

Happy Valley.

Road work has been resumed again after having been stopped by bad weather.

W. A. Ulrich is showing up quite well as the newly elected road supervisor and is running the crusher every day that weather permits.

Royal Zinser, who was quite badly bruised up after having been thrown into the crusher engine, caused by some back firing while the crew were cranking it previous to starting the crusher one morning, has been under the doctor's care but is beginning to get around again. A self starter has been installed on the engine by Mr. Deardorff which will avoid any accidents from cranking rock crusher engine in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ulrich and daughter left their home for a prolonged visit with daughter, Mrs. Geo. Hartung at Connell, Wash. They were tendered a very impressive farewell party by their many friends. They will certainly be missed by the church workers among whom they were tireless and energetic leaders.

Abel Guidi has disposed of all his timber on the old Bennett Deardorff place. Buyer will get out all available ship knees and cut timber into cord wood.

Bellrose-Gilbert.

Mr. Lennox is improving.

Mrs. Calkin's son Weston, who has been on the "sick list" the last week is not feeling much better.

Mrs. McComb has traded her home for a residence between Archer Place and Anabel.

The Ladies' Aid will give a tea at the home of Mrs. Gilbert, March 7th.

The Bennett Chapel organ which has been played to a frazzle will be exchanged for a new instrument. Now the congregation won't have to sing with extra energy when the organist strikes a soundless note.

Romance! Mrs. Calkin's niece, Alma Hudson, who formerly resided in Lents was married St. Valentine's Day to her soldier sweet-heart, Wilson McKim, who is stationed at Camp Lewis. To them we wish a long prosperous and happy married life.

Wright Davis' baby is getting along nicely.

America's bird—the robin, is back again, and in large numbers too. Spring is here!

A Service Flag will be presented at the school house this evening. The chief speaker will be Judge Stapleton of Gresham, and other attractions will be the Fife and Drum Corps and a Soldier's Quartet. It is understood there will be 17 names on the roll.

Cherryville.

Winter is past and gone.

Everything indicates an early spring. John Bucholz, living at the Salmon River bridge, had seven head of cattle condemned for tuberculosis last week by the state veterinarian and killed. The state pays \$25 each for cattle killed but as these were cows, the price was not much. It seems to be necessary though to check the spread of the disease.

Mrs. J. T. Freil Jr., of Portland, was out last week looking after her property here consisting of the hotel and grounds. Mrs. Friel says there is hardly an empty house in the city as there is plenty of work for everybody, both men and women, and wages are good although the cost of living is high.

S. C. Runyan and family have moved into the new house on the W. S. Runyan claim, one mile south of the Post Office.

Dr. John H. Boyd, Portland's most popular preacher and probably drawing the largest salary, created quite a sensation lately in a public utterance in which he said he was almost prepared to say that there were more Christians out of the church than in it and that the Church as it exists today must be re-organized and reformed in order to put it more in sympathy with the great mass of struggling humanity. Dr. Boyd has a summer home here where he and his family spend part of their vacation each summer. He is a very able man and a very kind hearted one. He has had some human wrecks, who could hardly earn their board, out here pottering around out of sympathy for their pitiable condition.

Senator Hiram Johnson of California said recently in a speech in the U. S. Senate that railroad stocks were 50 per cent simply water on which the people were required to pay dividends and that they should be taken over by the Government permanently. There is some talk of Johnson being selected as the next Republican candidate for President, which will never be done as long as Penrose of Pennsylvania controls the affairs of the party.

Pleasant Valley.

Allen R. Joy, Sr., of Portland was a caller at the home of T. A. Richey Monday.

Mrs. G. H. Richey of Portland, visited with Mrs. G. N. Sager on Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Amy Dobson, of Portland was a guest at the home of her brother, T. R. Berry last Sunday.

Mark Troge spent Sunday visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Troge.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis G. Rodlun of Gales Creek, spent the week end at the home of Mrs. Rodlun's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chitwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase, of near Bend were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Rhoads last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Rolfe, of Spokane are spending a few days visiting at the home of T. P. Campbell.

Pleasant Valley Grange had a well attended and interesting session last Saturday. The quarterly meeting of the Master's and Lecturers of Multnomah County was held with the Pleasant Valley grange on this occasion. Many questions of importance were discussed and some were acted upon. Among these was the Non Partisan League proposition, a committee was appointed to make a thorough investigation of this movement and to report to Pomona grange which meets with Lents Grange in March.

The Red Cross Auxiliary holds its regular meeting next Monday evening at the grange hall. A good program is assured. County Commissioner Rufus Holman will be the principal speaker and School Superintendent Alderson will give a short talk. The work that is being done at these meetings concerns each and every one of us and all who possibly can should be present. If you have any plan or suggestion that you think will aid in the prosecution of this great work do not hesitate to bring it before these meetings. That is what they are for.

A Real American

"Florence" said Betsey one morning on their way to school, "I am 19 years old today. Now I feel I have reached years of discretion and am determined to settle the question of allegiance. You know that all my life I have been at a loss to understand what nation could claim me as a member. As far back as my memory reached I have lived in the largest city in New England, but that fact does not afford me the privileges or protection of an American citizen."

"I have always admired your lofty conception of patriotism," replied Florence thoughtfully.

"Yes," continued Betsy, "I feel that as I am now growing into womanhood it is my duty to take my share of civic and social responsibilities. I crave to be an American citizen, but so many obstacles confront me."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," said Florence.

As they approached the school and were met by other girls nothing further was said regarding the matter. A few days later Betsy bravely walked into the office of the clerk of the Massachusetts District Court of the United States and asked for a form of a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States. Though only 19 years of age and regarded in the eyes of the law as an infant, and therefore, incompetent to act for herself in legal matters, yet, according to the naturalization law minors have a right to declare their intention to become citizens and that was all Betsy was doing now.

Betsy had been an adopted child and her guardians could give her no exact information regarding certain essential personal facts which every person earnestly desires to know of himself. She had learned, however, in early days that both parents had been killed in a railroad wreck. Despite various seemingly insurmountable impediments Betsy took the blank home, pondered over the divers questions a few days, answered them as well as the circumstances permitted and returned the document to the office which issued it.

"Oh," thought she gleefully when leaving the clerk's office, "I have actually declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States!" The idea made her feel happy, though she could hardly realize that this vital matter was on its way to an issue.

Two years would have to elapse before her petition for naturalization could be filed, but that was no obstruction as Betsy could utilize the interval in attempting to collect evidence regarding such facts as name, age, place of birth, etc., which facts are legal requisites, studying the law upon the subject and getting herself well posted for a civil government examination by the judge. Besides this, she would reach her majority at the expiration of two years.

After carefully reading the law, she asked herself where she could get authentic information concerning her exact name, age, etc. She thought of her school records. "Yes, they could undoubtedly be of some assistance," she thought, but alas! those records were themselves based upon alleged information and belief. The school records showed that she was born in Canada. Having some vague information to that effect, she wrote to the proper authorities in that country, but to her surprise learned that there was no record of her

birth. Perhaps she was an American citizen and born in Boston. Inquiry at the registry of births, deaths and marriages in this city proved futile. Where was she born? That was an important question. When she was a mere tot she informed questioners that she "grew" like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin, but such an answer would not suffice at this time of her life. She secured the assistance of two acquaintances who knew her from the time she was five years old, feeling that both these friends could act as competent and creditable witnesses.

After exhausting her own efforts in this connection, she thought it best to consult an attorney. The name of Eli Weston, whose acquaintance she regretted she had never made, was the first that entered her mind. Mr. Weston, who had been Betsy's immediate neighbor for several years, was a novice in the legal profession. Nevertheless, people thought him a promising young man, clever and alert. After carefully considering the matter she decided to consult a scion.

One morning Betsy walked into Mr. Weston's office, and thoroughly explained the entire situation to Mr. Weston.

After listening attentively, he asked: "Have you consulted the naturalization examiners in reference to this matter?"

"No," was the ready reply. "Well, then, we had better attend to this shortly," said he. Both client and attorney proceeded to arrange for an interview with the government's representatives. Within a few days a conference was held. It was indeed a favorable one, for the chief examiner assured them they would experience no difficulty at the hearing. Betsy became hopeful of the situation.

Meanwhile, however, the acquaintance of these young people grew into friendship and the friendship into social intimacy, which developed to such a degree that Mr. Weston suggested the rare solution of the citizenship question by offering to become Betsy's life partner. Such a proposition did not, however, appeal to Betsy, who was a progressive individual and an ardent and active suffragette. She determined to become a citizen through her own initiative, and not by virtue of being the wife of one.

When the time came, Betsy, with the aid of her witnesses, and attorney filed her petition for naturalization. Three months passed before the case was listed for a hearing before the court.

The eventful day at last arrived. All went well. The principle characters ap-

peared in due season. Betsy appeared to be cheerful. The court room and corridors were crowded with men, and although, Betsy was the only woman present, she was not at all embarrassed. When her turn came, she and her witnesses were asked some questions by the examiner. The judge then proceeded to swear her in, and she was thus declared to be a citizen of the United States. How her heart thrilled with rapture!

"Betsy," said Eli that night seriously, "you are a citizen of these United States of America. Will you be the little citizen of my new home now?"

"Yes," replied Betsy thoughtfully.

A COATED TONGUE

signals the need of a good laxative. That is when you'll be glad you know of SAN-TOX Fig Cascara (Tablets.) For Sale by LENTS PHARMACY, The San-Tox Store.

It is acknowledged that the Chinese are very skillful in making confectionery and possess the reputation of having many secrets. They are able to empty an orange of its pulp entirely, then fill it up with fruit jelly without one being able to find the smallest cut in the rind or even a tiny hole.

CANADA WINS!

"Horses!" said the American. Don't you talk to me about horses! I had an old mare that once licked the fastest express on our railroad by pretty near a couple of miles on a 30-mile run to Chicago." "That's nothing!" said the Canadian. "I was out on my farm one day, about 80 miles from the house, when a frightful storm came up. I turned the pony's head toward home, and he raced the storm so close for the last 10 miles that I didn't feel a drop. On the other hand, my dog only 10 yards behind had to swim the whole distance."

Little cubes of sugar  
Little grains of wheat—  
Save them with the bacon  
And other kinds of meat.  
Ill fed fighters weaken  
Ill fed nations yield  
It's up to us to keep our Allies  
Strong to take the field.  
Every dinner table  
Wherever people eat—  
Will help decide the verdict—  
Victory or defeat.

It was never intended that horses should have a monopoly of horse sense

War Saving and Thrift Stamps for Sale

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"We are Determined to Grow in Business by Deserving to Grow."

War Saving and Thrift Stamps for Sale

Vol. 1. No. 4

February 27, 1918

5923 92nd St., Portland, Ore.

A Name is Worth \$10.00 To Us.

TO HAVE A NAME FOR OUR FUTURE PAPER

Bring one in, and if you are not the lucky one you will get a ticket to the Yeager Theater free not a merchants ticket but a real ticket that will entitle the holder to a free admission for Thursday night, March 7th. Remember we pay the War Tax too. Call for particulars.

The Destruction of Property.

THE loss of property through the ravages of war is so great that it is beyond the grasp of the human mind to comprehend the figures, but it is already clear to thinking men that it will take the continued savings of years of all the warring nations to replace the capital lost.

Not all of war's waste and destruction is confined to the devastation deliberately wrought in violence by armed forces. This is strikingly shown by two recent reports one from Germany and one from France.

It is declared that in Germany "the fact that presses hardest on the well informed advocates of an early peace is the depreciation of machinery, and especially of rolling stock, forty per cent of which already is useless for production and transportation and must be returned to the shops after the war for repairs that have been made necessary by the lack of lubricants."

The other report is from Paris, the capital of the thirtieth people in the world, a beautiful city beleaguered for three years by armed hosts less than a hundred miles away, where in this, the second largest city in Europe, it is declared that "not a private house nor other building has been painted in the last three years."

A bombardment or conflagration caused by the enemy at the gates of Paris would have rocked the world—and yet might easily have inflicted less actual damage than this three years of paint famine.

The United states is hardly "one-fourth painted," according to the generally accepted estimates, and our annual loss through lack of painting is greater than the annual \$250,000,000 loss by fire, declared Prof. H. H. King, after his several years' experience in conducting paint tests at the Kansas Agricultural College, and before this nation entered the war.

The increase in paint prices only amounts to a few dollars for each building—it is a shame to allow property to deteriorate for lack of a good coat of paint. Pacific Rubber Paint wears longer, looks better and costs less—\$3.25 per gallon. Brighten the kitchen floor, make it look spick-and-span. A quart of Rubber Cement Floor Paint will do it—70c a quart.

"Universal" Cunch Kits \$2.35 and Up.

Garden Seeds, Garden Tools, Spray and Sprayers  
NOW ON DISPLAY

Lents Hardware Co.

WITH PLEASURE.

My Tuesdays are meatless,  
My Wednesdays are wheatless,  
Am growing more eatless each day.  
My room it is heatless,  
My bed it is sheetless,  
All gone to the Y. M. C. A.  
The barrooms are treatless,  
My coffee is sweetless,  
Each day I am poorer and wiser.  
My stockings are feelless,  
My trousers are seatless,  
My word! how I do hate the Kaiser!

DOT BARTNERSHIP

Dot partnership mit Me and Gott  
Vas all a fake—vas simply rot—  
To dink of it shust makes me hot—  
Meinself vas IT.  
Vat care I for der Russian Tear,  
For Kings or Princes near or far?  
Ven conflicts come mit din of war,  
Meinself vas IT.  
Ven France rears up and vants a fight,  
Meinself vill knock her out of sight—  
Meinself vas ALWAYS in der right—  
Meinself vas IT.  
Ven England takes der gauntlet up,  
Vat care I for der old Bull Pop?  
Vrom me dey gets no loving cup—  
Meinself vas IT.  
I shust absorbs der Laager Beer,  
Und paints mein mustache to mein ear—  
Der Boss of all der hemisphere—  
Meinself vas IT.  
Mitt Gott I am not satisfy,  
He did not make der Belgians fly,  
Mitt Gott I efermore fight shy—  
Meinself vas IT.  
Der nations all may take a tip;  
For Gott I do not care a rip;  
I haf dissolved dot partnership—  
Meinself vas IT.

As She Saw It Ed (in auto)—"This controls the brake. It is put on very quickly in case of an emergency"  
Co-ed—"I see, something like a ki-mona."—Orange Peel.

Preparedness—"SURREY—"My neighbor has a big dog that we are all afraid of. What would you advise?"  
"Get a bigger one. Five dollars please."—Boston Transcript.

Bad Business—DEAF-AND-DUMB BEGGAR—"Do you think it looks like rain, Bill?"  
BLIND BEGGAR—"I dasn't look up to see—here comes one o' my best customers."—Puck.

From Experience—OBSERVER—"I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day."  
OBSERVED—"Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."—Punch Bowl.

Prophecy—APPLICANT—"Is there an opening here for a live-wire, hustling college man?"

OFFICE BOY—"Naw, but there's goin, to be if I don't git me salary raised by ter-morrow night."—Life.

There can be little surprise over the extinction of the pug dog. You'll recall that the last time you saw him he appeared to be breathing his last.