RAILROAD VISIONS PLEASE WILLAMETTE

OREGON IRON & STEEL COMPANY IS PLATTING 3000 ACRES ON TUALATIN RIVER.

The people of Willamette are again seeing visions of a coming railroad and openly declare that A. S. Patullo, an officer of the Oregon Iron & Steel Company, has stated that it is only a question of time when a railroad will be constructed to Willamette, either from the Portland-Salem line of the Oregon Electric Company, or from some other source. The expectations of a railroad are heightened by a party of surveyors who are now engaged in platting the immense holdings of the Oregon Iron & Steel Company near Willamette, beond the Tualatin River. The company has about 3000 acres there and the land is being platted into small tracts of 2½, 5 and 10 acres. The property is partially covered with timber at the present time, but is easily cleared and is suitable for fruit and vegetable growing, as well as being adapted to dairying. The soil in and about Willamette is unusually fertile.

DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS.

Lucy May Sargent of Portland, Sues Draper C. Sargent for Divorce.

Divorce proceedings were started about November 15, 1907, in this city by Mrs. May Sargent, of Portland, against Draper C. Sargent, a well known prospector and mining man from Alaska, the cause alleged being on the ground of desertion.

The defendant enters a general denial to the above charges. To a reporter he states that he has been married to the plaintiff for 15 years, during nine of which they lived happily together at Durango, Coyo. In 1900 the defendant went to Nome to prospect, leaving his wife in comfortable circumstances in the home at Durango. Returning in 1901, he claims that Mrs. Sargent had sacrificed his home for a small amount to go on the stage, following this life for several years. Finding himself abandoned and unable to locate his wife, he went North in 1902, and remained four years. In the fall of 1906 he again returned; his wife was located in Portland and they lived together as man and wife in January, 1907, she receiving financial aid from him, as he was situated in a position to help her, having been successful during his absence. Shortly after he again went to look after his interests in Alaska, and at the time of his departure matters were apparently smoothed over and their relations were as happy as formerly, but upon returning in the fall of 1907 he found that his wife had turned against him and his hopes of their living happily together were dashed to the ground. Going East, he was still further surprised when, at Washington, D. C., he was served with papers in which the plaintiff sued for divorce on the grounds before stated.

These are the facts in the case.

The plaintiff in the case is a stenographer for Bauer & Greene, lawyers, of Portland, who has been going under the name of Miss May Sargent, while all the times he has been a married woman, bringing her suit in Oregon City to conceal this fact. The defendant is a reputable prospector and mining man, connected with H. C. Bratnaber, the mining expert, formerly of 'Frisco, but now in Tacoma, and the Guggenheims.

POSSESSION IN DISPUTE.

J. D. Ritter Files Suit to Prevent Sale of Strip of Land.

J. D. Ritter has filed a suit against Samuel Wolfer and Sheriff Beatie, to restrain the latter from issuing an execution against a strip of land in the James Shirley Donation Land Claim, which was owned, way back in December, 1881, by the plaintiff and defendant and several others. The owners were desirous of segregating their individual interests according to their respective shares and agreed that John Wolfer's share should be 72.89 acres, which was divided. This property adjoined the land of the defendant, who built a fence that was located 69 links from the true division line. Ritter purchased the land, including the strip but in February, '06, Wolfer instituted an action against him for ejectment and obtained a judgment against Ritter, who had no legal defence. It is for the purpose of rendering this judgment void, and preventing its execution that Ritter has commenced suit.

SHISH IS NOW SLUSH.

Judge McBride Compels Timber Company to Correct Deed.

Judge McBride had slush to deal with Saturday afternoon, and disposed of a case that was rather unusual. A few months ago the Nehalem Timber Company filed a deed conveying certain lands to Hannan and Slush, but in executing the instrument the name of Slush appeared as Shish. Mr. Slush requested Recorder of Conveyances Chauncey Ramsby to make an alteration an allow his name to appear on the deed records as Slush, and not Shish. Of course, Mr. Ramsby acted well within his official rights.

"Oh, Slush," said he, "I can't do it."

So Mr. Slush and Mr. Hannan sought the legal services of Platt & Platt of Portland, and brought suit against Mr. Ramsby to compel him to have the name of Shish appear as Slush in the deed record. Hedges & Griffith were retained by the Recorder, and on Saturday, after a hearing of the case, Judge McBride issued an orded directing the Nehalem Timber Company to reform the deed, making the name of Slush appear as it should be, and not Shish. When this is done, Mr. Ramsby will make the record right.

Multnomah Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., held its first meeting in its new temple last Saturday night, although the main hall is not yet ready for the reception of the lodge. The Cole building, adjoining the Masonic Temple, will be completed in a few days.

THE "TUPPENCE" HABIT.

It Has a Firm Grip on London and Its Inhabitants.

Tuppence—meaning, of course, twopence and equal to the sum of 4 cents in United States currency—is the dominating sum in London. It is as much an institution as the war debt, beer or the game of cricket. Wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you sell or whenever you open your mouth it is tuppence or a series of that sum that is extracted from you. It more than takes the place of the five cent piece in America or the threepenny bit in the British possessions.

Tuppence is as much as a fairly well to do worker can afford for his meal at midday. In the poorer restaurants that sum gets him two slices and a big mug, or three slices and a little mug, or a portion of cake and a drink, or a fried egg, slice and small mug, or a sausage with mash or bread, or a rasher of bacon. In the next higher class everything drinkable is twopence per cup, while pastry, pies, etc., are the same sum per head. At the "popular"—i. e., "no gratuities"—restaurants the waiters expect a tuppenny tip (though it is advertised otherwise by the proprietors), and the non-tipper has a bad time. At most cafes tipping is the usual thing, and tuppence is expected and is accepted with the servile bow and pleased expression that distinguish the English and continental waiter upon such occasions.

The tuppenny tube is well known. You deposit that sum, and you get in anywhere and get out anywhere else you please. On trolley cars and buses that amount will carry you for an hour or two very often, usually to the terminus. The railroad porter who carries your rug a few yards or who says "Yus" when you ask if the train has stopped always has his hand out for the usual fee, though he will carry your two large bags and whatever else you have for half a mile over high stairs and low lines and accept the same amount with the same satisfaction.

The cabby to whom you give coppers over the legal fare salutes you respectfully, but if you pay double fare in a lordly manner he wants more and is apt to make disparaging remarks about your breeding, as may the bootblack to whom you give 1 instead of 2 pennies. The cabby is the surer of the two, however, for disparaging remarks, to which characteristic, I really believe, can be traced the advent of the taximeter.—New York Post.

THE ART OF JUGGLING.

It Demands Much Hard Work and Unlimited Patience.

"To be a successful juggler it is necessary to possess infinite patience. Some tricks require such long and continuous practice that unless a man possessed great patience and unlimited powers of perseverance he would despair of ever being able to perform them," says Paul Cinquevalli in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "Take a trick, for example, like balancing a tall glass on four straws placed on the forehead. It looks easy enough, but it took me years of practice before I could do it. While I am balancing the glass I also juggle with five hats at the same time. I never, as a matter of fact, see the hats. They are handed to me by my assistant, and I then set them going, but the whole time my eyes are fixed on the straws upon which the glass is balanced. If I took my eyes from the straws for a hundredth part of a second their balance would be upset. I know instinctively where the hats are all the time and know exactly where each hat is when I put out my hand to catch it.

"It took me close on eight years' practice before I was able to balance two billiard balls on top of each other and then balance the two on a billiard cue. I started practicing it an hour a day, as a rule. After a couple of years' practice one night I woke up, having dreamed that I had performed it. I got up, rushed downstairs and began to practice with my cue and two billiard balls, and at the first attempt I balanced them. About five years later I performed the feat in public.

"For the cannon ball trick I first used a wooden ball weighing just one pound. I caught it on the wrong place and was knocked senseless, but I kept on practicing until I found out how to do it. Now I use an iron ball weighing sixty pounds. If I didn't catch the ball on the right place on the back of my neck it would kill me, but there is no chance of my making a mistake."

Surfacing Natural Wood.

White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When thus treated the wood is ready for the varnish.

Riding the Rail.

A Georgia paper says, "He who rides on the rail courts death."

It was an Irishman, ridden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—Houston Post.

It Was There.

Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener—No, but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.—Fliegende Blatter.

When a man can tell his principles from his prejudices he is tolerably educated.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The New Boss.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

"YOU can't always tell what's in a bundle by the look of the wrapper."

The old man had found a seat upon a fallen tree that lay upon a sunny hillside and was carefully smoothing and shaping a cane he had cut near by. He held it up as he spoke and let his eye run along its length as if to discover its irregularities, but his gaze wandered quite beyond the stick to the valley and river below, where stood the great mill, with its tall, blackened chimneys and massive walls.

"No, sir, you can't always tell by the looks of a bundle what's inside of it," he repeated more emphatically. "And if folks would only understand it and stop tryin' 'twould save a deal of trouble. Now there's the Darlin'"—

"Darlin'?" the visitor repeated uncertainly.

"Oh, 'tain't the name of any kind of workman like the puddler or nailer or such; it's just a name that's his. We give it when he first come here, twelve years and more ago. Things had been goin' pretty bad at the mill then—and stops and hitches of one kind or 'nother—and times gettin' worse for the men all the while.

"Mismanagement most of it was, or, leastways, we thought so. Old Keswick—he was the overseer here—was one of the shortsighted, savin' kind that would lose a dollar in tryin' to keep a penny. He'd pinch and screw and 'conomize, as he called it, and let things go that ought to be 'tended to till at last some big break would sweep off in a day all his stinginess had saved in a year. Then he'd think expenses was so high that wages ought to be cut a little lower.

"I don't need to tell you that there wasn't any love wasted between him and the men. They'd got discouraged and bitter and sort of reckless-like, when all of a sudden Keswick dropped down in a dead faint in the mill and had to be carried home. That was the beginnin' of a long sickness that ended his work at the mill.

"The rest of the company bought out his interest, and he went off to Europe. We didn't know who would be sent to take charge then, but we sort of hoped 'twould be left in Jim Bryce's hands.

"There wasn't much reason to expect it, of course, but he was the man we wanted. Naturally after the way things had been goin' we thought one of ourselves, who'd feel some interest in his old mates, would be an improvement. Then one day down in the mornin' train comes one of the company, bringin' with him a young feller—looked younger than he was, with his white skin, blue eyes and light curly

"'SUPERINTENDENT!' SAYS TOM CLARKSON."

hair like a girl's; that kind always does—that he said was the new superintendent.

"'Superintendent!' says Tom Clarkson as they passed by where he was workin'. 'That chap never superintended nothin' heftier than a bandbox in his born days.'

"Well, he didn't look like it, that's a fact. But the company owned the mill, you see, and this feller was one of their sort, and so into the place he goes, fine clo'es, curly hair, white hands and all. I b'lieve them white hands made the boys madder than anything else. They was strong enough lookin', too, but white as a lady's.

"'Look at 'em!' says Tom, holdin' up his own rough, black paws to show the difference. 'If the company's bound to give him somethin' to do, why don't they buy him a pretty little planner and set him to playin' it? That's all he's fit for. He ought to be safe at home, mammy's darlin'.'

"So that was the name we got to callin' him, 'the Darlin'.' Not to his face, bless you, no! Them blue eyes could turn steel blue now and then and flash out sharp of a sudden like a knife blade.

"After awhile we found there were some experiments to be made—some invention of his—and that was one reason why he'd come here. We didn't like him any better after we heard that, I can tell you, for we thought the company 'd sink a lot more money in such nonsense. 'Twasn't our money, and so we hadn't no reason to grumble, you say? Well, there's two sides to that. There's two sides to most things if a body 'll only take the trouble to look for 'em.

"Did you ever think how you'd feel to look down at your hands—big, strong and willin', but helpless to provide for them dependin' on you—and then see a pair of soft white hands carelessly wastin' what would be life to you and yours?

"That's how it looked to us. For times had been hard with us, and, as I told you, old Keswick had always calculated that the losses must be evened up on wages somehow.

"'And this feller, I'll be bound he's never invented nothin' more useful than a new tie to his cravat!' says Jim Bryce. 'He'll fool away no end of money, and then either the mill will 'ave to go down or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the ladder now.'

"'Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down unless some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they would!' answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that.

"Of course 'twas only talk, but the feelin' was under it, and after awhile from hopin' somethin' would happen the boys went a little further and got to plannin' how to make it happen.

"I ain't goin' to tell much about any plot. I took care not to know much about it for fear I'd run across somethin' I'd feel bound to hender, and I didn't want to hender nothin', that's the fact. Only there was no murder nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind—leastways, most of 'em wasn't.

"'No, we ain't a-goin' to hurt mammy's darlin'—bless his pretty little heart!—not 'less he gits in the way when he'd better be out of it,' says Tom, with a grin. 'But if the plaything he's so tickled over jest flies to flinders some day and the noise scares him so that he gives up and runs home it'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us.'

"Seemed like nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisperin' and black looks and secret meetin's went on.

"One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we worked. I shall always remember that day, just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin', but about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not a leaf moved on the trees.

"Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomier than usual in that queer gray light. Great piles of castin's throwed black shadows over the slippery floor; the long iron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawin' back empty, and from under the brick archway the round door of the furnace seemed glarin' out like a big red eye.

"Nothin' seemed to go that day the way folks had calculated. That miser'ble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody called: 'Hist! Look out!' And there was Boss Darlin', comin' back from his dinner at an onarthly hour when he's never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his buttonhole and 'looked like a dancin' master goin' to a party,' as I heard Bob mutter as he slipped the box out of sight under a pile of stuff at the end of the room. They couldn't carry out their plan then, so there wasn't nothin' left for 'em but to hide it.

"The boss looked round kind of smilin' and pleasant-like. He'd got that model he was busy with about into workin' order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do that day but have it brought into our room, because the weather havin' turned gloomy-like there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed, fussin' over it, just as if he was on guard.

"Then it began to thunder, and there was a sudden dash of rain, so that Jim Bryce's little girl who had come down with his lunch basket wouldn't go home. Jim was a pieceworker and always said he could do twice as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout 3 o'clock.

"Jim looked sort of uneasy now and then when little Jinny 'd get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh where that box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any danger, only I was sure he didn't like her round there and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond—a storeroom, where she was let stay sometimes while she waited for her father's basket.

"The storm grew heavier instead of lighter till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin' flash of light and a crash as if the whole earth was tearin' to pieces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look round we found that the whole end of the room was blowed off and a gully plowed way down to the foundations like as if a bombshell had tore through.

"Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin', but we could see that it was swayin' and wavin' just ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did, for over on the other side of it run another buildin' where the finishin' rooms was and all hands at work.

"I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once—that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the buildin'. 'Twas in the old days, you see, before the new part of the mill was built or we had any alarm connection with all the rooms. There was only the big bell, and the rope to it was danglin' beside the tottlerin' wall.

"You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'.

"'The bell!' says somebody, but there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as he pushed us right and left.

"'Back, men, back! That is my place. You have families.'

"In a minute he was leapin' down over the piles of rubbish, and almost before we was sure what he was aimin' for he had reached the place, and the white hands, strong and steady, had hold of the rope and was makin' the old bell shout danger if ever a bell did.

"We hardly stirred or breathed while we watched him, till he started toward us again. Then a long, shiverin' breath run round the crowd.

"I b'lieve he'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jinny Bryce. That youngster was naturally scared nigh to death at the uproar, and, instead of stayin' where she was safe, what does she do but come creepin' out of the storeroom—it was off to the right, you understand, and considerable tore up, like ours—and try to make her way over the ruins to her father.

"THE MOVEMENT MADE HIM LOSE HIS FOOTIN'."

"The boss heard her cry, turned back like a flash and, catchin' her in his arms, began to climb over the rubbish piles again.

"'Catch her!' he called the minute he was near enough and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footin', and, though a dozen of us had our hands stretched out to catch him, he slipped and rolled back down among the dirt and stones.

"I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least little jar—or, maybe, it wasn't the jar at all—but, anyway, the next minute there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the sight. The wall was down, and he was under it.

"He was the only man about the mill that was hurt—badly, that is. Of course a few was struck with flyin' stones and hurt in the crowd. But they'd got out alive, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the ruins.

"That was a queer night. I don't remember when or how the storm stopped, but I shall always remember what a clear, starry night it was and how the fires that was kindled to light the workers flamed and danced, while the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill.

"How we worked at that pile of brick and mortar, one set takin' the place of another as soon as they was tired and as many workin' at once as the space would allow.

"Once goin' back to the mill to rest a bit I found Jim Bryce and Tom Clarkson a-carryin' that model that boss had been workin' over back into the office, where it would be safe, and they was liftin' it as tender as if 'twas a baby, and the tears runnin' over Jim's brown face all the while.

"'I'd give anything if I could jest git back to this mornin' again!' says Jim, with a groan. 'To think'—

"But he couldn't finish sayin' it, and it was best not. Most folks thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might 'a' done it all, and that not bein' sure was the only comfortin' thing about it.

"No, he wasn't killed, after all, Darlin' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come round again at last and got back to the mill to finish up his invention.

"It was a success too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now—the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country—and brought better times to every one workin' in 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it, and that was why he come here.

"That's his house over there, the big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married and settled down among his mill folks.

"Should think he'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when they went into it. But if you happen to meet Boss Darlin' and don't think he's good lookin' now, why, this valley wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention it in."