

MT. SCOTT HERALD

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DO YOU PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES?

What are you doing to promote home industries? Do you smoke Oregon made cigars? Do you buy clothing in your home town or do you send to "Shears-Sawbuck," or some other eastern mail order house and pay more money for what you get than your home merchant would have asked? When you are sick or in distress do any of these out-of-town houses give you assistance? Do they extend you credit when you are out of work or in straitened circumstances? When some one near and dear to you is taken by death do these out-of-town stores have representatives there to place with loving hands flowers upon the grave to show their friendship for you? No, they do none of these things. It is the home business man to whom you look for assistance in times of distress. It is from him you buy when you are in need of credit and have no ready cash. Is it fair, then, to patronize stores where your friendship and trade is wanted only as long as your money lasts?

Patronize local stores and Oregon made goods and thus help keep our money at home and our own people working.

MODERN SAMARITANS.

A few evenings ago in the columns of a daily paper was printed the story of an old man who went to a poorhouse at Milwaukee, Wis., and asked for admittance to the institution. The urbane manager looked up the rules and by-laws and pointed out to the world-weary visitor that he was not eligible for admittance because he was a resident of another state. Whereupon the venerable wayfarer brushed away a tear and resumed his journey.

His name and face seemed familiar to the manager, who puzzled a long time over them after the pilgrim's departure. He finally remembered that the applicant for charity was some years ago the millionaire president of a great western railroad.

The misfortunes of this man reminds us of an episode of "King Lear," and many stories with morals which are used by Sunday School teachers. In the days of prosperity he lived in marble halls with vassals and serfs by his side; he was hospitable and generous; he was like a fairy godfather to his daughters, who lived in luxury and married rich men, and when misfortune arrived and his money was gone, and he had become a wanderer in the land, he applied to those daughters for help. They shut the door in his face and told him to be gone, or words to that effect.

The moralist might pause to indulge in some bitter reflections upon human ingratitude, but human nature is all right, if rich men do sometimes have callous daughters. The urbane and handsome manager of the poorhouse did not keep his discovery to himself. He told his friends how the once wealthy man had come for charity, and among these friends were some who had known the unfortunate man in his prosperous days, and they hunted him up and gave him clothes and filled his pockets with money and made him a welcome visitor in their homes.

THE BILLBOARD NUISANCE.

The day is coming when the billboards as an advertising medium will be abolished, and there are many who think the day can't come too soon. There are times when there is much enthusiasm over the idea of making towns neat and handsome, and it is a poor community that has not some kind of an organization with that end in view.

About the first thing that an improvement society does is to declare the billboards a nuisance and agitate for their removal.

This is because the boards are often used for display of advertisements which make a disagreeable impression upon refined people. Sometimes they contain posters which approach the indecent. This thing can have but one result and that is the destruction of the billboard. The people will not stand for questionable advertisements in newspapers and they are not likely to endure emblazonments of the lithographer upon the dead walls of buildings and billboards.

Aside from this, people who have handsome lawns are opposed to this kind of advertising because the paper pasted on the billboards soon becomes loose and flaps in the wind, then blows about the streets and finally lodges in a corner and becomes a public nuisance.

The billboard is doomed, and people who depend upon them for literary relaxation should prepare for the inevitable.

Another death has been added to the long list caused by recklessly driven automobiles, this time a well-known and popular Lents woman being the victim, and three young boys, already fatherless, have been made orphans. That the driver was undoubtedly intoxicated in no way lessens the crime. Driving a car while under the influence of liquor is itself a threat to kill, and should be made a penitentiary offense. In that case if a man's senses were too dulled to realize the danger his friends in many cases would no doubt prevent him from menacing the lives of pedestrians.

Expert chemists of New York say that fresh air is not necessary even in poorly ventilated rooms. It might be well to keep a peck or two on hand in case of an emergency.

A Chicago judge has rendered a decision that a husband is the head of the household. We know of a half dozen men in Lents who are not the heads of their household.

Government experts must think that the people are eating meat, when they say that meat should be thoroughly cooked.

The weather is growing colder, but what do the wood and coal dealers care.

IN THEIR LAST LONG SLEEP

Beautiful Spot in Which Have Been Laid American Soldiers Who Died in Liberty's Cause.

On the wooded slope of a steep hill that rises high over a great bend in the River Seine lies a little plot of earth that is as much American as is the national cemetery at Arlington or the hallowed ground of Gettysburg. It is a quiet and peaceful spot, for although Paris is near—the slender pinnacle of the Eiffel tower is in plain view over the trees—the city is separated from the American cemetery at Surmesnes by the green expanse of the Bois de Boulogne. The heart of the city that is the heart of the world is not five miles away; you would think it at least fifty. It is a spot far removed from war, and yet there are enough of the accoutrements of war about it to remind the visitor that the 700 graves here are the graves of soldiers—mostly of soldiers who died of their wounds on the journey in from the front or at one of the hospitals in or near the capital. Further up the slope from the ramparts of the fort of Mount Valerien, one in the chain of defenses that surround Paris. During hostilities planes flew from field to field, the drone of their motors never so clear as in this quiet countryside. And more warlike still, an occasional cannon shot echoed from a testing ground in the neighborhood. The little cemetery itself, with its well-aligned rows of white wooden crosses, will some day be as green and fair a God's acre as any in France. It is becoming so as fast as the loving hands of the living can convert it into one. Even in these fresh fall days, the graves are all abloom, and hardy shrubs add a touch of somber beauty to the little corners and round points. —Stars and Stripes, Paris.

WAR DEMAND FOR PLATINUM

Is Essential in Production of Sulphuric Acid, Indispensable in Manufacture of Explosives.

Two universally known products—one a rare metal, the other a common acid—have lately assumed importance that is mystifying to the laity. Platinum has become virtually the king of metals, and sulphuric acid the king of chemicals. The reasons for this are most simple. Platinum is obtained chiefly from the Ural mountains. Owing to chaotic conditions in Russia, little of it is being mined. It is absolutely essential in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Without a small amount of it being present, oxygen, water and sulphur dioxide will not unite chemically. Sulphuric acid, on the other hand, was probably the most indispensable product used in the prosecution of the war. Its tremendous affinity for water made it vitally important in the manufacture of high explosives. For instance, one obtains a fairly harmless liquid by mixing glycerin and nitric acid. If sulphuric acid is added, it combines the two chemically by taking an atom of hydrogen and one of oxygen from the nitric acid, an atom of hydrogen from the glycerin, forming water, and taking it into itself. One then has nitroglycerin. In a similar manner sulphuric acid is needed for the manufacture of gun cotton and TNT. Thus we had the peculiar cycle of circumstances that made it unpatriotic for an American to have in his possession more than an ounce of platinum in the form of jewelry. Incidentally, however, there is said to be good reason for the belief that a very large proportion of the so-called platinum in modern jewelry is composed wholly or at least in part of cheaper metals.—Popular Mechanics

About all those iron crosses are good for now is to become Yankee souvenirs. Even the Huns who won 'em don't want 'em.

Nobody cares very much where you Bill Hohenzollern goes so long as he does not come back.

Another permanent legacy of the war should be comfortable footgear.

MUST BE BOSS



He—Won't you be my partner for life?
She—Will you incorporate and give me controlling interest?

ACCENT ON THE "IR."

Wifey—I wonder why we are growing tired of each other.
H u b b y—I haven't an idea.
Wifey—Yes, maybe that is the reason.



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