

Insurance Man Disturbs Services

For sixty days or more, rumors have reached the News office of an exciting event which occurred in Eagle Creek a month or so ago, but until Saturday night, the editor could not glean sufficient details of the sad affair to warrant publishing an account of the lamentable occurrence.

To make a long story short—once upon a time, a gathering of eight or ten of Eagle Creek's sporting fraternity, comprising, we are pained to relate, several married men, met in secret session in an abandoned potato warehouse near Eagle Creek station, to investigate the merits of the grand old American game.

While the services were in progress, the form of a six foot, two hundred pound supposed minion of the law, was spied through a knot hole in the club's library. Pandemonium reigned at once, with all secret passages leading from the building jammed, and all evidences of the services first being carefully concealed.

The supposed minion of the law, was none other than our genial Gresham neighbor, John Brown, the insurance man, who was in search of an expired policy and its owner. John hasn't gotten through telling about it yet; he tells of seeing fleeing forms, figures and possibly figments of the imagination, beating it across the newly plowed fields, hiding in fern thickets and splashing through Goose Creek and other water holes.

John had to wait two hours for his car, and in the mean time, one highly respected father, remained in a cramped, yet safe concealment under Wilburn's Hall, among the cob-webs, chicken dustings and refuse, while his bride of a year or so, patiently awaited his homecoming, with the cows and kine lowing for their evening's milking.

Another respectable, although single resident, fell in Goose Creek in transit, and reached his own back door, after a detour around by way of Barton, Boring and the Clackamas shores—time 1 hour and 35 minutes.

A half dozen or so of the more fearless participants remained snugly concealed in the loft of the club house during the two hours wait of said John Brown, where they killed spiders and inhaled potato sproutings, while peeking through the cracks in the club house sidings.

John Brown feels hurt and pained to think that his happy countenance was not better known in that section, but meanwhile Cogswell is having lots of fun kidding his trade about expired insurance policies and early swims in Goose Creek, but making no mention of mole traps.

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ESTACADA, OREGON

On next Friday afternoon, June 2nd, from 3 to 5 o'clock, Mrs. J. R. Hughes of Currinsville will entertain at a C. I. C. silver tea, to which all of the ladies are invited.

The delegates from the Estacada I. O. O. F. and Rebecca Lodges, who attended last week's convention at Roseburg, returned home Saturday and report having greatly enjoyed the trip and the convention gatherings.

F. D. Hunt and R. M. Townsend of the P. R. L. & P. Co. and C. N. McAlister of the Portland Union Stock Yards, spent Decoration Day in Estacada and vicinity. The party in Mr. Ewing's machine made a trip to George, where they conferred with H. C. Stephens relative to the coming East Clackamas County and George Community Fairs.

Leroy D. Walker, president of the Estacada State Bank was a business visitor last Tuesday.

Tennis Courts Being Built

Through the courtesy of the Portland Railway Light & Power Company, the newly organized Estacada Tennis Club have received the right to build two tennis courts on the property to the right of the entrance to the Estacada Park.

Last week thirty of the local young people formed the Estacada Tennis Club, with I. D. Wright as president; Mrs. H. G. Trowbridge, secretary-treasurer and R. M. Standish, manager of grounds.

Work has been going forward on the construction of the courts for the past five days and in a day or two they will be in shape for playing. In as much as several hundred yards of turf and earth had to be moved before the playing surface was obtained, it necessitated considerable expense and much volunteer labor.

As is current on all jobs where many men are working, "strawbosses" were much in evidence and much good advice was freely given and much enjoyment furnished in watching the "Never Sweats", as F. J. Harkenrider aptly labeled the laborers, many of whom were not used to excavating work, but all of whom performed up to standard.

In as much as the game of tennis is more or less new to this community, it is expected to furnish much enjoyment for both players and onlookers.

Broadway Improvements

The fronts of the Park & Closner and R. G. Marchbanks stores on Broadway, are this week being improved by the addition of overhanging porches.

In the case of the Marchbank store, the porch will take the place of an awning and furnish a shady spot for visitors on hot summer's afternoons. The Park & Closner addition will comprise a more pretentious structure, with second story sitting and sleeping facilities.

Several Estacada parties this week attended the "Follies of 1916" at the Heilig Theatre in Portland.

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