reserved.

Said bond issued under authority of an act of the Legislature of the State of Oregon, entitled, An Act to amend Sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 of an Act entitled, An Act to provide for the issuance of bonds for the Improvement of Streets and Laying of Sewers in incorporated cities, and for the payment of the cost of such improvements and laying of sewers by installments, filed in the office of the Secretary of State, February 22, 1893.

The right to reject any and all bids is hereby reserved. All bids must be accompanied by a check for 10 per cent of the amount of the bond, payable to R. Koerner, Chairman, as liquidated damages in case the bidder shall withdraw his bid or shall fail or neglect to take and pay for the bond aforesaid should the same be awarded to him.

By order of the Finance Committee of the City Council of Oregon City. BREUER C. CURRY, Recorder.

To the Public.

Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I had a very severe cough and cold and feared I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better, three bottles of it cured my cold and the pains in my chest disappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours for health, RALPH S. MEYERS, 64 Thirty-seventh St. Wheeling, W. Va. For sale by G. A. Harding, Druggist.

FRATERNAL

Willamette Falls Camp, No. 148, Woodmen of the World, have elected the following new officers for the ensuing six months: Consul commander, S. F. Scripture; advisor lieutenant, R. L. Holman; banker, I. D. Taylor; clerk, Grant Olds; escort, W. G. Hall; watchman, Charles Albright; manager, W. M. Shack; musician, E. S. Bollinger.

A delegation of about 30 members of Oregon City Assembly No. 7, United Artisans, will visit the Oswego lodge of Artisans Saturday evening. An enjoyable time is anticipated.

Meade Post, G. A. R., elect officers Monday evening and Meade Relief Corps hold their election Monday afternoon.

Portland Choppers Coming.

About 200 Woodmen will come up from Portland next Friday evening and pay a fraternal visit to Willamette Falls Camp, W. of W. They have chartered a steamer and the event will be a big one in Woodmen circles.

Letter List.

The following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Oregon City, Ore., on Oct. 31st, 1901:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Crittenden F. E. Mrs. Smith Charlotte C Young Mary E Mrs

MEN'S LIST.

Bray W Jones Gib Streyfeller O B Rev Mueser F C Gunnison Frank Mason H W Griffith D K Stratton M A Barnes Howard S GEO. F. HORTON, P. M.

VOTE IN PIANO CONTENTS.

Red Men in the Lead for the Irving and Woodmen for Chickering.

VOTE FOR THE IRVING.

Red Men 122,960 Public Schools 69,744 Woodmen of the World 944 Y. M. C. A. 962 S. P. Depot 35

VOTE FOR THE CHICKERING.

Woodmen of the World 162,040 Public Schools 25,321 Knights of the Maccabees 100,248 Willamette Falls School 6,423

TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!

Ask your grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich smell of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Hearing a Fly Walk.

As the fly glides rapidly over a smooth surface every step presses out a supply of gum strong enough to give him a sure footing and to sustain him in safety if he falls. So strong is the cement that that upon one of his six feet is quite sufficient to sustain the weight of his whole body. But if he stands still the gum may dry up and harden quickly and so securely fasten the traveler's foot as to make a sudden step snap the leg itself.

If you wish to hear a fly walk, you can do it without the aid of the naphthene. Having made friends with the fly, spread a silk handkerchief over your ear and induce the insect to crawl across the handkerchief. As he approaches your ear you will distinctly hear a harsh, rasping sound, made by the contact of the insect's feet with the filaments of silk.

Two Good Arguments.

"I say that Adam and Eve never existed," declared the first theological disputant.

"Oh, but they did," answered the second theological disputant.

"How do you know they did? Were you there?"

"How do you know they didn't? Were you there?"—Baltimore American.

Giants Nearly Twenty Feet Tall.

The giant Ferragus, who was slain by Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. He always accompanied the army on foot, there being no horse tall and strong enough to carry him. Platerius in his published writings tells of a giant whom he examined at Lucerne whose body measured 19 feet 4 inches and 3 lines.

Politely Put.

Anxious Father (from top of stairs)—Say, Mary Jane! Mary Jane—Yes, papa. Anxious Father—Is it 11 o'clock yet? Mary Jane—Yes, papa. Anxious Father—Well, give the young man my compliments and ask him to kindly close the front door from the outside.—Chicago News.

Too Liberal.

Wife—Here's an advertisement in the paper that you'd better look into. It says a man is wanted, and he won't be worked to death, and he'll get paid enough to live on. Husband—Says he won't be worked to death, eh? Wife—Yes; and they promise pay enough to live on. Husband—Some catch about that!—Pick-Me-Up.

AROUND THE COURT HOUSE

An appeal to the Supreme Court has been filed in the case of August Krause vs. Oregon Iron & Steel Co.

Anna Gibson has sued E. A. Klar for the recovery of a note and mortgage for \$700, which defendant wrongfully withheld, or in case delivery cannot be had, then for \$700 damages and costs.

R. M. Wade & Co., of Portland, has instituted suit against Israel Riviers, of Eagle Creek, to recover \$67.84 and \$15 attorneys' fee, and 10 per cent interest on a note for the above amount from April 19, 1901.

Caroline E. Jones has been appointed executrix of the estate of Cyrus Jones, deceased. The appraisers are C. W. Dart, John Shaver and R. Daugherty.

Marriage licenses have been issued to the following persons: Maud Tracy and Edgar Heiple; Minnie M. Kaifong and Edward Cassaday.

Mrs. Minnie Stephens was appointed administrator of the estate of W. A. Stephens deceased, by Judge Ryan on Tuesday morning. Mr. Stephens was drowned in the Willamette at Oregon City last March, leaving an estate of several hundred dollars.

Anna Gibson has filed a protest against the appointment of E. A. Klar, as administrator of the estate of Anton Klar, deceased and asks for the appointment of John A. Daly. The petitioner alleges that E. A. Klar, who is her brother, is not a proper person to administer the estate.

Amelia McClincy has been granted letters of administration of the estate of E. S. McClincy, deceased, and her bonds fixed at \$5000. McClincy died May 8, 1901, and left an estate in Clackamas and Multnomah Counties. The heirs at law are: Amelia McClincy, widow, aged 27; Reed, aged 6; James, aged 5; Irene, aged 2; Beatrice, aged 1, children of the deceased, all residing at Wilsonville.

C. D. Latourette has been appointed administrator of the estate of John Green, who died April 6, 1896. He left an estate consisting of a contract with the O. & C. R. Co. by which the company agreed to convey to Green 120 acres of land. At the time of his death \$372.86 had been paid upon the contract. The heirs at law are: Joseph Green, age 50, brother, residence Springfield; Mary Green, age 57, sister, inmate of insane asylum at Salem; George Green, age 60, brother, residence Melbourne, Australia; William Green, brother, London, England; Eliza Shaw, sister, London, England; Salina Kockbill, sister, Melbourne, Australia; Caroline Green, sister, East Portland, Oregon.

CIRCUIT COURT PROCEEDINGS.

In the Circuit Court, Saturday, in the case of A. Coolidge & Co. vs. O. H. P. Charness, the plaintiff was awarded judgment for the sum of \$607.66 with interest at 10 per cent from date; for \$50 as attorney's fees, and for costs and disbursements. The suit was over a promissory note.

In the case of Alma Hackett vs. Erwin Hackett over the custody of a minor child, it was ordered that the defendant still continue to have the custody of the child. He shall, at noon on the fourth Saturday in each month, require the child to be at the home of the plaintiff, near Parkplace, and remain with his mother until Sunday afternoon.

In the case of J. W. Wilson vs. the Southern Pacific Company, upon motion of the defendant, to require the plaintiff to pay the amount of the judgment for \$121.60. The motion was allowed, and that further prosecution of this action be stayed until the plaintiff shall pay the judgment.

"Last winter an infant child of mine had croup in a violent form," says Elder John W. Rogers, a Christian Evangelist, of Filley, Mo. "I gave her a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and in a short time all danger was past and the child recovered." This remedy not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the first symptoms appear, will prevent the attack. It contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by G. A. Harding, Druggist.

Oregon City Market Report.

(Corrected to Friday.) Wheat—No. 1, 51c bushel. Flour—Portland, \$3.10 per bbl. 80 c per sk. Howard's Best, 80c per sack, \$3.10 per bbl. Oats—in sacks, white, 85 to 90 cents per cental, gray, 80 to 85. Hay—old Timothy, bales, \$11 per ton; loose, \$9 to \$9.50 per ton. Clover \$8 Oats, \$9. Mixed hay, \$8. Millstuffs—Bran, \$16.50 per ton, shorts, \$17.50 per ton, chop, \$16 per ton, barley, rolled, \$19.00 per ton. Potatoes—new, 75c to 85c per hundred lbs. Eggs—Oregon, 27 1/2 to 30c per dozen. Butter—Ranch, 37 1/2 to 45c per roll. Apples, King's, 40 c to 50 cents per box. Other varieties, 35 c to 45 c per box. Pears, Fall Butter and Winter Nellis, 75 c to \$1 per box. Quinces, 50 to 60 c per bx. Onions, choice, 1 1/2 to 2c per lb. Dressed chickens, 10 to 12 1/2 c per lb. Livestock and dressed meats; beef, live, \$3.00 to \$3.50 per hundred. Hogs, live, 4 1/2 cts; hogs, dressed, 5 1/2 to 6c; sheep, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 c; sheep, dressed, 6c; veal, dressed, 7 1/2 to 8c; lambs, live, 2 1/2 c; lambs, dressed, 6 1/2 c.

THANKSGIVINGS OF LONG, LONG AGO

BY M. K. RUTLEDGE.

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THE turkey in all its all round greatness was capering on the campus of man's joy long before Thanksgiving day became one of the country's gladdest and most glorious institutions, and it is quite likely that the gob-ber of that remote period often shook his head and wondered what he was ever put upon the earth for, for in those slow, humdrum days the natives had not so much to be thankful for as we have in these times of wireless telegraphy and politics, fishless fishballs, jokeless jokes, Pasteurized tea biscuits and other luxuries that would have been regarded as the result of witchcraft at that time. It is the opinion of many deep and profound thinkers that the only thing the natives of the early colonial period had to be thankful for was that they had been able to escape the tomahawk of the aborigine that was frequently projected not entirely in the interests of artificial baldness. And it is likewise believed that this thankfulness and all round gratitude that filled the hearts of our worthy ancestors were the combination that led to the appointment of a certain day for a general feasting and thanksgiving. In short, a reward was made to fit the heartfelt gratitude. There is a great deal of difference between feeling thankful for simply being alive and grateful for that condition of joy that takes possession of and camps out on one's soul when one suddenly gathers an unlooked for and unbanked legacy.

How could the early settler have been thankful for that which he had not? The early settler had not an automobile to make his heart overflow with thanks, which it would have done, as the vehicle in question would have enabled him to glide gracefully away from the hand painted savage, who would have found it more difficult to decorate him with an arrow when sitting a-heel than when traveling afoot.

And then the people of that long ago historic time didn't have bridge whist to while away the evenings, and they didn't have tennis as a sport or means of social advancement. They hadn't even dreamed of such a game as baseball, with all its attendant attractions, such as sliding for home on the eyeballs and the utter demolition of the umpire's facial beauty. And their farms had no real value at the time, as they were only available for purposes of agriculture and not as golf links, because golf had not yet been imported from Scotland. And instead of chasing the whistling gutta percha sphere across the twinkling green they chased the pig-bald equine that was held down on the earth securely by the plow, while they danced dainty melodies on his flanks with a hickory stick that had the desired effect of keeping him moving athwart the field in the pristine ragtime of that airy period.

And how could the antique spinster with the corkscrew curls have felt so very thankful while working at the spinning wheel that was not a sewing machine and, besides, had no value whatever as an aesthetic ornament? How could she have been thankful when she had a harpsichord instead of a grand piano and had to play on it with her hands instead of playing it with a machine that is worked by foot? And then she knew no such exhilaration and excitement as are supplied by the department store that serves

a table d'hote dinner for 7 cents, with music thrown in to aid digestion. There were no continuous performances in those days except the continuous performance of such duties as put sole leather palms on the hands and caused the anatomy to ripple in a wild undulation of miscellaneous lumps. They had no Wall street in which to take a flir-in fact, all the flying they did was when they flew from the hawk (the tomahawk) with night and main to get through the front door in time to slam it again at the Romanesque protocols of the hostile red man.

And what had they to be thankful for in the way of a roof garden when the stary summer nights were upon them and the cabbage leaf had withered in the broad brimmed hat? There was no such resort, with up to date music and songs, with jugglers and acrobats, domestic and imported, to while away the moonlight hours, and there was no long refreshing summer drink to take the cobwebs of care out of their throats. They hadn't bicycles from which to be thrown in favor of the surgeon, and there was not a trolley to whir them along at the highest rate of speed allowed by law, and, without all these things which we have today, they didn't have a general day of thanksgiving before 1620 or 1621. The turkey strutted about without a penalty on his head. He could roost in peace without being plucked from the bough like a watermelon, and so he lived all ungruffed, in the full knowledge of the fact that he would always be likewise ungruffed. And whenever he was eaten the diner was thankful, and it was all he had and yet quite enough to be thankful for. And when we think of all the things that we have to be thankful for in the way of every kind of all round blessing we think it would take twenty or thirty Thanksgivings days a year to enable us to properly offer up the thanks that blossom in our hearts, while we admire and wonder at the gratitude of our time honored ancestors who were quite as thankful as we, although they didn't live in the enjoyment of progressive eache and bargain counters, each of which is a veritable fairy dream unto itself.

A Silver Lining.

No tongue or pen can even faintly express the gloom into which the people of the nation were plunged but two months ago. No individual soul, however deep the personal grief, could measure the weight of sorrow provoked by the assassin's bullet. One needed to witness and to share in the public grief in order to comprehend the emotions of a whole nation aroused and outraged. And yet, through the unspeakable darkness which prevailed when William McKinley was borne to his tomb, there streamed a light of inextinguishable glory. In all the land there was not one discordant note; no voice was heard but the voice of devotion; no song uplifted but the anthem of woe.

So strange and impressive was this universal mourning that the sad event, perhaps more than any other in the last generation at least, gave cause for national thankfulness and congratulation. Stirred to their depths, the hearts of four-score millions throbed in unison. This noble tribute, then, to a martyred president was also a tribute to the living, who thus nobly made manifest an earthly sorrow and a heavenly faith.

It is easy to overeat and difficult to recover from the effects.

THANKSGIVING RELISHES.

A Chance to Get Even.

Mrs. Mincepie—I wanted to take a nap this afternoon, but that horrid little Johnny Green kept me awake with his drum. Mr. Mincepie—Never mind, darling. When he eats you on Thanksgiving, you'll keep him awake for a week.

Her Last Words.

Mr. Gobbie—Well, Pauline, I see old Farmer Briggs coming after his Thanksgiving dinner, and you're the only one in the family fat enough to kill. Anything I can do for you before you go? Mrs. Gobbie—Yes, Bill. Tell me if my hat's on straight?

Sad, but True.

Oh, ask me not, ye pigs of mine, About Thanksgiving cheer! I've seen it come and seen it go For, lo, these many years, You're young and fat and tender, too; Alas, that I should boast, For well I know that one of you Is doomed to get a roast!

No Doubt of It.

First Turkey—Did you notice how frustrated Mr. Gobbler looked when the farmer caught him? Second Turkey—Yes, and he'll probably lose his head completely pretty soon. A. B. LEWIS.

The Mississippi.

Before the coming of the whites to America the Mississippi river was known by a different name every few miles of its course. Each tribe that dwelt along its banks gave it a name, and more than thirty of these local designations are preserved in the narratives of the early travelers.

In Scotland a twentieth of the area is forest land. The greater portion of the country is mountain heath and lake. The cultivated land is comparatively very limited in its area.

A LAND FREE FROM WANT.

Neither Frost Nor Drought Banishes Joy in America.

This is one of the seasons to find comfort in the fact that "enough is as good as a feast" and that the national area is so vast that it embraces a variety of climate and soil. Here too much rain and there too little at certain stages of vegetation may lead to forebodings for the future, but fortunately there is a way of evening things up. The failure of one crop in a given locality may mean comparative scarcity for that section, but another crop yields abundantly and is in high demand for some distant market.

If there is no revelry in abundance this year, there will be no rotting in the ground for want of consumers. If it is hard to be face to face with the failure of crops, it is also hard, after all the labor of planting and cultivating and gathering, to find the market overflowing and prices far below a paying rate. An overflowing harvest gives no joy to the producer if he cannot even find hungry mouths to feed gratis. This superabundant yield, answering to overproduction in the manufacturing world, has often happened since vast areas have been devoted to raising perishable fruits and vegetables.

Starvation and famine have next to no meaning in America, and for that the masses annually render thanks even in years of local scarcity. The statement that there are no suffering poor in America like those in most countries of the old world goes unchallenged. Even the failures of society may still eat, drink and be merry on all proper occasions. This one day of the year, when feasting is almost a matter of duty as well as custom, the humblest home is a center of plenty and thankfulness.

The Applan Way.

The famous Applan way, mentioned by almost every Roman writer, connected the Eternal City with all parts of south Italy. For many miles from Rome the space on each side was filled with sepulchers, many of them of persons distinguished in history. To have a sepulcher on the Applan way was equivalent to being buried in Greenwood, in New York, or Pere in Chaise, in Paris.

A Peculiar Word.

The word "habit" is one of the most peculiar in our language. If you take off the first letter, you still have "a bit." If you remove the second, the word "bit" is still on hand. Decapitate that by removing the "b" and it is still a word. Take off the "i," and you find the old "habit" not "r" totally destroyed.