

# Mt. Scott Herald

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This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war

## THE NEWSPAPER AND THE WAR

Service—that should be the test of true patriotism, of real Americanism. In peace or in war, that should always be the test—of a real newspaper.

It is probably true of most newspaper publishers in the smaller towns and cities in the country that they enter the business and continue to follow it, because of some ideal which they wish to pursue and to put into practice. The altruistic enters as largely into the editorial sanctum as it does in the schoolroom. If this were not so, why would men and women of the known capacity which it takes to conduct a newspaper and make a living out of it, be thus engaged when they might, with the use of one-half of the same energy in other lines of endeavor, make a vast deal of money?

We don't need to go further than the issues of the various newspapers of the country since the war has been on to realize that this is true. Column after column, page after page has been given, absolutely given, to every cause that the Government espoused. And so well has the Government understood this patriotism of the press, and its liberality, that it has figured them in advance in each campaign, preparing thousands of pages of matter for free publication in every campaign, and getting them printed every time.

The war may bring hardships to the papers, but they are only temporary, and they are more than compensated by the paper's growth in usefulness, in service and in importance to the National life. Now is the time of our testing. The newspapers are passing through the trial of war, and as they arise to their opportunities to aid the country which they have helped so much to build, as they are called upon to further various movements which have for their purpose the liberation of the world from oppression, they will emerge from the furnace stronger, more substantial and more prosperous, because they have learned to be more serviceable.

Looking back over the history of the war, we may well feel a stimulating sense of gratification for the important part that the newspapers have played in converting a nation of money-chasers and peace-dreamers into a vast military power, which is rapidly forming the greatest army that the world has ever seen—greatest not only because of its numbers, which, before we are through, will exceed even the hordes of the Huns, but greatest because of the high character of its personnel.

From the time when the people hung in suspense about the bulletin boards and eagerly grasped the first editions as they came from the press, to know whether Congress had declared war, down through the making of the army law, the first draft, the first and second Liberty loans, the various Red Cross drives, the Thrift Stamp campaigns, and then through the third loan issue, the newspapers have been the main agency in

informing the public and arousing its patriotism to the pitch that it was able to meet every demand of the Government.

What would it have profited President Wilson to speak those wonderful messages of inspiration to his fellow citizens had not the press carried them to every household in the land? His voice might sway a few thousand persons, but it has required the printed page to convey his reasoning and his persuasive eloquence to the homes and make them factors in the unification and preparation of the nation.

Measured by this standard, the newspapers of America have grown mightily in power and influence since this country threw aside its robes of peace for the armor of the soldier. Always potent in the affairs of the Nation, the newspapers today are enjoying the greatest power they have ever exerted, because publicity is one of the greatest essentials in winning the war, and for the further reason, which naturally follows, that real, constant, omnipresent publicity can be obtained only through the newspapers.

## WILL WIN THE WAR

The things I do to win the war are the things I always did abhor. So give me credit, I beseech, for loyalty that is a peach. I'd like to mount a foaming steed and charge the foe at frightful speed. I'd like to ride an aeroplane above the clouds that send the rain; above the forest and the hill, and drop some bombs on Kaiser Bill. I'd like to walk a cruiser's deck 'mid scenes of battle and of wreck. But all such things are barred to me; I may not fight on land or sea, I may not garner gory sheaves, because I'm fat and have the heaves. And so I'm doing things I hate, that I may keep my record straight. I'm digging soil and sowing seeds, and pruning vines and hoeing weeds. I till the garden and repeat, and there are sandbars in my feet. That valued foodstuffs be supplied, I gather thistles in my hide; I grow the bean and marrowfat—I'll win the war or break a slat. I hope when history is writ, and warriors brave who did their bit are loaded with the hero's bays, there'll be some mention of the jays who had to do their stunt at home, and grow things in the fertile loam. I'm doomed to raise my sparrow grass while younger men to battle pass; so I will do it with a will, and hoe my beets with wondrous skill, and raise fresh rhubarb by the keg—I'll win the war or break a leg.—Walt Mason.

The man who is piling up a fortune out of profits made because of the war, what better is he than a traitor to his country?

## AMERICA

My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain-side,  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills:  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees,  
Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break—  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us with thy might,  
Great God, our King.

The United States is the only country with a known birthday. All the rest began, they know not when, and grew into power, they know not how.—James G. Blaine.

# TWO ENEMIES MADE ONE

## A Romance of Our Civil War

THE death of Maj. Cassius E. Gillette in Philadelphia recalled to the Record of that city an interesting and romantic incident in the life of his soldier father-in-law, the noted General Hamilton of Columbus, Ohio. In the Civil War General Hamilton commanded a brigade in Sherman's army, being at the time one of the youngest brigadiers in the service. His command was a part of the host which, under Sherman, made the famous march to the sea.

After the army had passed through Georgia its route was deflected northward with the object of moving through the Carolinas. In North Carolina during a halt at a certain point in that state, General Hamilton was sent for by a young southern lady, the daughter of a former governor of the state, deceased, a strikingly handsome young woman and a belle. The general, whose youthful, soldierly figure was well calculated to attract the attention of the fair sex, supposed he was summoned by the young woman to receive a plea for the protection of her property, as it appeared she had been left an orphan in the possession of several large plantations, and repaired without delay to her residence, a stately southern mansion with a beautiful lawn and many fine old trees.

She received him with the dignity and ceremony befitting his rank, and the general saw he was in the presence of a beautiful brunette with an abundance of fire and spirit in her make-up. He expected to hear reproaches, but was agreeably surprised



Received Him With Dignity.

to find himself mistaken. The conversation at once proceeded on her part on a line direct.

"General," she said with a simple candor which at once enlisted his interest and sympathy, "all our young men, the flower of the South, have gone to the front and been killed in battle with your armies. None is left to whom we can turn, and I have sent for you to ask you what you intend to do for us women who have been left without the hope of finding mates among our own people. There are none left whom I, speaking for myself, would care to marry. Now, what are you going to do for us?"

She looked at the general, her dark eyes seeming, as he afterward said, to be seeking to read his soul. After a short silence she came to the point direct by proposing that he should marry her. She explained that she owned large landed properties but, the slaves having been set free, she could not obtain the labor to till her lands. She needed a man to lean upon.

General Hamilton, somewhat taken aback by a proposal he had not reckoned upon, rose to the necessity of the occasion, however, and with all the gallantry and sympathy inherent in an honorable man, explained to her that there was a little woman left behind in Ohio to whom his heart was pledged and that he expected the wedding bells to ring for them when the cruel war was over, which he felt sure would be



The General Explained Matters to the Young Officer.

very soon. But he had an idea he could be of service to her, nevertheless. He informed her that there was a young colonel in his command, handsome, brave and the soul of honor, who, so far as he knew, had no ties, and if she were agreeable he would take pleasure in bringing him to her

house and introducing him. The young lady signified her willingness. The general went back to headquarters, sent for the young officer and after a private conversation with him they set out for the young lady's residence. There they were received with proverbial Southern courtesy and dignity, and after the introduction and the interchange of compliments the general withdrew.

"And, do you know," said General Hamilton in after years, "that in the closing days of the war those two 'enemies' were happily married and after the colonel was mustered out he settled there in the home of his bride and the last I heard of them they had seven children and everybody seemed to be merry and joyous on 'the old plantation.'"

## USE POTATOES INSTEAD OF BREAD

### Bread Must Be Saved—Potatoes Contain the Same Nutrient.

How many potatoes are you eating? This is a question the Food Administration wants every loyal American to ask himself or herself. Strange as it may seem, the eating of potatoes at this time is a practical war service, according to a recent Food Administration bulletin, which points out that this nation now has a large potato surplus on hand and that this valuable food, unless eaten within the next two months, will be lost through sprouting and rotting. By eating of potatoes liberally, every family can save a substantial amount of other food, particularly of wheat. By eating up the surplus of potatoes the nation will also prevent serious loss to the potato producer, who needs to be encouraged to grow maximum crops during the coming year.

Domestic science experts have figured that: One ordinary baked potato equals in nourishment one thick slice of wheat bread.

"Potatoes at one and one-half to two cents a pound have more food value than bread at ten cents a loaf.

"Potatoes are healthful. They improve the general tone of the system by their wholesome action on the digestive organs. They are easiest on the stomach of all vegetable foods. They are easy on the kidneys because of the minimum of nitrogen they contain. They are easy on the intestines because of the tenderness and small proportion of their cellulose and the fine division of starch.

"Potatoes are valuable in the diet of the sick. They can be eaten with benefit by people suffering from dyspepsia, anemia, diabetes, Bright's disease, cardiac affections, intestinal troubles, constipation, hyperacidity, arthritis, gout, liver complaints, etc.

"Always serve potatoes with meat," concludes the Food Administration bulletin. "Never serve bread and potatoes."

## MISSES.

Whenever a man makes a slip he can lay the blame on a "mis"—yes, a "mis," not a "miss," for the miss is but seldom to blame, however a man may strive to shift the onus. An error may be due to misconception, mis-handling or almost any one of the great string of "misses" that the lexicographers put down in their entertaining volumes. How did it happen that this deadly "mis" was injected into the language, with the same sound and almost the same spelling that the truly adorable "miss" has? The dictionaries will say it comes from the Anglo-Saxon "missan," allied to the sort of miss that we make when we, with more strength than skill, swing at a sharp-breaking curve ball. But our guess is different. It was probably put there, in its detrimental effect on the force of language, by some woman-hating old monk, who saw the lay brothers and novitiates looking with no very unfriendly eye on the mullebrity that might infest the neighborhood of his cenobitical haunts, says Columbia (S. C.) State. Without knowing it would one day become famous in the French, the old father just condensed the whole philosophy of "Cherchez la femme" into the three letters that have gained so strong a hold on our language, and tried it out on the first lay brother who was found delinquent in hewing and carrying because of the gleam of a shapely instep or the glance of twinkling gray eye.

Men rave at befuddled and deceived Russia, and yet some of them are doing about as much to help defeat Germany as is the average bolshevik. They do not yet seem to understand that patriotism, to be worth anything right now, has to be translated into action. You have to do something for your country, and you ought to be willing and ready and anxious to do anything you can, says Savannah News. Furthermore, you ought not to sit back and wait until your country hunts you up personally to suggest a course of action, but you should get busy and hunt up things to do for your country. Don't profiteer. Don't strike. Buy Liberty bonds and thrift stamps. Give some books for the soldiers to read. If some of your property is needed for the public welfare let the public have it quickly. If the nation calls you to the colors to risk your life in its service, go gladly in the knowledge that you are enjoying a privilege in the performance of that duty.

It is hard to conceive that in 1896 there were but four automobiles in the United States.

**FOOD ADMINISTRATION CREDO**

By willing service of a free people to do these things:

- To feed the Allies that they may continue to fight.
- To feed the hungry in Belgium and other lands that they may continue to live.
- To feed our own soldiers overseas that they may want nothing.
- To keep prices steady and the flow of distribution even that the poor at home may be fed.
- To make everyone's effort count its utmost for winning the war for freedom.

**FOOD CONTROL IN AMERICA IS FOR AND FOR THE PEOPLE**

**OUR GREAT TASK**

By Herbert Hoover.

If you could stand in the middle of Europe today and survey the land to its borders, you would discover its whole population of 400,000,000 human beings short of food. Millions of people in Poland, Finland, Serbia, Armenia and Russia are dying of starvation and other millions are suffering from too little food. Our Allies and the neutrals are living on the barest margins that will support life and strength.

This, the most appalling and dreadful thing that has come to humanity since the dawn of civilization, is to me the outstanding creation of German militarism. The Germans themselves are not the worst sufferers. They are extorting at the cannon's mouth the harvests and cattle of the people they have overrun, leaving them in desolation. If the war were to cease tomorrow, the toll of actual dead from starvation within the German lines would double or treble the 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of men who have been actually killed by Germany and her allies in arms. The 10,000,000 people in occupied Belgium and Northern France would have died of starvation had it not been for us and the Allies.

We must build our food resources to stand ready for any demands upon us by the Allies. It is of no purpose to us to send millions of our best to France if we fail to maintain the strength of their men, women and children on our lines of communication. This United States is the last reservoir of men, the last reservoir of ships, the last reservoir of munitions and the last reservoir of food upon which the Allied world must depend if Germany is to be defeated and if we are to be free men.

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