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

THE BLUEJACKETS PROTEST.

No sooner has the country been unmistakably informed that its soldiers do not want to be called "Sammy" than the fighting sailors in its navy rise to protest against the appellation "Jackie." There is something about it that they do not like, that sits uncomfortably upon them and makes them ill at ease. Perhaps, and probably, it is the diminutive form. "Jack" has been a good name for a sailor almost ever since there were sailors and an English language. "Jack Tars" have sailed all over the world, in ships of war and in merchant clippers. "Bluejacket" still stands and causes no resentment. Your true sailor is least of all things in the world a mollycoddle. He will not be petted, says Portland Oregonian. He is deeply human, full of sentiment and affection, but there is almost nothing he would not rather do than show it. To the outer world he prefers to show a stern and even forbidding exterior. He is doing a real man's work; he is going to fight and die when he is called on to do so. You may call him a "shellback" or even a "gob" without embarrassing him, but not a "Jackie." "Jackie" sounds too much like "Rollo"—not phonetically, but sentimentally. The soldiers and sailors have a simple way of their own of settling the matter when they meet in public places. Between them it is "soldier" or "sailor," and nothing more. There lies a suggestion to those who desire to keep on the safe side. Both are highly honorable appellations, conveying every necessary implication of manly dignity and full capacity for a man's work.

The new Czech-Slovak races have become welded into a nation by the fiery and long-banked furnaces of their own passion for liberty. They are to become a nation for the same reason that the United States became a nation, sprung from the spiritual and intellectual loins of the dreamers of Plymouth Rock, the Virginias and the Boston tea party, says New York Morning Telegraph. The lands, the waters, the foods, the fabrics, the buildings, the ships and all the material and sensible things which follow, would be only inert, meaningless and confused commodities unless they were vitalized and made eternally dynamic by that spirit which is the essence, the life and the identity of every nation which is fit to survive.

One German military expert is now holding up the retreat as a strategic masterpiece meriting admiration. In fact, the numbers and volubility of the explanations of defeat show the desperation of the German high command in such wild and futile attempts to bolster up the spirit of the people. They are fast getting to the point of proving that the nearer the enemy gets to Berlin, the more triumphant are their own splendid forces.

The story of the Italian Lieutenant who was snatched up and borne away from a prison camp by an aviator sounds like some of the romances which highly imaginative writers used to write for the pure amusement of their readers. But the facts developing in this war only go to prove the old truism that truth is stranger than fiction, for imagination is surpassed by reality in its happenings.

If at the end of the fiscal year it be shown that the nation has not earned enough money to meet all the war demands and pay its living expenses, it will prove that the several millions of men and women who did no work to sustain themselves ought to be padded for their worthlessness.

The lying reports of shipyard fatalities have resulted in making public the real statistics of accidents, which prove that shipyards are relatively safer to work in than factories. One beneficial effect of the general German propaganda of lies has been to defeat its object by bringing out the truth.

NATIONAL PROFITS FROM WAR.

Now that there is so much talk going around about profiteering, it is worth while examining how we stand as a nation in this matter. According to official statistics, our favorable balance of trade since the war began in August, 1914, has amounted to only a little less than ten billions of dollars. That is a staggering sum, and represents the profiteering of the nation on account of the war, says Philadelphia Bulletin. It is true, we generally had a nice little balance to our credit before the war, but nothing to equal the figures quoted above. Most of this profit has come from enhanced prices and larger activities on account of the war. Belligerent nations have bought munitions and food, and neutral nations have bought all sorts of wares. We have done some buying, but on a small scale compared with our selling. As is well known, practically all stocks and bonds of American corporations have come home. We have paid all our debts and have become rich. The figures mentioned above are interesting because they are almost exactly equal to the amount we have raised through Liberty loans this year. If the war were to stop now, we should have paid all costs from profits in our foreign trade and have had plenty to spare, for the actual cost of the war so far is only about \$3,000,000,000, exclusive of almost as much loaned to the allies.

Perhaps the rescue of Palestine from the Turkish rule may connect itself later with the schemes for a league of peace. A league ought to have a capital and Palestine has so many holy places already that another place that is holy because it is the capital of peace may strike popular imagination as appropriate. Whatever their precise political status, the Jews in Palestine are sure to be a force making for peace. They will owe their existence as a nation to British arms seconded by international agreement, they will be drawn from nearly every country of the world, and they will have the strongest of all interests for not being drawn into the vortex of international rivalries and racial discord, writes H. Sidebotham in New Republic. If the league of peace is to have a capital it will clearly be at home in Palestine.

That old robber alternative, "Your money or your life," attains to an honorable relation in these days, for that alternative confronts every citizen and gives to his life a profound meaning. There is no man who can escape this demand upon him. It is either one or the other. He must offer his life to his country or his money, or perhaps both. This is no half-way business. The nation owns all of a man, whatever he possesses, and all the strength that he has. We have never before alighted upon such times as we have now; we have never before run up against such a demand for sacrifices as confronts us now. This is not a sentimental situation. The response to it is not the waving of banners, or the tumult of oratory, for it means just what it says—your money or your life.

In years to come, we suppose, an ex-member of the Prussian Guards, gathering his wondering little grandchildren about him in the Inglenook, will tell them with pride of how in the great war he proved himself almost as good a soldier as a young dry-goods clerk from America with six months' training.

The Belgians are still in the fighting, the Belgian army joining in the offensive against the Germans. The spirit of the gallant little nation no amount of oppression has been able to suppress, and even in their slavery to the invaders the Belgian people rejoice that their soldiers are still in the field.

It is said many women work in Scotch shipyards. The Scotch women have many peculiarities, one of which is they have a constitutional objection to anything necessary for the salvation of the country remaining undone if it is clearly up to them to grab hold.

When one recalls the terrible fate brought to the women and children of France and Belgium by the Kaiser's armies, there is grim humor in the advice of the physicians of the empress to her to avoid all worry and excitement.

Another reason why labor should be honored along with the fighter is that though the fighter takes a trifle more risk than the laborer, it must be a hundred times more fun killing Germans.

Leading pachyderms are the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the automobile who is able to enjoy himself riding round on gasolineless Sundays.

Experiments have shown that good paper can be made out of grapevine. That ought to cheer up the nervous vineyard proprietors.

BARE FEET AND CHERRY LEAVES

Beer and sausage are German indispensables. Even though the alcoholic content of the beer may be reduced to the vanishing point and the sausage may be made of horsemeat, the German must have these two things. But there are other things that may be dispensed with. Tobacco, for example, is not a necessity. The big meerschaum must be stuffed with something, but when you do not have tobacco dried cherry leaves may do. And the German who munches horse sausages to the accompaniment of nonalcoholic beer may find a certain comfort in the aroma of burning cherry. If he were a more imaginative mortal the consolation would be greater. But how about clothes? Wool is very scarce, but not as scarce as leather. Something like a crusade against shoes is being preached. It should be delightful, says the crusader, to walk barefoot for the love of the fatherland. A few herren and frauen have always set the style, and bare toes are no novelty on Unter den Linden, says Cleveland Plaindealer. There may, indeed, be a government interdiction against the wearing of shoes and stockings by civilians in summer. The soldiers must be shod, willy nilly, and going barefoot might be a good cure for the corns of patriotic Prussian ladies or the bunions of workers in munition factories.

With the failure of submarine warfare more and more apparent, it would have been particularly pleasing to the Germans had such a ship as the Mount Vernon, the former Kronprinzessin Cecilie, been sent to the bottom by a torpedo. Happily the shot failed to sink her and she returned to a French port. The loss thus averted would have been a serious one, comparable to that of the Justicia. The Mount Vernon is one of the fastest of the ships in the transport service, and she is credited with being even more valuable than the huge Leviathan in the work of getting troops over as quickly as possible. It is a great piece of good fortune that she escaped. Indeed, the fact that so few transports have been sunk, and that those were attacked on the return voyage, emphasizes the admirable work of the navy in protecting them from a menace of all the most difficult to avoid or detect.

The more we learn of what is called "German efficiency" the less impressed are we with it. That sort of belief has been fostered by industrious German propaganda, and now that the war is tearing off the mask its falsity is shown, says Aberdeen American. The dire troubles that were coming to us because we would not be able to get the benefit of German ingenuity have faded before the genius of Americans, who are now supplying better dyes than the Teuts; potash comes from our own states and every other need supplied from abroad is now filled at home and better than before. Even the toys are better than those old ones branded "Made in Germany." German efficiency is German bunk.

"They are superb soldiers," says Pershing of his own men. It is well to remember the true meaning of superb, which is "proud." Our men in France may well be proud; proud of the purposes they incarnate, of the commanders they serve under, of the allies they shoulder. There is great virtue in honorable pride.

And yet there will no doubt be some gents interested directly or indirectly in booze who will forget that the date for J. Barleycorn's passing was set for June 30, 1919, and when that date comes will holler for more time in which the innocent investors can unload.

Ninety-five per cent of the rural women are helping to win the war. It is in the cities that indolence, luxury, extravagance, frivolity, sensuality, worldliness and wantonness paralyze the nobler traits of womanhood and make so many women serviceable only to the enemy.

A profiteer is a scoundrel who had an opportunity to help the country win the war by making a hard situation as light as possible for the people who patronize him, and instead of doing so he robbed them.

Are you an asset or a liability to your country in a time like this? If you are capable of fighting or working and are doing neither you are helping the Kaiser, whether you are a man or woman.

Bolled down to a single sentence, it is just this: Every day the able-bodied man or woman wastes in idleness in the United States is the equivalent of working a day for Germany.

One of the troubles war has brought upon us is trying to crowd seven tons of soft coal into the average cellar and then leave room for the furnace.

If a man just must have his hand on the steering gear and inhale gasoline, why would not a tractor plow meet his requirements?

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