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WOODSTOCK AVE., near 92d

The Last Hope Mine

How the Miners Were Civilized

By ALAN HINSDALE

"In the early days of the Colorado minin' camps," said the old prospector, "one of the best payin' holes in the groun' before it run out was the Last Hope mine. Its name was given it by the man who struck it, who was much down at the heels at the time and fully intended that if it didn't relieve his necessities he would hang himself to the limb of a tree that extended directly over it. He sold his claim for \$100,000 to a company and retires first off from this here story.

"The president of the Last Hope lived in the east and sent out a manager from that region. Mr. Parkhurst, among other things, at home had been superintendent of a Sunday school. Naturally he didn't like the appearance of a Colorado minin' camp. The cussin' that was going on was just like fireworks. The saloons did a better business than the store. Whenever the wind rized the playin' cards filled the air like a snowstorm. As for Sunday, there was no work on that day, but instead of services there was gamblin'. There was a few women in the camp, but they was worse'n the men.

"Mr. Parkhurst looked the ground over and sized up the situation. What that camp needed was wives. He argued that men without the restraintin' influence of women would naturally turn into wild animals, and he resolved to send for some girls. He called the miners together and told 'em that if they would turn out the women there was in camp he would send for a carload of real good, true members of the female sex to be helpmeets for 'em. The miners agreed, and Mr. Parkhurst wrote Miss Amelia Bowers, who had succeeded him as head of his Sunday school, to come out with a dozen of the best behaved and best lookin' young women she could pick up. Her influence was far more needed in the west than where she was. Husbands would be provided.

"Miss Bowers, a middle aged, conscientious woman, concluded that it was her duty to accept the situation and proceeded to collect a dozen young women who would rather get married than work. She also shipped several hundred Bibles and hymn books. The company paid all expenses and give each gal a hundred dollars to set up housekeepin' with.

"The day Miss Bowers arrived with them twelve gals was a screamer. Not a man would work, and every one of 'em went to the tavern where the coach was to unload. While they was waitin' Ben Huggins, an old feller who was a leader among 'em, made 'em a speech, remindin' 'em that they mustn't be in too much of a hurry to wed and that gals liked to be courted. There wasn't enough gals to go round by any means, but any fightin' for 'em would spoil the whole business. If the men behaved right another lot would be provided; if they didn't those who had come would go back.

"When the coach drove up to the tavern door there was a yell. Some of the gals was on top, and they was mighty good lookin'. Them miners hadn't seen a nice woman in years—some of 'em—and they wasn't used to such beauty. It was like angels comin' down from heaven. The men was respectful, you bet. There's no place where a good woman is so revered as where she's a rarity. A way was opened from the coach to the tavern, and the gals went inside, but there was sitch a howl for 'em, that they come out on to a balcony and stood there, while the men at an order from Huggins, the old feller who had spoken to 'em a short time before, took off their hats. The gals looked kind of funny, as if not knowin' what to make of the reception.

"If the manager had sent for enough gals to go round in the first place there wouldn't likely have been any trouble. As it was, several of the most desperate men each saw among the lot a gal he wanted, and some of 'em wanted the same gal. The gals hadn't more'n gone back into the tavern before there was half a dozen fights. Huggins he goes off to the manager, and he says:

"Mr. Parkhurst, I'm afraid there's a-goin' to be a commotion in this here camp. Why didn't you send for enough for a feed?"

"What do you suggest, Huggins?"

"The most natural way, the way the men would take to easiest, would be to raffle 'em."

"Mr. Parkhurst looked glum. 'You forget, Huggins,' he said, 'that a woman has the right to marry whom she chooses. To raffle them would be to give them away without their consent. That wouldn't do at all.'

"Well, Mr. Parkhurst, all I've got to say is that if somethin' isn't done, and that pretty quick, there won't be enough men left to furnish husbands for this lot of gals."

"I'm afraid we'll have to send the women back," said Mr. Parkhurst.

"I reckon," said Huggins, scratchin' his head, "we might git the men to draw lots for a chance to git some one o' 'em."

"That's a good idea; try it."

"Huggins went away and called a mass meetin' of the suitors. He told them that a dozen men must be chosen by lot to offer themselves each to a girl. If a man failed to find any one of the girls he wanted and who

wanted him that left a girl for a second drawin' of chances. Many of those present would rather have fought for their chance; but, recognizin' the delicacy of the situation and the plan bein' the nearest that could be suggested to a raffle, it was unanimously approved. Blanks and ten prize slips were placed in a hat and ten men were selected. Every one of the lucky ten was ordered to black his boots, take his trousers out of them, wear a coat if he had one and report at the tavern that evenin' for introduction by Miss Bowers.

"The next mornin' Mr. Parkhurst called for Huggins.

"Well, Huggins," he said when the old man appeared, "how did it turn out last night?"

"At the courtin'?" To'able, sir, to'able. Three men proposed to gals as tuk 'em, four men was too or'nary to go down with any of the gals, two men wanted the same gal and was killed in a shootin' match afterward. One man got up on his ear with a gal who wouldn't have him and said he had a wife already in Frisco and didn't want no more of 'em. This leaves seven gals for the next drawin' and three men less to be provided for."

"Seven names were next drawn and presented the same evenin'. This was Huggins' report of the second pair off."

"Three paired off. One feller was drunk and wasn't let in to the courtin'. Three men wanted the same gal. They had a triangular fight, the survivor to win; little feller with red hair winner. Gal wouldn't have him. That leaves four gals for prizes."

"In this way eleven of the gals was paired, leavin' one, the purest of the lot, to be disposed of. All the fellers wanted her from the first, and most of the men that got killed was fightin' for her. But she wouldn't have none of 'em. She's mighty particular, seein' she's had twenty men to pick from. She's got snappin' black eyes, kind of reddish hair and is purty and plump as a robin."

"Now, if you want to work out a scheme for furnishin' wives you don't want nary of the women to be a jim dandy. One purty woman with the old Nick in her will spoil any practical plan that was ever got up. This gal, Becky Riggs, bein' the only unmarried woman left in the camp—Miss Bowers had gone back for another load—and every man left wantin' her, set up a conflagration. Every day there was a fight about her, and some one was sure to be killed. The wives begged her to choose some one and stop the fightin'. But she wouldn't. She'd make b'lieve she was goin' to take one of 'em and then start in to encourage another. If anything was needed to keep up the list of casualties this filled the bill.

"Well, it got so bad at last, so many good men bein' killed, that Mr. Parkhurst sent Miss Riggs word that he'd be pleased to furnish her a ticket back where she came from. She sent word to him that she'd rather be an old maid in Colorado than a bloomin' married woman in the east. Then Mr. Parkhurst went to see her to reason with her. She jist set there listenin' to him with her head on one side and her nose in the air and didn't answer never a word.

"Things kep' goin' from bad to worse. Some of the men Miss Riggs had refused tuk to drink, and most of 'em wouldn't work. It was impossible to git other hands, and the dirt taken out was gittin' less and less every day. It begun to seem that if Miss Riggs wasn't married or didn't go away the mine would have to shut down. The president wrote to know what was up. Mr. Parkhurst wrote to send on a carload of women. The president wrote that Miss Bowers had come back and wouldn't advise no more gals to go to sitch a benighted place. This looked purty black. Mr. Parkhurst called for old Ben Huggins and axed him what was best to be done.

"When I was livin' with my ole woman, Mr. Parkhurst," Huggins said knowin'ly, "I found out that women must have their way."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, there's nothin' for a purty gal here but to git married. Every man here has axed Miss Riggs but one."

"I thought they had all asked her."

"No, sir; there's one left, and the knowin' ones among the wives say that's the one she wants."

"Who is he?"

"I think it's you, sir."

"I?"

"Yes, sir—you."

"You must be mistaken."

"If I am the women ain't."

"He didn't say no more about it, but I noticed that he was spruin' up. He'd been wearin' a flannel shirt, and first thing I knowed he had put on a boiled one. Then he went to the barber and got a shave. After supper I seen him lookin' at himself in a glass that hung beside the roller towel at the tavern. Next he headed for the cabin where Miss Riggs was stayin'."

"The young woman was perfectly aware that the manager understood the situation. Furthermore, she had brought with her some becomin' costumes and had put one of them on for his reception. When Mr. Parkhurst saw her to have her for a companion didn't seem to him such a hardship, after all. It had been more than a year since he had seen a refined woman. He passed the evenin' with her in general conversation and found her intelligent. He might spend years in a minin' country, and it occurred to him that Miss Riggs would take away from his loneliness. He thought the matter over that night and the next evenin' made another visit, durin' which he surrendered.

"The visit of the girls to the minin' camp was a lottery with one prize. Miss Riggs got it. But in her case there was more management than luck."

EXERCISING THE MIND.

Time and Solitude Are Essential in Learning to Think Easily.

An important element in easy thinking is: Opportunity for thought in time and in solitude.

Many of us are "too busy," but with far less productive things, to really live or to really think. One should make time, make solitude for thought. People are often too much continuously together, especially young people. Each individual is separate and requires individual separate thought.

One in general should room by oneself or else in some way manage to spend considerable time alone, along the seashore or brook side or in one's room. The gentle exercise of a stroll or of a slow bicycle ride requiring little attention to itself is our ideal stimulant and occasion for thinking unless the attention wanders too much outwardly. The time should be somehow had in which to be alone.

Schools are oftentimes too crowded to allow their students to think. One can afford as a matter of dollars and cents to take an extra year in school if one can learn to think by doing so. The time so used is a rich and certain investment.

In default of better time a half hour after walking or before rising is a good time to think, and many people have their most productive and original thoughts occur to them thus in the morning and early after a good night's rest.—Dr. G. Van N. Dearborn in Scientific American.

PORSON'S WEAKNESS.

The Drink He Got From Mrs. Hopper's Private Bottle.

In "Samuel Rogers and His Circle" is this anecdote about Richard Porson, the famous classical scholar and professor of Greek:

When Hopper, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson one afternoon suddenly arrived there. Hopper said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. H. had gone to town and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson declared, however, that he would be content with a mutton chop and beer from the next ale house and accordingly stayed to dine.

During the evening Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hopper keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking in her own bedroom, so pray try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured him that Mrs. H. had no such secret stores; but, Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hopper and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time.

Next day Hopper, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. "Drunk every drop of it?" cried she. "Heaven above, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!"

Black Fridays.

In England the term Black Friday was first applied to Dec. 6, 1745, the day on which news reached London that the pretender, Charles Edward, had reached Derby. Again on May 11, 1866, when the failure of a large English discounting institution brought on a most disastrous panic, the day was called Black Friday. On the day of the suspension of the Bank of England raised the rate of discount 9 per cent. Wild speculation in gold in New York and other cities culminated in a monetary crash on Sept. 16, 1875, that swept thousands of firms and individuals into financial ruin and caused a commercial depression that extended into the eighties of the last century; hence the origin of the term Black Friday in the United States.

No Handicap at All.

"It seems to me this lot is a long way from the car line," remarked the prospective purchaser, a little doubtfully.

"Why, that's an actual advantage," responded the gentlemanly agent engaged in making the sale. "When you reach the car in the morning you are already halfway to your office, and coming home at night you have a nice walk to give you an appetite for dinner."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Fair Enough.

"You are the fourth tramp who has come here begging today," said the lady of the house, "and I'm all out of patience."

"I'm all out o' vittles myself," replied the tramp. "Couldn't we make a trade?"—Exchange.

Handicapped.

"My dear, our automobile looks so cheap beside the one our neighbors have. We ought to get the latest make."

"I know we ought, but this is the only house I have to mortgage."—Baltimore American.

The Real Wish.

"Don't you wish you could see an old fashioned one ring circus?"

"No. I wish I were a boy again and could appreciate a little thing like a one ring circus."—Detroit Free Press.

Stinging.

Mr. Gnaggs—Oh, there are worse fellows in the world than I am! Mrs. Gnaggs—Don't be such a pessimist!—San Francisco Chronicle.

MAKING UMBRELLAS.

The Work of Assembling the Frames and Putting on Covers.

In most umbrella factories the task of turning out ribs and stems is left to other factories making a specialty of those parts. These are sent to the manufacturer, and the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod and adjusts the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth or silk seventy-five thicknesses or thereabouts are arranged upon a table at which skilled operators work. In one department there are girls who operate hemming machines. A thousand yards of hemmed goods is a day's work for one of these girls. The machines doing this job attain a speed of some 3,000 revolutions a minute. After the hemming has been done the cloth or silk is cut into triangular pieces with a knife, as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth. The next operation is the sewing of the triangular pieces together by machinery.

The covers and frames are now ready to be brought together. In all there are twenty-one places where the cover is to be attached to the frame. The handle is next glued on, and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection.

EARLY RAILROAD FLIERS.

When the Threat of Twelve Miles an Hour Was Called Nonsense.

When the first passenger railroad ever built was opened in England in 1825 the train traveled from one end of the line to the other, a distance of twelve miles, in two hours. And Wood, one of the best known writers on the subject of railroads at that day, wrote as follows:

"Nothing can do more harm to the adoption of railways than the promulgation of such nonsense as that we shall see locomotives traveling at the rate of twelve miles an hour."

Today, with locomotives traveling at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, one can look at Wood's warning with a feeling of amusement.

In 1829 a locomotive was introduced in this country, and in the following year Peter Cooper experimented with a locomotive on the B. and O. railroad. The flues of the boiler were made from gun barrels. The boiler was about the size of a flour barrel.

Cooper related with considerable satisfaction how on the trial trip of this wonderful engine, he passed a gray horse attached to a wagon.—New York World.

Double Stars.

A double star is one which consists of two stars lying close together and revolving in an orbit. For some time Professor Comstock, astronomer of the University of Wisconsin, has made a particular study of this feature in the heavens.

A new phenomenon is a double star which he noticed was that two bright stars "wobbled" and did not have the usual steady appearance. At length the conclusion was reached that this condition was caused by a dark star in close proximity to the two bright stars. Such a situation was considered impossible at first, but analysis revealed that the two bright stars could thus exist with a dark star without breaking down. Although the dark star has never been seen, there is sufficient proof to justify the belief that it is the cause of this double star's peculiar behavior. It revolves about the double star about once in a little less than twelve years.

Diplomacy.

Billy was sending out invitations to his birthday party.

"I don't think I would mention the birthday," advised his mother. "It looks so much like asking for a present."

To this Billy demurred violently, but was finally persuaded to yield the point. For a long time he thought deeply. Then, solving the problem, he asked:

"Well, mother, we won't say anything about the birthday, but don't you think that we might put the picture of a cake with candles at the top of the paper?"—Harper's Magazine.

Never Had to Replace a Bridge.

"I suppose you have to go to a great deal of expense to get thrills?"

"Not always," said the movie producer—"not if you study your audiences."

"For instance?"

"Well, if the heroine gets grease on a pair of white gloves the women spectators will become just as excited as they would over the blowing up of a bridge."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Mean Insinuation.

"Why," writes one of these proponents of unanswerable questions, "does a girl always shut her eyes when a man kisses her?"

Send us your photograph and perhaps we can tell you the reason.—Toledo Blade.

A Solemn Ceremony.

"Papa," whispered Johnny, who was in attendance at the Sunday morning services, "why do the people look so sad when they drop their money in that plate?"—Chicago Tribune.

More Like a Noose.

The trouble with the hymeneal knot is that it is often tied too tightly. Many a husband reminds one of a sixteen neck in a fifteen and three-fourths collar.—Smart Set.

In the smallest cot there is room enough for a loving pair.—Schiller.

Church Directory

Arleta Baptist Church.
9145 a. m. Bible School, 11 a. m. Preaching service, 8:00 p. m. Evening services, 7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting, 8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting. Everybody welcome to any and all of these services. W. T. S. Spriggs, Pastor.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church.
10 a. m. Sabbath School, 11 a. m. Morning worship, 7:00 p. m. Y. P. U. E. 7:45 p. m. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, mid-week service, 7:30 p. m. Thursday, choir practice. Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church.
Sundays: 8:00 a. m. Low Mass, 10:30 a. m. High Mass, 8:30 a. m. Sunday School, 12 M. Choir rehearsal. Week days: Mass at 8:00 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church.
10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School, 11 a. m. Saturday preaching, 7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting, 7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christian Church.
Corner 69th St., and 46th Ave., S. E. 10 a. m. Bible School, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service, 6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 7:30 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting, A cordial welcome to all. Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor. 1380 E. Salmon.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church.
One block south of Woodstock station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8:00 p. m. No other services that day. Every other Sunday the regular service will be as usual. Evening prayer and sermon at 4:00 p. m. Sunday School meets at 8:00 p. m. B. Boatwright, Rupt., L. Maffet, Sec. Rev. O. W. Taylor, Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church.
Sermon by the pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent. Y. P. U. 6:45 p. m. Paul Bradford, President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8:00 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. T. R. Hoch, Pastor.

Lents Friends Church.
9145 a. m. Bible School, Clifford Barker, Superintendent. 11:30 a. m. Preaching service, 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 7:30 p. m. Preaching service, 8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all these services. John and Nettie Riley, Pastors.

Lents Baptist Church.
Lord's Day, Bible School, 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Evening worship 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services. J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ.
Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist, Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park. Services Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial 8 o'clg 8:00.

Lents M. E. Church.
Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Bible Study Class, 5:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. P. M. Jasper, Pastor. Residence 5708 83rd street.

Laurelwood M. E. Church.
9147 a. m. Sunday School, 11:00 a. m. preaching, 12:30 p. m. class meeting, 8:00 p. m. Junior League, 6:30 p. m. Epworth League, 7:30 p. m. preaching, 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service. Dr. C. R. Carlos, Pastor.

German Reformed Church.
Corner Woodstock Ave., and 57th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m. Y. P. U. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Class Saturday at 9:00 a. m.

Free Methodist Church.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend these services. Robert H. Clark, Pastor.

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