

Mr. Scott Herald

Published Every Friday at Lents Station, Portland, Oregon.

J. E. UPRIDE - - - - - Proprietor
C. W. SMITH - - - - - Manager

Entered as second-class mail matter February 14, 1914, at the post-office at Lents, Oregon, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Subscription price - - \$1.00 a year

5812 Ninety-second Street
Phones: Tabor 7524.

MICKIE SAYS

WE'LL STOP TALKIN' ABOUT COLLECTING SUBSCRIPTION MONEY JUST AS SOON AS THEY START GIVING AWAY PAPER 'N' INK FREE FER NUTHIN'.



AN' TH' WAY PAPER'S GOIN' UP, THAT'LL BE ABOUT JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER GITS ELECTED PRESIDENT ON TH' BULLSHEVIT TICKET.

LANDLORD IS HUMAN.

With the discovery of a landlord who says he refuses to profiteer and that the 10 per cent return on his investment under the old scale of rents is enough for him there might seem to be ground for hope that the era of skyrocketing prices for homes was near an end. But, alas, one such landlord is very like the single swallow which does not make a summer. This landlord is refreshingly old-fashioned. He has had the same tenants for many years, and he wishes to keep them in his house. He lives in the building himself, and finds it agreeable to be friends with his neighbors. That is the explanation of his astonishing but welcome stand. He always has been a good neighbor; he appreciates other good neighbors around him, and he doesn't wish to be unneighborly toward them. "Small town stuff," the scoffer may jeer. But it is more of that small town spirit and willing to be of a friendly frame of mind that New York and other American cities need. In the small town kindly courtesy and mutual helpfulness go far toward making life worth living for its brightness and good cheer, says New York Telegram. Let's have more of it here in New York.

A French aviator recently made the flight from Paris to Lyons at the rate of nearly two and one-half miles per minute. He did this by ascending to a height so great that air resistance was much decreased. Hitherto this advantage has been offset by the fact that engines deliver less power at high altitudes, but a simple device for compressing the air before it is forced into the carburetor has overcome the difficulty. One more victory in the conquest of the aerial ocean, but while the invention will speed mail deliveries and be of great advantage in emergencies of all sorts, it will cut no figure in the air transportation of passengers, says Chicago Evening Post. Only people in fairly robust health can stand the strain of being hoisted in a few minutes to an elevation five or six thousand higher than Pike's Peak, and let down to ordinary levels still more suddenly when the voyage is over.

Prohibition is making some progress. Here and there of late has been found the old-fashioned fellow who used to teeter on his heels and toes with his hands in his hip pockets.

To guard pedestrians against footpads, a device has been invented to hold a pistol inside the coat-sleeve and eject it into the hand at a moment's notice. This is the sort of invention, however, that a footpad takes advantage of first.

It is all well enough to be optimistic, but if after counting the money you have made you apply to the pile the bacon, egg and butter test, it may tone your swaggering down to a moderate gait.

Weather prophets who see sky signs of impending rough weather will have difficulty in getting popular attention from the storm signals already delivering the goods here on earth.

Keep your eye on the person or publication that insinuates gently that the bolsheviks may not be so bad after all.

AMERICAN IDEALS.

"Americans of the future will be the Americans evolved from the foreign born of today," is the belief of Dr. Albert Shieles, who for many years was connected with the public schools of New York city in the department of educational research and the evening schools, and who has more recently been superintendent of the public schools of Los Angeles. But instead of attacking American women as slackers, remarks the New York Evening Sun, Doctor Shieles believes we should turn toward efforts to make good Americans of the large number of foreign-born children already in America and those which are to be born in families of immigrants. "Statistics show that the birth rate advantage is all on the side of the foreign born," says Doctor Shieles, who is at present in New York assisting with the preparation for the national immigration conference in this city. "This fact should not startle us. Not any of us can trace our ancestry back far enough to be boastful about it at the expense of the man who came over yesterday. If the so-called American stock represents some ideal or tradition that is worth preserving—and no one can question the fact that it does—then we should avail ourselves of every opportunity to implant these ideals in the hearts and minds of the foreign-born."

There are still thousands upon thousands of acres of land in the United States that are good for no other purpose than to grow trees. Exact study is now being made by the forestry departments of the United States and the various states for the purpose of clearing and replanting the vast acreage with trees. It takes years to reforest land, and we should begin now to serve the future generations. There should be an organization in the United States composed of lovers of trees and nature. This organization should have for its purposes the protection of the forests that still remain and for the production of new ones. It should, through the public press and the schools, carry on a plan of educating the public in the beauties and uses of forests. To put man in touch with nature makes him a better citizen.

Sig. Marconi says that it is Mars that is trying to signal to us, while Prof. Abbot, astronomer of the Smithsonian Institution, declares that the mysterious manifestations are from Venus. Under the circumstances there doesn't seem anything to do but give the scientists a spyglass or a couple board apiece and let them fight it out. A signed message from Mars or an autographed call from the lady at central on Venus would be welcomed as evidence, but in the absence of either it might be wise to withhold judgment. Personally, we would rather make a date with Venus than Mars, says Los Angeles Times. It seems to suggest more warmth and sociability; but at the same time if Mars really has a communication to make we are willing to hold the wire. Mars can do nothing to scare us any more.

A foreign novelist visiting on this side is telling audiences that American wives are too much coddled by their husbands and would like to be "treated rough" once in a while. The American wife is treating this advice with silent indifference, as the worthless theory of a foreigner, and by the American husband with silent contempt as the utterance of a man who does not know what he is talking about.

Now, then, we have it. Profiteering has been diagnosed by a learned medico as a disease called pleonexia—from the Greek words pleon, meaning more, and echo to have—and it means abnormal covetousness. Still, only people who are part hog are subject to it, and they would be wise to beware of hog cholera.

Again the ultimate coal burner is up against the serious task of cudgeling his brain—with scant and unsatisfactory results—in an effort to understand the difference between the advance in wages to the miners and the advance in the price he has to pay for the coal.

Admiral Plunkett says Germany would have whipped the United States as an individual antagonist, and the reason would have been a lack of men. They may call in rebuttal the fellow who oiled the swivel chairs.

Of course if we must have cheaper cuts of beef than those we are accustomed to we suppose we shall have to ask the butcher to reserve for us a hoof and a horn twice a week.

North Dakota farmers have been feeding the prairie chickens all winter. Later on the prairie chickens will help feed the farmers.

It may be that the slogan "safety first" has become a joke, but it is no joke to disregard the caution.

It is not on record that the yeggs who robbed a church safe stole any Bibles.

FORGETTING

By MARJORIE E. WEBSTER

Betty's heart was broken—never, never to be mended. She had quarreled with Tom, broken her engagement, and come up to visit her aunt in this little village among the hills in order to forget him.

"If you weren't quite so selfish, and could forget yourself for five minutes at a time, you would be a little bit happier, Betty," her aunt said one day, her voice softening her words.

Betty didn't even turn from the window, where she was gloomily looking down the road. Everything looked even more dismal than usual in the grayness of a drizzling rain.

A little later her aunt called her out into the kitchen, where she was packing some jelly in a basket.

"Betty, I wish you would take this jelly down to Mrs. Emery—she lives in that white house near the cross-roads, you know. I was going myself, but my rheumatism is troubling me and I'm afraid it would make it worse to go out in this rain. The jelly's especially for her son—he nearly died with pneumonia this fall, and is just beginning to sit up now. I thought perhaps you could cheer him up a little. You don't mind, do you?"

"I don't mind taking the jelly down," Betty replied, "but I'm not going in, because I don't want to see him. I don't feel like trying to cheer up anyone, anyway, especially when they're men."

Betty trudged down the road moodily. At the Emery place Mrs. Emery herself opened the door, and greeted her in such a warm, friendly way, that she was ashamed of her crossness.

"I made some pumpkin pies this morning, and I want to send one up to your aunt. Come in and wait in the sitting room, while I wrap it up," Mrs. Emery said, drawing Betty in, in spite of herself, and pushing her into the cozy, old-fashioned living room. "Here's someone to talk to, Don—Jessica's little niece, Miss Southall. You must entertain her until I get that pie wrapped up."

"My, but it seems good to see someone from outside," he said. "You're all wet; sit down near the fireplace."

Betty obeyed. He didn't look anything like Tom—she was glad of that. He was sitting in an armchair, all bundled up in a red and white crazy quilt. His face was very thin and drawn—until he smiled, and then he looked surprisingly bright. He asked her about her trip up and about herself—not a bit like Tom, whose conversation was always mostly about himself—and by the time Mrs. Emery came back, Betty had promised to come down the following afternoon and play cribbage with him.

In the weeks that followed, while he was convalescing, she went down often. Sometimes she read to him, sometimes they played cribbage, or roasted chestnuts or popped corn in the fireplace, sometimes they just talked. When he grew stronger, and there was no longer any excuse for

her to visit him; he began to call often at Aunt Jessica's house. Later, when he was quite well again, they snowed and skated together, and he took her sleighing behind his new and favorite horse, whose name he changed from Dolly to Betty, because it sounded so much better. Betty soon forgot that she wasn't happy, but she was too busy to notice the way her aunt's eyes twinkled at times when she looked at her.

It was some time later that Betty answered the doorbell one afternoon to find Tom Rolf standing on the doorstep.

"What a forsaken hole of a place to hide away in," were his first words. "I couldn't get anyone to bring me up from the station and had to walk all the way." His voice was somewhat irritable, for he was very cold.

"What a shame!" Betty sympathized, as she led him into the living room, wondering to herself what she had ever seen in him.

When she had closed the door, he seized both hands—just as of old—and said:

"Well, well, Betty, you're prettier than ever. You were unreasonable last summer—about Louise, I mean—but I'll admit it was partly my fault, so I thought I had better come up and apologize and take you back home before some farmer up here married you."

"If that's why you came up," Betty said, "I'm afraid you've come too late." She pulled the curtain aside and pointed down the road. "See that white house down there—the one with the big barn? Well, next month I am going to marry the man who lives there. Yes, he is a farmer, but he isn't a cad."

"Betty, you're joking!" "Oh, no, I'm not. See my ring. He is coming to supper tonight. Won't you wait and meet him?"

The look of unbelief on his face changed to one of injured pride. Looking at his watch, he said stiffly:

"No, thank you, I've got to catch that 5:30 train back—an important engagement, you know—so I'll tear along."

With a little smile in her eyes, Betty watched him laboriously make his way down the drifted road, then her gaze became fixed upon the little white house, and with the smile still playing around her mouth, she returned to her work.

Notice of Withdrawal of Partner.

Notice is hereby given that A. Roy Kerr has this day withdrawn from the partnership lately existing between the said A. Roy Kerr and Pearl E. Reynolds, under the firm name and style of Square Deal Candy Company, engaged in the business of manufacturing and distribution of candy at wholesale and retail, the place of business being located and situated at Lents Station, Portland, Oregon, and that so far as relates to the said A. Roy Kerr, the said firm is dissolved. The business will hereafter be carried on by Pearl E. Reynolds, under the old firm name, who will collect all debts and demands payable to said firm and pay all debts and liabilities of the same and perform its executed contracts.

Dated at Portland, Oregon, on this 19th day of May, A. D. 1929.

A. Roy Kerr
Pearl E. Reynolds.
m28-115

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