

### LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Messrs. Bachmeyer, Galickson, Davis and Thomas spent some time this week on a hunting trip in the mountains near Warrendale.

Rev. J. F. Danlop the new Methodist pastor arrived last Monday and will conduct services in the M. E. church next Sunday at the usual hours. Everybody come out and hear him.

W. J. Wirtz, who had his leg broken a short time ago, is slowly improving. His son Carl went up to Sandy last Monday to take care of his business for him.

Prof. G. R. Robinson and family have moved into the Thompson house on Roberts Ave. recently vacated by L. B. Shipley.

The first literary program of the Gresham school will be given in the assembly hall, Friday afternoon 2:30 Oct. 28. The public is invited.

Mrs. Fleming and Alice Stephens are visiting in Vancouver, Wash.

The Gresham High School Football team will meet the Lincoln High School team on the Gresham grounds Saturday at 2:30. The Lincoln team was the winner at the fair. This ensures a good game for the Gresham team is getting in fine trim.

Claude Smith has purchased the half interest recently owned by his brother E. S. Smith, of the Gresham Motion Picture Show. He will install an other machine and change film service and will put forth as good a show as can be seen in Portland.

### FIGHTING FOREST FIRES.

That forest fires are expensive affairs aside from the loss in timber and other property consumed by the flames may be gathered from the report of Assistant Forester Buck, who had charge of the fire fighting campaign in the Crater lake national forest and at a few other points in southern Oregon, and these fires were relatively small and undestructive as compared with many which have raged in the west during the past three months. This one campaign cost \$30,000, of which amount \$13,000 was paid in wages to fire fighters, \$3,000 for tools, \$5,000 for food for the fighters, while the remainder represents amounts which will have to be paid out to fire fighters and for service rendered by the soldiers.

According to the last report of the bureau of statistics, the total amount of sugar consumed in the United States in the year ended June 30 last was 7,500,000,000 pounds, the average per capita consumption being eighty-two pounds, which exceeds that of any preceding year. Of the above enormous total of sugar consumed there were produced in the United States 750,000,000 pounds of cane sugar and 1,025,000,000 pounds of beet sugar as against 829,000,000 pounds and 967,000,000 pounds, respectively, for the year preceding. The imports from foreign countries for the last year aggregated \$918,000,000 pounds, which is a reduction of 188,000,000 pounds from the preceding year. The remainder of the sugar consumed amounted to 1,856,000,000 pounds, of which the Hawaiian Islands furnished 1,111,000,000, Porto Rico 569,000,000 and the Philippines 176,000,000 pounds. An interesting fact in connection with the history of sugar production for some years past is that, while foreign countries produced 75 per cent of the total amount consumed in 1900, they produced but 51 per cent of the amount used last year. In the production of beet sugar there has been an increase from 73,000,000 pounds in 1899 to 1,025,000,000 pounds last year.

**The Busy Time**  
for the  
**Clothier, Furnisher and Shoe Man**

I got busy during the quiet season and made preparations for the fall trade.

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**SHOES**  
To fit your head, feet and pocketbook

**EDW. AYLSWORTH**  
IN THE BRICK

### CRADLED IN ICE.

A Schooner's Thrilling Game of Saw in Arctic Waters.

The schooner Elwood, while on a fishing cruise in northern waters, once had a strange adventure with an iceberg. It appears that the master sighted the iceberg, an immense one, apparently fast on a reef just off Hoonia. It seemed a lucky encounter, inasmuch as the captain figured that he might fill his hold with ice to preserve the fish he expected to catch.

When the schooner was within a few yards of the iceberg the anchor was dropped. The vessel swung around until she came alongside, to which she was made fast by lines. The tide was at the full. A gangplank was thrown over the ledge in the ice, and the men began breaking off chunks of the ice and hoisting them aboard. All went well until evening, when thirty tons of ice had been stowed in the hold.

Meanwhile the falling tide had caused the iceberg to settle upon the reef and to tip toward the side opposite the vessel. The gangplank rose in the air and had to be made fast to a ledge nearer the water to keep it horizontal.

The master, suspecting that all was not going to be well, ordered the crew to make sail. Before they could man the halyards the iceberg, with a grinding roar, rolled off the reef and started to turn over.

A jagged spur of ice, which had formed the bottom of the iceberg, arose on the starboard side of the vessel and beneath it. The ice struck the keel, and the vessel, lifted out of the water, rested in an ice cradle. The captain ordered his men to get into the boats and out of harm's way. Cutting the lines that held the schooner to the iceberg, the men pulled to a safe distance and waited.

The anchor held fast, and the schooner tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few more inches, the iceberg careened still farther, and the Elwood rose higher. This proved the schooner's salvation.

The tendency of the iceberg to roll over and raise the vessel brought such an enormous strain upon the anchor chain that something had to give way. Something did, and, to the joy of the fishermen, it was not the anchor or the chain.

The iceberg lurched, and the schooner was seen to slide several feet along the crevice in which it rested. There was another lurch and another slide. Then the vessel reached a downward grade and the next instant shot off the iceberg and into the sea, bow on, like a rocket.

She shipped a heavy sea as the result of plunging her nose beneath the surface, but quickly righted and, after stumbling over her anchor chain and tugging viciously to get away, settled down to her original state of tranquillity, to all appearances unhurt.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Commercial Spirit.**  
"We Yankees are commercial," said a Vermont judge at a commercial travelers' banquet, "but we're not as commercial as the southerner would make out.

"The southerner declares that a typical Yankee once visited the south.

"Here," said a guide to him one day, "here, right in this room, sir, Washington received his first commission."

"The Yankee brightened up.

"What per cent commission was it?" he asked.—Exchange.

**Earliest Newspaper.**  
The first daily newspaper was a manuscript letter written by salaried correspondents and forwarded by them every twenty-four hours from London to the provinces. That was in the days of the early Stuarts. During the Commonwealth these letters were printed in type and circulated in large numbers. Even so long ago as 1680 the law of libel was such as to be characterized by Judge Scroggs as making any newspaper publication illegal and tending to provoke a breach of the peace.

**Shaking Hands.**  
At a duel the combatants discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the duelists should shake hands.

To this the other second objected as unnecessary.

"Their hands," said he, "have been shaking this half hour."

**Domestic Bias.**  
Mrs. Knagger—I remember the time when you were just crazy to marry me.

Mr. Knagger—So do I, but I didn't realize it at the time.—Town Topics.

### A TARCOOLER FUNERAL.

Wood Was Scarce, but They Managed to Rig Up a Coffin.

In some of the mining districts of South Australia there is a great scarcity of wood. Consequently, if you are so foolish as to die there you must not expect to have a coffin, but must be content to be wrapped in a sack before being deposited in Mother Earth.

However, when a certain very prominent resident of a mining camp died the other people of the settlement—by the way, it was called Tarcooler, though coolness was unknown and Tarhotter would have been a more suitable name—determined that he should be buried in style. So they set about getting a coffin. They made one of a sort, placed a lid on it and laid it (with the deceased inside) in an empty tent for the night.

Next morning the lid of the coffin was missing. It was afterward found that it had been stolen to make the tailboard of a butcher's cart.

However, in spite of this trifling loss the funeral was conducted with great solemnity. The coffin was much admired. It had been made out of the boxes in which the dynamite was sent to the mines. Some people might have considered that the obsequies were marred by the fact that the coffin bore in large letters on one side the legend "Keep dry," and on the other "Stow away from boilers," but that did not trouble the simple minds of the Tarcooler-ites.—London Tit-Bits.

**Worse than War.**  
Infernal Regions of the Buddhists and Mohammedans.

The infernal regions of Buddhism are horrible. They comprise a great hell and 136 lesser hells. In these hells, according to the scriptures of the Buddhist temples, men are ground to powder and their dust turned into ants and fleas and spiders. They are pealed in a mortar. The hungry eat red-hot iron balls. The thirsty drink molten iron.

Islamism says of the infernal regions: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted for them. Boiling water shall be poured on their heads and on their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron."

**Roman Arenas.**  
They Were Not Mere Rings as Those of the Modern Circus.

The arenas of ancient Rome were not, as some people suppose, mere rings or ovals, such as may be seen in the modern circus. They were broken up and varied in character according to the nature of the fighting to be done or to the caprices of those in authority.

On one occasion an arena might resemble the Numidian desert, on another the garden of Hesperides, thick set with groves of trees and rising mounds, while again it pictured the great rocks and caves of Thrace.

With these surroundings the combatants advanced, retreated, encircled their adversaries or kept wild beasts at bay as occasion offered or, as their courage or fear suggested. Men combated not only with the more common brutes, but with such monsters as elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and crocodiles.

On other occasions flocks of game, such as deer and war ostriches, were abandoned to the multitude, and in some cases the arenas could be turned into lakes, filled with monsters of the deep, and upon the surface of which naval engagements took place.—London Saturday Review.

**Her First Poem.**  
She was one of those soft-eyed maidens, sweetly innocent, shy and gentle. She was unaccustomed to newspaper offices, but, being ambitious, she managed to find enough courage to try winning an editor's sympathy, sympathy to be expressed by the acceptance of her poem.

"I have here," she said demurely, "a little verse I've composed. I really don't know what you'll think of it. You may not like it at all, but it's my first—that is, the first I've ever written for a newspaper—and I'd be very pleased indeed if you honestly thought it was good."

The editor kept at his work, now and then scowling, but not at the young woman especially.

"It's about a maiden tripping over the leaf," she continued.

"What was the trouble?" asked the man behind the paper. "Couldn't she lift her feet?"—Philadelphia Times.

**Slightly Mixed.**  
He wasn't good at conundrums, but when his turn came to ask one at a little social party he thought he could remember a good one he had heard. It was the old riddle:

"Why is a woman like the ivy?"

The answer, of course, is the gallant explanation:

"Because the more you're ruined the closer she sticks."

But he got it mixed and asked:

"Why is the ivy like a woman?"

None of the ladies present could give an appropriate reply, so he himself ventured this maladroit solution:

"Because the closer it clings the more you're ruined."

**Spilled It For Him.**  
Mr. Clarke's butler had asked for a night off, for the purpose, as he explained, of attending a ball in the village. The next day Mr. Clarke asked him how he had enjoyed himself.

"Oh, pretty good, sir, thank you," was the response. "It would have been better if it hadn't a-been for the women. I can't abide women at a ball!"—New York Press.

**A Beautiful Thought.**  
A little girl absorbed in gazing at the starry skies being asked of what she was thinking said, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious what must the right side be?"

**A Threat.**  
Immature Conductor (to clarinet player)—See here, Mr. Schleg, why don't you follow my beat? Veteran Clarinet (solemnly)—If you don't look owd I will!—Puck.

**A Surprise.**  
Gertie—I want to give my sweet-heart a surprise on his birthday. Can you suggest something? Arabel—Well, you might tell him your age.

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.—Johnson.

### ROAR OF BIG GUNS.

The Effect Upon the Nerves and the Sense of Hearing.

One of the penalties attendant on firing off big guns is deafness. So sure is this penalty to be exacted that, it is asserted, no man can go through a long series of gunnery practice without having his hearing affected. A stranger on deck who hears a big gun speak for the first time will not soon forget the stunning report.

One gun is enough to startle a stranger, but the shattering effect of the whole armament when in action together can hardly be conceived. The strain upon nerves and senses when the rending concussion takes place is terrible.

There is not a great difference between the effect of the big guns and that of the smaller pieces, strange as it may seem. If the visitor places himself beside one of the smaller guns and then listens to the roar of the big one, the sound will not appear much louder than that of the gun by his side. The extra distance to the muzzle of the big piece discounts the sound. The only apparent difference between the two will be that the smaller piece has a sharper, higher pitched tone, and that the big guns speak with a more bellowing roar.

If one watches the firing of the gun the crash has not such a startling effect as when it comes unexpectedly. Loud as it is, nature has prepared the watcher to resist the shock which he knows is impending.—Exchange.

### PRUNING GARDEN SHRUBS.

How the Process Must Be Accomplished to Get Best Results.

As ornamental trees and shrubs are pruned to aid in the production of flowers and foliage, the flowering season necessarily controls the time of pruning.

Many of the early blooming shrubs develop their flowers the year before, and with these heavy pruning should be delayed until just after their flowering season. Deutzia, spirea, forsythia and many other popular shrubs are of this character. Soon after their flowering season is over they begin to develop buds for the next year.

Shrubs needing heavy trimming should be pruned in early winter. This will result in larger blooms on the remaining buds. Such plants as the hydrangea and the clematis, which make their flowering buds on shoots grown the same year, should be pruned heavily while dormant, as this will give a greater profusion of shoots on which to develop new buds.

When pruning hardy deciduous flowering shrubs all dead wood should be cut out, straggling branches either shortened or removed, and all suckers arising from the roots should be destroyed. Where shrubs are planted in clumps, branches that interfere with other branches should be cut out. It is a good idea to cover the wounds with white lead or grafting wax, as if a stub is left uncovered the healing of the wound will be left until the stub is rooted out and the rotting stub will be a lodging place for bacteria and fungus. Cut the branch off clean and close to the main stem, avoiding any stub, and cover the wound with grafting wax melted and applied hot.

### The Pacific Monthly's Special Introductory Offer

The Pacific Monthly of Portland, Ore. is a beautifully illustrated monthly magazine which gives very full information about the resources and opportunities of the country west of the Rockies. It tells all about the government reclamation projects, free government land and tells about the districts adapted to fruit raising, dairying, poultry raising, etc. It has splendid stories by Jack London and other authors.

The price is \$1.50 a year, but to introduce it we will send six months for 50c. This offer must be accepted on or before February 1, 1911. Send your name and address accompanied by 50c in stamps and learn all about Oregon, Washington, Idaho and California.

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### Want Column

LOST—Thoroughbred Poland-China sow. Webb Farm, phone 158.

WANTED—Butter, Eggs and Farm Produce at Wostell's store, Gresham. (1)

Fresh Cows wanted. T. R. Howitt.

LUMBER—At our new mill 1/4 miles southeast of Kelso. We deliver lumber. Jonsrud Bros. (1)

FOR SALE—A bay and a brown pair of horses, 3 and 4 years of age, one broken, weight about 1200 each. R. P. Rasmussen, Corbett. (1)

FARM LANDS FOR SALE—E. A. Dolan, Boring, Ore., phone 416. (1)

WANTED—All kinds of milk cows. Cash paid. W. Ellison, Cleone, phone 1881. (1)

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of fine, well laying land, 2 1/2 miles from Sandy. 15 acres in good timber; good water, eight acres in cultivation, \$3200. Inquire of C. W. Cassidy, Sandy, Ore. (1)

Highest price paid for fresh cows. V. R. Sexton, 85 E. 30th, Portland. Phone E. 6505.

FOR SALE—A 7x9 donkey engine, in good shape. Bornstedt & Ruegg, Sandy, Ore. (1)

Lots for sale in Cedarville, on easy terms. H. W. Snashall, Pleasant View Avenue, Gresham, Route 3.

FOR SALE—Buggies from \$10 up. Horses, drivers and saddlers. Heavy draft team, 5 years old for sale cheap. Gresham Livery Stable. J. E. Metzger.

FOR SALE—Sidewalk lumber. We have a good stock on hand which we are selling at the right price. C. Shattuck. (1)

FOR SALE—10 heavy horses, weight 1350 to 1600 at Firwood Lumber Co. 1 1/2 miles east of Sandy postoffice. (1)

BOARD AND ROOMS—At the Home lodging house. \$5 per week. Mrs. Chas. McCarter, S. Roberts Ave. (1)

BARGAIN SALES—First-class Stud-eaker delivery rig, drop head Singer sewing machine, all attachments. J. F. Beneke, Fairview. (1)

MONEY TO LOAN—On good real estate security. Inquire of E. F. Bruns, secretary Sandy Land Co., Sandy, Ore. (1)

FOR SALE—Good apple boxes. C. Shattuck. (1)

FOR SALE—Potted geraniums all kinds, 25c to \$1. Mrs. Leslie. (1)

FOR SALE—Jersey bull 13 months old, sired by Empress Lad, full brother to Empress Lass which sold for \$705 at West's dispersal sale, May 3, Dam, a 2-lb. St. Lambert cow. For particulars phone B. C. Altman, Farmers, 358, Gresham. (1)

**MOTTO WANTED**  
Sandy Commercial Club will give \$250 cash for the best motto of the Sandy River Country, not to exceed six words, to be used by the club. Contest closes Monday, October 31st, 1910. Open to all. Address, Secretary Sandy Commercial Club.

**LOST**—Between Fair entrance and Gresham Bank, on October 2d, a plush lap robe, black on one side, green on the other. Return to Herald office. (1)

**NOTICE**  
Having liberated some Reese pheasants on my place near Pleasant Home, I will prosecute any persons hunting or shooting on my premises.

J. W. Robertson.

**DRESSMAKING**  
Guaranteed dressmaking done by Mrs. D. Dahrens, Sandy, Ore. (1)

**FOR SALE**—Two registered Jersey cows and 1 bull also 1 grade heifer. Wm. R. Maffet, Latourell Falls. (1)

**ESTRAY NOTICE**  
Taken up, by the undersigned, at his residence 1 mile east of Terry, in Multnomah county, Oregon, the following described animal, to-wit: One black hog, weight 100 lbs. Found running at large west of the Sandy river. Owner is hereby notified to call, pay charges and take possession within 5 days from date hereof, otherwise same will be sold as required by law.

Dated at Gresham, Ore., this 12th day of October, 1910.

W. H. COONS.

See the Herald club offers.