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TOOK THE WHOLE SECTION

Girl Availed Herself Thoroughly of Courtesy Extended to Her by Fellow Traveler.

Some of us remember the story of the camel that wanted to put his nose into the master's tent to warm a bit. Well, that camel is still alive. The other day she got on the train, dressed very prettily and looked as if she were used to having half the world whenever she wished it. But she didn't get it, for all the Pullman seats were taken.

Finally a middle-aged man, noticing her discomfiture motioned to the Pullman conductor. "I have this whole section reserved," he explained, "and since this young lady only goes to Evansville she may have a seat in it."

Courty, he rose from his seat facing the engine and indicated that she was to have it while he would ride backward. While he stood waiting for her to settle herself in she lifted her grip, put it on the seat facing her, draped her coat beside it, also her hat, magazines, purse and a box of candy. Then she stretched herself in the choice seat, leaving not an inch of room for any other person to occupy.

For a long minute the man stood regarding the bit of space beside the hat and candy box. Then he turned on his heel and went into the smoking car to stay until the train reached Evansville.—Indianapolis News.

JOY THAT COMES BUT ONCE

Statesman Recalls Thrill of Delight That Came to Him in His Schoolboy Days.

William C. Redfield, former secretary of commerce, says that he can recall with microscopic distinctness the moment that gave him the biggest thrill of delight in his whole life. It was when he was going to school and trying to master long division.

Three or four aisles over from where he sat a boy yawned. It was not an ordinary yawn, but one of such genuine expression of feeling toward things in general that it attracted Redfield's attention.

He was fortunate in having a paper pad right at hand, ready for any emergency, and he aimed this at the boy's cavernous mouth. By one of those rare exhibitions of magnanimity on the part of an inanimate object, the pad went right square into the goal, and Redfield's joy knew no bounds. He had played the one chance in a million and won.

Encouraged by his dexterity in that instance, Redfield then tried throwing rings at knives at county fairs, but never again did he exhibit such wondrous aim.

Caruso of China.

Lou Hoong-Shen, the Caruso of China, is dead. You never heard of him? Yet, he died in a Shanghai theater that had contracted to pay him \$10,000 a week. That's a big salary. It is phenomenally big in China, where a few cents a day will hire a strong man. Born of poor parents, Lou Hoong-Shen had to scramble for a living. But, though China is a land of musical voices (as anyone will testify who has listened to the songs of the hawk and the coolie), the boy Lou stood alone. He had the most wonderful voice among 400,000,000 Chinese. Despite this, he had to work hard before he became great. For many years he was a number—a Chinese actor. Ten years ago he was "discovered" in Shanghai. At once he quit the paint and weird garb of a Chinese actor and became a musical star. By odd coincidence, the great Chinese tenor died from a burst blood vessel in his throat, similar to that which threatened to take the life of Caruso, now convalescent.

Fox Ranching in Europe.

Although it is not generally known, quite a number of foxes were sold last year to parties residing in Europe, mainly throughout Sweden, Norway and Switzerland. One rancher who has supplied a number of pairs to these Europeans, states that the industry is spreading in a truly wonderful manner in these countries, and that this year he expects to be able to sell practically all his foxes abroad. There is only one drawback at present to a general spread of the industry there, and that is the rather high cost of feeding, but this is being overcome, and the sale of breeding stock at good prices will amply cover the higher expense. The present rate of exchange is also a disadvantage, but this does not seem to affect those who want to start in at the business, as the Europeans are now used to this. There is most certainly a big field in Europe for the fox industry, and that it will some day amount to something big is a surety.

The Lobster's Path.

The special dispatch from New London which told of the Noank fisherman who sold 2,700 pound of lobsters for more than \$300, thus enabling him to pay all the expenses incurred last spring when he started to build pots, buoys, etc., probably gives only the first chapter in an interesting story. It is fair to assume that the dealer who resold them to the summer hotel was enabled to pay the expenses he incurred when he erected his new warehouse, wharves and office buildings last fall; while, it may be presumed, the summer hotel owner in retelling them to his guests cleared off the half-million-dollar mortgage he contracted when he added the ten-story marble wing earlier in the season.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

CHIEF EXECUTIVES AT PLAY

Occupants of the White House Have Bought Recreation in All Forms of Strenuousness.

It is said that President Harding is the best golfer who ever lived in the White House. Though he only took up the game three years ago, he can get round the Chevy Chase course at Washington in 95, bogey being 71.

Mr. Wilson, though at one time a very good walker, was never keen on games, with the one exception of lawn tennis. He played a sound game of lawn tennis. He is a good mechanic and has on occasion shown that he could drive a locomotive.

The late Mr. Roosevelt was by far the most athletic man who ever sat in the presidential chair of the United States. Some of his feats were extraordinary. So lately as 1900 he rode 98 miles in 17 hours over stony Virginia roads. He never stopped anywhere for more than ten minutes, except once, at midday, for lunch and to rest his horse.

He was a skillful boxer and a fine fencer. Some eighteen years ago he received a bad wound over the eye in a fencing bout. The button of his opponent's foil broke off.

"Big Bill" Taft, who was one of the heaviest of United States Presidents, took up boxing in order to get his weight down, and was successful in reducing himself.

Fishing is a sport which many Presidents have enjoyed, among them Benjamin Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. The latter was a really keen angler and used to visit Florida in winter in order to enjoy the delights of capturing the great "silver king," as the tarpon is generally called.

GAIN AND LOSE POPULARITY

Words Travel in Cycles, Speakers and Writers Dropping into the Mode of the Moment.

"Allocation," said the word monger, "is a word that is being given considerable prominence, it became popular during the war in connection with ships and loans. The 'allocation' of shipping and the 'allocation' of loans came to be current phrases. Not long ago the senate called on the President for information as to how he had 'allocated' certain funds. In a recent newspaper story about an operative benefit in one of the big cities the newspapers said that 'the allocation of boxes is to be based on the size and date of the contribution.'"

"Allocation" is so closely allied to "allot," "assign" and "apportion" that the shipping and treasury authorities might just as well have said the "allotment" of ships and the "apportionment" of funds or loans. But words come into fashion and writers and speakers fall into or "fall for" the prevailing mode in words as some persons do for the prevailing colors in socks or neckties and the prevailing style in haircuts, says the Washington Star. In the "olden times"—that is, when grandfather was in business—"allocation" had somewhat of a run as a financial word and one could often hear and see the phrase "allocation of the shares of the company."

"Findings is Keepings."

"The appellate division of the Supreme court of New York, has decided that 'findings is keepings,' even for a copper," writes the New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger. "You see, Policeman Nicholas J. Majeski was off duty when he picked up an envelope lying on the sidewalk in Third avenue. Lucky pick! Envelope contained fourteen \$50 Liberty bonds. That was in April two years ago, and being an honest 'cop' he turned them in. No owner turned up and recently Nick went around to the lost property bureau and put in a claim for them as their finder. 'If you were a citizen you could have them,' said his superior officer, 'but you are just a cop and the police rules and regulations say the proceeds from unclaimed property found by members of the force goes to the police pension fund.' Nick hired himself a lawyer, made a fight for the bonds and the law stands back of him."

Church Bars Collection Plate.

A new method of meeting church expenses is told by the London Morning Post, which reports that collections have recently been entirely abolished at the parish church of Fulham, in London, except for special occasions for objects not connected with the parish.

Church expenses will be met out of a special fund which has been formed and to which every member of the congregation is asked to contribute a definite sum weekly. The experiment is said to be the first of its kind so far as the Church of England is concerned, but the vicar of Prittlewell, who was secretary of last year's church congress at Southend, has for some time had a very successful special fund at his church, if he has not entirely abolished the ordinary collections.

Snake Adopts Mouse.

A white mouse placed in the cage with a South American boa constrictor as food has been adopted by the snake, according to Edwin A. Osborne of No. 9518 1118th Street, Richmond Hill, owner of the unusual family. The mouse has made a nest of straw in the coils of the boa and Mr. Osborne declares the most amicable relations exist between the two.

The snake recently crushed to death a large rat in twenty-four seconds. The reptile refused to eat the rat, however.—New York World.

INDUSTRY LOST TO CANADA

Country Failed to Take Advantage of Ability to Build Tonnage for the High Seas.

Canadian shipbuilding dates from 1065 with the small vessels built at Port Royal (Annapolis) by Francois Grave, sailor from St. Malo. Seventy years later Interdent Talon's trading vessels are voyaging from Quebec to the West Indies and France—forerunners of those on the later triangular course—Canada to South America, Marseilles and return.

The year 1835 is the famous year, mark when the Royal William, capacity 963 tons, left Pictou on August 29 and reached London in 25 days—the first ship to cross the ocean under no power but steam. Though this ship was built in Quebec, it was to Nova Scotia in the persons of the three Cunard brothers that the vision came. Steam power, however, was as yet a baby. In 1850, Mackenzie of Pictou astonished Glasgow with the Hamilton Campbell Kidston, the biggest sailing ship the Clyde had ever seen. In 1864, Nova Scotia was launching 300 vessels, and by 1880 eastern Canada building, sailing, owning and selling, had become one of the four greatest shipping districts of the world. For a period between these dates Canada headed the lists of tonnage in proportion to population.

It was not so much the use of steam that caused the decline as the change from wood to metal. Had Nova Scotia developed her metal industries a generation sooner, the 500 Canadian vessels, built in 1875, would surely not have dwindled to 29 in 1900.

EARTH NOT REALLY CROWDED

Trouble is That Nature Has Not Seemed to Arrange a Division That is Equitable.

Somebody has reckoned that if the earth's population had increased 4 1/2 per cent every hundred years since the birth of Christ, by now there would not be standing room left on the globe, including all the islands. Yet England and Wales in ten years increased their population 161 per cent, and the increase in the United States has been much greater.

The earth's population at the present time is about sixteen hundred million. Different parts of the earth vary greatly in the matter of density of population. Certain portions of China, the Ganges valley, and parts of Europe are too crowded for comfort. On the other hand, large tracts of Central Asia, Russia, the Americas, Africa and Australia could accommodate many more people.

The Turks by their religious fanaticism have caused devastation in the last five hundred years in the valley of the Danube, in Macedonia, Asia Minor, Syria, and Mesopotamia. These countries, as a result of massacre and famine, are dried-up deserts.—Popular Science Monthly.

To Waterproof Matches.

One of the commonest experiences of the camper is that of finding that matches are so damp that they will not strike. All this trouble may be avoided by providing oneself with waterproof matches. These are easily made in the following way: Melt a few lumps of candle wax in an old can on the stove. Allow this to cool a little and then, before it has set, dip the matches in, one at a time. Treat the heads and about half of the wooden part. Place the matches on one side to cool. Matches soaked in this simple manner have been soaked in water for many hours, and they have ignited as readily as those which were perfectly dry. The only difference is that, in striking, it is needful to do so a trifle more firmly so as to get through the thin film of wax surrounding the head. When once the flame starts, the match burns very readily, owing to the wax which had adhered to the wood. Any ordinary matches can be treated in the manner described.—S. Leonard Boston in St. Nicholas.

Use the Hours Wisely.

Many men whose time had never been turned to account until they were past 40 have still had enough left to accomplish great things in the world.

But these are the most sincere mourners for the years that might have been utilized. If you will begin to-day to bear in mind that time cannot be hoarded, and that every hour of it should be converted into something that can be hoarded, you may lay the foundation for a fortune. You will certainly lay the foundation for happiness by and by.

Count your hours and allot each one to some task or to some profitable recreation. See that none of them slip by. They are as water through a mill, which, if sent over the wheel, creates valuable energy, but which spilled over the dam is gone forever.—John Blake, in Chicago Daily News.

You Never Can Tell.

Guest (upon approaching his host's home in the suburb)—Ah, there are some of your family on the veranda. See if I can guess who they are. The girl in short dresses is your daughter, the young man in riding breeches is your son and the lady in the—er—tea gown is your charming wife.

Host—No, you are all wrong. The girl in the short dresses is my grandmother; the young fellow in riding breeches is my wife and the lady in the tea gown is my 10-year-old daughter, who likes to dress up in her great-grandmother's dresses.—Judge.

ALSO "PLAYING THE GAME"

Children Sported While Their Grave and Reverend Elders Dwelt on the Destiny of Nations.

Mark Sullivan writes in the World's Work:

As to at least one who observed President Harding read his message to congress from the press gallery, his most vivid recollection will be of the little son of a Republican member in the fifth row, who, across the backs of four seats, improvised an acquaintance; and then, having exchanged treaties of amity and commerce through mysterious signals imperceptible to older eyes, slipped away from the guardianship of their respective parents, and by the aid of a cautious and ingratiating diplomacy, maneuvered their way past a dozen elders preoccupied with exalted matters of state, to the ends of the rows of seats. There, in the protective obscurity provided by the cavern-like depths of the aisle, they produced a roundish gilded button not so small but what unsatiated imaginations could place it out into a marble whose defects of roundness were fortuitously and admirably corrected by the slight decline in the floor of the aisle. With this equipment they extemporized a delectable game, which they played for an hour under great handicaps and at continuous and imminent risk of awful catastrophe, in happy unconcern of the sonorous words about the destiny of nations that rolled above their little heads.

"DAWDLERS" NOT LONG LIVED

Prominent British Manufacturer Points Out That Active Man of Business Reaches Old Age.

Lord Leverhulme, one of Great Britain's largest manufacturers, asserts that more people shorten their lives by dawdling in England than by hustling. He is a living proof that hustling promotes hale old age. He has always led the strenuous life, and at 70 is still going strong.

He presided at the annual meeting of the British Industrial Safety First association the other day. In his address he drew largely upon his American experience. Steps had been taken there, he said, to ascertain whether it was the hustling, bustling business man who was supposed to shorten his days, or the man who crawled and dawdled through life.

He declared there were men in the United States today of 80, 90 and between 90 and 100 years of age who were still in good health and actively engaged in business, whereas men who had retired early from business had shortened their lives thereby.

He thought the crawl of the dawdler was largely instrumental in shortening the lives of individuals in Great Britain—that the more a man worked, whether professionally or in other vocations, the more he would conserve his life and strength and the life and commerce of the country.

Embarrassing, Indeed!

Economizing might be all right, but first know your location! I went into a two-priced millinery store and after trying on several hats and not caring particularly for any, realized that it was next to impossible to get away without a purchase. Finally I said I had no money, but selected a hat for them to put away for me, and promised I would surely return for it the next evening. I breathed relief when I made my exit, and passing a store a few doors away, entered upon seeing a hat much to my taste, and after trying it on decided I really would buy it. As I was about to take the money from my purse, to my surprise the manager of the first store (he owned both, I later learned), entered, and seeing me, cynically smiled and said: "Don't waste your time on this customer—she's only sightseeing and has no intention of buying." My embarrassment, together with anger, was the limit, and I arose in a rage and left the store.—Chicago American.

Lost "Victory" Recovered.

Dust-covered and forgotten, two big packing cases have been reposing in the yard of federal parliament house. They had been received twelve months ago from London, and had been "dumped" with other stores in an out-of-the-way place. Recently one of the cases was opened and was found to contain a female figure in bronze with a helmet on her head. This was intended to represent Victory and was designed to commemorate the heroism of Australian soldiers. The statue was a gift of the commonwealth by Bertram Mackennal, the Australian sculptor. The smaller case contained the base of the statue. The unfortunate oversight has been rectified and Australia's thanks have been sent to Mr. Mackennal.

Engineering Triumph.

A daring engineering feat was performed in Pittsburgh recently when a nine-story modern building, filled with hardware, was moved a distance of 75 feet by 12 laborers. Ninety-pound rails, 120 of them, made the tracks on which the structure was moved. The sidewalks and basement of the building, including a big engine and boiler that continued to function, went along with the building. Customers passed to and from the building as though nothing was happening.

Completely Educated.

"Mrs. Brooks says she has no longer any fault to find with her husband." "Meaning, I suppose, that she long ago found all the faults he has."—American Legion Weekly.

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