

**GRESHAM OUTLOOK**  
TWICE A WEEK

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H. L. ST. CLAIR, Editor and Publ'r

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"The Linotype Way is the Way that Wins."

Official paper of the Town of Gresham, Oregon.  
Official paper of the Town of Fairview, Oregon.

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**Merry Christmas**

CHRISTMAS began with a gift and with a song. That gift was the most precious thing in the world,—a child, the Christ-child; that song was one of glory to God on high, on earth,—peace and goodwill to men.

Again we see the star, and hear the angels' carol; again we think of the babe in the manger; again we're cheered and enriched by the gift of heavenly love; again we are impelled to open our hearts in wishes of goodwill and in loving gifts to all as we have opportunity.

Christmas—love—giving—these are three great synonyms.

The joy and riches of Christmas are for all, old and young, rich and poor. Not what we receive, but what we are instrumental in giving to others, will make Christmas most joyous.

**THE OUTLOOK** wishes all its subscribers and readers  
**A Merry Christmas**

**Christmas Chimes**

E. L. THORPE.

Americans observe the day of our Savior's birth as religiously as do the people of older countries where the holiday season first began its significance. There is enough of absurdity in the manner in which Christmas will be celebrated, and we are not quite sure but many will wish the absurdity could continue. There will be a thousand and one observances "appropriate to the occasion," among which might be enumerated the various church services, the balls and parties, the shooting matches, the blowing of bugles and the banging of drums in the parade or at the play, and many more unthought-of diversions that will occupy the "many men of many minds." Christmas is not a Yankee invention and therefore many are surprised that it still retains its hold on American manners and customs. With the characteristics of our forefathers we are always looking for something new and the only wonder in our minds is that a new Christmas has not been discovered long before this by some enterprising son of Uncle Sam.

No, America has done nothing for the Christmas tide. It has added very little to the holiday vocabulary; rather it has been content to accept it as a heritage, without question, without a change, sacredly holding on to that which is almost meaningless, or, at least but slightly understood; much that has survived is now a mere anachronism. St. Nicholas, who is supposed by all to be the patron saint of the holidays, still masquerades under the Spanish alias of "Santa" and the German alias of "Claus." The yule log is exemplified here by the hickory, or the oak, or the fir; the holly bough is proxied by the cedar or the yew or the Oregon grape; and nearly all our Christmas literature is as ancient as the observance of the day. Yet we welcome the time as it comes around; we take the dower as it was given and make it a blessing. It is a blessing—a blessing of time, of custom and of modern enlightenment; one of the heirlooms that has descended down to us from our ancestors to keep them, their lives and their sacred traditions, ever in memory. It is a tradition

of itself—a tradition holy, full of meaning and one that does not dim or fade with the progress of the world or the advancement of our own nation.

We love the Christmas time; the Christmas bells; the Christmas sermons and the Christmas editorials in the average newspaper. We love to lie like sin to the children in order to throw a halo of romance in their young and tender minds. They are susceptible and we can deceive them. Their new lives are ones of wonder and delight, and we love to see them open wide their eyes in astonishment when they take from the nail the full stocking that Santa Claus has taken the trouble to come down the chimney to fill. Christmas is the people's day. No one can add thereto or take away, and the thousands who are made glad and happy for the once are those whose prayers are heard first at the great white throne and recorded by the angel that makes up al reckonings. The little deed of charity done on this day, though, will not weigh any heavier in the balance than if it had been done a day or a week before and the right hand had been kept in ignorance of the left hand's doings as it was held out to one of those whom the Savior came to claim as His own in the fold of the Only Shepherd. Christmas is the world's property, and may science and superstition fall ere they throw a cloud over the bright day and make it a pitiful wreck for scoffers to point at. "Floreat Christmas."

This is a Christmas offering—this edition of the Outlook—The Christmas time presents a rare opportunity to the editor of a newspaper to do penance for the sins of omission and commission and settle himself down to ask one and all to forgive him for the deeds done and undone in the past year. The Outlook is not always good natured; it is sometimes wrong but it always means right, and to those who feel aggrieved we humbly fall upon our knees and beg to be forgiven. We only do this once a year—on paper—on Christmas, and then devote the remaining fifty-one weeks to stirring up something to be forgiven for when Christmas comes again. Forgive us this once and we will go right on and make the Outlook second to none in independence and news, as we have done in the past, and then we shall have the courage to ask its readers all, to grant us pardon for our wrong doing when Christmas comes again.

This is a merry Christmas—merry to many but sad to some. There are the opening eyes that now behold their first Christmas, and the closing lids that fall heavily asleep for the last time as this, their last Christmas comes to them. They have both received their gifts—one, the gift of life and joy, bringing gladness to the household and sunshine to happy hearts; the other the gift of a better and brighter life far away beyond the merry calls of a Savior's day on earth. Their partings are sad to those who are left but they have gained the crown and are living the life everlasting where no clouds come over the day and no night of darkness falls. This is the time of which it is written that there shall be "Peace on earth, good will to man." There is peace in every home and good will in every heart, for who can live through this time, this day, and not say from the depths of his soul "A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL."

Owing to the great amount of correspondence received and the unusual demand for advertising space we have been unable to print everything intended for this issue. All matter left over will be published in the next two numbers before Christmas.

Enterprise and industry, applied with brains will put a new and smiling face on the affairs with which you are concerned.

Work; sweet rest shall wait on thy pillow;  
Work; thou shalt ride on care's coming billow.

Who can find fault with this winter weather? Send him back to the zero climate.

A good many Gresham people got their names in the paper last week.

The time of good resolutions draw eth near.

Patronize your home paper because it tells you all your home news.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by Gresham Drug Co., and all Dealers everywhere.

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**LIVESTOCK.**  
FOR SALE—Gentle horse, with buggy and harness. \$25. Phone 91. \*86  
FOR SALE—3-year old horse, well broken, 1100 pounds. New 1 1/4 inch wagon with single harness. Phone 344. Frank Kolsky, Boring, Oregon, mile east of Mayberry. \*88  
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FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Brown Leghorn chickens, hens and cockerels. Prize-winning stock. Also, 20 cords of dry wood, on the road. E. J. Gradin, Gresham, phone 325. \*85  
FOR SALE—Full blooded Jersey bull calf, 5 weeks old. Inquire E. E. Lounsbury, Rockwood, R. 1, Gresham, Ore. \*85  
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**REAL ESTATE AND RENTALS**  
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See Sandy Ridge Lumber company. Best grades, low prices. Rough and finish. Will deliver from our new mill, 2 miles south of Kelso. Phone 41x1. \*88  
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For Sale in Zenith addition by the owners. The Independent Land Company. Easy terms. Buy direct and save commission. See E. H. Kelly, Res. Third street and Kelly avenue. tf  
FOR RENT—5 1/2 acres, suitable for nursery stock, or any growing crops, half mile west of Gresham. Address Edw. M. Roberts, Welches, Oregon. tf  
FOR RENT—House on Main street, with barn, city water and electric lights. Chas. Cleveland. tf  
**Are You Going to Build?**  
If so, consult W. H. Karr, Gresham, Oregon. Plans and estimates furnished. tf

**MISCELLANEOUS**  
**Auto for Sale.**  
Buick auto, 20 h. p. Model 10-4-passenger. \$250 takes it. A. E. Lindsey, Gresham. tf  
BALED HAY for sale at my place at Cottrell. W. A. Proctor. Phone 378. tf  
THREE-ROOM Furnished Apartment, steam heat, electric light and bath. Will rent or sell furniture. Reasonable. Enquire over First State Bank. \*86.  
FOR SALE—Oregon Grown Walnuts, grown on Mountain View farm in quantities. Phone 21. H. E. Davis. 89  
FOR RENT—20 acres potato ground, 1 mile from Gresham. Will rent for cash or on shares. No buildings on place. Address box 161. Gresham. tf  
Gresham Feed Mill wants oats and wheat. Highest cash prices. Phone 561.

**Miscellaneous.**  
W. E. Beegle, agent for Knickerbocker Tailoring company, solicits gentlemen's patronage. Call and see his line of samples at Hogan Station, or phone him at Columbia Brick Works and he will call at your home. \*9  
May be she would like a Hot Point Electric Iron. \$3.50 at Sterling & Kidder's.  
LOST—Ladies' fancy gold watch, initials C. M., somewhere between S camore and Berkeley. Finder leave at Outlook office. Reward. tf  
Get the habit of reading the Evening Telegram. Let us send it to you with the Outlook until Jan. 1, 1914 for \$4.50.  
**We Want Everyone** to read the Outlook. We ask you to subscribe, if you can, but read it any way, if you have to borrow it.

**Christmastide of Forty-Four**

MRS. C. C. BATEMAN.

Among company of immigrants landing at Fort Vancouver late in December, 1844, was a young lad who had never before seen a ship, and yielding to his curiosity, took an Indian canoe and boarded the British bark lying in the stream. The captain, of course, was much astonished at his appearance and audacity, and sternly demanded his mission. The reply was prophetic: "We are from beyond the Rocky mountains and are out here to rule this country."—From a sketch by W. Lair Hill.

Cold and bleak the dark December, Christmas tide of forty-four,  
When a band of travelers landed on the wild Columbia shore;  
With the pathos of their suffering written in their children's eyes,  
As the weeping days of autumn overshadowed summer skies.

Mile by mile true courage led them in the teeth of sleety squalls,  
Through the passage of The Dalles, past the Cascade's roaring falls;  
Down the lonely wind-swept river, by the Isle of Memaloose  
'Till they see the misty mantle drape the green hills of Scappoose.

Wearied from their toilsome journey, dragged the footsteps tired and slow,  
While they climbed the sloping sand dunes from the water-logged batteau;  
As the storm-tossed sailor blesses every safe and open port,  
So before their eager vision lay the old Vancouver fort.

With the Indian campfires lighted on the open esplanade,  
And the yawning cannon planted, frowning from the pallisade;  
From the medieval bastion floats the red cross of St. George,—  
Symbol of the English nation guarding valley, hill and gorge.

Fairest Jewel of that scene to the slender youth who stood  
Heedless of the mystic forest and the snow-weathered cone of Hood,  
Was the British vessel swinging idly with the lazy tide;  
Lullabies the waves were crooning as they softly kissed her side.

Eager beat the strong, young life blood as he manned a light canoe,  
Soon beneath the bark's deep shadow, unwatched by the careless crew;  
See, he scales the swaying ladder, panting reached the upper deck,  
Scanning span and sail and halyard, none to question, none to check.

'Till he stood within the cabin with a swiftly throbbing heart,  
Fused before the startled captain bending o'er his books and chart;  
'Who are you and what your mission?' stern and cold the question fell;  
Flashed the lad's blue eyes with spirit and with pride his pulses swell.

'From the rolling Mississippi brave as eagles in their flight,  
We have crossed the boundless prairie; dared the Rocky mountain's heights;  
Battling with the wintry tempest still the stars and stripes we bore,  
Destined rulers of the forest, monarchs of this sunset shore.

'Free as Heaven's vaulted vistas, fretted with the silver stars;  
Free as ocean's surging billows, leaping o'er the sandy bars;  
Free as floats the white-winged blossoms, ghostly fleets of thistle down;  
Free as birds or fleecy storm clouds, circling round the mountain's crown.'

City lights like stars are shining where the flickering campfire glowed,  
Sun-kissed sails at anchor lying where that old canoe was rowed;  
Changeless still the hills and valley and the river rolling on,  
But our banner waves triumphant, British flag and fort are gone.

**CHRISTMAS REUNIONS.**

How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life are on this day reunited and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good will which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations and the rude traditions of the roughest savages alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken! — Charles Dickens.

**Christmas Don'ts.**

Don't try to pay debts or return obligations in your Christmas giving.  
Don't give trashy things. Many an attic could tell strange stories about Christmas presents.  
Don't make presents which your friends will not know what to do with and which would merely encumber the home.

Jack Johnson says he is like Napoleon. If that is so he should banish himself to an island in the middle of the ocean. Are there any dissenting votes? It is unanimous.

**Let Her Pass.**

See the merry Christmas shopper,  
But for goodness' sake don't stop here!  
Let her hike along her pathway;  
Let her pass you with a smile.  
Though you know her, don't detain her,  
For the fact could not be plainer  
That if you two get to chatting  
You will merely block the aisle.  
Do not ask her how she's feeling,  
If her sister's baby's peeling  
From that awful scarlet fever  
Or if 'twill affect her mind.  
Don't inquire about her mother  
Or her nephew or her brother.  
Can the idle gossip, lady,  
There's a crowd of us behind.  
Do not ask her what's she's knitting  
Or crocheting for a fitting  
Little Christmas gift this season.  
If you get her started she  
Will relate her whole life story.  
All its tragedy and glory,  
And there's full two hundred people  
Trying hard to walk on me.  
See the merry Christmas shopper,  
But for goodness' sake don't stop here!  
There's no chat that you can think of  
That is really now worth while.  
Let her go about her buying,  
Though to speak to her you're dying.  
Cut it out this Christmas season.  
Let's have freedom in the aisle.

The American house of representatives has become so large that individual desks for the members are to be abolished and benches are to be substituted, as in the British parliament. One advantage in this arrangement will be that the congressmen can sleep more comfortably on the benches.

The Outlook is as good as a letter to send to your friends in other places.

**NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given that at the general election on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1912, the question of stock running at large was voted on in Hurlburt Precinct 171. The vote resulted for running at large 35.

Against running at large 78. In accordance with Section 5575 of Lord's Oregon Laws I hereby give notice that it will be unlawful for stock to run at large under penalty of \$10.00 for the first offense and \$20.00 for each and every subsequent offense.

The Law taking effect sixty days from the date of this notice. Dated November 20, 1912.

F. S. FIELDS, County Clerk.

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**Powell Valley Farm for Sale**

60 acres of the choicest farm land, about 25 acres under cultivation, the balance easy to clear. Located only 2 miles from Gresham on electric line, station on the property, in the center of the Swedish community. Close to three churches. This place can well be used as one farm or divided into 5 or 10 acre tracts and resold with large profit. Price \$20,000. Half Cash, bal. 7 per cent 10 acres, nearly all under cultivation; house and barn; also located in Powell Valley, close to station, for sale for \$4,000 JOHN PALMBLAD, Owner, Route 4 Gresham, Oregon