

**Eastern Clackamas News**

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**The Fulfilment of a Curious Prophecy.**

Now that the German Emperor and kings have abdicated and fled the country, and a republic is being established in Germany, it recalls a curious prophecy. When the old emperor William I was only Prince of Prussia, he befriended an old gypsy woman, who to show her gratitude, volunteered to tell his fortune. She looked at his hand and then inquired what year it was. He told her 1849. She then told him to add up the numerals making this number and add their sum to the year. He found the total to be 1871. She then said: "In that year you will become Emperor of Germany." At that time a German empire seemed most improbable. However it came about in the year she predicted. Then she told him to do with 1871 what he had done with the former year and asked him to give the total. When he informed her it made 1888, she told him that would be the year of his death, which subsequently proved to be the case. Then she once more told him to go thro the same process with 1888 and this would give the year of the downfall of the German empire.

Altho this gave the year as 1913, the gypsy was not entirely wrong, for in that year trouble broke out in the Balkans, which had a direct bearing on the war of 1914 which has ended in the overthrow of the empire.

**Home is Where the Boy is in this War**

BY BRUCE BARTON

I visited a home where a service flag hangs; and while we ate we talk of the boy who is over there.

"I wonder if he is cold tonight," the mother said, "I wonder if he has a place to warm himself and dry his clothes; and something good to eat."

"What wouldn't I give to be with him," she said and we were silent, knowing her heart.

But I thought of the Soldiers of Friendliness who that very night would crawl out across No

Man's Land to take chocolate and hot coffee to that boy.

Of the huts with their warm fires burning; of the great lecturers and preachers and actors and motion pictures that are over there.

And I thought to myself: "There is a difference between this and every other war. For when the boys have marched away before, the influence of their homes has stopped at the front gate and could go no farther.

But in this war it follows the flag, across the ocean, over the shell torn battle land, straight up to the front line trenches.

Home is where the boy is in this war. From every town and village the lines of helpfulness run out.

And no boy leaves his home behind him; step by step it travels with him, financed by the folks behind him—a token of their love.

**THAT PREMATURE ANNOUNCEMENT**

The premature announcement of peace last Thursday, served to bring out an important revelation, which was that the restoration of peace rather than the subjugation of Germany, altho it involved this, was the primary reason of our rejoicing and thankfulness.

This shows how close the war has come to us, that we thought first of the end of the terrible fighting, and that our dear ones would no longer be exposed to danger, even tho their return would not yet be for a matter of months. No longer will we read of atrocities which make the blood run cold, nor of the sinking of ships by the under sea sharks, which sought out the trawlers, the unconvoyed passenger and hospital ships as their especial prey, rather than the dreadnaughts.

While it is true, that Germany has surrendered and submitted to most humiliating terms, yet there is no particular pleasure in the thought of her downfall, except as the price of peace. And now that peace is a certainty, we can thankfully breathe freely once more and begin to lay plans for the readjustment of a sadly disjointed world.

The Port'l Journal has made the AMENDE HONORABLE for its premature announcement of peace, by expressing profound regrets and by donating its gross receipts for last Thursday, amounting to \$2,100 to the United War Work Campaign funds. The matter might now well be dropped.

**M**OTHERS and sisters of America, there are a thousand girls over there who are representing you. They are the girls of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A. and the lassies of the Salvation Army. Boys come back to them at night hungry for a woman's voice in a language they can understand. They bring your letters; and the pictures of you—their sisters and their mothers over here. Have you ever stopped to think that this is the first war in which the influence of good women followed the boys straight up to the front? It's worth a lot to you to keep that influence strong and permanent. Keep it so through the

**UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN**

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