

WANT "ADS"
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Only One-cent a Word

Mt. Scott Herald



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GRESHAM HAS BIGGEST FIRE

Oldest Big Business House Burned to Ground, and Numerous Others Lost. Insurance Covers About Half the Losses.

Gresham, Oregon, Dec. 21.—What was the most destructive fire in the history of Gresham, broke out about three a. m. Sunday morning, in the store rooms of the Bartelt Mercantile Co., and due to the strong east wind was carried to buildings across the street. The fire alarm was turned in by A. E. Lindsay, and the Gresham Volunteers responded but the extreme high winds and inflammable structures offered a resistance which could not be overcome. Early in the fight the interference of electrical wiring prevented work on the part of any one. Several people were severely shocked. T. R. Howitz got a shock that laid him unconscious for several hours. The chief of the Fire Department also got several severe shocks. The feed wires were finally cut and the danger relieved. It was early seen that the Gresham Department would be no match for it and the Portland Department was called upon for help. Chemical hose truck from East Thirty-fifth and Belmont responded, making the ten miles just 19 minutes after the call. The town may consider itself lucky. A considerable number of residences were in line of the fire but only one, that of Peter Michel caught, and a number of men with buckets saved that.

The Bartelt building is the building formerly owned, and erected, by Shattuck Bros., and was for a long time the leading business institution of the town. It fronted west on Main street and just across from it were the photograph gallery operated by Maxwell Schnieder, the building and blacksmith shop owned by Ed Osburn; the Gust Larson building, occupied by the Palmquist harness shop; the D. C. Ely building; J. C. Hessel & Son, Implement house; Fritz Meat Market, J. J. Halligan, barber shop and buildings; Congdon hotel, damaged; K. B. Belt, confectionery; A. Regner, damage to windows; D. A. Hart, residence; Bank of Gresham, Sterling & Kidder, and C. C. Store, damaged. Altogether the losses sustained will run to \$40,000 and the insurance to about half of that.

The fire is supposed to have started in an over-heated stove. Just why a stove should be over-heated at that time of day seems strange. No lives were lost, though one person caught in the upper story of the Shattuck building escaped by jumping from a window.

LENTS MASONS AND EASTERN STARS INSTALL

The local Masonic Lodge held its annual installation of officers last Wednesday evening. Dr. O. A. Hess acted as installing officer. C. L. Gessell succeeded to the office of W. M.; C. S. Oggsbury, S. W.; E. L. Sells, J. W.; O. A. Hess, Secy.; Fred P. Geisler, Treas.; Marvin Hedge, S. D.; P. A. Kennedy, J. D.; Clyde Hildreth, S. S. Mr. Schiler, J. S.; Mr. Gilchrist, Tyler.

Following this Mrs. Fred Katzky, retiring W. M. of the Eastern Star, led the installation ceremonies for the Eastern Stars, inducting Mrs. Jeanette Gessell into the office of the W. M.; Wm. York, W. T.; Mrs. F. R. Foster, A. M.; Mrs. Maude Connell, Secy.; Della York, Treas.; Mrs. McKenzie, Conductress; Nellie Horner, A. C.

Following the installation the retiring officers and some of the new ones were called up and responded with suitable addresses. A quartette rendered some delightful music and a banquet, managed by Mrs. Dr. Oggsbury completed the occasion, one of the happiest in the history of the lodge.

Goggins-Margraf Wedding

W. E. Goggins and Mrs. Val Margraf were united in marriage on Sunday afternoon at one o'clock at the home of Wm. Jocelyn, 373 East Seventh street, Portland, Ore. The ceremony was performed by J. M. Nelson, pastor of the Lents Baptist Church. The ceremony was performed in the presence of relatives and a few friends. After the wedding, dinner was served to the guests. Mr. Goggins is the well-known shoe man of Lents. The many friends of the newly married couple wish them a happy life together.

Floyd Eddy is putting up an addition to his house in Linn acres.

NEW CHARITY ASSOCIATION FORMED

At a meeting held last Thursday evening a local charity association was formed. The new organization owes its start to the Volunteer Fire Department, members of which were informed of several cases of distress near Lents. The meeting was held in the vacant room in the Herald building. F. K. Peterson was chosen chairman, H. A. Darnall, secretary, and W. E. Goggins, treasurer. An executive committee consisting of Peterson, Darnall, Goggins, Holway and Jager was appointed to conduct the affairs and the committee was authorized to appoint five lady members who were acquainted with conditions in this vicinity. Another meeting was called for last Monday evening, and a number of sub-committees were appointed. Emory Webb has been busy part of the time collecting articles suitable for use in cases where clothing is required. All articles received will be duly receipted and plans are being developed to keep a close record of everything handled.

A list of names is being collected, of all the needy people in the neighborhood, and also of some who claim to be needy but who are entirely capable of caring for themselves but who are willing to divide the material that should go to deserving people. An effort will be made to arrange with other organizations of the city for assistance and information. Anyone around Lents will be at liberty to furnish information or assistance with the assurance that it will be treated with due consideration. Any member of the committee may be consulted at any time.

The most active agent in the Mt. Scott section is the Kern Park Fire Department. They have had one or two men out this week investigating complaints and reports of distress and have already sent quite an amount of food to needy ones.

FUNNY MAN WRITES LETTER

Punkintown, Dec. 21. Dear Mr. Editor.—Don't you think you need a little serious stuff to offset the screamingly funny Cherryville man? You don't want to land too suddenly in the "Life" and "Puck" class. If Cherryville has a monopoly of messages from Bismarck, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Kitchener, "Bobs" and such blood and iron and gold fellows, Punkintown's specialty is wisdom from sages like Debs, Marx, Spargo and Goldman. As a sample—

Business is so dull this winter checkers are getting mighty popular in this burg. "Tother night Ben Handy and Luke Foster were having a few games, and Luke had skunked Ben twice hand-running and Ben was getting sore. Just about then who should drop in but Gene Debs. He no sooner set eyes on what they were up to than he begun: "Competition's all wrong, boys," said he. "If you fellows are going to play checkers and be Christians about it, you've got to play a different game from that. Instead of making moves to beat your opponent, you want to move so as to give him the game. The way you're playing it you're rousing the fighting spirit and fostering capitalism and war and all the rest."

"Aw, what's eating you, Gene?" spoke up Luke. "And I'd thank you to quit punning on my name. I guess Ben and I have got along so far without a Hagge Tribunal, and he sells wood and I sell coal, mostly, and we both do a little expressing and we try to beat each other at them things just as we do at checkers. What's the good of living, anyhow, if you can't beat the other fellow once in awhile?"

Talk is just as liable to spoil a game of checkers as 'tis a real estate deal, and Ben landed in the king row and picked up three of Luke's men right there before he tried to have his say.

"That's an example of how far you can see, Debs. Supposing Luke and me both goes to work and tries to let the other one beat, don't you see there'd be competition, just the same? It'd only change the game to give-away, that's all."

"Well, that proves games are a damage to society. The competitive spirit in mankind has got to be eliminated before the social commonwealth can be established," remarked Mr. Debs with dignity.

"Lord save us from any such, then, is all I've got to say," says Ben. "All you'd have to do twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four'd be to lie and set 'round and get fat. For me, I like to see things happen."

"Lie, did you say?" said Debs, rising hastily and backing toward the door. When he got his hand on the knob he turned and fired back, "You're another!" and shot out the door as if he had an engagement to speak in Pittsburgh.

Non-resisters do have to hurry sometimes—Peleg Applewhite.

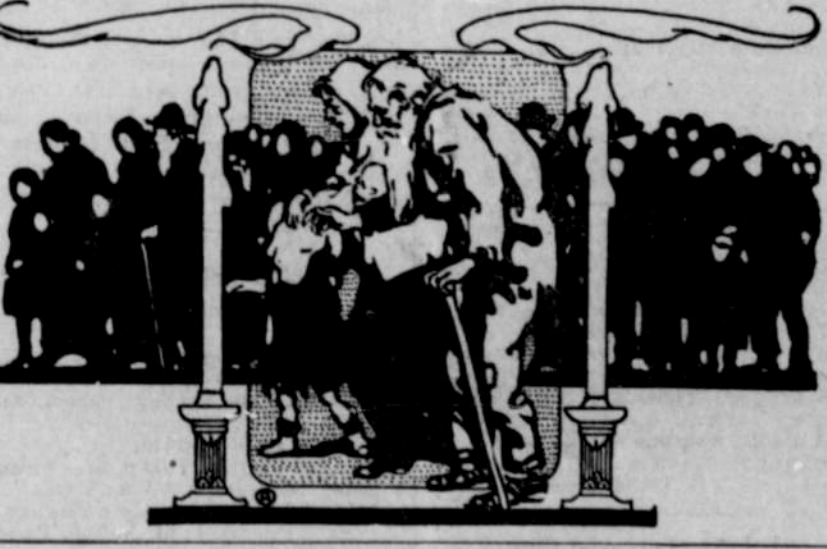


The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes which cover the sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.



A Prayer For Christmas.
Almighty God, we give thee thanks for the mighty yearning of the human heart for the coming of a Saviour and the constant promise of thy word that he was to come. In our own souls we repeat the humble sighs and panting aspirations of ancient men and ages and own that our souls are in darkness and infirmity without faith in him who comes to bring God to man and man to God. We bless thee for the tribute that we can pay to him from our sense of need and dependence and that our own hearts can so answer for their wilderness the cry, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." In us the rough places are to be made smooth, the crooked straight, the mountains of pride brought low and the valleys of despondency lifted up. O God, prepare thou the way in us now, and may we welcome anew thy holy child, Hosanna! Blessed be thy who cometh in the name of the Lord. Amen. Osgood

OPPOSITION TO FARM EXPERT DROPPED

For the past year an effort has been made to induce farmers of this county to avail themselves of an agricultural advisor, the county and state to stand the expense.

H. A. Lewis, H. E. Davis, and J. J. Johnson were appointed a committee by the County Grange to investigate the appointment of an advisor and they will begin their work at once.

The Elliott Contracting Co., of Portland will build the Vancouver Municipal jetty.

BIG RABBIT DRIVE TO BENEFIT POOR

As a means of reducing the number of rabbits in Eastern and Central Oregon and at the same time assist Portland in taking care of the needy, a series of rabbit drives will be organized, men and boys being employed to slaughter the rabbits, others will haul them to the railroad stations and the O. W. R. & N. Co., will transport them to Portland free of charge and deliver the game to the headquarters of the Mnts. in the Pittock Block, from which point they will be distributed to the consumers.

LIVELY HOUR FRIDAY EVENING

Girl Attempts Suicide, Brother Shoots Admirer, Burglar Robs a Home, Gets Scare, Escapes. Two in Jail, One in Hospital.

Sylvia Killman, her brother John, and patrolman Drapeau got their pictures in the paper Saturday as a result of an affair at the Killman home on Campbell Street about six o'clock Friday evening. A. L. Killman, the father and an unknown burglar escaped the public eye, even if they did get their names in the papers. The burglar had been engaged in looting the rooms occupied by Harris Wilson, at the Davis house, on South Ninety-second street when young Killman began to shoot at Claude Rinehart and dropping his bundle of appropriated plunder, he yelled "don't shoot," took to the road as fast as his legs would carry him. Rinehart might have gotten his picture in the paper too, but he was incompetent to pose by the time he was captured. Two bullets had ploughed their way through him, one through his neck, the other through his shoulder.

The whole affair was unwarranted. Cooler judgment would have prevented the whole affair, which grew out of the unacceptable attentions of Rinehart to the Killman daughter. Rinehart had been staying at the Killman home for some time, and of late has been showing some attention to Miss Killman. The family did not approve of this and told him so. He was addicted to the use of liquor, and frequently was found drunk. He seems to have spent considerable time around the local pool rooms and had been there Friday afternoon. The Killman men went home during the evening and found Sylvia unconscious. John Killman jumped to the conclusion that his sister had been drugged and assaulted. He armed himself with an old revolver and started to look for the cause of the supposed crime. The father seemed to have joined in the search and after looking through the pool rooms they saw Rinehart at the street. The Killmans say Rinehart attacked Mr. Killman, on which John began to shoot. There were some rocks thrown, and Rinehart bears the appearance of having been hit. After several shots Rinehart fell down, got up and started to run again, and then stopped and gave himself up. The three of them went to the station and soon after this patrolman Drapeau took them in charge and they were taken to the city jail, and Rinehart was taken to the hospital. It is said his wound will not likely cause him any serious danger.

In a measure the Killman people are warranted in suspecting Rinehart of extreme misconduct. The Killman home is only a short distance from the Tronson home, which recently was the center of so much publicity. Frequent allusion to Tronson's act had developed the statement from Rinehart that he thought Tronson did the right thing and he is reported as having said he would do the same with a girl should she refuse to marry him. He had later made his advances toward Sylvia and she did not approve of them. On the afternoon a few hours previous to the shooting, Mr. Killman had gone home unexpectedly and found Rinehart there and his daughter sitting on his lap. After dinner he told Rinehart he would have to leave. Killman then went out to Gilbert to work on the school house. When he returned in the evening he found Rinehart had returned and made serious threats. He also found his daughter unconscious. Putting all these incidents together, the father and son decided Rinehart had committed a crime and they started to have him arrested, so they say. His resistance resulted in the shooting described.

John Killman was retained in jail, his father released, but when he returned to see his son next day he was likewise kept for want of bond.

The whole case teaches a lesson of the danger of hasty decisions. Sylvia Killman in a fit of anticipation of trouble for her father, so she says, took chloroform, thinking her death might save her father from Rinehart's wrath. John was premature in his judgment, since it is now clear that all his views were wrong. The whole affair ought to be a lesson to everybody. Grabbing up a gun and going after some one without knowing to a certainty that your information is correct is both unwise and dangerous. Still further, there were some people who, on the spur of the instant suggested lynching. Those who were so unwise must feel their foolishness now, when they recognize that it was more than half a case of misjudgment. Rinehart deserved some punishment.

POLICE COURT ENTERTAINS SIX

Six Mount Scott People Caught in the Act, Spend Sunday in Jail With the Scum of the City, Sentenced Monday.

Mt. Scott people are having more than their share of notoriety this week. But certain people are due to have some publicity, and while not all of them got all that was coming to them, a few of them got it and perhaps others will take warning. The six people concerned in this round up are Wilbert Barnes, Elmer Morterude, Francis Fay, Beatrice Williams, Clara Williams, and Gladys Lord.

This sextette of plungers started out last Saturday evening to paint the town. They have surely left a big black mark and it may be some time before it will fade away.

The first point of their gathering seems to have been at Myrtle Park where a ball was in progress. After spending some time here and tanking up with liquor, they left in a dare or die frame of mind. They were next reported at a party on Mt. Scott Ave., somewhere near tenth. About three o'clock Sunday morning they reached Lents and proceeded to spend the remainder of the night in a room in the Tobin building, occupied by Barnes. In the mean time a patrolman had been observing their conduct and when they put up for the night, he sent for the "hurry up wagon" and shortly after three A. M. he broke in on them and discovered a situation beyond description. "Six in a bed" had nothing on these young degenerates. They were promptly hauled to town and spent the remainder of the night, Sunday and most of Monday at the county expense. When it came to an investigation the testimony was too spicy for the public, who were excluded. The result of the examination was extremely lenient.

Had local judgment prevailed six months would have been lenient. But owing to the sympathy of the court for the youth of the bunch of young imbeciles, Clara Williams was turned over to the Juvenile Court, Wilbert Barnes, Elmer Morterude, and Beatrice Williams were given suspended sentences, Gladys Lord was given thirty days in jail and F. J. Fay was instructed to join his wife in California within thirty days. The Lord woman is a widow. Several of them are well known about Mt. Scott and while their arrest was a surprise to many, quite a number who were familiar with the habits of some of the boys have wondered that it did not happen sooner. About the only one in the lot who has expressed themselves publicly is Fay. He seems to think he has made quite a hit and treats it as a joke. He is a new man in Lents and spends his time hanging around the pool rooms, when he is not out plotting immorality. The local patrolmen are watching him pretty closely and he stands a good chance of being called in again before his time elapses.

And yet not all the bad, bad people are brought to judgment. There have been others, older and more experienced who have been doing the same thing in this part of the city, and bragging about it. Their demoralizing influence lies back of this event and in all probability was productive of it to a greater or less degree. We suggest the authorities keep their ears to the ground. Any young man, or old one either, who makes a habit of doing immoral practices, and bragging about it, and who assumes an air of bravado in retelling smutty stories, may safely classify himself in the same class of degenerates that came to grief as described in the first part of this article. Indeed, even worse, for there is no worse crime than firing youthful imagination with vile and insinuating stories of actual or imaginative experiences, and the author of such degeneracy must have the quality necessary to their production.

Pendleton building improvements for 1914 total \$170,000.

Salaries and expenses of deputy game wardens totalled \$47,000 for this year.

A \$35,000 a year chain of employment agencies was proposed at the Eugene Commonwealth conference.

For his foolish threats, but what would have been the result had "due process of law" been intercepted? Not only one might have lost their lives or liberties. Whole communities have been disrupted by lynching bees, and this community will not look on such an affair as that with composure.