WANT ADS

FOR SALE

GRAVEL and SAND. R. Heyting. Phone Tabor 2063. 5tf

SO-CALLED DANDRUFF can easily be cured; my booklet gives full directions; also instructions for ladies' shampoo, Home Shaving for men, the proper care of the feet, a sure cure for constipation, besides other valuable recipes. All are very inexpensive and use simple common drugs. If you need help I want to help you. For further information and copy of book send a two cent stamp to Lock Box 618, Lents P. O., Portland, Ore. 20tf

FOR SALE—FARM LANDS. The Government needs Farmers as well as Fighters. Two million three hundred thousand acres of Oregon & California Railroad Co. Grant Lands. Title revested in United States. To be opened for homesteads and sale. Containing some of the best land left in the United States. Large Copyrighted Map, showing land by sections and description of soil, climate, rainfall, elevations, temperature, etc., by counties. Postpaid, One Dollar. Grant Lands Locating Co. Box 610 Portland, Oregon.

FOR TRADE—Good home in Lents, five rooms and bath, hot and cold water, gas, electricity, basement, woodlift, etc. Two lots, all in fruit, berries, garden, lawn, etc. Two chicken houses and yards in rear. Will trade for land any where. Address 385 Lewis Building, Portland. 27

WANTED—Berry pickers at Jersy Lily Dairy. Chris Gesme. Tabor 1102.

WANTED—100 Berry pickers, women and girls. Red raspberries and loganberries. I. D. Hutchinson, 1 mile North of Lents. Tabor 2631. 28pd

WANTED—Woman to do family washing. 6403 92nd St., S. E. Tabor 1279. Mrs. Brock. 26

LOST OR FOUND

FOUND—Purse containing money on Estacada car track. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this ad. Apply this office.

FOUND: A purse, on 94th St. between 51st and 52nd Avenues. Owner can have same by calling at this office.

Professional Directory

Phone, Tabor 3214

Dr. P. J. O'Donnell
Dentist
92d ST. and FOSTER RD. (Over Lents Pharmacy)

Tabor 3536

Dr. Wm. Rees
Office and Residence, 258 E 50th St.
PORTLAND, ORE.

Tabor 4754

Dr. C. S. Ogsbury
Dentistry
LENTS, OREGON.

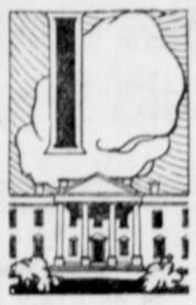
Bdw. 2685 East 4087

John Guy Wilson
Attorney-at-Law
333 Pittock Block
Office Consultation Evenings by Appointmen

Prof, T. E. Lawson
Piano Lessons at Your Home at 60c
He Will Call

Tabor 3689 4916 84th St.

Visiting the White House On July 4



IN the early years of the republic, when Independence day was celebrated with patriotism and great enthusiasm for the blessings of freedom for which the colonies had made such a brave struggle, the Fourth of July was people's day at the White House, when all were welcomed at the president's residence.

On that day old and young, great and small, rich and poor, went to pay their respects to the president and his family and to partake of refreshments in what they were pleased to call the "president's house." And while New Year receptions were also given to the general public, it was on the Fourth of July and not the first day of the year that the president held his most democratic court.

The President Held His Court.

The mansion was then thrown open to all alike that the people might enjoy the nation's hospitality and rub elbows with the distinguished public men and statesmen who helped to make their laws and who then as now spoke to them from the stump on the questions of the day, making bids for their vote in coming elections.

Spoke to Them From the Stump.

The last great Fourth of July celebration given at the White House took place on the final Fourth of President Lincoln in 1864, when it was the scene of a mammoth Sunday school festival of colored people, during which the president's guests presented him with a large gold mounted Bible bound in purple velvet.

They Presented Him With a Bible.

The Fourth of July levee attended by diplomats, home officials and the general public was continued for some years, but went out of vogue after President Grant established the custom of taking a summer home at some resort where he would spend the heated term. In late years the presidents have seldom spent Independence day at the capital.—Boston Globe.

Fourth of July In A Year of War

LET us not discard or belittle the miseries and the evils of war, but let us not deny or abandon our duty as a nation or as citizens if war be the duty to our hand. And that it may be brief, let us see that it is thorough. And that it may be merciful, let us see that it is urged with all the appliances to make preponderance of force as effective as possible without needless recourse to its employment. And that it may be as benign as possible, let us surround it with all the aids of succor, of sympathy and of service that can be supplied. And let us be as true to our duty as our fathers were. As Washington never lowered the American flag where he had raised it, so let us resolve that it shall not be lowered by our government and by our armies where it has been raised as the conquering sign of better things, of better conditions, of better institutions for those in whose behalf we have gone forth.

Liberty means progress. Progress means tomorrow, and every anniversary of our Declaration of Independence should itself register a declaration of our independence from any apprehension that this providential nation will not be adequate and obedient to the purposes of providence in all the anniversaries that are yet to come.—From Independence Day Oration of St. Clair McKelway, Delivered in the War Year 1898.

The New Fourth of July and the Old

NOT many years ago—within easy reach of the memory of the youngest among us—Independence Day was merely signalized by noisy glorification and jollification.

The celebrating element of mere sound and fury is in the background now to a solemn duty and a sober responsibility. The spectacular feature of fireworks, the enjoyment of æmonade and sandwiches cut thin seems a trivial matter indeed when the bustle of the camps is in our ears.

The plumed magnificence of war, the pomp and heraldry of power is a dead and forgotten fiction. The brilliant accouterment of former times is tamed to the drab and dull monotony of khaki in a defensive coloring.

Men drill their minds even as they school their bodies to the rigors of a discipline that cannot float to victory on flowery beds of ease and that translates into a dusty, thirst tortured, heavy laden "hike," the genteel, pretty fancies of the poets and novelists.

Our young men and their elders have responded and proved the mettle of the fathers in the children, though generations from the bleeding bare feet in the snow of the windy hill range at Valley Forge. The women, not content to stand and wait for hero welcome upon return from battle, have striven and are striving in all ways to arm the warrior for the fight and even to prepare themselves in knowledge of the soldier's varied functions. Theirs is the spirit of the men and a patriotic will as ardent.—Fullerton L. Waldo in Philadelphia Ledger.

When Lack of Powder Almost Lost Us July 4

OUR Revolution, whose commencement we celebrate on July 4, began and almost prematurely ended in a struggle for powder. There was not in the United States at that time a powder mill which supplied more than purely local necessities, and, so far as known, there was but one small manufactory of muskets. Unless the colonists could obtain powder and shot resistance was obviously out of the question.

Two days after Lexington the Massachusetts committee of safety made an accurate estimate of the existing supplies in New England for its hastily improvised army, and it revealed twelve fieldpieces, 21,000 firearms, 17,000 pounds of powder and 22,000 pounds of ball. Obviously a pound of powder per soldier could not last very long, and we are not surprised to learn that a few months later Washington had kegs of sand, labeled "Powder," rolled into camp in order to delude his soldiers into the apparent security that there was plenty of ammunition. On the morning of Bunker Hill each man of Colonel Stark's brigade, according to a contemporary record, received only "a gill cupful of powder, fifteen balls and one flint." It was the failure of ammunition, it will be remembered, that compelled the colonists to retire from that glorious defeat.

By August, 1775, powder was almost gone. Washington wrote that the situation was "terrible" and he had left only thirty-two barrels of powder for his army. The poverty of powder was so evident that General Charles Lee suggested to Franklin that pikes should be manufactured, and Franklin even gravely urged the use of bows and arrows.

"Fourth of July" In March.

Fireworks on Independence day are denied the children and grown folks of Alaska for the simple reason that the July nights are almost as light as the days, and it does not pay to attempt pyrotechnic displays if there is no darkness to show them off by contrast. Consequently it has become the custom in many Alaskan cities, including Fairbanks, to hold a Fourth of July celebration on March 4 when the nights are still very long. Then there is abundant opportunity for displaying fireworks of every variety.

World's Biggest Bird, And July 4 Is His Day

THE biggest bird in all the world is the great American eagle, with one claw resting on the highest peak of the Alleghenies and the other on the Rocky mountains, with one wing touching Porto Rico, the other fanning the distant Philippines.

His beak reaches the Canadian border, and his tail dips into the gulf of Mexico. And his voice, the thunder tones of this mighty bird, echoes from South America to Canada—aye, and far beyond, over unto the uttermost corners of the earth, is the scream of the American eagle heard and heeded.

Thus at all times. But there is one day in every year when its triumphant tones sound the loudest, the most joyous, the world over.

That is on the glorious Fourth of July, the nation's proud birthday. It is then that the small boy and the big boy burn powder as incense to the memory of our gallant forefathers who drove the British from our shores and with their heart's blood upheld their noble Declaration of Independence for all time to come.—Helen Harcourt in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The land hog is a slacker that eats a third of the crop.

The Bell of Liberty

THE representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days congress was tossed on a sea of perplexity. At length Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose on June 7 and in a clear, deliberate tone proposed the following resolution: "Resolved, That these united colonies are and ought to be free and independent states, and all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

John Adams Made an Impassioned Speech.

John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence and prophetic power that congress was carried away before it as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the issue. The resolution was finally deferred till July 1 to allow a committee appointed for that purpose to draft a Declaration of Independence.

When the day arrived the Declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days and was characterized by great excitement. At length the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4, was appointed for action. It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups engaged in eager discussion and others moving toward the state house. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No soner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around the bell brought from England had been cast more than twenty years before the prophetic motto: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

The Streets Were Filled With Men.

"Clang, Clang!" the Bell of Liberty Sounded.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on and no report came. The multitude grew impatient. The old man leaned over the railing, straining his eye downward till his heart misgave him and hope yielded to fear. But at length, about 2 o'clock, the door of the hall opened and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed!" The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands and shouted, "Ring! ring!" The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle blast.—Joel T. Headley.