

Letter From H. W. Scott.

Forest Grove, Ore., May 17 '13
Editor Press:—

In reply to an article in the "News Times" of last week entitled, "Grove Boys Get Into Trouble While Fishing." In this article the News Times proceeds to denounce me in no small terms and to hold up to public gaze, the innocent mob headed by "Pork" Miller and Young Higby, and four other young men of the Grove as helpers, as being highly justified in waylaying a citizen of this county, who according to the News editor does not happen to be prominent, and assaulting and kicking and stamping him up.

Here are the facts in the case: On the Sunday referred to I was at home with my wife and children, attending to my own business. I was out in my garden with my family on the banks of Scoggins creek which runs thro my farm when young Miller and Higby entered my place, and went to fishing, notwithstanding, there was a number of trespass notices, posted up in plain sight. I ordered them off my premises, and after considerable sass and arguing the case they said they would get off, but instead, they went out of sight around a clump of bushes, and went to fishing again. After about an hour my father and mother came to my place and wanted to take us for a ride in their machine, my father came out to the garden where I was trying to shoot some gophers. I told him I would go riding with him but I was going up through my place first as I believed some men I had ordered off the place that morning were still fishing, on my place, (not on some other place as they have since told) and to say I was mad and indignant, I will leave that for any reader of this article to decide who has had the same experience. I ordered them off.

They gave me some more impudent sass and I slapped them with my open hand and gave them a few kicks and only used necessary force to get them off. As to the report that my father held the shot gun on them, this is a lie, I handed the gun to my father before I got within 200 yards of them and my father set the gun down by a stump saying he did not want them to tell he held a gun while I was driving them off my place, and did not pick up the gun until I had them going off. We left them before we got to my line, crossed the creek and went to the house, this is all there is to this, and if I committed any crime running them off my own land and home that the law gives me a right to protect, why did they not invoke the arm of the law as they did later by having me taken before the grand jury?

On Thursday night following this I met Raleigh Walker of the Grove an old schoolmate of mine, and took him over to my father's house in the Grove for supper; after supper we went to the barber shop, and met Miller and Higby on the street a number of times before dark and they never said a word about "decorating my face" as the "News Times editor puts it. Later in the evening we went to the K. P. Lodge and when the lodge adjourned, about 10:30 I invited Raleigh Walker to go home or over to my father's, H. W. Scott's house, and stay over night with me as he usually does when I am in the Grove over night.

As we were just in front of the old school building six men walked out in front of us, beginning to curse and call me all kinds of names, saying they were going to get me and if they did not get me they would some other time. This one they call Pork seemed to be the leader and often called on the boys to "close in on him." I tried to talk them out of any trouble

and so did Walker, but there was so many that they got Walker and myself separated. I stood them off the best I could, until I had walked backwards to the middle of the block near the Keene residence, where it was quite dark and not being able to watch so many someone hit me with some hard instrument, felling me to the ground, perfectly unconscious. When I came to the mob was all over me kicking and stamping my head, face and body when I was knocked down part of the mob grabbed Walker and held him while the rest stamped me, and I believe if Walker had not been there and finally got loose and pulled them off they would have murdered me right there. I finally got hold of the fence and got over it and I had this brave Miller by the collar and he was calling for the gang to come and get him loose, and they did, while they were dragging Miller away Walker and I got out of their clutches and got to my father's house only a block away.

Now it develops that the leaders of this mob had me pointed out to them early in the evening by a business man of the Grove, and they immediately began to telephone to the rest of the gang and made their brags a number of times before lodge adjourned to different ones that they were going to get Scott, on his road home. They sat in front of the K. P. Hall across the street, and told the marshal they were only eating a lunch. They asked Dr. Walker, a member of the lodge, if young Scott was in the lodge, and Dr. Walker went to the outside guard and asked if Henry Scott was in the Lodge. Dr. Walker and myself were not acquainted and later in the evening I was pointed out to Dr. Walker as "there is Henry Scott," when the Dr. said he did not want to see Scott.

They had pickets watching for me when the lodge closed and Raleigh Walker and I stopped in a confectionery and had a glass of soda, which gave the mob plenty of time to get ahead of us and although a number of people heard them say they were going to waylay me not one person ever even hinted that anything was wrong. They could have told the Marshal and he could have sent them home where they belonged. I mention all this to show it was a well planned and premeditated mob organized to kill me or leave me for dead as they never knew that Raleigh Walker was going home with me, and every one of the six was there ready and willing to do anything that was necessary to carry out their murderous intentions.

And when a county paper like the News-Times will countenance such auctions as above by embellishing the account as it does by saying that "when they attacked Scott, Walker held Higby and Miller did an artistic job of decorating Scott's face with his fists," even gloating over and encouraging the actions of this mob, this is certainly bad advice to give young men starting out in the world. This editor cannot say he did not know my side of the story, as I met him in company with Raleigh Walker and my father next morning after my experience with the mob, and he said "go after them; dont neglect it; get out warrants and have them punished."

Further on the editor of the News-Times says "He had warrants sworn out for the arrests of all the boys and the case was transferred from Justice court to Juvenile court as Miller and Higby were under 18 years of age" but, the News-Times don't give the names of Young Ireland, Justice Hayes, Elmer Hamilton, and Raleigh Gates that were arrested and placed under bonds, and that Miller made affidavit his son would be 17 in September, and

Higby's father that his son would be 18 in this month and young Gates was almost 18, the other three being 18 now.

I absolutely had nothing to do with this case going before the grand Jury, all I have to say is that I was exonerated before and by the said Grand Jury and the mob was not.

I want to further say that I don't believe the masses of the People of Forest Grove uphold this kind of law and order and I don't believe that the parents of these young men want to uphold them in such actions and if they fully realize the seriousness of the case as law abiding citizens should, they will in some way chastise them and try to prevent it happening again as it certainly is an accident that I was not murdered, and had I been armed I would have been justified in defending myself by shooting down the first person that assaulted me, and any way you look at it, it is a very serious matter. These young men began this trouble and nobody is to blame but themselves, as I have done nothing but try to defend my rights and did not do that to one half what the laws of our land allows me to, and it was not as the News-Times says, "hasty action on the part of all participants, Scott in the first place, and the boys in the second."

Just reverse that last quotation and you have it right and truthful. If this Pork Miller and Higby had asked to fish on my land, or had stayed out of where they had no rights or permission, and not practiced just what the fathers and mothers of these young men would have liked for me to do on that sabbath day, (ie) stayed off their premises and allowed them to enjoy in peace and happiness their own home, there would have been no trouble.

I am sure they would and do expect that freedom and protection that the laws of this free government of ours gives to every owner of a home no difference how humble or how prominent, as the News editor puts it, the family may be.

Now if this Pork Miller that the News editor sets up as such an artist at decorating my face with his fists, is what he would have you believe he is, why did he chew up one of my fingers, and he, or some one else in the mob, kick me in the mouth, breaking three of my teeth? I am sure Pork had a black Jack, brass knuckles, or some such deadly instrument in his hand.

Now to close, I have written this all myself and have not had one thing or item written or suggested by the Press, as I thought it my duty and a right I have after I have been shown up as I have been in the News-Times, and all the reports and tales afloat, to give a full explanation of the whole affair, and I sign my name to the above assuming all responsibility to same.

HENRY W. SCOTT.

Shaw Will Lecture.

Pro. Thomas Shaw, a high authority in the science of agriculture and agricultural development, will lecture in this city at the K. of P. hall, Monday evening, under the auspices of the Oregon Electric Railway company. Every farmer in this section and all those interested in farm development should attend this lecture, as Professor Shaw's lecture is sure to be of great benefit. No admission will be charged.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

The Greek Bath.
When the skin is dry and harsh it shows a lack of natural oil, which the ancients are said to have supplied in the following manner: To seven ounces of pure oil add one ounce of lavender water. Shake well and rub it well over the entire body with rotary motion. The body should first be bathed in hot water and the oil applied while the body is still warm and moist. The effect is soothing and it makes the skin soft.

All Around Town

Program at S. D. A. Church

The pupils of the Adventist church school will give a program in the church this evening, consisting of songs, recitations and instrumental numbers. Two graduates will receive diplomas from the eighth grade. The public is invited to attend the exercises.

Be sure and read A. G. Hoffman & Co's. ad this week. It means money to you. 29tf

See those new Bulgarian ties at A. G. Hoffman & Co's.

Ladies come and see the new tub silk shirt waists at A. G. Hoffman & Co's.

Buy a new summer parasol from A. G. Hoffman & Co. They are beauties.

A ring containing seven keys and a piano tuner's wrench, found by H. Nauffts; left at this office; owner call.

Last Course Concerts.

The final course concert will be given Wednesday evening, May 28 at Marsh Hall. Three very fine artists have been engaged. D. M. Fare, a prominent baritone from Washington D. C., a musician of distinction with a large dramatic voice; Mrs. Fry, contralto soloist of the Sunny-Side M. E. church, a beautiful voice of wide range; and Mr. Baird Refogle, pianist. The trio will give a wonderful program of solos, duets, and trios. Season tickets will be honored. Admission at the door 50 cents.

Gertrude, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Quick, of the Hillside section, is at the Forest Grove Hospital. The little one became ill last week and the attending physician thought it best to have her removed to the hospital. Latest reports are that she is improving nicely.

Ira Bradly, of Greenville, was a business visitor to this city, Monday. He stated to the Press that the farmers were busy in his section finishing up their spring planting. Ira has a fine farm and was offered a good price for it recently, but turned the offer down. In about two weeks Ira will start a rock crusher to work in the Banks section.

James Tegarden, a former resident of this city, has been in Forest Grove the past week, renewing acquaintances. He notes a wonderful growth since he made his home here.

Special! Special!

Do not fail to see the greatest picture film ever shown in this city, next Tuesday at the Star Theatre, "From the Manger to the Cross" This stupendous and marvelous production will make an impression that will remain with you for years. Afternoon and evening.

Death of J. M. Stamp.

John M. Stamp, aged 43 years, died at his home in this city Saturday. Funeral services were held Monday at the Adventist church, Elder R. D. Benham, of the S. D. A. church at Cornelius officiating. Interment was held in the Forest View cemetery. Mr. Stamp is survived by his widow and two daughters.

Two Accidents Noted.

Clarence Meyers, a young man living at Cornelius, while coasting down a hill near his home, Tuesday, allowed his steed to run away, resulting in a hard fall. A badly bruised head and a severe shaking up was the extent of Clarence's injuries. Dr. Vollmer dressed the young man's wounds, and he is able to be about with his head in a sling.

Mr. Miller, working in a logging camp at Gaston, broke a bone in his right leg, Friday, and came to this city to have the fracture reduced.

TIME.

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide
That ere their flight was heeded they were past;
A river that to death's dark shore doth fast
Conduct all living with resistless force
And, though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course.
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last,
Its current with creation's birth was born
And with the heavens commenced its march sublime,
In days and months, still hurrying on untired,
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn
And of my musings thoughts in doubt, inquired
The river's name. My thoughts responded, Time.
—Vincenzo Da Filicena.

HEALTH HINT FOR TODAY.

Flat Foot.
A treatment suitable, with but slight modification, for all cases of static foot trouble (flat foot), from the early cases which are often described as "weak ankles" to the most severe cases, where there is old standing structural change, is described by Dr. P. B. Rath in the Lancet. The treatment consists of attention to footwear, attention to position in standing and walking and regular daily exercises. Whether boots or shoes are worn, whether they button or lace, they must be the shape of the feet. The inner side of the boot where the big toe lies is kept straight, so that the end of the boot is opposite the big toe and not opposite the second or third toe. This is to insure that the big toe is not pushed out against the other toes and has plenty of room in which to act. The soles should be a sixth to a fourth of an inch thick, the heels broad, an inch or less in height.

A Little Greaser Girl

By F. A. MITCHEL

A little Mexican girl (she might have been anywhere between fourteen and twenty; no one could tell because she was of the small kind) went into a saloon in Arizona to sell some little posies she had made of wild flowers for 1 cent each. A cowboy named Bucklin—a good looking chap—bought one, for which he paid her a quarter and wouldn't take any change. Bucklin didn't like the way she looked at him when she thanked him. There was something in that glance that meant a suddenly born love. The cowboy knew something about these hot blooded girls of the south, these greasers, and didn't care to have any of them fall in love with him. Either the love must be returned or the man loved was liable to have a tarantula put in his bed or a knife in his heart or something of the kind.

After selling Bucklin the posy the Mexican girl went up to the bar and stood beside a big fellow—Jenks, who was about as bad a specimen as the country produced, and the bad ones were very bad—and asked him to buy a posy. Looking down and seeing the girl beside him, instead of buying a posy he gave her a cuff and, with an oath, told her to "git along." Bucklin didn't like to interfere, for in the first place he expected to either kill or be killed if he did, and in the second place he didn't wish to become the girl's champion, for if he did he might not get rid of her without trouble. But there was something in him that couldn't abide Jenks' act, and he sprang for him from behind and tumbled him on the floor. Then, holding him down with one hand, he whipped out his gun with the other and, pressing it against his cheek, said to him:

"I've done this for what you did to the girl. Your life is mine. I'll give it to you if you'll agree before these witnesses to keep the peace with me."

The man, knowing that it was death or consent, gave his word for peace. There was an unwritten law in that part of the country that applied in such a case as this, and Jenks knew that if he killed the cowboy another cowboy or some other person would shoot him from behind. Being restrained from killing the cowboy himself, he concocted a scheme whereby some one else would do the job for him. He stole a horse and, leading it to where Bucklin was asleep alone by a campfire, poked the animal beside him. Bucklin was tried by the vigilance committee and sentenced to be hanged, but the night before he was to be executed the little greaser girl collected a lot of vipers of a poisonous kind and, throwing them among the guard, scattered them, thus giving Bucklin an opportunity to light out.

But the end of the story is not yet. With feminine divining powers the greaser girl understood that Jenks had got Bucklin into the horse stealing trouble. One day while walking along a road she saw the body of a man lying on the ground. Since there was no hole in him she concluded he had died a natural death. A stroke of genius occurred to her. Taking out a little pistol she carried in her bosom, she fired a bullet into the dead man's brain, then took things she found in his pockets—there was quite enough to identify him—then awaited her opportunity to put them in Jenks' pockets. Having succeeded in this, she went off and told a citizen that she had seen Jenks murder a man and rifle his pockets.

The recipient of this secret told others, and several men went to where the body lay, then proceeded to Jenks and interviewed him. The visitors searched his garments, and Jenks was astonished at the result.

Unfortunately for Jenks, every one in that region wanted to get rid of him. The bullet hole in the dead man's head did not indicate that one of Jenks' enormous bullets had passed through it, but it was suggested that he might have screened himself by using a different weapon. And did not the articles that had been taken from the man's pocket prove the murder? For it was soon learned who the man was and that the things belonged to him. It has been said that "the wish is father to the thought," and the same pertains to evidence. Every one wished Jenks to be proved guilty so that he could be got rid of, and on this account there was little trouble in convicting him.

Meanwhile the little greaser girl went about selling posies, looking as innocent as a dove. Some who had seen the fracas in her behalf suggested that she had put up a job on Jenks, but the idea that such a dull child could have invented such a plan was generally scouted. Jenks sent for her and begged her to own that she had lied. She looked more stupid than ever, but in her eye there was such a spark as may be seen in the eye of a serpent that is about to bite. Jenks implored her to spare him. He might as well have prayed to a wild beast of the jungle.

Jenks was hanged, and when the deed had been done there was great rejoicing. Bucklin, who was in hiding, heard of it and the greaser girl's connection with it. He was the only person who divined the truth. He fled, not from the accusation of horse stealing, for Jenks' demise straightened that out, but he didn't care to be loved by the little greaser girl.



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