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SANDY NEWS

The Live Sandy
East Clackamas
Booster

VOLUME 3

SANDY, CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1916

NUMBER 25

Celebrate The Fourth at Sandy

Sandy Items

Mr. Gibson was in Sandy Wednesday.

Mrs. Jack Scales went to Portland Tuesday where she left her son Tommy, to visit his grandmother Mrs. J. Blackhall.

B. F. Bauers made a flying trip to Portland Wednesday morning.

An old school friend of Mrs. Beckwith's visited her last week.

Mrs. L. V. Dickson of Portland is visiting her sister, Mrs. Beckwith for a few days.

Mrs. C. H. Edwards assisted in Scale's store, Tuesday.

Little Barbara Edwards is on the sick list. Nothing worse than an awful cold.

Doc. Esson and M. A. Deaton went to Portland, Tuesday.

Mrs. G. Maroney was in town Wednesday.

Little Virginia Wolf is sick with a cold.

Harry Reed was a Portland visitor Sunday.

Mr. Sykes is having an addition put on the back of the Mt. Hood Creamery.

Mr. Mackey had a break down on the road to Portland Monday and did not reach there until four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Ladies Club will have their last meeting for this summer, Thursday afternoon.

The Chown's are moving into the house lately vacated by Grandma Fox.

The Odd Fellows have finished laying the new linoleum in their hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Sykes went to Portland Saturday.

W. A. Proctor is reported to be laid up with rheumatism.

Carl Shetterly reported a fair catch of fish in the lake at Bull Run this week.

William E. Childs, carrier on R. R. No. 2, Boring, was called to Clackamas. He is a member of Battery A.

Carl Shetterly took Mr. Meinig, Gertrude, June and Alfred Meinig, Emma Holtz and Baldina Miller to Government Camp Sunday. They walked a couple of miles in the snow and came home tired out.

C. H. Edwards left for the mountain last week where he will take charge of a crew who are going to clear the trail to Larch mountain.

Gertrude and June Meinig left Wednesday for Portland where they will spend a few days visiting relatives. They will return Saturday.

Lost—A little, round beauty pin, dull gold finish with blue and white flowers. Finder please leave at News office.

Preaching service at the Methodist church next Sunday.

Miss Sabra Deaton spent a few days in Portland this week visiting friends.

Mrs. A. L. Deaton will leave Friday night for Iowa where she will visit relatives and friends.

The Grand Chapter of Oregon of the Eastern Star, came to Sandy Tuesday evening and constituted Mountain View Chapter O. E. S., as a regular Chapter working under the guidance of the Grand Chapter.

The following people prominent in Eastern Star work were in attendance: Mrs. Dora Schilke, Worthy Grand Matron; Mrs. Lena Mendenhall, Associate Worthy Grand Matron; Mrs. Antonette Stiles Past Worthy Grand Matron; Miss Nellie McKinney, Grand Secretary.

Many members of Gresham Chapter, and several members of other chapters were in attendance. The chapter room was tastefully decorated, and a banquet was given in honor of the visitors.

They reported a most enjoyable time. The members of Mountain View Chapter number 125 wish to thank their many friends for the flowers which were so generously donated.

KELSO

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ekdahl, of Avonlea, Washington, the former a cousin of Mrs. Robert Jonsrud, made a short visit at the latter's home while on their honeymoon trip.

A sewing bee was held for the benefit of Mrs. Barnum at the latter's home last Thursday, at which quite a number of the ladies of the neighborhood were present.

At the annual school meeting Mrs. Ned Nelson was elected director and Mrs. Spooner, clerk.

A strawberry social will be held at Mrs. Ned Nelson's Thursday evening this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Lindell and daughters, Sybil and Alice, of Portland, are spending a week at the Robert Jonsrud home.

Miss Elizabeth Canning is spending her vacation with the home folks.

The Jerger brothers, prosperous farmers of this community are building a silo.

CLEANING UP THE FARM.

Profitable Business Is Done Renovating Rundown Homes.

Cleaning up the farm has been commercialized, put on a dollar and cents basis, says the Farm and Fireside. In northern Indiana there is a firm of real estate dealers that buys up rundown farms, puts a force of men on them to paint the buildings, whitewash the stables, repair the fences and generally renovate the old places until they are ready for new buyers. These buyers are usually brought in from a distance and in many instances pay an advance of from \$10 to as high as \$40 to the acre.

In Kankakee county, Ill., is a farmer real estate man who makes a handsome profit in putting a clean face on farms. His methods are more thorough and his results more lasting than those of the real estate firm mentioned above. He does not stop with the buildings, however, but goes much deeper in his cleaning operations. He takes the farms purchased under his own personal supervision, uses lime if necessary, drains the farms thoroughly, starts a three year rotation of corn, wheat and clover, applying commercial fertilizer in liberal amounts on both corn and wheat, and, in short, puts the farms on a paying basis. Each year he makes a profit sufficient more than to pay the interest on his investment as well as an excellent profit whenever he makes a sale. All of which goes to show that if one plans to sell a farm it pays handsomely to clean up before bringing a prospective buyer on the premises.

REGAINED HIS CASTE.

A Rich American's Bluff In a Land Where Horses Represent Wealth.

"The bai is so rich," said my host of the Siberian steppes (bai is the Kirghiz word for lord and master). "that what we have must seem very small to him. But he has seen our herds; does he think our horses beautiful?"

I replied that we admired his horses very much and that, although they were not so large as ours, their conformation was very fine.

"I have a thousand horses," continued Koorman. "How many has the bai?"

I stammered that I owned five. This information produced a most depressing effect.

"The bai is so rich," he said, "and yet he only owns five horses. I do not understand it. Sultan Djingir has 4,000 horses. Sultan Djumabek has 2,000 and Adam Bai is said to have 3,000, and you say that you have only five! How many sheep does the bai own?"

"I regret to say that I own no sheep," I replied.

"Ah! Probably the bai owns large herds of cattle?"

"I have two cows," I said. The conversation was assuming a most unfortunate turn, and I felt that I was losing ground every minute; something desperate had to be done. I remembered that I had in my pocket a colored photograph of a gorgeous hotel at Palm Beach, which I had lately received from a friend in Florida.

"It is true, my friend," I said, "that I do not own any cattle or sheep or horses, but see the house in which I live when I am in my own country," and I showed them the brightly colored print. The effect was magical; the card was passed from hand to hand with every expression of amazement and delight; my stock bounded upward and never after that fell below par. May I be forgiven for my deception!—E. Nelson Fell in Outlook.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

It Has Been In Use In France For Over a Thousand Years.

Before dinner we walked for a little in the gray evening and came to an old church—one of the oldest in France, it is said, built in the ninth century and called St. Michael's. (At Nantua, in the French Juras.) It is more than a thousand years old and looks it. It has not been much rebuilt, I think, for invasion and revolution appear seldom to have surmounted the natural ramparts of Nantua, and only the storm beat and the erosion of the centuries have written the story of decay. The hand of restoration has troubled it little.

We slipped in through the gathering dusk and tiptoed about, for there were a few lights flickering before the altar, and we saw the outlines of bowed heads. Presently a priest was silhouetted against the altar lights as he crossed and passed out by a side door. He was one of a long line that stretched back through more than half of the Christian era and through most of the history of France.

When the first priest passed in front of that altar France was still under the Carolingian dynasty—under Charles the Fat, perhaps, and William of Normandy was not to conquer England until 200 years later. Then nearly 400 years more would creep by—dim, mediaeval years—before Joan of Arc should unfurl her banner of victory and martyrdom.

You see how far back into the mists we are stepping here. And all those evenings the altar lights have been lit and the ministrations of priests have not failed.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Magazine.

Could Use Them.

Old Lady—My poor man, here is a cent for you. Polite Beggar—Can't you make it two, madam? Old Lady—What would you do with 2 cents? Polite Beggar—I'd buy a stamp and mail you an acknowledgment, madam. Etiquette forbids me using a postcard.—Judge.

4 July 4 AT SANDY

Large Purses For

Horse Racing, Baseball Game, Ladies, Fat Man's, Obstacle, Egg and Dressing Races, Tug-of-War and Sports of All Kinds.

Auto Race! Big Parade!

Parade at 10 o'clock. Speaking, Music and Entertainment in the pretty Meinig Grove after the parade.

Sandy Band

Dance in Shelley's Hall

Afternoon and Night
Prizes for Floats, Autos etc.

OLD AND NEW FARMING.

Organization of a National Agricultural Society Marks an Epoch.

Going to the city of New York to organize a national agricultural society and holding the meeting in a smart hotel may strike surviving members of the old Society of Grangers with surprise, but the farmer has been such a progressive in things pertaining to his business that he has lost that sense of exclusiveness which once influenced his thinking concerning great centers of population, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Still, in the mass the farmer is not nearly as progressive as he can and will be made, according to former Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who was elected as first president of the National Agricultural society. Mr. Wilson knows about all that can be known of practical farming under both old and new conditions, and his address at the New York meeting shows him highly capable of doing the thinking needed to fit the majority of farmers to present conditions and prepare them for new conditions of the future. Pointing out that continuing improvement in environment and living conditions of all classes is necessitating larger incomes for all those dependent upon returns for labor, he insisted that the inevitable increase in labor cost in all industrial lines must be met by greater efficiency toward increasing the capacity of labor for the production of larger product and for the avoidance of waste both of labor and material. By this means increased production can be made to more than offset its increased cost. "Agriculture," he said, "is the greatest

productive industry, the fundamental industry and practically the one upon which all others are based. Great advances have been made in this primary industry and in some sections have been effective, but the great mass of agricultural production is as yet unmoved. The new generation in that field wants to get the best and latest. This society will seek to co-ordinate all that is being done and bring it closer to the individual farmer." When this work is well done the problem of how we are to stop the rush from farm to city will have been solved, and that solution will carry with it the solution of some economic and social problems beginning to disturb city life.

Beleated Wisdom.

"What I want to know, Johnny," demanded the stern parent, "is why you picked a quarrel with that bad boy next door?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the injured culprit, "but I s'pose it must have been 'cause I didn't know what a bad boy he was."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Selecting a Husband.

I would warn maidens of marriageable age to exercise due caution in the selection of husbands. Choose a real man, not the kind that slaps himself on the wrist and wants to be called Jack instead of John and insists on addressing you as Margaret instead of Maggie or Christina instead of Tiny. Get a man whose masculine actions entitle him to wear trousers.—Zim in Cartoons Magazine.