

MT. SCOTT HERALD

Entered as Second Class Matter February 19, 1914.

At postoffice, Lents, Oregon, Under act of March 3, 1879

Published Every Thursday at Lents, Ore., by the MT. SCOTT PUBLISHING CO.
H. A. DARNALL, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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THE time is ripe to begin the study of direct legislative measures a complete list of which has been published in most of the papers of the State. It would not be amiss to clip out the list and place it handy. Then as we investigate the various ones strike out those we have determined to vote "No."

Under this decision we strike out Nos. 321, 323 and 326. This because we believe it is nobody's business how long an employer and an employee mutually agree upon as a day's work. We have had several pieces of freak legislation in the past few years along this line and it is an open question if they have not all been bad.

For the third we are decidedly of the opinion that it is an indirect way of foisting the single tax system upon the people of the state. We have always given its author, Mr. U'Ren, the credit of being on the square. He has stated to the public that if elected governor he will not promote the single tax movement during his term of office, though he claims the right to promote the \$1500 tax exemption. Should the \$1500 tax exemption be successfully carried single tax will be assured. An exemption of \$1500 to EVERY PERSON means that every family shall be exempt \$3000, and when every family is exempt \$3000, single tax will have won its way. Promising not to do a thing that he is demanding that he may do is a lot of good prohibitionists may be deluded into supporting Mr. U'Ren, but we believe they will see the snare he has set and steer clear of it. The success of their ambition does not depend on the election of a governor. There are others who will enforce the proposed prohibitory amendment quite as satisfactory as Mr. U'Ren and they are not open to the accusation of double play.

NOW That Cannon, Foraker and Penrose of blessed (?) memory are up for office again why not put up Aldrich of Rhode Island. He stated positively that he did not have a dollar's worth of International rubber stock when accused of boosting the tariff on rubber in his own interest and when the books were examined he and his son were the heaviest holders of that stock.

Ex Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island made so much money when he was in the U. S. Senate that he has 13 acres covered with glass where he raises pineapples, strawberries and bananas in the winter time. By unloading a rotten trolley line on the Boston Hartford & New Haven railroad he made a cool \$10,000,000. A very able statesman and a good business man.

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Sloan's Liniment gives instant relief from Neuralgia or Sciatica. It goes straight to the painful part—Soothes the Nerves and stops the Pain. It is also good for Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Chest Pains and Sprains. You don't need to rub—it penetrates. Mr. J. R. Swinger, Louisville, Ky., writes: "I suffered with quite a severe Neuralgia Headache for four months without any relief. I used Sloan's Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since." Get a bottle today. Keep it in the house all the time for pains and all hurts. 25c's., 50c's., and \$1.00, at your Druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for all Sores.

SOUTHERN SEAS CHARM TRAVELERS

Letter to Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Campbell of Lents. Friends See Tahiti, Cook Island, New Zealand, Sidney and Brisbane.

The good ship "Yale" brought us safely to San Francisco with no mishap other than that peculiar ailment common to those who go down to the sea in ships. San Francisco we found to be in the midst of its "Fair" craze and could talk of nothing else. We visited the "Diamond Palace" and several other places of interest and lastly the "Mint" where besides seeing several millions in cold cash, we saw in the "Coins Exhibit," two old spoons of pure gold, taken from Solomon's Temple, which interested us very much. The government purchased them at a handsome price.

The Aorangi (ow-rang-gi) took us on board April 1, 11 a. m. and gave us a genuine "April Fool," for we steamed away out through the Golden Gate in high glee and when the sun had set and we were tucked away to sleep something happened. The steam pipes went wrong. The next morning when we had dressed for breakfast we were amazed to find ourselves quietly anchored in old San Francisco Bay. We had been given our "April Fool" without knowing it. However the joke proved a good omen for she brought us safely onward after only a day for repairs. We found that the steamer would not call at Honolulu much to our disappointment, but we were favored with enough other tropical scenery to even up the loss. Did you ever see the end of a rainbow? We did. We were nearing the equator when in the early afternoon a heavy thunderstorm broke upon us, followed by a most wonderful rainbow, the end resting upon the water not far from the ship. We could see the ocean beyond right through the rainbow, and also the reflection into the quiet sea. It was a wonderful sight. The next day was showery and what a beautiful picture was made on the smooth water by the millions of raindrops falling upon the ocean, each with its little ring and white steeple. We reached the line on the 11th, and what a glorious sunset. As the stars crept out that evening we bid farewell to our old friend the "Great Dipper" as he flashed his ardent love across the heavens to his bride, the beautiful "Southern Cross," queen of the southland, who timidly blushed her flame as in her simple feminine slenderness she peeped over the horizon of the southern sea in all her bejeweled beauty, to bid "fair evening" to her proud king of the north so strong and invincible. But again those royal sunsets! What can rival them, or what painter lay them on canvases? They cannot be colored or described.

Easter morning was particularly beautiful and we consecrated our cabin to the "Resurrection Morn." On arising we looked toward the east through our port windows and beheld the "Harbinger of day" rising behind a cluster of sunlit clouds, as he burst through between two pillarlike projections of clouds we saw the "Good Shepherd" crook in hand, standing there just to the right of the risen sun and of the same height, lasting but a few moments then melting away in the splendor in which he came. It was a wonderful Easter to us. We then opened a little envelope that had been handed to us to be opened Easter morn, and we read another Easter message from home. (La Mesa) Thanks to the Thornes.

Tahiti (Tah-tee) was reached on the 14th. We wanted to sing for joy when we sighted land. The trees and grass never looked so beautiful as they did that afternoon in the brilliant sunshine. We were then 1200 miles below the line and it seemed queer to look north to find the sun. Tahiti is the largest of the society group of Islands and Papeete is its capital. It is about 90 miles in circumference. It has been named the "Garden of Eden," or the "Isle of the Blest." If there is a place on earth that deserves that name it is to be found here. There are no serpents, wild animals, nor native birds of any kind. Rats that have come in on ships, and ants that come in on lumber and one specie of bird that was brought here from Australia a few years ago are the only wild animals, and now the government is trying to get rid of them. We drove through miles and miles of coconut grove with wild flowers all around in most lavish profusion, in wildest riot of color, hundreds of flowers we never see even in California. Great flower trees in perfect blaze of

finest red with immense flowering vines covering everything with myriad blossoms of every hue.

We visited the ex queen, Marohino (Ma-ro-hee-no) and were most hospitably received and served with lemonade, and fresh bananas from the stalk and drank fresh milk from the coconuts, gathered while we waited. She gave us flowers to carry away and showed us through her gardens and home. She is a beautiful woman and dearly loved by the people. Our visit was a most pleasant one with nothing to mar, except our ignorance of French, which is the language of this island. The climate is tropical and vegetation grows most luxuriantly, covering the hills and rocks and crags with a drapery of green in all its shades and tints. This garden of the southern seas sits alone in her superb beauty with no rival to divide her claims to wondrous charm. We do not wonder that people go wild over this spot. It is as if all the artists in all the world had spilled their colors there and nature had sorted them out at her own sweet will. The dream of it is still upon us and we wish we could share it with you. Here the hissing waves of the sleepy sea forever kiss the flower strewn shores and lull to sleep the childlike children of this sea-girt land and bathes them in its coral surfs. Here nature holds sweet dominion unspoiled by art or the keen device of men.

Raratonga, the capitol of the Cook Islands, was only two days more sail to the southward. It is not quite so beautiful as Tahiti as it is farther away from the equator. Yet time spent here was by no means lost. Here they build their houses of coral and make their roads of it. The surf is glit with every hue of the rainbow from the coral beneath. This group is under English control and this made it much more pleasant for us. From here we sent our first mail. Our ship took on 700 tons of fruit here for Wellington. As we had to anchor out some distance from the shore because of the heavy coral reefs, the fruit had to be brought to the steamer in barges, and we passengers had to go ashore in these same barges. The water was very rough, for just before reaching Raratonga we experienced our heaviest storm. Such a storm raged as we had never dreamed of. It was a terror. Our shoes played tag and our trunks ran around the room like a rat hunting for its hole. Great mountains of water tossed us up and down and whithersoever they would. It was a wild and magnificent scene never to be forgotten, for the great ocean is so wonderful and whimsical and majestic that it seems almost a thing alive.

A few days more brought us on to New Zealand. We stopped at Wellington and found the climate very much like San Francisco. The people here astonished us at their quiet sad demeanor. During our stay here we did not see a smile nor hear a merry laugh. But the city is beautiful from the Bay on which it stands with all red French tile roofs and pale yellow undercolor giving it a strong suggestion of moorishness. It is built in terraces up the greenest of steep hillsides, forming a crescent around the Bay and commands a wonderful sweep of marine views. It is not on the ocean proper.

An island a little way out called "Maat Head Island" is famous for its great variety of water birds, being literally covered with them. Being protected by the government they know no fear of man and will often alight on one's shoulder or arm and peer curiously into one's face, permitting themselves to be stroked. Nesting room is at a premium and in walking about it is necessary to exercise great care lest a nest be trampled upon. This is a living example that animals were friendly to man until he became cruel and began to chase and kill them in what he in his fiendish heart calls "sport." Six days more brought us across the Tasmanian sea where Dale had his fourteenth birthday in a storm. Port Jackson Bay and the city of Sydney were then at hand. The one word to express the beauty of the harbor is a "dream." It has over 200 miles of deep water shoreline entirely girt with sandstone bluffs covered with tropical verdure, and the city of Sydney which is on both Bay and ocean. It is a fine city and a good infusion of modern energy would soon make it one of the best cities of the world. Its inhabitants are all white and count nearly a million. It is the metropolis of Australia, containing about one sixth of the population of the whole continent. Here we spent ten delightful days. The zoo is the third largest in the world, the art gallery the second largest, and is very fine indeed, while music is as well represented. A trip around the Bay on an excursion steamer took up one whole day. We had a fine time with a fine turkey dinner at the Corry Gardens, a beautiful spot. There was seven in our party and we were sorry when evening came.

We are as far south of the line as you are north of it. This is the country of queer things. We have the Platypus, a little four footed animal like a beaver, with web feet, bill like a duck, lays soft shelled eggs, and lives mostly in the water; The Emu, or wingless ostrich; the great family of Marsupials, that carry their young in a pouch. There are a dozen or more varieties of them in size from the "Old Man"

kangaroo of the plains, taller than a man, down to the little bantocoot, no larger than a rat; the lyre bird with a tail shaped like a large lyre, and with great powers of mimicry; parrots in numerous varieties; the great peican; the flamingo with his funny long neck and a hump on its beak; penguins of exquisite beauty with little "play wings" but cannot fly, and all manner of fruits and flowers and views. Here we saw our first purple Hibiscus. This island continent is as large as the United States. The seasons are reversed, winter now setting in is like our November. One thing about its cities that is neither practical nor poetic is that there are no set numbers. From actual experience we find if the place one wants is not more than a block away, one will by due diligence find it about the following Wednesday 3 p. m. Then there are many other funny things that make one laugh or cry according to one's state of mind.

But we are here in Brisbane now, six hundred miles north of Sydney, one third the way around the world. We find ourselves in a tropical climate so mild and pleasant that we almost fear the old California ennu may overtake us. The iron horse brought us thus far from Sydney. This is a very beautiful city, divided by the Brisbane river, several hundred feet wide and so deep that the largest ocean steamers come up here from the ocean, twelve miles distant. The valleys here are covered with green and the wooded hills give one a thought of the old home back East. The population is 200,000 and growing fast.

Sailing the broad seas, touching many lands, gathering riches far more to be desired than gold or wealth that is so easily snatched away, has made us doubly glad the opportunity has been given to us to undertake the winding way that has brought us safe thus far. It has given us great expansion of mind and soul, a wider range of vision, of thought and effort, of love and faith, knowledge and usefulness, and delightful acquaintances with many people. We are all now busy and happy and doing all we can to make others happy too. Here we shall remain for some time; and then in the next few years we will sail for other shores and sail again and again, and travel too, until our weary wandering feet shall bring us back again to our own dear southern California. Affectionately,

Dr. and Mrs Underwood

Premiums Arrive

The fine stock of aluminum premiums ordered by some of our subscribers has arrived. All persons ordering these premiums are requested to call at the earliest convenience and take the same away.

THE LIFE CAREER

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Multnomah.

In the Matter of the Estate of William Larson, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Charles E. Larson, has been appointed executor of the estate of William Larson, deceased, by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, verified as provided by law, to said executor at the office of his attorney, J. J. Johnson, 314 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Oregon, within 6 months from the date of first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published July 9, 1914.
Charles E. Larson, Executor of the Estate of William Larson, Deceased.
J. J. Johnson, Attorney for said Estate, 314 Spalding Bldg.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Multnomah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Rosa Mary Calvin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, William G. Calvin, the executor of the estate of Rosa Mary Calvin, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court and Estate, his final account as such executor, and that the Court has set and fixed Monday, August 3, 1914, at the hour of 9:15 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, in the Circuit Court Room, Department No. 6, in the Court House of Multnomah County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account, together with any objections there may be to the same, and for the settlement of said estate.

Dated and first published July 2, 1914.
William G. Calvin, Administrator of the Estate of Rosa Mary Calvin, Deceased.
J. J. Johnson, 314 Spalding Bldg., Attorney for said Estate.

the hour of 9:15 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, in the Circuit Court Room, Department No. 6, in the Court House of Multnomah County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account, together with any objections there may be to the same, and for the settlement of said estate.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Multnomah.

In the Matter of the Estate of George H. Calvin, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, William G. Calvin, the administrator of the estate of George H. Calvin, deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court and Estate, his final account as such administrator, and that the Court has set and fixed Monday, August 3, 1914, at the hour of 9:15 o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, in the Circuit Court Room, Department No. 6, in the Court House of Multnomah County, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said Final Account, together with any objections there may be to the same, and for the settlement of said estate.

Dated and first published July 2, 1914.
William G. Calvin, Administrator of the Estate of George H. Calvin, Deceased.
J. J. Johnson, 314 Spalding Bldg., Attorney for said Estate.

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