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EDITORIAL HONOR THE WIFE.

A great ship was slowly coming into Portland's harbor, her sails were furled tight to the yards, nothing appearing to indicate the cause of her stately progress. By and by a little tug was seen on the other side of the vessel guiding and propelling the ship to her destiny. Some one has likened a good wife to the tug. Many a man makes a great show of progress, but if the truth were known it would be found that the wife is loyally and surely guiding, encouraging, and in a sense propelling the one who is looked upon as the star of the family to the success he could not reach alone.

The first Sunday in 1907 was duly observed as the sabbath day in Gresham. The business houses were all closed, not by the appearance or the order of the sheriff but because Gresham's business men evidently propose to work hand in hand with the powers that be to make of Gresham a place wherein its inhabitants will be proud to dwell, and others glad to come to. This is certainly a good beginning and one of which all should be proud.

Now let every citizen put prejudice aside and work in harmony for the upbuilding of the town.

Gresham should have a city attorney. It is poor policy as well as poor economy to make laws and necessary legislation for the town without proper legal advice. A competent, experienced attorney should be employed to draft all ordinances and amendments, to conduct prosecutions, advise with the mayor and council and to do and to perform such other business as may properly come before him. We would also suggest that it is poor economy in such matters to employ a cheap man. Get the best to be had, it is cheapest in the end.

It might not be out of place to suggest to the many young people who have recently launched their fortunes on the sea of matrimony that experience teaches us not to expect perfection, imperfections will crop out in the most unexpected places and then is a good time to think little and say less, make the best of the matter, look on the bright side, hold no grudge, do your part and it will surprise you how nicely you will get along.

In the beginning: the boy took his first smoke, shook his first dice, took his first drink, gambled for the first time, was soon drunk for the first time, permitted himself to steal and was soon in jail for the first time. In the end: a life of shame confronted him, the face of a heart broken mother haunted him, and he had lost the respect of friends dearest to him. Young man begin right and you stand a good chance to end right.

The Legislature of the State of Oregon will soon be in session.

Every citizen of the state should make it their business to carefully watch the action and vote of every member of that body and if there should be any who prove false to the cause of the people, slate them for careful attention in the future. Demand clean legislation and see that we get it.

The Jamestown Magazine, the official organ of the coming Jamestown Exposition, has in course of preparation, a special Oregon number, which promises to be of great interest to the public at large and of special value to the state as a medium through which to set forth the possibilities of the west for homeseekers and investors.

The Commercial Organizations throughout the state recognize in it an exceptional opportunity to reach a particularly desirable class of settlers and others of advantage to Oregon, and are co-operating to make it a splendid success.

The magazine will be obtainable at all news stands throughout the United States and will also be sent in response to all inquires for information regarding the fair.

A number of our young folks are working their way through school and college. These young people are worth keeping an eye on, for after awhile it will be found that they are among the number who do things.

Oregon is all right. Just when people were afraid of floods, Jack Frost took hold and had things his way awhile and so mote it be.

JUST THE ORDINARY WOMAN.

I wish that I had the distributing of some of Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the Ordinary Woman. It is true that she never manned a lifeboat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage, says Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer in the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

She has only stood at her post 30, or 40, or 50 years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so quietly, with such a Spartan fortitude, that the world has never even noticed her achievements; and yet, in the presence of the Ordinary Woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with his breast covered with medals signifying valor, may well stand uncovered, for one braver than he is passing by.

There is nothing high and heroic in her appearance. She is just a common-place woman, plainly dressed, with a tired face and work-worn hands—the kind of woman that you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without ever giving her a second glance, still less saluting her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the cross of the

Legion of Honor for distinguished gallantry on the battlefield of life.

Years and years ago, when she was fresh and young and gay and light-hearted, she was married. Her head, as is the case with most girls, was full of dreams. Her husband was to be a Prince Charming, always tender and considerate and loving, shielding her from every care and worry. Life itself was to be a fairy tale. One by one the dreams fell away. The husband was a good man, but he grew indifferent to her before long. He ceased to notice when she put on a fresh ribbon. He never paid her the little compliments for which a woman's soul hungers. He never gave her a kiss or a caress, and their married life sank into a deadly monotony that had no romance to brighten it, no joy or love to lighten it.

Day after day she sewed and cooked and cleaned and mended to make a comfortable home for a man who did not give her the poor pay of a few words of appreciation. At his worst he was cross and querulous. At his best he was silent, and would gobble his food like a hungry animal and subside into his paper, leaving her to spend a dull and monotonous day.

The husband was not one of the fortunate few who have the gift of making money. He worked hard, but opportunity does not smile on every man, and the wolf was never very far away from their door.

Women know the worst of poverty. It is the wife, who has the spending of the insufficient family income, who learns all the bitter ways of scrimping and paring and saving. The husband must present a decent appearance, for policy's sake, as he goes to business; certain things are necessities for the children; and so the heaviest of all the deprivations fall upon the woman who stays at home and strives to make \$1 do the work of \$5.

This is the way of the Ordinary Woman; and what sacrifices she makes, what tastes she crucifies, what longings for pretty things and dainty things she smothers, not even her own family guess. They think it is an eccentricity that makes her choose the neck of the chicken and the hard end of the loaf and to stay at home from any little outing. Ah, if they only knew!

For each of her children she trod the Gethsemane of woman, only to go through that slavery of motherhood which the woman endures who is too poor to hire competent nurses. For years and years she never knew what it was to have a single night's unbroken sleep. The small hours of the morning found her walking the colic, or nursing the croup, or covering restless little sleepers, or putting water to thirsty little lips.

There was no rest for her, day or night. There was always a child in her arms or clinging to her skirts. Oftener than not she was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to death, but she never failed to rally to the call of "Mother!" as a good soldier always rallies to his battle-cry.

Nobody calls her brave, and yet, when one of the children came down with malignant diphtheria, she braved death a hundred times in bending over the little sufferer, without one thought of danger. And when the little one was laid away under the sod she who had loved most was the first to gather herself together and take up the burden of life for the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Woman's life, however, came when she educated her children above herself and lifted them out of her sphere. She did this with deliberation. She knew that in sending her bright boy and talented girl off to col-

lege she was opening up to them paths in which she could not follow; she knew that the time would come when they would look upon her with pitying tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help her—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice. She worked a little harder, she denied herself a little more, to give them the advantages that she never had. In this she was only like millions of other Ordinary Women who are toiling over cooking-stoves, slaving and sewing-machines, pinching and economizing to educate and cultivate their children—digging with their own hands the chasm that separate them almost as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the real heroine of life.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT EDITED BY E. P. SMITH.

Why the Hollies fail to Fruit. Nearly all the Ilexes are dioecious, the staminate and pistillate flowers are borne on different individuals. It is therefore very important to secure both forms of the plant when buying, or when transplanting from the wild; otherwise the fruit will not be borne. This is the reason the plants of the black alder (Ilex verticillata) fails to bear its beautiful red berries in the shrubbery after it has been transplanted from the woods. Of course some of the hollies bear both forms of flowers, and such bushes fruit continuously, but in most cases this lack of fertilization is the cause of the failure of the bushes to fruit.

Salicylic Acid Injurious to Health.

Occasionally one reads the statement that salicylic acid can be used to keep cider sweet, or can be used in small quantities to prevent fermentation and decay of food products, without being in any way injurious to health. As a matter of fact, salicylic acid is frequently used in canned goods, to keep them from spoiling. Now comes Dr. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture, and as a result even in small quantities salicylic acid is injurious and should not be used. This statement is made after extended tests had been made, a number of young men having volunteered to eat "doctored" food, to observe the effect upon their systems. Food products which contain salicylic acid as a preservative will come under the ban of the pure food law which became effective January 1st, 1907.

Improved Fruit.

Fame and fortune await the man who will undertake as his life work the improvement of fruit and nut trees. The most ancient and honorable of callings, fruit growing, remains without the aid of methods of improvements that have advanced other lines. In California individual fruit growers are securing grafts from trees that have a high record as producers. But if nurserymen are doing this a study of the catalogues of many of the large firms does not disclose the fact. Possibly the reason for this lack of improvement in nursery trees is, that purchasers do not require it, nor in most cases, will they pay a sufficient price to warrant the nurseryman to go to the extra expense. The nurseryman who sells the cheapest trees, in dollars and cents, gets the trade. If the tree, when of bearing age, gives inferior fruit or not much of it, the fault is attributed to soil, site, cultivation, fungi, insects, anything but the real cause.

The most important thing in the history of an orchard is the first two years, when it is getting a start. It is then that it needs frequent cultivation to keep it from so drying out that the growth of the young trees will not be impaired.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, is a saying that holds pre-eminently true with horticultural work.

HOME.

Not glittering plate nor jewels rare, Nor lofty marbled dome; But love and peace and sympathy,— These make the happy home.

THE CHEER UP POEM.

Of all the simple tasks in which The poet takes delight The cheer up poem is the thing That's easiest to write. He starts his pen and lets it run Along most any way, While he goes out to do the chores And give the horses hay.

Cheer up, it says, cheer up, although It has been said before. Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, And then cheer up some more.

There is no patent on this kind Of simple, artless lay. So he is tempted, you may guess, To write one every day. The subject is not very large. The treatment is not deep. And he, if he were so disposed, Could write them in his sleep.

Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, cheer up. That's all he has to say: Cheer up, cheer up, as though we could Cheer any other way.

Furnishing an Opportunity.

A Milwaukee man with a great head and some regard for the tender feelings that the young carry around in their bosoms has built a large apartment house, one side of which will be rented to bachelors and the other to sweet and lovable girls. In the center will be a common meeting place, presided over by a chaperon with not too bright eyes. That should help some. The reason why more young people do not marry is that they do not have a chance to get acquainted. There is many a bashful young man who would gladly assume matrimonial responsibilities if some one would lead him up to a girl and hold him there until he got acquainted. We hope the building will prove the boon that its owner intends, but matters will be much facilitated if he will equip it with plenty of fire escapes and have a good fire about once a week.

Poetic Visions. "Poe's have such beautiful fancies." "Yes, I know one who fancies luscious steaks, but they to him are only beautiful dreams."

A Hint.

"So you are going to the races, my lad?" "Yes; thought I would just run up for a little while to see the fun." "You have a pretty good reputation here with the concern, I believe." "Well, yes, I rather think I have." "Hadn't you better just check it with the timekeeper as you go out?"

Hard on Bill.

"Papa, what is a not able?" "Er—um—not able means incapable. Johnnie." "Well, is Kaiser Wilhelm an incapable?" "Why?" "Because it tells about him here in the stories of the notables."

Winner to Him.

If you feel that you would like something that would be a winner, Give to some Meandering Mike A piping hot Thanksgiving dinner.

Billy Figures.

"What is love, Billy?" "Theater tickets, florists' bills and boxes of candy." "Is that all?" "Well, I believe there is a girl thrown in, too, if you can find her."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Don't be afraid of work; it is no better than you are.

The biggest fool doesn't always shout the loudest—if his lungs are weak.

To have a high ideal doesn't mean that she is necessarily tall.

It sounds well to say that you are willing to confess your fault, but you are generally the most willing when you are dead sure you are not guilty.

A man doesn't have to be a mechanic in order to make a train every morning. You can safely gamble that all the other grafters are on the waiting list for that easy job. Do what you are paid for or your pay envelope will be going to another address before long. You don't draw very many commissions on the things you are going to do. There is said to be such a thing as friendly criticism, but it never looks the part. The folly of today may be the wisdom of tomorrow, but dealing in futures is rash. Getting rich quick is difficult, dangerous and exciting. The office that seeks the man hasn't a million dollar emolument.

United Artisans (Gresham Assembly, No. 175, meets in Regner's Hall 1st and 3d Friday each month. Henry Douthett, M. A.; C. A. Nutley, Sec'y. All Artisans Welcome.

W. O. W. Clover Camp No. 318, Gresham, meets in Regner's Hall on 2d and 4th Mondays at 8 p. m. D. F. Talbot, C. C.; E. L. Thorp, Clerk. Visiting Workmen Welcome.

Gresham Lodge No. 125, I. O. O. F., Meets every Saturday night in Old Fellows' Hall. J. G. Metzger, N. G.; D. M. Roberts, Secretary. Encampment meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month. All visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

SANDY LODGE, No. 195, I. O. O. F., Meets in Old Fellows' Hall, Sandy, Oregon, every Wednesday night at 7:30. Visiting Old Fellows welcomed. John Maroney, N. G.; E. F. Bruns, Secretary.

Hours, 9-12 a. m., 1-5 p. m.

DR. H. H. OTT, DENTIST Gresham, Oregon

Drs. Short & Short Physicians-Surgeons Gresham, Oregon

C. H. ATWOOD, M. D. Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon Gresham, Oregon

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Table with columns: O. R. & N. Local Schedule of Trains, Eastward, Westward.

Table with columns: It couldn't be expected that a gentleman's agreement would produce ladylike results.

It is a waste of time to argue the matter with an alarm clock.