

Stories from Out of Town

ALSPAUGH

Jack Frost has been visiting this late. The wind did much damage to the telephone wires last week. Miss Emma Dowty has taken the job of repairing the wires and she has them all in good shape now.

KELSO

Mrs. Hattie Kelly of Portland, was a guest at the home of F. W. Canning Sunday. The meeting of the debating and literary society was well attended.

DAMASCUS AND ROCK CREEK.

Winter has set in to stay a while and from all appearances now we will have sleighing enough to bring all the cutters into use.

EAGLE CREEK.

This is quite a cold snap that has struck this part of the country. Last Tuesday evening a Witch night party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Woodie.

Albert Tracy and Ben Jackson, of Portland, are visiting with the latter's mother, Mrs. C. V. Jackson. The Christmas tree at Marquam on Dec. 24th, along with appropriate exercises was very much enjoyed by those in attendance.

JENNINGS LODGE.

The Jennings Lodge Community Club met at the schoolhouse on the evening of Jan. 2nd. The following officers were elected for 1910: President, P. D. Newell; vice-president, J. A. Johnson; secretary, Will Jacobs; assistant secretary, C. P. Morse; treasurer, Hugh Roberts.

SHUBEL.

A meeting was held at the schoolhouse Dec. 30 for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Farmers Society of Equity. Mr. Bremer, of Carus, who has charge of this work was successful in securing enough signatures to enable those interested to proceed and elect officers.

COLTON.

The concert which was given by the Young People's Society New Year's eve was well attended. Splendid music and singing was rendered by the orchestra and choir.

MEADOWBROOK

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Bohlander, the newlyweds and Fred Bohlander were visiting their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bohlander, one day last week.

MACKSBURG.

The universal storm in which the year 1912 closed has abated and the last day of 1912 was bright with sunshine giving the newly-drenched landscape the appearance of spring.

THAT MAN MCBAIN

EDWARD BAKER, IN "THE INTER-STATE ELK."

Opportunity for a real heart to heart talk with the working men so seldom occurs that when it does pop one instinctively seizes it, and begins a discourse without pausing to consider the point from which to start.

I spent the months of July and August on the Northwest coast, the most delightful section in temperature in America, and prolific to a wonderful degree. If it was equal in its volume of business to Kansas City, it would easily be the peer of any territory in the world.

The national convention of the Elks being in session at Portland Oregon, enabled me to see that progressive metropolis at its best; for the people there were entertaining, and they had resolved, in a general way, to prove themselves the most royal hosts on earth. They succeeded, as they always have, in every effort of the past thirty years. And "why," you ask? Because they are a happy unit, in action as well as in thought.

The hotels of Portland being filled with some 50,000 or more guests and everybody "enjoying themselves" to the limit, I took a swift-gliding river steamer for Oregon City, twelve miles up the Willamette river and made my stopping place for the time being in one of the most picturesque and thriving towns I have ever seen in my life; and I have visited every portion of America. It was here that I found my opportunity for this heart-to-heart talk with our toilers of the middle west, too many of whom are in such violent discord with their own interests that they make of their daily labor a fitful dream instead of an earnest and happy endeavor.

Across the river from Oregon City, and just above the substantial locks that have been completed at the cost of an enormous sum of money, is the plant of the Willamette Paper Company, probably the best on the Pacific coast, and giving employment to an army of men. Nestled close to the towering cliffs of projecting rock, from the top of which stretches a beautiful and productive mesa dotted with the little garden homes of a happy people, and from which are constantly springing forth beautiful wild flowers that give to the barren stone a hue that is indescribable; and surrounded further with the beautiful scenery and the clear blue waters of the rivers moving onward to the sea, with its tolling people, it is a magnificent setting to a picture of harmony that fills one with a desire to decide upon that particular spot as a permanent home.

There was such evidence of real delight in toll on the faces of the men who were quickly moving about in the performance of their duties; such an absence of anything that would indicate the simple "killing of time" by men who are interested only in drawing a pay envelope, that I instinctively approached a middle aged man who was busy melting some rubber into a big roller in an effort to repair it, spoke to him cheerily and said: "This must be a successful company you are working for."

Notwithstanding I expected a cheerful answer, his reply startled me. During my years of newspaper service, I have been so accustomed to hearing about the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer; how the grinding corporations have an iron heel on the neck of the laboring man so that the beer he drinks in saloons on Saturday nights don't taste good; and how the time has arrived to take the ill-gotten wealth away from the trowing capitalists and divide it up; I repeat I have been so used to hearing this kind of clatter, that the prompt reply of this smiling man really startled me.

Raising his eyes from his work and looking me squarely in the face he said: "Yes sir, I am working for the best company in the world." And you could see that he meant every word of it.

Recovering myself with as little effort as possible to prevent him seeing that I was partially unhorsed, I was soon in happy conversation with him. "In what way do you consider it the best company in the world?" "On, in every way," was the reply. "In the first place we are given all the tools we desire with which to do better and more rapid work, and the result is that we have about doubled the capacity of these mills with the smallest possible increase expense."

"What do you think of that?" Here was a day laborer, working for a powerful concern, drawing stipulated wages, with not a dollar's worth of stock, who was conscientiously interested in the welfare of the concern! No wonder this mammoth institution was a success, when such employees are talking about doubling its usefulness as a producer, instead of eternally seeking an excuse to spread personal dissatisfaction, which has a tendency to tear down by separating employer and employee instead of uniting them.

"Who is the head of this institution?" I continued. His talk was so musical that I wanted to hear more of it. "I don't know much about the members of the company," was the reply; "speaking for myself I only know McBain, the general manager, I guess, as the head of the concern, and

I have been too busy with my work to ascertain who the others are. You might find out by inquiring around out I guess the others are no better posted than I am. McBain can tell you."

"Guess you have little or no trouble between the laborers and the bosses here, do you?" "What about?" he inquired with a very snappy look.

"Oh, the wage scale, hours of work, or the general rules." "No trouble here," he said with a shake of his head; "We don't know what trouble is. Every man gives to the mills the best that is in him, and the mills give the men the best that it has. It is a mutual affair. McBain don't keep men who do not so improve themselves that they grow up with the houses as it were. Only men who are really interested in making these the best mills in the world find permanent places here."

"And where will I find McBain?" I inquired. "As to finding McBain," he replied as he continued pouring hot rubber into the ragged hole in the big rubber roller, "you will find him in every man you meet, but if you want to see him personally you can find him in that little office at the top of those back stairs."

And he spoke the truth, I found McBain in the messenger boy I found him in the man who sawed and quartered the huge logs, I found him in the clerks, the fellow who opens locks to let the boats through, and I found him in the wathemen who wet constantly walking around. In fact, I found the spirit McBain everywhere. And then I understood.

It would be worth while for the striking laborers of this section of the country who are so ready to argue against large enterprises on the basis that they are corporations of a cold-blooded character, to send a "walking delegate" to Oregon City, in order that he may see the effect and note the results of a happy unity of thought and action on the part of laboring men who really take an interest in the institution that it in its turn enables them to build happy homes for their wives and children.

Those mills at Oregon City seem to have the labor question solved, for a more prosperous looking body of well dressed and intelligent toilers cannot be found in America, and speaking again of McBain; well, a great many managers of the large plants of the west might also go to Oregon City and take a lesson on how to win the confidence, the respect and the loyalty of the men who give to them the results they are to attain.

Yes indeed, in unity there is even more than strength.

ELECTRIC!

It answers the puzzling question, of "What will I get her"

We have a display of Electric conveniences that will gladden the heart of any woman

Only those who have some labor saving electric utensils can appreciate their work; below we give just a suggestive list: Electric Chafing Dish, Electric Discs, Electric Toasters, Electric Irons, Electric Percolator, Electric Table Lamps.

ELECTRIC TABLE STOVES

The Portland Railway Light and Power Company Beaver Building Main Street

We give the same low prices as our Main Store in Portland, and the same courteous service.

Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico traversing the states of SONORA - SINALOA - TEPIC - JALISCO. Gives Access to OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH in Cattle, Farming, Mining, Timber. Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet soon to be published. H. LAWTON, G. P. A., Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico.

Willamette Valley Trains via the SOUTHERN PACIFIC. THE "WILLAMETTE LIMITED" (Leaving Oregon City 10:45 A. M. Daily.) With Parlor Cafe Observation Car, serving dinner southbound and breakfast northbound and all-steel vestibuled coaches, makes travel a pleasure. Quick Time—35 Minutes, Oregon City to Portland (no stops)—convenient leaving and arriving hours. The train for business or pleasure.

6 TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY 6. Leave Oregon City North-bound: Portland Express 6:40 a.m., Oregon Express 7:16 a.m., Hub City Special 8:56 a.m., Willamette Limited 10:45 a.m., Portland Passenger 3:39 p.m., Portland Passenger 9:20 p.m. Leave Oregon City South-bound: California Express 2:14 a.m., Ashland Passenger 9:22 a.m., Roseberg Passenger 2:35 p.m., Willamette Limited 4:32 p.m., Hub City Special 6:50 p.m., San Francisco Express 9:02 p.m.

WEEK END FARES. Round Trip tickets Oregon City to Portland 60 cents on sale every Saturday; good going Saturday and for return Sunday or Monday. For further particulars as to fares, limits, etc., call Agent Oregon City or write to JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. Ethel Grinwald spent Christmas with friends at Vancouver, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Redmond returned last week from an extended trip east. Among the many enjoyable things planned by Mr. Redmond's people in Kentucky was a family reunion where seventy were present. Mr. Redmond reports his three months' trip was a continued round of pleasure. Mrs. James Waldron, Jr., and three children have returned from their visit in the Middle West. Mrs. Waldron spent most of the time with her mother near Des Moines, Iowa, whom she had not seen for seven years.