

# ON A ROCK FOUNDATION



He builds on rock who owns his home and pays no rent to landlords. How is it with you are you a rent payer or a house owner? If the former, it will pay you to try to save a little and purchase a home. It does not take long when you once start, and I can help you wonderfully to get a home of your own free and clear. If interested come in and let me put some mutually beneficial propositions before you.

**JOSEPH MOSS,**

THE REAL ESTATE MAN. Office 516 E St.

## W. C. T. U. COLUMN

All matter for this column is supplied to the Josephine County Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Y. and L. T. branches.

Happy New Year!

Our leader has pointed out the main path of the New Year emphasizing successes that should continue to succeed during 1907 and suggesting that we turn the failures of 1906 into positive victories before the books of the New Year are closed over. How may this be done? Conscientious squaring of individual conduct by a few old principles of conduct will transmute these into shining success. These principles are so well known we need not hint at them:

- Whatever thy hand findeth to do—
- do it all things be done—
- thy neighbor as—
- thyself is the accepted time—
- leave—
- to recover a man soweth—
- workman that needeth not—
- one for each of the seven days, 60
- for 53 weeks will bring the
- leader's greeting and our editorial
- ending—"A Happy New Year" to
- all!—T. O. M.

Meeting of Grants Pass W. C. T. U. printed in Year book for January will be held January 11, 1907. announced later. Mesdames McFarland, Ella Howard, M. N. Loughridge and Jennie Chesire have charge of the program. All are invited to attend this meeting.

### WHITE RIBBON RECRUITS.

Mother National, as some of us love to call the W. C. T. U., is a wonderful gatherer. She goes about all the time with hands outstretched, gathering in grown up members for the local unions, gathering in honorary members, (the grown-up fathers, mothers and brothers), gathering in older girls for the Y unions, gathering in the boys and girls for the Loyal Temperance Legions and gathering in all the little people from babies and high chairs and their mother's arms for our White Ribbon recruits. The National Superintendent who looks after this last most beautiful and gentle gathering of all Mrs. Helen L. Bullock, of Elmira, N. Y. Have you read her report before the National Convention? There are 3172 names of little children upon the cradle roll. Of this work Mrs. Bullock says: "Few mothers will refuse to allow the name of the little one, who has come to gladden the home, to be placed on the roll of White Ribbon Recruits. One of the most successful mothers meetings reported is in Washington D. C., while the mothers are in the parlors discussing child culture and child care some young ladies are caring for their children in another part of the building." From the White Ribbon recruits will come thousands of our best Loyal Temperance Legionnaires. These children will never have to learn any wrong things about intoxicating drinks, tobacco, probability and other things that hurt the life so sadly, because these will have always belonged in the white ribbon army. We can think of no more beautiful work during the New Year than to set about lengthening the roll of these precious Recruits.—G. M.

### THE SOURCES OF SUPPLY.

(By James K. Shields.)

The liquor dealers are generally depending on the almighty dollar and are buying drink for political and legislative control. They have lately, however, found that this is not enough. So they begin to get at the sources of supply.

The "sources of supply" do not mean the money barrel nor the beer

keg The whiskey gang goes further than that—to the educational centers of our nation to our public schools and into our homes. The liquor dealers were caught napping when Mary A. Hunt started her campaign for the introduction of temperance physiology and hygiene into our public school systems. They are not napping now.

Our educational work and our process of enlightenment have been a tremendous success in this country. The schools and the church have been our sources of supply.

The liquor absters are now utterly out of patience with the church and will not be quieted. They still hope to get after our schools. It is well known that a systematic effort is made to get rid of the temperance books now used in our schools according to statutory provisions, and to do this, though every law of man and God be violated. But the whiskey gang is used to breaking the law and will not hesitate to do it at this point.

Shall the people of the state and nation allow the liquor demons to steal the school system and dictate the kind of temperance instruction that shall be given to the growing generation?

The hope of this country is in the public schools. If these schools be given over to the enemy, our hope is gone and we might as well yield to the inevitable dissolution that must follow. This shall not be. The federated church will see to it that the sacred threshold of the school-house be not polluted by rum.

### A JUDGE'S WORDS.

"I have defended 41 men and women for murder in my life and 19 out of 30 of the crimes were caused by whiskey; I have defended many other criminal cases and 19 out of 30 of them were caused by liquor. Whiskey is the most demoralizing thing in the world. Men do not usually drink it to get into a condition to rob and kill, but when they get it in them they are ready for any sort of devilry that comes to hand."—Col. I. W. Boulware in Fulton (Mo.) Gazette.

"Home, if it is to be the shrine we love to call it, demands not only a pure priestess but a priest as pure, to keep its sacred altar bright."

HATTIE I. C. CALVERT,

Press Supt., Grants Pass W. C. T. U.

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## SOWERBY'S COURTING

There had been a lull in the conversation around the stove. It had lasted for nearly ten minutes, during which Wash Hancock had industriously sliced nearly all the bark from a four-foot stove length of hickory. Mart Parsons once or twice "allowed that it was about time he was er hookin' up fer home," but the stove was glowing red through its inch thickness of iron, and he knew that the wind was against him on the Hacketville road. The storekeeper was unwrapping a crateful of lamp chimneys and rapping them on the shelf when the creak of wagon wheels on the crusted snow was heard outside and "Old Man" Sowerby entered the store.

"Old Man" Sowerby was long and lean, with a long, serious face, a brush of white hair and twinkling eyes. Hancock greeted him almost with effusion, brightening perceptibly as Mr. Sowerby drew off his clumsy yellow leather gloves, with the red wool wrist attachments, kicked off his arctics and pushed his fur cap lightly to the back of his head.

"Have a cigar on me, Uncle Jake," he said, cordially, as the old gentleman fumbled in his pocket and drew out a corncob pipe. "I guess you can stand one. Rufe hates to have 'em smoked around the store, but he doesn't say so. You ast him an' he'll tell you they smell good. Give us three with the red collar on, Rufe. If anythin' happens I'll tell the corner you hain't to blame."

"I'm seasoned," remarked "Old Man" Sowerby, biting off the end of a cigar and striking a match. "I tol' you how some I got seasoned, didn't I?"

"You started to," said Hancock, "but Mis' Sowerby headed you off. I never seen you shet up so meek. You said that was in reference to your likin' her pap." "So it was," he said. "I'll tell you about it, sein' she hain't around now. It was when I was sparkin' her. Her pa had the reputation of being one of the toughest old nuts in the district. An' Sarah was the only gal he had. Mis' Walker died when she was just a little runt, so Jeff, the old man, allowed he'd keep her home indefinite. Some of the young bucks kind of objected, but Jeff had a mighty effectual way of discouragin' 'em. Late Eblevins allowed 'at he'd make Sarah a visit one night, an' come back with his face all raveled out. Jim Allen, him that kep' the grocery at Hacketville, undertook the same thing, with the same result—"

"Mighty good lookin' woman now, Uncle Jake," said Wash, politely. "She hain't as young as she was, an' neither am I," said Sowerby. "I was a to'able husky boy then and I hadn't seen the man I was a'keered ter tackle. So one evenin' I spruced up in my best clothes an' put some scented ile on my hair an' hopped in my single-footer an' lit out for the Walker residence."

"Seemed like I was in luck, for Sarah was in an' Jeff was out. I wasn't natchally bashful, an' I made the most of my time. I don't know how late it was when we walked down to the gate together, but it was to'able late. The first thing we knew we heard a horse comin' down the road an' my horse began to whinny. Sarah started for the house, but she hadn't got there an' I hadn't got my horse untied before old Jeff come ridin' up."

"Who is this?" he says. "It's me, I says, handlin' the hick'ry clubs I cut on the way down kind o' kee'less. I thought I'd come down an' see how you was. Some of the boys said you was sick an' I allowed it'd be neighborly to call."

"Why, howdy, Jake!" he says, just's tickled as he could be seemed like. "I had to go down to Beder's to see them hogs of his an' I couldn't get away. Tie up your hoss again an' come in. It ain't so late but what you can stay awhile longer."

"I was a leetle sort o' suspicious, but I follered him into the house an' he got out some 48-hour-old corn whiskey an' a couple o' pipes an' a twist o' terbacker as long's your arm. I had to take a sociable smoke with him. I reckon he knew I'd never smoked before. I took half a dozen whiffs an' my head began to swell. It got bigger an' bigger—as big as a bucket—as big as a barrel—as big as a barn—'everything else grew in proportion. I could see old Jeff loomin' through the smoke with a smile a yard wide, an' his voice sounded far away like. Then I broke out into a cold sweat an' my hair began to bristle an' my innards to crawl an' I drooled like a two-months-old baby. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer, an' I got up an' said I b'lieved I'd mosey along hime."

"I hoped the old rip would have give me a chance outside, but he never let on he seen there was anythin' wrong an' stood at the door with a light. Before I got half-way to the gate Jeff commences to whoop an' 'laff an' holler, an' then blamed if he didn't loose his dog on me. At first I concluded I wanted to die, an' bein' eaten raw was as good a death as any, but I changed my mind as I kicked against my hick'ry clubs, an' as the dog come up I hit him a belt. Then I crawled on old Roany an' rode off until I got out o' sight o' the house. Then I got down an' held close communion with nature for a spell."

"I met ol' Jeff four days after in town an' I walked up to him an' I says, says I: 'Jeff Walker, you're an infernal, no-account onery old limb an' I can whip you!'"

"That was all he wanted. We come together right there, an' I want to say, he was about all I care to handle. When I did get him down he held on like a bull pup. Finally I pushed him off an' pounded him until he boller'd 'Nuff!' I reckon it was a week after that I met him at a housewarming at Perry Spencer's. Sarah was along, but she seemed to be tryin' to keep away from me. Finerly I got her cornered an' I ast her what was the matter an' what she was mad about."

"What did you lick pa for?" she says. "Because it was strictly new'ry," I says. "If I've got to lick your pap seven days in the week, hand rippin', to see you I'm goin' to do it."

"She sorter looked tickled an' then all of a sudden she looked skeered. I didn't know why until ol' Jeff teched me on the arm."

"You won't need to, Jake," he says. "I've had all I want, an' if you want to come up to the house any time come up. I'll learn you to smoke."

"He learned you, did he?" asked Hancock. "Old Man Sowerby looked attentively at the cigar that he had smoked half-way through, and tried to roll up the wrapper where it had come loose. "I thought he did," he said, at last, as he threw the cigar into the wood box, "but I'll be gol' durned if I can smoke this."—Chicago Daily News.

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