Mt. Scott Herald

Published Every Friday at Lents Station, Portland, Oregon

LAWRENCE DINNEEN, Editor

Entered as second-class mail matter February 14, 1914, at the postoffice at Lents, Or., under act of congress, March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price - $1.50 a year

5812 Ninety-second Street
Phone Auto. 622-28

BREAKING THE BARRIERS

The Farm-Labor union in Texas and Oklahoma has been successful in breaking the color line; at its recent convention it adopted a resolution allowing negroes the same basis of representation as whites in national, state and county conventions, though seated by themselves. This breaking of the color line in a part of the south is looked upon as epochal.

The reason for the recognition of the negro equality with the whites is found in the necessity of pooling the negroes' cotton crop with that of the whites if any headway was to be made in controlling the price of cotton, it being found that over half the Texas cotton crop is raised and sold by negroes.

Economic self-interest is a powerful solvent of prejudices. Even in Europe business interests will find a way to bring German coal and French iron together, though for the moment racial hatreds seem to be dominant.

ON THE FARM

"There are certain ameliorations to labor on a farm," Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the federal children's bureau, quotes from the autobiography of Hamlin Garland, "A Son of the Middle Border," in her annual report to the secretary of labor. "Air and sunshine and food are plentiful." There are "changes in the landscape, in the notes of birds and in the play of small animals on the sunny soil."

"The charm and mystery of the prairie is a part of the inheritance of its sons and daughters," adds Miss Abbott. She declares, however, that children on farms are still, like Hamlin Garland, doing a "man's work" while they are "little boys longing for the leisure" and needing the schooling of boyhood, and that pioneer conditions of 50 years ago have all changed. "Is it not this which makes the farmer's son, when at last free to choose his occupation, so often turn his back on the farm, and choose industry or trade for his life work?" she asks. In her report are described the findings of a recent study of the work of children in rural districts, made by the federal children's bureau in co-operation with the children's code commission of North Dakota. Almost every variety of work done on the farms of that state was performed by the boys and girls included in the study. Much heavy and more or less hazardous farm work such as handling machinery or dangerous implements, plowing and driving of four-horse or five-horse teams was done by children from the age of 10 years up. Boys as young as 7 and girls as young as 10 years of age had driven stackers, hay forks and harrows. Nearly half the children studied had done some plowing in the course of the year, and this was found to be one of the principal kinds of work which children did. It was also continued over longer periods of time than almost any other work.

"Like Garland, Dakota children are still finding that 'to guide a team for a few minutes as an experiment was one thing—to plow all day like a hired hand. . . was not a chore, but it was a job,' and a job means meager educational opportunities in the spring and autumn," Miss Abbott says. The cold and lonely children, she continues, count the days in the fall till the ground freezes too deep for plowing, as they go round and round the fields. Over half the 845 children studied had missed at least one month of school and nearly one-third had missed two months or more. Nine per cent had missed half the school term.

Having experienced for a good many years the cold and lonely discipline of running a plow for a couple of months in the fall when going to school would have been a pleasanter job we can sympathize with the children that Miss Abbott writes about. But we have a notion that such children do not really lose very much by being out of school provided they go to a good school when they do go. Elementary schooling, we are convinced, might be greatly speeded up and a month or so less of schooling each year is not a great handicap to country children who get a good deal of training which is denied town children.

Patronize our advertisers.

It is with pleasure The Herald views the many improvements made and pending in this neighborhood. The new Lents postoffice and the contemplated widening of Powell Valley Road below Fifty-second street are two of them. Foster Road is now one of the finest boulevards in the city and is obtaining that reputation among Portlanders. Ease of access to this district means increased population and business here. Work on the immense Lents sewer project continues from the Harney avenue end. The Ross island bridge is assured. Everywhere there is contemplated building, by individuals, fraternal societies, churches, city and county.

The klan had nothing to do with the Louisiana affair. They wiped their hands on white, or black, caps. If a few black caps were worn by judges in the United States perhaps there would be fewer worn by minions of a super-government.

NOTES AND NEWS

Announcement is made of the presentation to Harvard university of a remarkable collection of editions of the "Imitatio Christi" of Thomas a Kempis. Over 1500 different editions of the Imitation are in the collection which was assembled by the late Dr. W. A. Copinger, an English bibliophile. In spite of this vast number of editions it is reported that the Harvard collection is less extensive than that in the British Museum. Even these great numbers of editions do not exhaust the possibilities of collection as there have been 1500 editions printed in France alone and over 3000 in the world as a whole. We have just received from Marietti of Turin a handsome edition which is the 52d this publisher has put out. The first edition of the "Imitation" was printed in Augsburg about 1471; it was in that year that a Kempis died. It is of interest to note that a manuscript of the book in the author's hand is preserved in Brussels.

Lloyd George in his weekly pronouncement, printed in the Journal Sunday, says: "Navies are essentially defensive weapons . . but armies are grabbing machines"; the meaning being that it is all right for Britain to remain mistress of the seize, but France must be disarmed

A few weeks ago the revolutionary government of Greece tried by court martial and executed a former prime minister of the country and other high officials. These men were at the head of the Greek government at the time of the disaster to the Greek forces in Asia and apparently Greek opinion demanded a scapegoat on account of that disaster. It now appears that the men who were put to death wanted to withdraw the Greek armies from Asia a year ago and were dissuaded from doing so by Lord Curzon, then and now British foreign secretary. Responsibility for the Smyrna tragedy and the present Turkish difficulty must rest squarely with the British government, which in its efforts to make secure its hold on the Turkish oil fields has seemingly overreached itself.

Curzon, who is charged with the chief responsibility for the killing of soldiers and non-combatants and the expulsion from their homes of a quarter million Greeks, is said to be a very decent sort of chap in his unofficial moments; he was something of a poet in his younger days. But as a party politician the ordinary standards of life are put aside and he becomes a ruthless imperialist, in accordance with the demands of the place which he occupies. The late W. S. Blunt, who died a few weeks ago, was an Englishman who fought the imperialists among his countrymen for 50 years and came to have a first-hand knowledge of them in private and public. He found that even a man like Gladstone, a man of "infinite private sympathy with good" was so warped by his position that his public life was "a fraud—as, indeed, the public life of every great parliamentarian must be." Gladstone, according to Blunt, arrived at the point where "his own personal impulses of good assumed the character of tastes rather than of principles. They were like his taste for music, his taste for china, his taste for bric-a-brac — feelings he would like to indulge, but was restrained from by a higher duty, that of securing a parliamentary majority."

Miscellany

By Autolycus

In view of the fact that some capable sculptor might be in search of an idea which would commend him favorably to posterity, I suggest a life-size study of Edward Young Clarke, imperial something-or-other of the knights of the invisible empire, making his famous declaration:

"There has been an erroneous impression created by our enemies that the klan is an anti-Catholic organization."

It would be appropriate to fashion the model in bronze, and to depict the figure in a recumbent, or lying, position.

As Fords are regarded with such inconsequence—not to say levity—in the land of their nativity, I feel sure that many people will be interested in the following paragraph which was presented with great dignity in the social columns of a London paper:

"At Bishop's House, Brentwood, on Tuesday, the presentation of a motor car was made by Audrey Lady Petre, to His Lordship the Bishop of Brentwood, on behalf of herself and several friends and members of the diocese. Surrounded by a gathering of subscribers, Lady Petre read out the beautifully-illuminated address presented by Miss Lescher. His Lordship the Bishop thanked the subscribers most heartily, and said that the car would prove of the very greatest help in his work. The car, a Ford coupe of the latest type, was greatly admired."

Many things have been written of the far-flung flivver, but I venture to suggest that this is the first time it has ever been written of a Ford that it was "greatly admired."

Short Stories

The anxious mother rings up what she thinks is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the nursery, and is given Mr. Gottfried Gluber, the florist and tree-dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my litle Rose."

"Vat seems to be der madder?"

"Oh! not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Vell, I dell you vat you do. You dake der skissors and cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und"—

"Wha-a-at?"

"I say, dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten-hose on for apoud four hours in her morning"—

"Wha--at?"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot of plack dirt all around, und shprinkle mit insegt-powter all ofer der top"—

"Sir-r-r!"

"Shprinkle mit insegt-powter all der top. You know usually id is noddings but pugs dot"—

"How dare you? What do you mean by such language?"

"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes der troubles; und den you want to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale"—

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-h!" weakly. "Good-bye."

The editor of the Smalltown Bugle, like some others of his brethren, experinces considerable difficulty in persuading his subscribers to come forward, from time to time, with the annual subscription price.

"If it is agreeable to you," he finally wrote to one hardened delinquent, "I will accept two bushels of corn in payment of the amount you owe me." "I regret to say," responded Farmer Brown, in due course, "that in feeding my stock I have used all the corn I raised."

"Dear Mr. Brown," began the next letter of the series, "inasmuch as you have used all your corn, I prestime you have a large supply of corn cobs on hand, and I would be glad to accept a load thereof in payment of the amount due from you, as I can use them in place of kindling wood." "Mr. Editor," replied the farmer by the next mail, "your letter has been received and contents noted. What I want to know is this—what in Sam Hill do you think I'd want with your paper, if I had a supply of cobs to use in kindling fires?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

A very deaf old lady, walking along the street, saw an Italian turning a peanut roaster. She stood looking at it awhile, shook her head and said: "No, I shan't give you any money for such music as that. I can't hear any of the tunes, and besides it smells as if there were something burning inside!"—The Congregationalist.

Mrs. Castle at the Blue Mouse

Mrs. Irene Castle, famous dansuse and actress, appears again on the silver sheet in "Slim Shoulders," which coms to the Blue Mouse theater Saturday. It is difficult to estimate in advance the welcome that local theater patrons will accord this celebrated and popular artist. Suffice to say that the Blue Mouse theater will no doubt be crowded to capacity. Whenever she appears in this city Mrs. Castle has always been favored with capacity audiences, whether appearing in person or on the screen, and it is safe to asume, therefore, that "Slim Shoulders" will draw record houses at each performance.

Patronize our advertisers.

Read the Herald Classified ads.—Read the display ads too.