

# BEAVER STATE HERALD

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IF IT were not for the reputation that the Portland Daily News has for malicious and slanderous news, some one in Lents would have reason to feel bad. Twice of late the News has represented that Lents was a hot bed of vice and that it was being crushed into the dust by the county sheriff. Now both representations are absolute lies. We defy the News or any other publication to look the town over, and compare it honestly with any other town of its size in the Northwest, and find a higher degree of propriety or morality than will be found right here in Lents. We do not contend that things are absolutely spotless, but for a town that has been practically run without restrictions of any sort, not incorporated and having no legal status or right to provide for local regulations, we are quite ready to put Lents against the best of the country. No doubt there have been some soiled characters seen out this way. Even some of the News representatives have been seen in Lents, and possibly the editor of that sheet may have passed through the town. We are not responsible for that. Had the remainder of the city, dominated for the past two years by the News' choice of public officials, been as well conducted, and kept as free from boot-leggers and degenerates as Lents has been, there would not have been as much interest in getting a set of clean city officials as was exhibited at the recent election.

Futhermore, the people of Lents do not feel that Sheriff Word is possessed of a grouch against the town. He did not arrest any one in Lents for the attempted hold up of a farmer, near Sycamore. He has never raided the town at any time. He has warned some of the citizens about the necessity of observing the law in reference to the sale of liquors and gambling. That is his duty and privilege to do that.

In reference to the little disturbances that have occurred relative to the skating rink, we wish to say that the News is again in error. The persons held for conducting an unlawful amusement were not thrown into jail and released after trial. That is just half true. The sheriff did not dig up an old, out of date unconstitutional law. Some of the people of Lents invoked a very much alive statute on the subject but the jury released the victims. Judge Gantenbein is cited as having declared the law unconstitutional. Judge Gantenbein has no authority to do anything of the sort. What his opinion may be is a different matter.

If the News were to confine itself to the truth, and what the people of the county know to be the truth, it would have a more creditable standing with the better informed people of the city. As it is, no one knows when to believe what it publishes, and the less prejudiced the reader is, the less he will believe. There is a place for a reliable, independent paper in Portland. It is to be regretted that the News cannot be both.

THE failure of the city of Portland to dispose of its bonds at creditable values in two or three instances of late is but another evidence that it is time to change the system in selling securities. Bonds of the face of \$1000 or up cannot be handled

by the common people. The custom has been to put them up in large blocks so that the municipality wishing to sell them, would have to apply to some eastern bond market for their disposal. If sold in the east the brokerage and the interest go there. This helps to concentrate the money of the country at the bond market. If the bonds must be disposed of quickly, they sell at a loss.

Now if the amount to be raised were broken up into small notes, say 25 dollars each, and not to exceed \$100, and retailed over the counter of some live department store, they would sell at par, without brokerage, and at 4 to 5 per cent. The interest would remain in the community, the congestion of wealth in the east would be relieved, the bond holder's interest in the welfare of his community would be doubled, and everybody would be happy—except the fellow who has been accustomed to clip our coupons. And as he has not been accustomed to consider us further than to collect his interest, we would not worry.

## Communications.

To The Editor:

I beg permission to call the attention of your readers to a matter of the greatest importance to all of us and that is the school election June 16.

The management of the schools of this district lies with five men elected by the taxpayers who handle \$3,000,000 of the peoples money every year. Consequently it is of the utmost importance that we elect capable, conscientious, persons to this board.

The two candidates before the people are Mrs. Kerr and O. M. Plummer.

Mrs. Kerr is an estimable society woman who lives on Portland Heights. She is the wife of James B. Kerr, a prominent attorney for the Harriman Railroads. She is at present a member of the board, having been chosen by the other members to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of H. C. Campbell. She was nominated by J. V. Beach, a member of the law firm of Simon, Beach, and Mallory. Mrs. Kerr has served four months.

The other candidate is O. M. Plummer, a successful business man with a national reputation as an educator. He is a man of the plain people. His ideas are practical and he gets results.

To illustrate the way Mr. Plummer does things, I relate this incident which occurred in the Arleta District.

For two years the patrons of the Arleta school have been trying to secure bubbling fountains for the building. There were fountains for Portland Heights, fountains for Irvington and fountains for Ladd, but none for Mt. Scott. Last Monday Mr. Plummer was invited to address the Arleta branch of the Parent-Teachers' Association. In the course of his remarks he said Arleta should have fountains and that they could be installed within twenty-four hours. The morning paper published an account of the meeting on Tuesday, and before 10 A. M. on the same day, a man was sent out by the board with explanations and apologies, but with what is more important, bubbling fountains. This is only one of many instances that could be related of Mr. Plummer's interest in the welfare of the schools.

The polling place in Lents is Duke's Hall, however a taxpayer may vote at any polling place in the city. A person may vote without having registered as the general election laws do not apply to school elections.

Mr. Plummer is not spending any money on his campaign as he is opposed to a man buying his way into office. No automobiles will be hired to carry voters to and from the polls although some of his personal friends may offer their private machines for the convenience of voters in the suburbs. However let us not wait to be taken in an automobile but let us all go and take our friends with us and break the ring that has controlled school politics for these many years. MT. SCOTT.

Old Pap Proudfather—Hey, mother, did you read this? Son Hank's made his first speech in the legislature and said that all the good in him he learnt at his mother's knee.

Mrs. Proudfather—I reckon he did upside down, across my knee.

## A PROPHECY BY A 14 YEAR OLD GIRL.

Twenty years have glided by in quick succession. It was May, Nineteen Hundred and Thre-e, and alone I sat musing in my cliff house home by the sea.

It is evening and I sit gazing into the firelight's cheerful glow, watching the grotesque figures as they battle with each other therein, eating the great, log before me, while through the open window the booming of the breakers mingled with the sweet fragrance of the hyacinth, waft their way across the room, and I seem to float lazily along into the mists of bygone years.

Oh! who is that queer humped-back creature with the wrinkled brow and somber eyes of an old, old man, squatting upon the hearthstone with chin propped upon his hands? Small? He is not more than a foot high. I sit staring at him yet he takes no heed of my presence. Unable to restrain my curiosity longer I ask, Who are you little boy? Gazing at me with reproach in his eyes he answers, Boy! Why I am so old I have lost count of the years. I am the Spirit of the Past—my back has grown humped with weight—The past grows so quickly, you know, and again he sat musing forgetful of my presence. A second time I broke in upon his reverie by asking: Why have you come? A whimsical smile stole across his countenance, but he gravely added, "To roll back the screen of time and to help you gaze upon the treasure of the past." Shall we begin?

"Yes" I managed to gasp, for I was somewhat frightened. And lo! upon the firelit screen stood the Gilbert public school building. The birds were flitting from tree to tree. Old Glory was proudly floating in the breeze, while the ground was covered with children who were amusing themselves at various games. The playing ceased, and with it the picture has passed, and now upon the firelit screen, I see a room filled with rows of desks which are littered with books, papers, and pencils. I look more closely and discover that each desk is presided over by some boy or girl. In the front seat sits a girl of perhaps fourteen years, writing and rewriting this sentence: "Learn to concentrate your mind if you would succeed." Farther back sits a boy counting and recounting to himself. I peer closer and find that he is estimating to find out the exact seconds when he shall become a tangent and be flung from the grammar school into the maze of Greek, German or Psychic research. And still farther back sits a boy twisting and wriggling about in his seat in his endeavor to gaze into a tiny looking glass. He wishes to see if his hair has lost the effect of the uncomfortable kid curler of the night before (Turn to your class) of course you recognize the picture. Again the building has taken its place upon the screen. It is tottering; the walls are crumbling and at last down it falls into a heap of ruins.

But before I have time to sigh or give one moan of regret I gaze with startled eye at the scene then before me. Upon the mass of ruins rises a mighty building with domes, towers and an observatory rises, while around it the grass is springing to life, covering the space with a carpet of green. I look more closely and I read—The Gilbert University. The doors are opening. The Board of Education is advancing to take their seats in the assembly hall. They seem familiar. Ah! yes, twenty years has worked a change, their steps are slow and their hair is white, but beaming rays of encouragement and kindly sympathy flash from their eyes on the student body there assembled. I forgot to mention their names, but you know them. They are the present Board of Education. The picture broadens and I peep into rooms No. 12 and 13 and see, standing before a desk teaching fifty boys, a teacher who is ably expounding to her class just how a berry vine layers itself, just how a graft should be made and how a tree should be pruned. And she continued, "I shall call my assistants and we shall have a practical demonstration of this lesson by regular work." I see them file past to the orchard and I recognize the able professors as Mrs. Calkins and Mr. Gilbert.

Again the picture has vanished and now I see a busy room filled with clerks, a din of typewriters, adding machines and scratching of pens makes one wonder if all the business of New York City is being transacted before you. The picture enlarges and I see a man quietly sitting in a spacious office giving orders to office boys or dismissing callers, and I ponder, is this the mighty brain power which controls the busy whirl of the adjoining room. I wisely conclude that it is, and that I am meeting face to face my old classmate, Mr. Fred Dozier. The picture changes and I follow him to his home, a palatial mansion in one of the most select resident districts of the city. Lightly he runs up the steps and disappears, and the picture fades and I can see no more.

And again I see before me beautiful Switzerland with its glaciers and snow capped mountains, I am in Geneva.

The streets are crowded with a mass of human beings. They seem to be in a frenzy of joy and under a great stress of excitement. A dark object floating in the heavens above attracts my view. It is swerving here and there with the grace of a bird. It swoops closer and I read the gleaming letters on the side, "Walter Steiger's flying machine, The Eagle," and I learn that he has been employed by the government of Switzerland to perfect a machine superior to those of other Powers. The picture has vanished and with it the Spirit of the Past. I find myself musing alone by a hearth full of dead embers. Yes I am alone save my pet cat and my poodle dog and my servants. I knit stockings for the poor or piece patch work quilts, or crochet, to suit my fancy. For I am a lonely bachelor maid who lives in a cottage by the sea.

By Dorothy Johnston, Buckley Ave., Lents, Oregon. Age 14 years.

### Evening Star Grange.

The attendance was very good at the last meeting of Evening Star Grange. The lecture hour and also the business meetings were shortened to allow many of the members to attend the Russellville Grange Hall.

This being Flora's day, the Worthy Flora read a fine paper on flowers. Many large bouquets were scattered about the room. Mr. A. Nicols gave a short talk on the subject, "Moral Influence of Good Pictures." Mr. Edgar H. Sensesich of the Northwestern National Bank had a very fine paper on the subject of "Currency and Banking Reforms." He also explained the present conditions, and told how with further legislation along these lines, and the establishment of a central bank financial trouble and panics could be averted. Mr. T. J. Kreuder, Master of Lents Grange, and a delegate from this county to the last state Grange, told of the work done by that body. Pleasing instrumental music was rendered by Mr. Orlan Hollowell. Miss Mildred Boon favored us with a poetical recitation.

### Homesteaders Making Good.

Homesteaders in Central Oregon are making good, declares President Joseph Young, of the Hill lines in Oregon, who lately accompanied Louis W. Hill, of the Great Northern, on an extended tour of the State. Crop conditions are said to be excellent with prospects of a big yield. Development work of all kinds is going ahead well and new settlers are coming in from the East and establishing themselves.

A simple means of preventing a fresh cake sticking to a plate is to sprinkle a little sugar on the plate.

### Most Children Have Worms

Many mothers think their children are suffering from indigestion, headache nervousness, weakness, costiveness, when they are victims of that most common of children's ailments—worms. Peevish, ill-tempered, fretful children, who toss and grind their teeth, with bad breath and colicky pains, have all the symptoms of having worms, and should be given Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleasant candy lozenge, which expels worms, regulates the bowels, tones up the system, and makes children well and happy. Kickapoo Worm Killer is guaranteed. All druggists, or by mail. Price 25c. Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis

**Signs and Painting**

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STATEMENT  
of the financial condition of  
**THE MULTNOMAH STATE BANK**

at Lents, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business June 4, 1913.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$ 57,825 34
Overdrafts	1 10
Bonds and warrants	14,242 65
Furniture and fixtures	2,000 00
Due from approved reserve banks	\$13,503 11
Checks and other cash items	1,307 90
Cash on hand	5,938 07
<b>TOTAL CASH</b>	<b>30,409 08</b>
Expenses	1,679 53
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ 96,307 70</b>

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 15,000 00
Undivided profits	1,758 97
Postal savings deposits	\$ 9,248 00
Individual deposits subject to check	59,712 16
Demand certificates of deposit	5,448 91
Certified checks	None
Cashiers checks	228 81
Time certificates of deposit	4,824 85
<b>TOTAL DEPOSITS</b>	<b>\$ 79,418 73</b>
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ 96,307 70</b>

State of Oregon,  
County of Multnomah, ss:  
I, H. Rostad, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
H. Rostad, Cashier.  
Correct—Attest:  
C. F. Hendricksen  
M. G. Thorson  
Directors  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of June 1913.  
W. F. Klineaman  
[SEAL] Notary Public.

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Lents, - - - - Oregon

### NOTES OF THE W. C. T. U.

A local paper published in the middle west, tells of a young girl seeking employment in the office of a business man, who presented herself with face so daubed with cosmetics that her features were actually repulsive to the would be employer. The editor adds: "If the young woman could have heard the remarks which the business man make later when discussing young women and the business world, she would have blushed to the roots of her hair, and if she has a grain of sense in her make-up she would have resolved never again to make herself look like a woman of the street. Neatness and modesty in appearance,—and that includes the treatment of the face,—are essentials that bring employment and respect."

The next meeting of Mt. Scott Union will be with Mrs. J. W. Wilkins, 3929 65th Avenue S. E. Take the Mt. Scott car to Arleta. The date for this meeting is June 25th. "Democracy and the Overman," is the topic for study, with a review of the "Trend of Things."

### ADVERTISED LETTERS

Advertised letters for week ending May 7, 1913:  
Alford, Mrs. Anna; Barbejaw, Paul; Rice, B.; Card, H. S.; Curtis, Sadie E.; Coe, W. E.; Dahhammer, B. F.; Dunstan, Geo. E.; Gilson, G. B.; Harris, Edward J.; Hilligas, Mrs. F. W.; Hogue Edith; Huntington, G.; Jones, Mrs.; Knapp, Mary F.; Levings, L. L.; Morston, J. H.; Morton, H. S.; Morand, E. C.; Monest, Paul; Myers, M. F.; Nelson, Allen; Palmgren, Gust; Powers, E. J.; Radding, E. F.; Taylor, Wm. F.; Teiter, G. F.; Williams, Mr. Wilson, Marie, Yates, Wm.  
GEO. W. SPRING Postmaster.

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Two Sides. "There are two sides, you know, to every argument," said the ready made philosopher. "Yes," replied the gloomy person, "but it makes a difference which side you choose. There two sides to a piece of fly paper."—Washington Star.

An Exception. "Money, after all, means nothing but trouble." "Still, it is the only kind of trouble which it is hard to borrow."

He Swore. She was furious, dear, when you told him that we had been secretly married? He not really furious, only surfurious. Judge

None is to be deemed free who has not perfect self command—Pythagoras

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Old men and women feel the need of a laxative more than young folk, but it must be safe and harmless and one which will not cause pain. Dr. Kings New Life Pills are especially good for the aged, for they act promptly and easily. Price 25c. Recommended by all Druggists.

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