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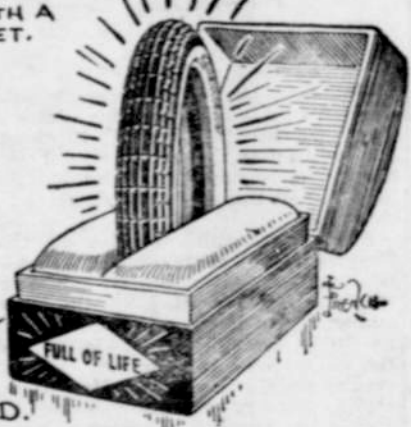
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Mt. Scott Herald

Published Every Friday at Lents Station, Portland, Oregon.

Geo. A. McArthur.....Proprietor

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5812 Ninety-second Street Phone 622-23

NO ROOM FOR CRITICISM

In the city of London there are hundreds of thousands of people unemployed—five million of them in Great Britain.

Empty stomachs are as numerous as the leaves upon the trees. One section of London is gaunt and filled with misery. There is no work, no money and but little bread.

In another section—the section of aristocracy and fashion—gayety reigns supreme. Immense sums of money are spent on the pleasures of a single night. It flows continually in the production of social excitement.

There is no want, no hunger, no lack of bread there. But are we Americans in a position to criticize England's aristocracy for its frivolity in the face of unemployment and misery?

We are not. Millions of people are out of employment in this country. Our cities swarm with homes where the larders are empty and little stomachs are more so.

Yet in Atlantic City a prize fight is to be pulled off soon between an American and a Frenchman—between Dempsey and Carpentier. High-salaried writers fill the columns of the daily papers with gush and guff about the color of Carpentier's socks and Dempsey's pet poodle dog.

Men will journey from every state in the union to see that fight. They will pay from \$10 to \$1,000 a seat to see two men beat each other up.

A broken nose smeared with blood will elicit no feeling of pity or concern—only renewed howls of joy or chagrin.

There will be no empty stomachs at that fight. No little children crying for bread will witness that gory contest of brutality.

The money spent for the privilege of seeing that fight would furnish a royal feast for all of the people in the United States who now hunger for bread.

Instead, it will not allay the sufferings of one. No, we are in no position to criticize the English, or any other nation of people, so far as squandering our substance and neglecting our unemployed are concerned.

ON THE HIGHWAY

Have you been out on the highway these bright and sunny days, when Oregon is at her best, and watched the processions of motor cars shooting back and forth over the pavement?

If you have, and ambled along on foot, you probably have noticed how some motorists differ from others in road manners. There are the city-wise driver, who knows the rules of the road and observes them, no matter where he goes; there is the selfish motorist, who wants the whole thoroughfare and takes about two-thirds of it. Then there are the women drivers, who take their friends out for an afternoon spin and gossip as they drive, thereby endangering the life and limb of fellow-motorists and pedestrians, for when they get interested in some choice bit of news they forget everything else.

They are all there, just as we find them in business life and the home. The stroller along the highway sees them all; good, bad and indifferent. The big Pierce-Arrow slips past him, utterly oblivious to his existence; the Buick or Dodge shoots by with a derisive toot of the horn, oftentimes driving the wayfarer to the soft dirt along the side, while the little old Henry usually rattles up with a clatter and a bang and the driver slams open the door and cheerfully says: "Going far? Better jump in." The more ancient the Lizzie, the surer it is that the owner will stop. "Yes," he will say, "I always pick a fellow up and carry him as far as I can. I tramped many weary miles myself before I got this old boat." And somehow, you feel that you wouldn't swap places and ride in that haughty Pierce-Arrow anyway. And when you thank him at your journey's end and he tells you he is glad to have helped you on your way, you know he meant it and was as pleased over helping you as you were to ride.

SECRETS WILL OUT

A new use has been found for ether, and the criminal element of our population is not pleased. In time their uneasiness may develop into a panic.

It has been demonstrated by practical experiment that a small amount of ether administered to a person—an amount sufficient to place him under its influence and yet leaving him conscious—will cause that person to respond readily to any question, to babble his inmost secrets.

Just what effect information secured in this manner will have in law is unknown, as its admissibility is yet to be ascertained. But the fact remains that this opens up a possible way of detecting crime and of solving many of the mysteries that now baffle the police of the country.

Then, too, if employed in ferreting out violations of the prohibition law there is no limit to the consternation it may create. It may even cause half of the population of the United States to decamp for parts unknown. Gosh!

It is a good idea to smile sweetly on a cloudy day. You thus supply the sunshine that nature withholds.

A writer in one of the Portland dailies, in commenting upon the number of women who have disposed of undesirable husbands via the slaughter house method, expresses the opinion that he would rather be a live bachelor than a dead husband. Tut! tut! brother—not all the ladies are so rovedyish. The more ladylike and refined patronize the divorce courts. Of course, if they haven't the price or are unable to wait, that's different. And you're no gentlemen no-how to interfere with the ladies' pastimes.

A Portland woman accepted a ride in a passing automobile the other day and was forced to leap from the moving car to avoid disagreeable consequences. Use the street cars, ladies—they may be less convenient but they're safer. And if an irate husband or two used a shotgun, who would blame him?

A newcomer from the east remarked to the Herald recently that he hadn't heard a frog croak since he arrived in this locality. We informed him that there were so many other croakers here that the frogs had left the country in disgust. Besides, during the rainy season many of them drown.

Portland is getting famous, with two movie queens as guests in a single month. If only some enterprising genius will secure the presence of Mrs. Stillman and "Little Black Beat" (or was it brown?) our cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing.

A woman in Buffalo, N. Y., drew up the plans for her own house, did the carpenter work herself, and with slight assistance installed the heating and plumbing systems. But there isn't a ghost of a show, fellows—she's married.

Watch your step. In the United States last year 65,000 girls disappeared without leaving a trace. Pitfalls are numerous and yawning, and always obscured from the view of the unwary.

Race and blood tell the story. In Japan there is one divorce to every seven marriages, while in England there is only one divorce to every ten thousand marriages.

Yes, there will come a time when flying is safe for many people. Gabriel will furnish the wings.

Genius is the master of simplicity, but a genius is not necessarily simple.

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HOW THE WORLD LOOKS SOMETIMES

There is no one man that resides in a community that inadvertently makes more enemies and fewer friends than the publisher of a newspaper. If he is true to his convictions and tells one-half the truth regarding the locality, he becomes just about as popular as a polecat in a parlor bedroom. The lawyer can side-step his errors with technicalities; the physician can bury his mistakes and the minister atone on the cross, but there is no salvation for the poor sucker that prints a newspaper, tells the truth and shames the devil. But why should we worry? The writer, although guilty of owning and conducting a bakers' dozen of "journalistic endeavors" in the last past nearly half a century, has never, as yet, been able to print one that fully satisfied himself; so why try to please the populace? Our hide has become as that of a rhinoceros and our innermost feelings seered and indiffered to criticisms as an Egyptian mummy.

June 24 is our birthday and the foregoing is about the way we feel toward a lot of pussy-foot beats that make it a business to sneer and criticize the errors of one's utmost endeavors to assist in the upbuilding and betterment of the condition of the community to the limit that our strength, capital, capability and good intentions will allow. We are going to start the new year of our existence by telling the truth, steering clear of fawning sycophants, and let the devil take the hindmost, whether we wind up as president of a (sand) bank or the inmate of a poorhouse.

P. S.—Probably our readers will excuse this tirade when we explain that generally, heretofore, we have been able to celebrate the anniversary of our birth in a manner befitting the occasion; but the fellow that promised to produce the "wherewith" for the celebration failed to connect—hence the condition of mind and inclination to believe this good old world a mighty cold one on very special occasions—so, who wouldn't be a grouch, under existing conditions?

P. S. No. 2—Since writing these few lines above, just before meal-time, we went home and found a dinner fit for a king, prepared by friend wife that the neighbors had brought in, and at the time of going to press we have a kindly feeling for all the world and the people in it. "God bless our home."

A woman's instinct is so keen she can invariably detect flattery from the genuine article, but it often keeps a fellow guessing to know which she prefers.

Where, oh! where, was our George when Clara Kimball was muchly photoed? It's the first chance he ever missed.

The joy of life is like a weed in the garden. No matter how much we stamp it out, it creeps right back again.



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