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Compensation

I have not strength to reach the top—
most round, where all may see;
Fame's trumpet blast of cheer may ne'er
resound afar for me.
But I may lend a helping hand each day
to comrades, bent
With burdens, cheer them on their way—
I am content.
I may not wield the artist's brush, create
A picture fair;
My future pathway may, through ad-
verse fate, be bleak and bare.
But I may paint a strip of joy and cheer,
In some sad breast;
May bring a bit of Heaven to them here,
And I am blest.
I was not favored with the gift of song,
So grand and sweet,
With which to hold a great, impassioned
thrill charmed at my feet.
But I at eve may croon a lullaby
Far sweeter voices would not satisfy—
I ask no more.

My struggling soul may never gain the
prize it covets so;
It may not reach the gates of Paradise,
At sunset's glow.
But I have faith that in the shadows blue
At set of sun,
I shall be judged by what I've tried to do—
Not what I've done.

—Daisy Maytum Kelson (New Age).

KILLING Eaton's \$20,000 Employment Bureau bill is one of the big mistakes of this session of the legislature. Not only should this bill have passed but another should have been passed prohibiting all sorts of private or corporate employment agencies. With these out of the way and one or two public agencies in each city of 20,000 or more the labor question, so far as bringing the man and job together is concerned, would be solved satisfactorily. Under a bureau managed by the state or city a minimum charge might be exacted to cover running expense. The usual evils of the employment service would be eliminated. The publicity conducted agencies would then have no opposition in the travelling labor agent and so would be able to curtail expenses.

The object of the public agency would not only make the service more convenient for the man without the job, it would also deprive the contractor, foreman, or boss, of an illegitimate source of revenue. The evidence points to a well-planned agreement between the employment bureau and foreman whereby the fee is split and the laborer loses his job as soon as his fee and transportation is earned. Another man is sent on then to take his place and so the "mill" grinds the life out of its patrons. The discharged laborer must "beat it" back to Seattle, Portland or Frisco, again to be victimized by legalized robbery.

THE jitney business is not getting an undivided boost. Some of the people who have been looking the matter over, disapprove of the jitney for several reasons. First the indiscriminate cramming of strangers, young and old, men and women, into such a small space is extremely discomforting and demoralizing.

The automobile is recognized to be the most destructive agency on our public roads and streets. It contributes very little toward the public expense. Personal taxes are not to be considered. To be entirely fair the jitney should pay a license. The attitude of the jitney to existing public service institutions is bad. It is little better than a pirate. It blocks the right of way of legalized transportation and takes its patronage while doing so. It backs up to its competitor's station and seduces its legitimate patrons

and practically appropriates an unearned patronage.

It will be interesting to note whether the Retail Merchant's Association in session this week, resolves as usual in regard to the mail order business and trading at home. It will be equally as interesting to note their attitude on foreign advertising, trading stamps, premiums, etc., which they buy of eastern mail order concerns, or travelling solicitors. It would be timely if these gentlemen would introduce a few resolutions concerning patronizing home institutions, particularly those devoted to supplying the commodities offered by outside institutions. However there is hope. The merchants have voted adversely on the trading stamp and the Legislature has passed a bill that will reduce its advantages.

About the most distressing instance of mistaken ambition to be seen around Lents just now is the placing of young girls on the street at night to sell theatre tickets in a prize contest. There is no reason for objecting to the contest but it is a wrong notion to think that any young girl can post herself at a corner or some door way and hail strangers, or even acquaintances, without losing some of that modesty that endears her to her friends and should be cherished as her greatest personal asset. The mother who permits it may live to regret the temporary relaxation of standards she should have reared about her darlings.

MAKING ACID PHOSPHATE.

Importance of the Product in the Fertilizer Industry.
(Prepared by United States department of agriculture.)

The manufacture of acid phosphate has come to play such an important part in the fertilizer industry of the United States that the department of agriculture has just issued a bulletin on the subject which is designed both for manufacturers and for progressive farmers. Phosphate rock, it is said, has almost entirely displaced bone, guano and apatite as a source of phosphoric acid, and a knowledge of the exact composition of the rock is of importance, because not only the phosphate of lime but all the impurities as well are acted on by the sulphuric acid used as a reagent and influence the finished product.

Of all the impurities occurring in phosphate rock compounds of iron and aluminum are the most dreaded. Even in small quantities these elements are apt to cause a certain amount of reversion and in large quantities may render the product sticky and unfit for use. By careful handling, however, phosphate high in iron and aluminum compounds may be made to produce high grade acid phosphate. On the other hand, carbonate of lime is desirable when the quantity is not excessive.

Both the "den" and the "open dump" systems are in general use for making acid phosphate, each having certain advantages. In the "den" system after the rock and sulphuric acid are thoroughly mixed the compound is dropped into a closed brick lined chamber or "den," where the chemical reactions raise the temperature to a high point and so, the product being then ready for shipment. In the "open dump" system, as the name implies, the mixture of acid and rock is dumped on an open pile and may require a month or even longer to become fit for use. The fumes given off in the process, moreover, may become a serious nuisance in the vicinity of towns. On the other hand, the removal of the acid phosphate from the den is troublesome and when done by hand sometimes dangerous.

The cost of producing acid phosphate, the bulletin says, depends on a number of varying factors, such as the size, location and equipment of the plant and the cost of sulphuric acid. Exclusive of office expenses it may be said to range from \$4.20 to \$8 a ton. The product is sold on the basis of its so called available phosphoric acid content and is worth at the factory from 40 to 50 cents a unit, or twenty pounds. The phosphoric acid content runs from 14 to 21 per cent of the marketed product.

Health In The Suburbs

BY LORA C. LITTLE

Several years ago I read in a newspaper a striking appeal from a young man of this city for the establishment of a social center where young men and women could meet and become acquainted. At last, we read, a movement is afoot to provide such a center. It is a crying need—perhaps the greatest in Portland. We have several large institutions for the promotion of celibacy, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., a Woman's Boarding Home, and men's clubs a-plenty. Twin fruit of the same tree, another kind of institution exists, to take care of persons who do not fit into this beautiful celibacy scheme, and for whom there is no home-fostering association to save them from vice—there is the House of the Good Shepherd, and the Louise Home, and there are jails, reformatories and insane asylums. Is it not time that we began to encourage marriage and home making?

Congressman Stanley F. Bowdler of Ohio offers a timely reminder along this line. In a recent debate in Congress he made the following forceful remarks:

"Edmund Burke used to say that every law of the British Empire had for its ultimate object the getting of twelve honest men in the jury box. I think he overstated it; for there is something that precedes even the administration of justice—it is marriage. The ultimate object of every law of every civilized country is to get one man in love with one woman. Unless that is the object the nation must come to an end. All history is nothing but the record of an 'affair with a woman.' Happy is that man whose affair is honorable. I saw smoke curling up from a cottage chimney in a mountain glen. I followed it and entered the house; it was an 'affair with a woman.' I looked into the dimpled face of a babe; it told of an 'affair with a woman.' I saw a myriad of black-grimed men emerge from the mine's mouth with lamps and dinner pails, and they smiled and each went his way, and I wondered why they worked amid such dangers, but I followed and found it was an 'affair with a woman.' I was in the cab of an express locomotive hurtling us through darkness toward the city. I wondered at the driver's willingness to endure the dangers as black signals and switches, and cars shot by but I saw his face for a moment by the steam-gauge light, and he smiled as we approached the division end, and I knew it was simply an 'affair with a woman.' I was with an inventor in an upper room at night where he had slaved for years on the turbine principle and I marveled at his constancy, but he showed me her picture, and, Mr. Speaker, it was an 'affair with a woman.' And the words of Swedenborg came to me: 'Though men know it not, love is the life of the world.'"

Ah, yes; deep down every right-

minded man and woman knows this. But men forget; they chase fame or fortune, and in place of caring for a home they support the "house in the way to hell, that goes down to the chambers of death." And women forget; they lose themselves in clubs and fashions, in amusements and philanthropies, and turn life into a sham and a show. This fever in the laured spreads its infection among women who have homes and the blessed privilege of keeping them with their own hands. To these, looking forth from their round of homely and often monotonous duties, companies of finely gownned women gay over bridge or tea, or grave and serious as they deliberate in club and committee on questions of society and state, look vastly attractive, important, worth while.

It's all a delusion. Take it from one who has seen more than enough of the inside of club work. All that women's clubs have accomplished since the days of "Jennie June" and her "Sorosis" would not tip the scales against a single child borne and reared to manhood or womanhood in the atmosphere of a good home. Clubwork is largely misdirected energy. One need not deny some use served and still say this. A saloon serves uses—bartenders earn money to support families frequently, for instance. But thoughtful women are coming to see that the highest social use is found in the home, and what woman having a home wants to devote herself to less than her highest?

The reason the home becomes a prison, a treadmill, is that imagination is wanting in the presiding genius. Aspiration and growth will banish monotony. Let the home reach out and draw in the homeless to sit by its fireside and it will cease to be a prison.

And this brings me back to the social center. The kind now proposed in this city is only made necessary through the failure of the homes of the city to live up to their possibilities. It is necessary, but a makeshift. The only genuine social center is the home. There is the best place for young people to meet and get acquainted. And those hospitable homes whose latehsting is out for a few homeless young folks are doing a finer work than all the clubs can ever hope to do.

(Mrs. Little will answer questions of general interest pertaining to health and cure. Name and address of inquirer must be sent but will not be published.)

Communications.

Editor Herald: It was in the summer of 1904 that I purchased two lots in Arleta Park No. 2, situated at the N. E. corner of Sixth avenue and Marie street. Here I immediately began the preparation and construction of a home. During this time I was living in a tent, which I had pitched in the bushes near the car line, between Second and Third avenues. There were only three houses in Arleta No. 2, west of Second avenue at this time.

After several weeks of most strenuous efforts I succeeded in moving my family into a new house (or at least under a new roof) on Thanksgiving day. We continued to add to our home and its surroundings until we were rather comfortably housed. In October, in the year 1909, I sold this property, including an additional lot that I had purchased. Since that time I have made only a limited number of visits to Lents. In fact, it was not until one day during last week, that I made an extended trip through a portion of the Lents district. Stepping from a Mt. Scott car at Grays Crossing, I was amazed as I stood in one spot and counted the numerous business houses, such as groceries, hardware, drugs, confectioners, real estate, and numerous other places where men were engaged in different mechanical professions. Walking south only a short way I observed a large and modern designed school building. And as I had arrived there just in time to witness its many rosy cheeked and happy occupants, making a hasty exit from their day's confinement, I was soon convinced that the building had been erected there to serve no idle purpose.

Returning to the car line I walked east toward Lents, passing Ninth avenue, where the cars seldom fail to load or unload some passengers, I soon reached Sixth avenue. Here I paused with greater amazement; for I realized that it was here that the first station between Grays Crossing and Lents had been established. And it was I, who only a few short years before, had taken pride in the honor of having secured such concession from the superintendent of the road, who, at that time, was Mr. Tiffany, whom many of the former residents of Lents remember well. Where I had previously wandered around and stumbled over logs and stumps in an effort to reach the corner of Sixth avenue and Marie streets, I could now purchase almost any of the

necessaries of life, and proceed on an amply constructed sidewalk, without the strenuous efforts of former days.

Continuing east, noting the many comfortable homes on either side of the car line, I soon reached Main street, Lents. Here I witnessed the result of much industry. Instead of the old red water tank, where many a thirst has been quenched, there stands a solid row of stores and office rooms for more than a hundred feet either way from the street corner. For some distance south on Main street, I see many neat and modern homes. Also a large and well designed church building. Looking north on Main street, one can see a continuous movement of business activity. Many residents of Lents do not realize what extensive improvements have been made right in their midst within the last year or two. They have only to absent themselves from this thriving suburb for a time, as I have done, then, when they have returned, look about and notice such improvements as the Yott building, the Campbell and Lent building, Duke Bros. building, the Lents Library building, and the modern and elegantly furnished Odd Fellows building and many others of no small importance. It is then one realizes what thrift and industry will accomplish.

In conclusion, permit me to acknowledge my amazement at that monument, and modern constructed school building on north Main street. The occasion of its necessity having surpassed my former imagination to such an extent that I am prone to say:

It's really amazing how business keeps up.
How the people keep moving around;
How real estate men continue to sell,
A house, a lot, or an acre of ground.
I never believed, while living in Lents,
That business would accomplish this end;
So with due respect to its industrious people,
These few short lines I have penned.
—John W. Stiger.

THE LIVER REGULATES THE BODY A SLUGGISH LIVER NEEDS CARE

Someone has said that people with Chronic Liver Complaint should be shut up away from humanity, for they are pessimists and see through a "glass darkly." Why? Because mental states depend upon physical states. Biliouness, Headaches, Dizziness and Constipation disappear after using Dr. King's New Life Pills. 25c at your Druggist.

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