

You can't talk too much if you talk right. Talk and factories have built up many a city, and will build many another.

OREGON CITY COURIER

If you don't believe in Oregon City why don't you get out and make room for the fellow who does?

29th YEAR.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 24 1912.

No. 1

WILL BUILD 50 NEW RESIDENCES

FOR WORKMEN, WITHOUT TAX OR INTEREST.

SPLENDID INDUSTRIAL MOVE

Willamette Paper Company Will Improve Labor Conditions.

The Willamette Company's paper mills, employing in mills and office over 650 men, are again before the public in a role assumed of late years, for which credit is due.

The Live Wires have had up for three years the matter of homes to rent, or on any plan so working men coming here for employment can properly have their families. Complaints have been registered from time to time because men of objectionable nationality have been employed, but the trouble has always been traced down to insufficient homes to rent.

The company has at last come to the rescue and decided to take matters into its own hands. An option is expected covering a large tract near Oregon City, and at the same time near the company's mills and if secured, will be subdivided and sold to the men in their employ on terms like rent without interest or taxes until paid for.

There will be a large amount of work connected with the movement, but the company will gain by having better men who appreciate what is being done for them and men who will help build up the country instead of the transient help now necessary on account of rentable houses not to be had.

FULL COUNTY TICKET.

Socialists Say They Will Break in to Clackamas County this Fall.

The county Socialist convention was held in Knapp's hall Saturday last and a complete county ticket nominated, and the Socialists will make an aggressive campaign. Mr. Myers says that the time is just right to elect a part of the county ticket this fall and that they are surely going to do so. The following are the nominations:

Representatives—John Stark,

Maple Lane; M. V. Thomas, Bull Run; E. Mathews, Macksburg.

County Commissioner—W. W. Myers, Oregon City. Sheriff—J. W. Braker, New Era.

County Clerk—J. W. Leiser, Canby.

County Recorder, C. T. Hilton, Neady.

County Treasurer—B. Fredericks, Molalla.

Coroner—Eli Criswell, Maple Lane.

County Assessor—Claude Howard, Mulino.

Superintendent of County Schools, Robert Ginther, Highland.

Surveyor, S. H. Perkins, Abernethy.

There were a hundred delegates in attendance, and they were full of enthusiasm, believing that the chance to break into Clackamas county, and they say if they can once get a foothold and show to the voters what they stand for, that they can make rapid gains in this county. "Give us a chance to make good and show to the people that there is nothing in Socialism but what is for the greatest good of the greatest number, and we will carry this county in two years," said an enthusiastic farmer.

It is said the Socialists will have some of the best speakers of the country here during the summer.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Workman's Hands Caught in Machine and Fingers Pulled Off.

Another of those accidents that make one shudder, the second one of the same nature within a few days happened at the Hawley paper mills Wednesday, when Geo. Marley, a workman, feeding a calendar, had his fingers caught in the rollers, and before help came both hands had been drawn in the fingers horribly mangled, some of them being torn from the sockets, so it is reported. It is said that one hand was first caught and in endeavoring to extricate it the other was caught. The mangled man was hurried to the office of Dr. Strickland where he and Dr. Meisner dressed the mangled hands.

It would seem that humanity would demand that these machines be safe guarded in some way and that these horrible accidents should not be of so frequent occurrence. One man's hands are worth more than all the pulp the Hawley mills make in a year.

Mr. Marley is 50 years old, an old resident of this city, a widower and has several children.

For Shoe Repairing go to C. Juhnke.

DO YOU EVER RIDE A PRIVATE HOBBY?

IF NOT, GET ONE AND ENTER THE BIG RACE.

GET ONE THAT IS STEADY.

And One That Will not Run Away With You.

The man who has a little hobby and rides it for exercise, pleasure and diversion is the happiest and most contented man in the world. The world is full of men and hobbies, and the hobby is born with the man.

Some crop out as soon as the lad cuts his milk teeth, while others lie dormant, waiting for a circumstance to develop them, and unless that circumstance should happen along at about the right time the fellow's hobby is liable to die with him.

These hobbies are very often inheritances handed down to us, and some times they are handed down from way up on the top shelf, where they have been covered with dust for two or three generations, and when you get them out, groom them up and start them down the track, they often take the bit in the mouth and run clean out of the country. So many years that when they get out and get a few oats it is hard telling what speed clip they are going to hit.

There is a lot of difference in the breed of the hobby and a lot of difference whether one rides it or it rides him. In the former a man gets a lot of pleasure out of the ride, but in the latter he is apt to get mixed up in fast company and get turned over in the ditch.

Cecil Rhodes had a hobby and he made his life fit it—the hobby rode him. Away back down his family line there was a spark of something—ambition we will call it—and it cropped out and mixed with his blood. Circumstances lit a match to it and it was fanned into a blaze. His hobby was to enlarge and change Great Britain's map and he bent every energy of his life to this one purpose. He made for himself a name for which he cared nothing, and he spent his life in a work which few would appreciate—and yet it was his hobby. He was a man loved, feared and damned. It is often said that Rhodes' talents, turned in another direction,

might have made for him a name for good that would have been handed down to history. But the question is would he have accomplished anything in any other work? Could he have ridden any other hobby? And was he really responsible for the traits that ruled his life?

Russell Sage was another illustration of a man making a business of a hobby, and riding it in a direction which it is said he was powerless to change. His hobby was gold, gold, gold. He is dead, but before his body had grown cold relatives were scrapping over his hundred million dollars and the American people were calling his a wasted life. But was he really responsible for the inherited traits that were stronger than his will power? Sage was a man of brains and judgement, and he certainly must have known that the hundred millions of dollars were no more good to him than a hundred thousand, yet he kept on piling them up just the same.

Edison is another example of a business hobby, but his ancestors did more for him than for Sage. His genius ran in the direction of the following of which would be of benefit to humanity. He is acknowledged as a public benefactor. Is he worthy of it? I don't think so—not in the sense of a real public benefactor. His hobby carried him in one direction and he simply kept the saddle. It satisfies him to gain his ends, and in gaining them and satisfying his desires others were benefited, it was simply additional satisfaction.

But all this is not what I started to write and it has really been an argument against the line of thought I had in mind.

They say that every man has some particular liking for some particular line of work, that there is something he is particularly adapted to, and that if he can only hit on it, he will be happy and successful in the pursuit. But it is not always that a man can follow the work that he has a liking for, even after he has found it, hence the little side hobbies.

Some take to dogs, horses, hunting, hens, drawing, inventions, and so on, and the fellow who has one or more of these little side lines finds all kinds of enjoyment in their pursuit. The anticipation makes his regular work easy—and anticipation is much more to life's pleasure than realization, because the latter is not worth what it seems, while the former is worth more. There is often a fellow who says he has not a hobby—that there is no particular thing he likes better than another. If he is a man of some brains, he is simply fooling himself and he is not admitting that he has not yet found the trail that would really lead him to the place he is looking for. His hobby is uneasiness. He is a deliric, drifting for any old harbor, and history is full of the stories of this man, and of how he has finally found the harbor.

But after all is said, the man who comes about as close to enjoyment and contentment as a man can come is who has a regular business that takes him away from want, and at the same time gives him leisure to work out some of the things his heart has a yearning for.

That man has a side hobby—a safe hobby that gives him pleasure and makes him ever hopeful and cheerful.

Any man should have a side line. He will live longer and live happier.

PETERING OUT.

County Division Matter Said to be Dying Natural Death.

County division is said to have had an attack of sleeping sickness, that enthusiasm has been followed with sober judgment, and that sentiment is very largely against the proposition.

Talking with a farmer from Highland the other day he stated that the farmers in that precinct were very much against the proposal, that it simply meant double taxation without corresponding benefits, and that the farmers are now looking the matter over in seriousness, and that they can see no good results.

The day may come when it will be advisable to divide this county and give the eastern end a government of its own, but the day has not come yet, and will not until there are thousands more of cleared acres in Clackamas and double the present wealth.

Division now would mean heavy taxation, and there is no getting away from this—heavy taxation because there would be so few in the proposed new county to pay it.

The people of the eastern part of the county now have all the privileges they would have under a new county, except the heavier taxation. They can do business where they please and go where they please.

Estacada and those promised some of the plums under a new government, and those living near to Estacada, want a new county, and outside of these we do not find any clamor.

We will trust you for a year on the Courier, but we expect prompt payment then.

GOOD ROADS, BUT IN WHAT WAY?

LIVE WIRES TAKE UP THIS IMPORTANT MATTER.

DIMICK FAVORS GRANGE BILL.

All Concede Roads Needed, but Will we Get Legislation?

The Live Wires had an interesting session Tuesday and several matters of public interest, both local and general, were taken up and discussed.

The matter of good roads for Oregon was one topic. Mr. Sullivan started it, following a report from Mr. U'ren that he did not think the differences between the governor and the Grange could be reconciled. To bring out discussion Mr. Sullivan made a half-joking motion that the legislative committee of the Live Wires be empowered to draw up a bill that would be acceptable to everybody; that the Live Wires had done things that had moved the United States government, and we should be able to handle this matter. And then the discussion that Mr. Sullivan wanted to bring out followed.

Mr. U'ren said that the situation as it appeared at Roseburg seemed almost unresolvable; that the Grange thought the governor's bills were for the main trunk roads first, and that main trunks were all that would ever be built, while the supporters of the governor's bills thought the same way of the Grange bills, that the latter were all that would ever be forthcoming.

Mayor Dimick thought that the Grange bills were the best good roads proposition the state had ever had up for consideration, and that they should be adopted, and that the Live Wires should go on record as favorable to them; that what Oregon needed was laterals first, and the main trunks would come without any trouble. He compared the offices of the state tax commissioner and the good roads commissioner, and said that these offices were too far from the people to be effective; that the state tax commissioner gave orders from his office that the deeds he examined and the considerations he computed and from the reports the commission added and subtracted and made arbitrary assessments that were unfair; that the good roads commissioner had neither the time, inclination or the ability to consider the road work in the different sections of the state and that in consequence there was little if any system to it; that the Grange bills provided that the county court of each county have the authority to designate what and where the work of the county should be done, and that he believed it would be well for the Live Wires to study the Grange bills, and discuss them at the weekly meetings.

President Eby said that the matter of good roads was one of the biggest issues of Oregon today; that the roads and the present system of building them were wrong, that they were not roads when completed, and that we had got to build different roads for the future as we are only wasting money now.

This matter is one that will no doubt be given considerable attention of the Live Wires later on.

Mr. McBain reported that the Southern Pacific people did not think the matter of warehouses on lower Main street was practical, and that they would take the matter up more fully with the association later on.

The matter of sprinkling of Main Street, taken up with the P. R. L. & P. Co., the report was that the sprinkling would be continued by the company.

Mr. McBain reported that he had letters from five more railroads assuring the Live Wires that they would be with us on the terminal rates matter, and would urge that these rates be given the city. This makes nine railroads that have announced for the rates and it is but a matter of awaiting the supreme court's decision when they will be put in force and this city will be given all the favors in way of rates that Portland or any other city gets.

Mr. McBain also reported that the matter of dredging the channel would be taken up soon, that the U. S. engineers now had the matter in charge.

J. E. Hedges, as an official of the water commissioner, stated that two men from Seattle were circulating stories on the streets had refused their bid in preference to a local city bid, although their bid was over \$1100 higher than that of the city bid, and he stated that he wished to explain the matter to the Live Wires. He stated that all bids for the water bonds were to be unconditional; that the bid of the Seattle parties was so full of conditions that it was not a bid, and that it could

not and would not be given any consideration by the board as a bid.

The matter of riding the river at the falls from its annual crop of dead eels came up for a little talk, it arising over the proposition of R. E. Clanton, master fish warden, that if the city would provide \$200 he would have two men patrol the river and take care of all dead eels. At the falls are thousands and thousands of eels, who like the salmon try to climb the falls. They crawl out on the rocks in the hundreds of fissures and the receding waters, during the dry months, leave them there to die. The matter of raising the necessary cash will be undertaken.

MISTAKES IN HISTORY.

Former Old Resident Says E. D. Dement is in Error.

Some weeks ago the Courier ran some interesting articles on old-time history written by Edward Dement, a newspaper man of San Francisco, formerly a resident of this city, and the articles attracted no little interest from both old residents and the new comers.

James D. Miller of Spokane, received a copy of the Courier in which was described the big flood of the old days, and he declares that Mr. Dement is wrong, very wrong, in his recollection of one or two incidents. Mr. Miller is over 80 years old, and was a former resident of this city. From a letter written to his niece, Mrs. J. W. Norris, we reproduce a part, which will be of interest to the old residents:

I am in receipt of your letter enclosing a clipping from the Courier, and Ed. Dement's history of the flood of 1861 is incorrect. At the time of the flood I was employed by James Guthrie, the owner of the Island Mills, John Chapman was the miller. My duty was to attend to the local sales of flour and feed and receive the wheat. I resided in Linn City in the William Day house. The water got so high the ferry refused to run, which compelled me to remain at home. One morning we saw that the Island Mills bridge had been carried away during the night. I got a boat, crossed over to Oregon City and found out baby were left on the island. I took a skiff and crossed over Joseph Lacey took another, and we pulled as far up in the canyon as we could, by keeping close in near the rocks, to get all the eddy possible, so when we started to make the eddy (made by the flour and saw mills) if we missed that eddy we would go down the river. I took in my skiff Mrs. Chapman and baby and Mr. Lacey took Mr. Chapman.

The next morning we saw that the great rush of water had swept everything off the island, also had carried away Dr. John McLaughlin's flouring and saw mills.

I am quite sure that Mr. Chapman will agree with me as to what transpired at this time.

Now the idea of getting a long rope or hawser across that canyon and fastened soundly on the other side is absurd. Who was there to fasten it? Chapman's baby? It was all bosh.

I will remember as long as I live many of the things that happened at that time. We resided in the two story house belonging to William Day. I remember the neighbors were coming to our house for shelter after their homes had been carried away. At four o'clock in the evening all the houses in Linn City had been abandoned or had been swept away, except the Day house we occupied and the house owned by G. W. Taylor, which was higher than our house by ten feet, and located on the side hill. While we were eating supper the water commenced to slush under the floor, and I thought then it was time to begin to leave, and before I got all of our household goods out the water on the floor was eight inches or more deep, and during the night I had to move our traps three times a little higher up on the hillside. I remember also of seeing Captain S. B. Smith and Lou Vicars, engineer, run the little side-wheeled steamer down over the falls and they landed just below the Catholic church, the place then called the sand banks. I remember the tiller rope broke and they ran into the eddy and then into a house setting in the water up to the eaves. I remember many other incidents but think I have troubled you long enough. But getting that hawser across the river to the island beats me. There were not men enough in Oregon City to have accomplished it. It was impossible.

(To the new comers in Oregon City we would say that Linn City which was swept away in this flood, was located on the west side of the river, and at about the place where the locks open.)—Ed.

Was Cross, Crabbed and Sulked.

A divorce was granted to Geo. W. Wilson, a Portland attorney, from his wife, Marie Marie Wilson, this week, Mrs. Wilson being the daughter of County Clerk Fields of Portland. Mr. Wilson says she was cross, sulky and crabbed and refused to speak to him for days at a time.

BURNED TO DEATH IN HIS HOME.

JOHN R. DIMICK OF AURORA MEETS AWFUL DEATH.

BROTHER OF MAYOR DIMICK.

Doubtless Overcome While Trying to Save Records.

Nine months ago Wednesday of this week Ralph Dimick, youngest brother of Mayor G. B. Dimick, met a tragic end by escaping from the hospital while delirious from the effects of pneumonia, causing his death a few hours later. Wednesday of this week John R. Dimick, of Aurora, lawyer and ranchman, and well known in this and Marion counties, was burned to death at his ranch home near Hubbard.

Just how he happened to lose his life is not and probably never will be known. He lived alone on his ranch near Aurora. Wednesday morning he told the two men who worked for him that he was going to a neighbors and would not be absent long. About an hour later the workmen saw fire and smoke breaking out of the house and by the time they got to it it was a mass of flames. The men had no thought at that time that Mr. Dimick was in the house and they were working hard to save a part of the furniture and contents, and it was only when the building was a roaring furnace that Mr. Dimick was in the house and was perishing with the flames. But it was then too late to help him. It is supposed that on his return he found the house on fire that he tried to save some valuable papers, and that he was overcome from heat and smoke. He had fallen onto a cot under a window, no doubt while trying to find his way out of the burning house.

Mr. Dimick was a son of John B. Dimick, an old pioneer, one of a family of five boys and one daughter, and a brother of Mayor Dimick of this place. Mr. Dimick was 45 years old and was to have been married to Miss Weatherford of Gilman county June 6.

He graduated from Multnomah college in 1889 and the Salem school in 1904. After his graduation he practiced law for some years and later bought the ranch and went into farming. His specialty the raising of onion sets in which he was highly successful. The funeral will be held at Aurora Friday.

FREYTAG MAIN BOOSTER.

Succeeds M. J. Lazelle as Head of Publicity Department.

O. E. Freytag will succeed M. J. Lazelle as manager of the publicity department of the commercial club, the committee at its meeting Wednesday night being unanimous in their choice of Mr. Freytag to manage this important end of the club's work.

It would be hard to find a man better qualified than Mr. Freytag for this position. He has lived in this county for more than 20 years; he knows the county, the land, the farms, the fruit and has a general knowledge of the county, the state, and the coast country that is absolutely necessary to conduct a publicity department and make it a success.

As superintendent of the horticultural department of the state fair at Salem he has made good; as fruit inspector of this county he has made more than good, and as a real estate dealer he has been successful.

Mr. Freytag will close out his real estate work and give his full attention to the publicity work of Clackamas county, including the editing of "Publicity" and the general management of the advertising and publicity work.

Mr. Freytag will make good, fully good, for he has every necessary qualification, and a better man for the place could not have been found.

M. J. Lazelle's resignation will take effect June 1, and Mr. Freytag will take charge of the work on this date.

SERIOUS FIRE AT MOLALLA.

MOLALLA HOTEL BURNED TO ASHES WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Big Loss in Property and no Insurance on Buildings.

The Molalla Hotel at Molalla, owned and managed by F. C. Parry, was burned to the ground Wednesday night at about 12 o'clock. Nothing in the building was saved, but no lives were lost. Other buildings consumed by the fire were a photograph gallery, wind mill tower and tank and wood shed all belonging to Mr. Parry, the pool hall building which was the property of J. J. Tobin of this city, Fernams barn, and Humley Bros. barn.

There was no insurance on any

Continued on page eight

Mother and Baby Need an Electric Fan, Too

It's as necessary to summer comfort as the furnace is to winter comfort.

The 1912 Electric fans are fans that you'll be proud to take home—light in weight, graceful, beautifully finished—ornaments any place—most economical fans ever made.

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