

EDITORIAL PAGE

Mt. Scott Herald

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The Humble Hen.

Keep a hen. If you can, keep several. If chicken feed is a item in these days when the clean plate has become a gospel and there is nothing to scrape out, keep Leghorns, white or brown. They are very small, and lay phenomenally large eggs—the kind that cannot be bought in many of the cities where just plain eggs are bringing from sixty to ninety cents a dozen. Eggs are a highly concentrated food, much needed by the sick and the old, and much wanted by every housekeeper who likes to set a good table, even if it is a very plain one. Anyone who wants them can have pamphlets from the United States Department of Agriculture telling them all about poultry, chicken houses and successful methods for keeping eggs. This is one of the branches of food production that can be very profitably expanded to a much greater extent than has yet been done. Don't take it for granted that you know all about chickens because you have always seen them either "from a car window" or in your own backyard. The American hen can put up a gallant fight against the double-headed freak eagle of the Prussians, and she should be reminded that America expects every hen to do her duty.

Dollar Thread.

Everyone who returns from Europe implores the American people to realize that so far, we have no idea of the privations that are being endured by the people in the stricken countries. Think of being unable to mend one's clothes because a spool of thread costs a dollar. Think of cooking one's food, and then pouring water into the kettle in which it was cooked and cooking the kettle that nothing may be wasted. And if this is not bad enough, thinking of having no food to cook and no kettle to put it in, if some kind person should give it. These are the hardships that are being endured in Flanders and France.

Professor Stoughton Holborn, of Oxford, told a Washington, D. C. audience a week ago that the English woman who appears in a new dress apologizes for doing so, and that his first impression in this country was of extravagance and waste in food and clothing. "Only three quarters of a pound of butter has come into my British home in the last three months," he says.

A year ago one of the Y. M. C. A. speakers assured us that "Americans have not begun to learn the meaning of the word 'sacrifice.' Anyone who has food to eat, even of the plainest, and fuel to burn, and clothes enough to keep warm, ought to celebrate Thanksgiving Day every morning."

Back To God's Country

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE'S heart fluttered and her breath came hurriedly as she stood, note book in hand, before the door of the private office of Mark Lawrence, the millionaire president of the Central Realty Corporation. She had no doubt of her ability as a stenographer, but could she please him? Many had tried and failed, although their work in the general office had been satisfactory. Lawrence was known as a hard man; a man, who efficient to the last degree himself, demanded a like efficiency in others.

Elizabeth had been in the general office and had made good in six short months, and now she was entering upon her duties as private stenographer to the boss himself, and this was to be her first dictation from him.

She was very young, only 20, a small slip of a girl; who, since the death of her mother, had been forced to support herself. Determination and grit were written on her pretty face. Her thin lips, sharp eyes which flashed and sparkled with vivacity; her general appearance; all spoke of wonderful confidence and self-reliance.

With a toss of her head, she turned the knob and entered. Trembling, she tripped across the room dropped into the vacant chair at the left of Lawrence's desk and waited; her eyes on him, fascinated. He turned to her and paused; his brow clouded; he passed his hand over his eyes in bewilderment. It seemed as if he were trying to reflect—trying to think where before he had seen that face. Her eyes dropped. His fixed gaze almost unnerved her. What could he be thinking of! His face relaxed. He smiled, a wan, tired smile, yet withal an amused one.

"ardon me," said he, "but you remind me of some one I once knew, and—" He stopped abruptly. His manner changed.

"Ready," he snapped. And then, for an hour and a half, Elizabeth worked as she never had worked before. So fast did the crisp, concise sentences rush from the lips of this great man that even with her lightning-like speed she had great difficulty in keeping pace with him. By exerting herself to the limit, however, she succeeded, and the result of her competence was soon made manifest by an increase in salary.

Winter came and went. Summer arrived again with its heat, and in that time she had learned to look upon Mr. Lawrence with an admiration that was boundless. She liked to be near him; to know that she was of some use to him; and when he appeared worried she longed to comfort him. As this feeling came over her once, she laughed to herself. Who was she to console this mighty financier, at whose frown millionaires trembled!

As for him it seemed as if he was unaware of her existence. He spoke no word to her, save "ready" and "that will do." He gave her no instructions in regard to her work; she was supposed to need none. It wasn't his business to train stenographers. If they weren't trained when they came to him, they had to go. He demanded efficiency, and efficiency he got.

One day after she had given him some letters to sign in the evening just before leaving, she hesitated at his desk.

"Well," he inquired.

"Mr. Lawrence," she faltered, "may I have a week off?"

"How long have you been here, Miss Lawrence?"

"A year and a half."

"How long have you been in my office?"

"A year."

"Where are you going, if I may ask?"

"To Penacook."

He started violently.

"Penacook; have you some friends there? Do you live there? He sank into his chair and waved her to be seated, as if much interested.

"I did until my mother died, five years ago. I was born there."

He closed his eyes, his hands clasped behind his head.

"I lived there once," he murmured. Ah, that's a beautiful country. I have not been there now for 22 years." He paused. "And your name is Elizabeth Lawrence?"

"Yes, they call me 'Bessie' for short."

He sat up so suddenly that he startled her.

"Bessie?" he pondered. "Lawrence?"

—Her name was Bessie!

She started at him uncomprehendingly, and said almost unconsciously. "My mother's name was Bessie."

"And your father—"

"I never saw him. He left home before I was born. My mother married him when they were both very young and her father did not approve of the marriage. He made things so uncomfortable for my father that he left home, although he assured mother he was going to make a place to bring her. He never came back. I think he must have died." Tears came into her eyes.

"My mother suffered terribly. My father was an orphan, and after he left

nobody seemed to care much, but mother. Everybody said he was no good and it was a good thing he had gone. They said that if he had been any good he would have come back; but mother persisted in believing that he died."

"And what did your grandfather say?"

"He said the same as all others. He became very angry with mother because she continued to believe in father. He used to hurt mother terribly by the way he talked about father to her. Grandpa died about nine years ago and left mother the farm. When she died, I sold it, came to New York, studied stenography, and," she smiled wistfully, "here I am."

"What was your mother's name, you say?"

"Bessie Williams."

"And your father's?"

"Mark Lawrence! Why that's your name, isn't it? How funny!"

"No child," he said, his voice shaking with emotion, "it's not funny. It's tragedy."

He went to her and stood over her. Gone was that stern, hard look. His face was sad and yet happiness was there, too. He took her in his arms. She went to him unresistingly, as a child would go to its father. Something told her that this great strong man was her father even before he told her.

"Child, I am your father!"

She pressed closer to him, her arms creeping up around his neck.

"Yes, your father," he went on. "I did go away because your grandfather hated me. As soon as I got work in Boston I wrote your mother and received a letter in reply. Hear it is. Read it. I have always kept it as a reminder of how false women are!"

He drew from his pocket a wallet, from which he took a letter, yellow with age. Slowly she took it, opened it and read:

"Mark—I find I do not love you. If you are a man you will never let me see you again.—Bessie."

The girl's eyes blazed with indignation.

"She never wrote that," she cried.

"She loved you until she died. The last words she said on her deathbed were: 'Martin, I am coming.'"

She burst into a storm of tears and the strong man of millions wept also and was not ashamed. He clasped his new-found daughter in his arms, his daughter whom he never knew he had.

"Somebody wrote it, and whoever did has cause to fear the wrath of God for the evil they have done," he said solemnly.

"But let us not be sad. Rather let us be glad that God in his infinite mercy has given us each other. She is happy at last, little girl. I feel her presence here now, don't you? Come, get your things. We will both have a vacation. I'll buy back the old farm, if it costs a million, and together, you and I, will stand on the porch and look out over the fields and see old Kearsarge in the distance, and we will walk through the pine woods, where the Contocook dashes down its deep gorge toward the sea. Come, child, let us both go back to God's country."

And that night a long, gray touring car slipped out of New York with her engine purring rhythmically, carrying the great man and his stenographer daughter North, ever North.

Arthur I. Moulton, who has been an active lawyer of many year's practice in the courts of this state, announces his candidacy for Circuit Judge, Department No. 4.—Paid Adv.

FINAL NOTICE

JEEN DYKSTRA, ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administratrix of the estate of Jeen Dykstra, deceased, has filed her final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County, and that Monday the 8th day of April, 1918, at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the court room of said Court has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing and settlement of said account.

Date of first publication March 7, 1918.

Date of last publication April 4, 1918.

MARIE D. MILLER, Administratrix.

JOHN VAN ZANTE, Attorney.

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