

Anabel Presbyterian Church.

At the workers conference following the regular monthly dinner of the Sunday School workers of the Anabel Presbyterian church, the following delegates were selected to attend the Multnomah County Sunday School Convention to be held at the White Temple Tuesday, March 19: Adult department, Mr. W. P. Smith; Teenage, Mrs. J. H. Wakefield; Primary, Mrs. F. N. Taylor; Beginners, Mrs. Jas. Hogg; Adult ladies, Mrs. Jno. E. Nelson. The school voted to increase the support to the State and County Associations 20 per cent.

As a large number of the classes of the school will be studying lessons in the book of Mark during the next quarter it was decided to provide vest pocket editions of that gospel for the use of the scholars in place of the regular lesson quarterlies.

Plans were completed for the Easter services which will be held on the last Sunday of March.

Church Directory

Lents M. E. Church.

Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Bible Study Class, 5:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. F. M. Jasper, Pastor. Residence 5703 83rd street.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church.

10 a. m. Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Morning worship. 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 7:45 p. m. Evening worship. 7:30 p. m. Wednesday mid-week service. 7:30 p. m. Thursday choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church.

Sundays: 8:00 a. m. Low Mass. 10:30 a. m. High Mass. 8:00 a. m. Sunday School. 12 m. choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 8:00 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church.

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School. 11 a. m. Saturday preaching. 7:30 p. m. Wednesday Prayer meeting. 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

One block south of Woodmen station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8:00 a. m. No other services that day. Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual. Evening prayer and sermon at 4:00 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3:00 p. m. J. E. Glover, Supt., J. Glover, Sec. Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church.

Sermon by the pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. C. S. Bradford, Superintendent. Y. P. A. 6:45 p. m. Paul Bradford, President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8:00 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. T. R. Hornsusch, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ.

Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of Portland, Ore., 424 62nd street. Services Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial Meeting 8:00.

Laurelwood M. E. Church.

9:45 a. m. Sunday School. 11:00 a. m. preaching. 12:30 p. m. class meeting. 3:00 p. m. Junior League. 6:30 p. m. Epworth League. 7:30 p. m. preaching. 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening. prayer service. Dr. C. R. Carlos, Pastor.

German Reformed Church.

Corner Woodstock Ave. and 57th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m. Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Class Saturday at 9:30 a. m.

Free Methodist Church.

Sunday School, 2:00 p. m. Preaching 3 p. m. each week. Prayer meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services. Rev. A. Beers, Pastor.

Kern Park Christian Church.

Corner 9th St. and 46th Ave. S. E. 10 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service. 6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Thursday mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all. Rev. H. A. Moon, Pastor. 1329 E. Salmon.

Lents Baptist Church.

Lord's Day, Bible School, 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Evening worship 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services. E. A. Smi h, Pastor.

Lents Friends Church.

9:45 a. m. Bible School. Clifford Barker, Superintendent. 11:00 a. m. Preaching service. 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching service. 8:00 p. m. Thursday mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all the services. Miss Lurana Terrell, Pastor.

Arlita Baptist Church.

9:45 a. m. Bible School. 11 a. m. Preaching service. 6:30 p. m. Evening services. 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting. 8:30 Thursday Prayer meeting. Everybody welcome to any and all of these services. W. T. S. Spriggs, Pastor.

Anabel Presbyterian Church.

Corner of 56th St. and 57th Ave. S. E. Sabbath Services, Preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:45 a. m. Christian Endeavor: Senior, 6:30 p. m.; Junior, 4 p. m. Thursday, Prayer Meeting, 7:45. Tuesday, Orchestra Practice, 7:30 p. m. The Pastor is always ready to call on the sick and confer with those who desire spiritual help. John E. Nelson, Pastor. Residence, 5525 87th Ave. S. E. Phone Tabor 1858.

Laurelwood Congregational Church.

Corner 65th St. and 46th Ave. S. E. Pastor, Mrs. John J. Handsaker. Sunday School, 10:30 a. m. Preaching service, 11:00 a. m. No evening service at present. Mr. Arthur W. Pratton, Superintendent of Sunday School. Intermediate Christian Endeavor, 5:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8:00 p. m. in the church cottages.

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DOWN THE LINE PAGE

FACTS ABOUT MT. SCOTT PARK

Brief History of the Corvallis Tract in Which the City is Maintaining a Public Playground

By W. Aimee Hollingworth.
(For the past two years a public Municipal Playground has been maintained at the corner of Millard (55th) Avenue and 72nd Street, in a corner of the Corvallis tract. The city has been paying the taxes on the property, maintaining same, has installed apparatus, built a good fence and supplied park directors. They have felt the burden and the suggestion has been made that they withdraw from this point. An effort is being made by local citizens to have the park continued, and some of the property owners have felt that they would even be willing to pay the taxes themselves and donate the use of the land rather than have the city close this park.—Editor.)

About thirty years ago a number of Corvallis men bought the tract of land lying between 55th and 64th Avenues, between 72nd and 73rd Streets. They were Messrs. T. E. Cauthorn, Thomas Graham, Thomas Jones, E. B. McElroy, Dr. Farra, and Professors Arnold F. Berchtold and John Letcher. Of these, four are deceased.—Mr. Cauthorn, Prof. Arnold, Mr. Graham and Mr. McElroy. The property of T. E. Cauthorn is now owned by his wife, Mrs. Sarah L. Cauthorn, of 4816 66th Street S. E. That of Mr. McElroy is now the McElroy estate, probably soon to be divided and sold by the four heirs, of which the well-known W. E. McElroy, handmaster, 505 Jefferson Street, city, is one.

This estate is located in the south half of the Mt. Scott Park Playground and will probably soon be for sale.

That owned by Mr. Graham is now also an estate, while the Arnold property, lacking an heir through the untimely death of "Jack" Arnold, is in the hands of J. Fred Yates, an attorney of Corvallis.

Part of Prof. Letcher's holdings were at one time in the hands of another, but is again held by Prof. Letcher, except a small piece immediately south of the car track at Tremont Station. Prof. Letcher himself is now in Nashville, Tenn.

It is interesting to know that several of these men are closely connected with the history of the Oregon Agricultural College. At the time of his death Prof. Arnold was president; Prof. Berchtold is still a member of the faculty; Dr. Farra, one of the trustees of the college, is one of the most interested owners of the Corvallis tract; Prof. Letcher, an instructor and bachelor up to the time of his leaving for Tennessee some fifteen years ago, is now living in Nashville, a happy benedict.

The owners of this property have been holding it in the hopes that at some time they might get back the money they have put into it. One owner has paid as high as two hundred and fifty-four dollars taxes for one year; and the taxes for last year amounted, on that same piece, to two hundred and twenty-nine dollars. This was on a tract of eight acres.

Rumor says that the Mt. Scott Park will be in operation next year, but the report has not been confirmed by the Park Bureau. However, efforts are being made to secure the playgrounds at the same corner. The Park Bureau assures the residents that there will be a playground in the neighborhood even though it be not at the corner of 72nd Street and Millard Avenue.

Unquestionably a park is needed as the patronage of the children amply testifies. C. P. Keiser, the present director of the Park Bureau, is responsible for the statement that 25,533 children were entertained in the park in 1916 and 14,571 in 1917. The park directors in 1916 were T. W. Gillard and Miss Nisley. In 1917 there were two sets of directors, John Damback, who enlisted, and the late Miss Geraldine Alderson. Their successors were B. A. Thaxter and Miss Jessie Thayer.

We understand that although the use of the land has been donated to the city for two years for the payment of taxes, at least three of the owners are in favor of paying the taxes also themselves rather than lose the park from the community. It is understood, however, that Mr. McElroy is not willing to take this step.

It is sincerely to be hoped that some way will be found to retain this important recreation center.

Are you using that 10 per cent of mashed potatoes in every baking of bread or pastry?

THE OWNER.

THE owner has a right to pay whatever wages he may please for his own interests," flashed the girl, her voice clear and strong, and a little indignant. "The property is his, and he can do as he likes with it—even to shutting the mill down if it should seem best. The employees have absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Their option, is to leave work if the pay does not suit."

"And I say the employer has no such right," returned the man steadily. "There should be more than self-interest in his relationship with the workmen. In our own mill here, for instance, fully one-half the employees are from a distance, attracted by the mill's reputation for generous wage."

Some are all the way from Ireland, brought here through letters from their friends. It is not right for the owner to cut 20 per cent, as is contemplated, without stronger reason than the mere increase of profit. From my position in the mill I happen to know the firm is making as good profit now as it has for years. What right has it to make this reduction?"

"The right of any business to add to its profit in a legitimate way," answered the girl coldly. "Other mills through the country are cutting wages—why should this one try to maintain its generous standard to the owner's loss? The new superintendent is a practical man, who is working for the owner's interest."

"If only I could get to that owner," cried the man impetuously, "so I could lay the case before him. But he acts through his attorneys, and they through the superintendent, and he—well, he is a machine without a heart. If— But I beg your pardon, Miss Esten," breaking off suddenly. "I ought not to talk about this matter with you, so long as we disagree. I wish I could make you see it as I do. I—I have been hoping of late—that—"

He hesitated awkwardly and stopped. But the girl was looking at him comprehendingly, a slight change coming into her face.

"I forced the topic, I believe, Mr. Blaisdell," she said more gently. "It is better for even friends to know each other's views. What I cannot understand is the position you are taking in this matter. You are by all odds the strongest and most popular personality in the mill force, and it's owing to your direct influence that the strike is being made possible. You could just as easily have quelled the first dissatisfaction when the announcement was made. And yet surely you can have no cause for complaint. From what you have told me you commenced in this very mill as a boy at 50 cents a day and have worked your way up to the position of chief designer at \$8. Moreover, I understand that you and the superintendent and several of the overseers are to be exempt from the reduction. Surely the mill has done well by you, and you owe it allegiance."

Young Blaisdell threw back his head, a slight color rising to his cheeks. "I love the mill," he said, slowly, "because I have always lived here and it has been the cradle of my growth. I owe it allegiance, true, in the same way that it owes consideration to me and my companions. But nothing more. When I began here it paid me 50 cents a day, which was all my work was worth. Now it pays me \$6 because I have made my services worth \$6, and because I could command that sum elsewhere. According to your own theory it has been merely an exchange of values, into the computation of which no ethical considerations should intrude. As to my salary being exempt, that should be more cause for complaint than satisfaction. It is a bare-faced attempt at bribery—I wish I could make you see this as I do, Miss Esten." His voice trembling in its earnestness, "could make you realize that I have no personal ambition or animosity in the matter. It is purely an act of justice, that I happen to be in position to help or thwart. I could do not less than I am doing; and if you understood you would have me do no less. I wish I could take you through some of the tenements. There are employes here, foreigners and ignorant, some of them, who can scarcely understand English, and with families to support on 80 or 90 cents a day. They can hardly make it as it is. Twenty per cent reduction would mean hardship and actual suffering. Moreover, it would be robbery, for they are earning all they get. I have always lived here and am familiar with their conditions; you are only an employe of a few months, and, though you have been in the weave shop and carding room, and helped me some with my drawing in the office, you can have little idea of the real state of affairs. I—I wish you would look into it a little more thoroughly before you condemn me and the work I am doing. Believe me, dear Miss Esten, it is much your cause as theirs and mine. You are a worker, and yet sympathize with the employer who is doing his workmen an injustice. It is because you do not understand."

"I understand the rights of both sides, I think, Mr. Blaisdell," the girl said quietly, but with a troubled look in her eyes which he did not see. "The owner has a right to offer such wages as he likes, and the workman the right to accept or decline. It is a case of equity. The owner does not go into business through philanthropy, nor the self-respecting workman ask for charity. It is only a mutual giving for value received and the obligation ends with the payment. I wish," with a trace of irony in her voice, "that I could make you see this as I do, Mr. Blaisdell."

They both laughed, but with more constraint than usual. Several mill girls were coming down the canal path, and they waited on to the lower gate and then stood aside to let the girls pass. In another few minutes the bell would ring.

This canal path, with its overarching elm branches, had become a favorite noon walk of Miss Esten's, and young Blaisdell had got in the habit of joining her. They had many tastes in common, which they discussed with increasing friendliness and with something warmer gradually coming into Blaisdell's manner. Miss Esten was different from the other mill girls, was more educated and refined and with many of the unconscious little ways which showed that she had been accustomed to different surroundings. Sometimes he wondered what straits had reduced her to work for a living; but whatever it was he blessed the cause that had brought her to this mill, for every day he was finding her more and more attractive. Now, as the clanging bell broke the air, he looked at her with sudden determination and longing.

"I can't have you go away from me with that look in your eyes, Miss Esten—Louise," he cried, impetuously. "I couldn't bear to know you were thinking of me for even an hour. We are too good friends to disagree—No," sharply. "I mean more than that. We are not just friends. I would do anything in the world for you—everything except what I felt was not right. Oh, Louise, don't you understand how I love—"

He stopped suddenly, for she had shrunk back, her hands upraised protestingly, her face startled.

"Please, don't Mr. Blaisdell," she gasped. "Indeed, I would rather not hear. And you must excuse me now. It's time I were in the mill."

He watched her with set face as she hurried away; then he turned and walked toward the office.

The superintendent passed out as he was entering, then turned. "Oh, I say, Blaisdell," he called disapprobably: "I have just received a letter from the mill agents. The reduction will go into effect on the 1st, just as announced."

"Then the help will leave work on the 1st, just as they have warned," the designer answered calmly. "There will be scarcely an exception."

"That's all right," curtly. "We are already advertising for more help, and will have an ample supply engaged in time, and at less wages than even the reduction would be to the old hands. I fancy we will be able to bear up under the strain as well as you strikers."

When the mill shut down that evening it was raining hard. Blaisdell joined the hurrying line that was surging from the mill, bending his head to the storm like the others. At the post-office he turned aside, taking a package of letters from his pocket which he wished to mail. A young girl near him also turned, drawing some letters from beneath her waterproof. He recognized her as a girl working beside Miss Esten in the weave shop.

"Shall I drop them in for you, Elsie?" he asked pleasantly.

The girl gave him the letters with a smile and stepped back into the line. As he dropped them in, Blaisdell noticed the address on the upper one. It was in Miss Esten's handwriting, and was to the mill agents. He thrust the other letters in quickly, with his eyes turned away, and then hurried back into the storm.

What did it mean? When she had first come among them, so different from the other girls and so eager in her inquiries about the cause of the dissatisfaction among the help, which was even then being felt, there had sprung up a rumor that Miss Esten was an emissary of the agents, a paid spy. But as the help had grown to know her better this suspicion died away. The remembrance of it flashed into Blaisdell's mind, but was instantly scouted away, indignantly. Miss Esten's sympathy was plainly not with the strikers, but she had not come as a paid spy.

The next noon he was out on the canal path as usual, but Miss Esten did not appear. On his way back to the office he stopped at the mill and found that she had taken the train for Elton that morning. Elton was the address of the mill agents.

The last days of the month passed gloomily. The help went about their work mechanically, some dispiritedly.

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