

FALLS CITY NEWS

VOL. XII

FALLS CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1916

No. 37.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

THE RACE QUESTION.

The House of Representatives dragged the race question into a recent discussion, and after the Southern members had touched on everything from the marriage of Jack Johnson to a white woman to the alleged habit of Northern members in opposing anti-Negro legislation because of colored voters in Northern districts, Speaker Clark arose and in his basso-profundo voice spoke for Southern Democrats, and declared that the Northern Republicans who had their political fences to look after "did not have the world by the tail as yet." He added that the race question was as old as the flood, but declared that it was being worked out by the individual communities and the state. He thought that it was as useless to discuss the subject as the mystery regarding who hit Billy Patterson; or who was the man in the iron mask. Of course everybody does not agree with the Speaker, and a large part of the membership of Congress feel that there is too much discrimination against the Negroes. Mr. Clark's inellegant expressions are pretty good samples of very old-fashioned statesmanship.

MRS. MARY FELS.

Joseph Fels was known throughout the world because of his work in the single tax movement. Mr. Fels was a friend of Henry George, and when the latter died, his son, Henry George, junior, who is a Member of Congress, pledged his life to the responsibility of carrying on the great reform enunciated by his father. Joseph Fels had arranged a great work which he proposed to carry on, but man proposes and God disposes, and he was called to his higher reward, leaving his wife, Mary Fels, who had worked with him for years to continue the task. Today she is looked upon as one of the most influential women of America. When she came to Washington recently the single tax advocates arranged a reception and banquet, which was a magnificent affair, attended by one hundred and fifty representative men and women, who sought to do honor to Mrs. Fels. The single tax gathering turned out to be a peace meeting, and among the speakers to pay tribute to the guest of honor was Colonel William Jennings Bryan.

Mrs. Fels went to Europe on the Oscar II and she proclaims the fact proudly. She was elected by the members of the Ford party as one of the delegates to the Neutral Conference for Continuous Mediation, which is now in session in Stockholm, Sweden. She expects to return to the commission and to help the organization, which is composed of representatives of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland and the United States, in the work they are doing for constructive peace and international disarmament.

The biography of Joseph Fels about to be published, will necessarily be in part the story of his wife, Mary Fels. It will be a wonderful work, since it is to record the useful work done by a man and a woman, pledged in the sacred bonds of love, and inspired by a single purpose to sacrifice personal comforts and pleasures, and to use their great fortune in behalf of the causes of humanity. There are not many such people enlisted in so unselfish a labor and the world will honor the memory of Joseph Fels while it continues to assist his widow in carrying on the duties and added responsibilities

ties which came to her when her husband was called from life's labors to eternal rest.

NERVOUSNESS OF THE RIGGS.

The Riggs National Bank of Washington is seeking to force a settlement of its difficulties with the Government through the Courts, and in the proceedings it frankly admits that it has a fear that the Comptroller of the Currency will refuse to renew the charter of the bank on July 1st. Some of the officials of the bank are under indictment, charged with perjury. The whole affair reminds one of the antics that frequently take place in small towns and counties wherein a change of officials brings along with it new favorites to whom is assigned the pleasant part of caring for the public funds.

The Riggs National Bank has been regarded as the "back door to Wall Street" for a number of years, since it has an open alliance with the National City Bank of New York, which in turn connects up with the Standard Oil Company, which in turn, turns, etc., et cetera. In the natural course of human events it necessarily follows that new and more progressive bankers have secured the inside track with Uncle Sam. One morning, about three years ago, the arrogant Riggs people awoke to the fact that they were no longer to be favored with millions of dollars of the government's money, and the realization was an awful shock. Undoubtedly the Riggs National Bank will be given a new charter, but its officers would be happy if there was mostly any kind of an old change in the Treasury Department.

WHO BUTCHERED BRYAN?

The butchering of Bryan in the Nebraska primaries is as easily traceable to its source as the famous killing of Cock Robin, and the witnesses are more numerous.

Bryan was slaughtered in his home State by the adherents of Wilson, and there are no sighs of regret echoing from the White House because of the result. Bryan made Wilson four years ago, to be sure, but there has never been a minute when Wilson felt truly grateful. On the contrary, he always chafed under the consideration of Bryan's power in the party; and he was glad when occasion permitted him to raise a false issue upon which Bryan left the Cabinet. The contemplation of Bryan in the Democratic national convention of 1916 has never been a pleasing prospect to Wilson, for he has vivid knowledge of Bryan's ability to sway conventions to his own manner of thinking. And Bryan's ability to sway conventions to his own manner of thinking. And Bryan's manner of thinking is not Wilson's manner, nor are Bryan's principles the principles of Wilson. We do not doubt that the quiet tip was sent from the White House to Nebraska to defeat Bryan.

Bryan, accordingly, has been defeated—but only for a seat in the St. Louis convention. The treachery of the Wilson men in Nebraska has temporarily overcome the unsuspecting friends of Bryan, but the latter will be more alert next time. Their hour will come when they go to the polls in November. They will not forget who butchered Bryan this spring—and the fall killing which they will make will be gratifying goryly.

Who Is The Knocker?

Every community is supposed to have its quota of knockers, real or imaginary. Just what a knocker really is never has nor ever will be satisfactorily decided. The grafter is check-mated in his schemes and he brands the person who ties his hands as being a knocker. The corrupt politician or public official caught red-handed in some deviltry, lustily shout, knocker. And so it is all down the line; the fellow who is really working for the good of the town and protecting the community from the unscrupulous is wrongfully classed as a knocker.

The fellow who blatantly insists that a small town or village put on metropolitan airs regardless of financial ability to do so is no friend of the town. He is thinking of his own individual comfort or gain regardless of the effect upon his neighbor. That a town is progressive does not signify that it shall be recklessly extravagant nor connect with all the frills, fads and follies of the "smart set." The rule, that is golden, "Live within your income," might well be adhered to by municipalities as well as individuals. Everyone, doubtless, would like to live in a fine house with a brown stone front, furnace in the basement, hot and cold water in every room, but the man working at \$1.60 per, and only two or three a week can not hope to attain such luxuries. The prosperity of a town depends upon the opportunity and ability of its workers to gather in the "kale seed." Pay a good salary and he will endure great hardships without a murmur, but reduce his earning power and gilded palaces, paved streets, fine churches and public buildings hath no charms for the man with an empty stomach. If there be any whose aesthetic tastes are liable to become perverted by bucolic associations he should not tarry on the order of his going, but instanter and without delay, hie himself to greener fields and more succulent pastures, where the lowing of the kine and the sound of the woodman's axe shall not grate upon ears attuned to less vulgar sounds.

CRITICISM NOT WANTED

Grand Jury Upholds Libel Charge Against North Bend Paper.

Marshfield, Or., May 3.—Frank B. Cameron, editor of the Agitator, a free-lance paper published at North Bend, was indicted today by the grand jury on a charge of libel preferred by Allen McLeod, of the Coos County poor farm.

The Agitator published a criticism of the conduct of the poor farm. Cameron's bail was placed at \$750.

C. A. Nutt, publisher of the Rainier, Ofe., Review has been sued by G. S. Metsker, candidate for district attorney of Columbia county, for \$15,000 damages for alleged libelous statements published.

NOTICE TO WATER USERS

Beginning on 22d day of May 1916 the Water Superintendent has been directed to make an inspection of water pipes and fixtures. You are hereby notified to have all leaking pipes and fixtures repaired by that date.

By order of Water Board,
R. M. WONDERLY.

The Rural Press

At a social in the Adams school-house in Elk township, the women stuck their toes through holes in a sheet, and men bought them for the evening. The sale netted the school \$7.80.—Nantucket (Mass.) Inquirer.

The third number on the program was a saxophone solo by Miss Birdie Puffer. Musicians are agreed that the saxophone is an instrument out of which but few can get real music, but Miss Birdie played it beautifully. She is a popular member of our most exclusive social set, and is also noted for having once whipt a gentleman who did not appreciate her saxophone playing.—Pleasant Valley (Ark.) Palladium.

What doth it profit the editor that his subscribers scoot over the country in shiny autos and array themselves in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, if they pay not their subscription? Or what gain is there if the business man uses a stamp of rubber and advertiseth not? Verily, the obituary of such a one shall be set in six-point and exceeding shortened in the latter days, sayeth the printer.—Bunker Hill (Kas.) Advertiser.

Hugh Philips and Fat Shook have had a bunch of hogs in a field north of town that they have been in the habit of going to feed in an automobile. It has been quite a mystery for some time why they did not gain any more than they were and all of the hogs looked like they were run to death. The solution was made the other day when Hugh discovered that they ran clear across the field every time they heard an auto on the road, thinking their feed was coming.—Gridley (Kas.) Light.

Prof. J. D. Wheeler gave an entertainment on his violin last week which was very fine. He imitated the old cane mill, the mule, the old sow and pigs, the Arkansas traveler, the old spinning-wheel, and various other things. Rev. Lawrence Wheeler preached a couple of good sermons, and then C. W. Lane passed around the hat. The collection was 65 cents for the young preacher, who thanked the audience for their good behavior, and dismissed them to their homes.—Braymer (Mo.) Bee.

If Lord Wimburn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland looks anything like his picture its no wonder the Irish rebelled. Anyway they might as well die fighting in the cause of liberty as to be forced to fight for "royal dubs" of England.

MORE STUDY, LESS PLAY

Some of the "old fashioned" folks are beginning to "speak out in meetin'" and insist that there be more study and less play in the schools. The following was clipped from the Polk County Observer:

Editor Polk County Observer: There appeared in a recent issue of your paper a statement that the Greenwood school had lost its rating, or in other words had lost its standard pennant and all because the board members could not agree on putting up a play apparatus, they considering the same dangerous. Please allow me space in your paper for a few remarks in regards to our school. During last year's school term the school ground was covered with stumps, trees, brush heaps, briars and

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bull thistles. There was no place for the pupils to play; there was no drinking water on the ground, the same had to be carried by scholars from a neighboring well. Yet the school was rated standard and presented with a standard pennant and maintained same throughout the term. Now the present school board had the grounds all cleared last fall, with the exception of a few choice shade trees at one corner. The ground was all worked over by team and same seeded to clover. We also put down an 80-foot well, put in the latest model sanitary fountain pump, also cloak and pump room; put in seven yards of new blackboard, and last, but not least, the school board members took a firm stand with our teacher in maintaining good order and in

every way helping to make our school a success. Our teacher has kept the school room in a neat, tidy condition at all times. The boys now have a ball diamond and we have swings, yet Mr. Parsons came over and took from us our standard pennant, and why? Just because the directors refused to put up two teeter boards, and the reason they refused is because one of our directors averted two bad accidents from the teeter boards during one short visit on the grounds. What this school board wants is an honest educational school and not a tinker-toy school. Yours very respectfully,

E. F. BROWN

J. T. HUNTLEY

Members of Greenwood School Board District 47.