

GRESHAM OUTLOOK

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SINGLE TERM GRAMMAR.

Making the office of president to be of one term, and that for six years, is the object of a constitutional amendment which the states are asked to ratify. The amendment reads:

"The term of office of president shall be for six years, and no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as president under the constitution and laws in pursuance thereof shall be eligible to again hold the office by election."

Too bad there isn't someone in congress who can write a sensible paragraph. If a president cannot hold the office longer than one term by election, how long would he be able to hold it if accidentally elevated to the position? The chance for a cabinet officer to be president by the death of his superiors is rather small, but the way is kept open for one to hold the office for, perhaps, five years or longer and then be elected for six years more. If that amendment can be squelched until the professor gets into the president's chair perhaps he can suggest a change in some parts of it—in the grammatical part, anyway.

HERALD BLAMES SHATTUCK.

The Beaver State Herald, published at Lents, has something to say about the loss of a county appropriation for the fair this year. It places all the blame on Lewis Shattuck, who was president last year of the Multnomah County Fair association, and seeks to convey the idea that the fair has lost the friendship and assistance of the East Side Business Men's clubs.

As to Mr. Shattuck's share in the slight upon the East Portland people last year, which is referred to understandingly in the subjoined article from the Herald, there is this to be said in his defense: Mr. Shattuck was not in the least to blame, as the matter of an invitation was taken up in a board meeting and one of the directors was appointed a committee to wait upon the clubs and enlist their personal assistance in a visit here on "Portland Day." That member accepted the commission but forgot it with the result that no invitation was made, hence the clubs were not here, as usual, a thousand strong.

The loss of an appropriation is a hard blow to the fair, but it will go ahead with more economy and determination to succeed. The association has not lost the friendship of the East Side clubs, because they now fully understand the situation, and are just as ready as ever to help the fair along this year. Such assurances have been received only this week, and there will be something doing with their full assistance.

Following is the article in full from yesterday's Herald:

"The Multnomah County Fair is again thrown on its own resources. Two years during its history it has had assistance from the state and in one instance the county court made them a donation of \$2000 but the court is trying to cut down expenses and it has passed by the opportunity to levy a special tax for the support of the fair. That will put the fair on its own resources. The support secured last year was largely due to the friendly offices of the East Side Business Men's association. Members of the association went personally to the court and interceded last year in the interests of the fair. This year they did not feel so friendly. The change in feeling was due to lack of diplomacy on the part of the president of the fair last year. The \$2000 made such a good backing for the little enterprise that he forgot

that it might not be so easy to secure it again and as a consequence he neglected to cultivate the friendship of the east side men. It has been customary to send them a special invitation to attend in a body but that was entirely overlooked last season. One of the members was heard to speak of this last year a few days before the opening of the fair and to give the assurance that their club would not be so ready to give a "bunch of grafters" like that thier assistance so readily hereafter. He blamed the entire management but when it was explained that it was probably due to an oversight on the part of the president it did not seem to count for much. The spot was sore and it does not seem to have healed.

"That President Shattuck should have made such an oversight as this seems ridiculous. He was elected to the presidency of the fair largely at his own solicitation, assuming that his ability would lift the fair out of the uncertain financial position which it has occupied ever since it was organized, but he has had an opportunity to learn something of the difficulties of an official of such an organization, though he had the active co-operation of the other officials, quite to the contrary of some of the experiences of others preceding him, yet with all that he did not make relatively more of a showing than his predecessors, so when election time came this year he was ready to shift the burden onto other shoulders.

"The newly elected president is H. A. Lewis of Russellville, and the secretary is E. G. Kardell, re-elected. Both are experienced men and well qualified to attend to the work, having confidence of the new board and other officials, and they stand a good show of making the fair a success. However, is it a hard blow to be deprived of a small county fund?"

It will soon be cat-fishing time down on the Columbia slough. And that, too, just as we are all filling up on smelt! Blessings never come singly.

Portland threatens to put a tax on traveling merchants who sell by samples. Guess the city needs the money, but it will come out of the pockets of the customers.

Only seven days more of the legislature and nearly \$9,000,000 to appropriate. Any newspaper man could do the job, but then people in our profession never get the chance.

Those are brave men down at Fairview who are putting up fifteen dollars a year for a Commercial club. Where did they or will they get the money? Next thing we know they will be refusing to eat potatoes because they are not luxuries this spring.

Not content with a town full of soldiers, Vancouver wants a company of national guard. The poor people of our sister city don't know when they are well off. As far as we are concerned they are welcome to both.

The week of September 8 has been selected as the time for the holding of the Clarke county fair at Vancouver. According to this booking the local fair will take place before the Oregon state fair at Salem, and the week before the fair at Gresham.

Every once in so long comes the report that an effort will be made to open a county road from Fairview to the Columbia river. Now the new Commercial club down there is preparing to be a martyr to the cause. If it ever succeeds it will have an everlasting monument and can die happy.

All the east side is up in agony over the decision to build the auditorium on the west side. Why didn't the eastsiders get busy and donate a site somewhere downtown? Almost anywhere between Hawthorne and Holladay avenues would have been as convenient as the site chosen provided it was not over ten blocks from the river and near a car line. The street car company could have offered the gift of a block.

Those Mexicans are hot tamales, all right, but they will lose some of their fire when a few regiments of United States troops get down there among them. It may be that only private American interests are in danger, but they are worth considering by our government. Besides, those fiery bean eaters need cooling off, just as an object lesson to themselves and the other half-caste nations that make faces at us all around the circle.

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LEGEND OF SALMON ROCK

Historical Incident on Scappoose Bay, by E. L. Thorpe.

Rising from the murky waters of the Willamette slough, about half a mile above the historic town of St. Helens, is a long, flat rock scarcely higher than the muddy banks above and below it. Years ago, when the first white man settled there, the name of Salmon Rock was given it because the Indians made it a general camping ground, and on its smooth surface prepared their salmon catches for future use, and made it a sort of starting point for their hunting and fishing excursions up and down the river and into the mountains which slope away to the east and west into the illimitable ranges beyond.

One day, over forty years ago, I was present at a gathering of old settlers on Scappoose bay, where the little town of Milton once stood, and was introduced to a quaint old character of that section whom I engaged in conversation, and he told me a story in connection with the rock which is now only remembered by a very few to whom it may have been related—as it was to me—for the actors and witnesses have all disappeared. My informant was one of the last survivors and he, too, has disappeared into the mystic shades of the great beyond.

The old man, formerly an employee of the Hudson Bay company, was in a talkative mood that day, which was unusual for him, as he had imbibed the reticence of the Indians from long intercourse with them. He told me this tale, embellished with his own idioms of speech, which, however, is omitted for the sake of the historical facts here related.

"It was a long time ago," he said; "let me think awhile. Yes, it was more than fifty years ago, when the only white men here were a few of us engaged in the service of the Hudson Bay company, with headquarters at Vancouver. We were on good terms with the Indians, and a small party of us had been sent down here to meet the tribe and trade with them for skins and furs, as was our custom twice each year, and we had arrived among them on that occasion just in time to be spectators of their grand spring potlatch.

"It was early in May, just after the leaves and blossoms had appeared, and the straggling members of the tribe were coming in rapidly from every direction. It was their custom to begin their feasting and dancing on the first day of the new moon, and a plentiful supply of the royal chinook salmon, the first of the season, was sure to be on hand for the occasion.

"The spring run of salmon had been unusually good that year, and the supply was immense, besides which there was a great store of game, and every Indian was in good spirits for coming festivities when we arrived among them. We were received with becoming hospitality by the head men, and invited to remain with them until their potlatch had ended, an invitation we accepted, because we knew that to take a part with them was to further our own interests and make trading an easy matter; besides, we could do very little bartering with them until the spirit had moved them—which meant that it required several days to get their commodities in presentable shape for our inspection; and, also, to go through their usual ceremonies before they would allow us to talk business with them.

"When their feast finally began there were still several members missing, among which were three for whom much concern was manifested. Two of them were young braves of high repute, while the third was the only daughter of a sub-chief, a maiden of rare beauty and accomplishments for an untutored child of the wilderness, and it was her tragic fate I will tell you of—a story that has been remembered and retold by her kinsmen ever since, and will be told and told again as long as an Indian shall remain along the banks of the great river of the west.

"When the Indians had gone away into the mountains on their hunting and trapping expeditions the previous fall, these three were all in the same party, which numbered perhaps a dozen. They had separated from the others to visit a certain stream in quest of furs, it being their custom to divide up in that manner so as to cover the entire country. These parties would seldom see each other until their work was done, when they would meet at an appointed place, as they were then doing for their spring festival. What happened in the mountains was afterward related by the young woman with whom my story has to do, and it showed up a new phase in the character of an Indian, but of that presently, after I have told you of a great commotion that an event occasioned early the third

morning after the feast had begun. "It was just after the break of day and the rising sun was sending its slanting rays of light down the long stretch of Scappoose bay, which joins the waters of Willamette slough almost in front of Salmon rock. There is a clear vision of more than two miles away, and coming down it were seen two canoes, each bearing a single person. From the way they were flying through the water it was evident that one was pursuing the other, and as they drew nearer it was seen that one contained a woman, the other a man. Closer they came, the woman in the lead, with every muscle straining to keep ahead of her pursuer, who was redoubling every effort to overtake her.

"The Indians on the rock were aroused, and as it became evident that the woman was trying to evade her pursuer, they prepared themselves to take a part in the race, if necessary. Just then the woman waved a piece of red cloth—a sign of distress among her people—and every man sprang for his canoe in readiness to lend assistance.

"On they came, the pursued and pursuer yet a mile away, the sparkling waters flying in frothy foam from the prows of the two canoes, leaving a wake behind that sparkled in the brilliant gleams of the morning sun; then rolling off on either side toward the shore the waves broke upon the beach in a low, monotonous chorus on the still air.

"It was evident that the man was gaining upon the woman, but the latter never stopped her steady stroke, although it was certain that her strength was fast failing. The sight of armed assistance seemed to give her renewed energy, and her pursuer kept on, not a bit dismayed at the prospective reception awaiting him.

"It looked as if he was sure of being captured, and that he knew it, but on he came, straining every muscle, gaining slowly on the woman until it could be seen that only a short distance intervened between them.

"By this time the advance guard of the relief party, two canoes containing three men each, was half way to them, and then a strange thing happened—something seldom known among Indians of the same tribe. The pursuing brave, evidently knowing that he would be captured in a few minutes more, suddenly dropped his paddle and raised his rifle. A sharp report followed, and the foremost man in the leading canoe fell forward with a bullet through his body. The murderer then threw himself into the water, and without any effort to save himself sank slowly below the surface.

"In his exhausted condition, after such a desperate piece of work as he had performed, he never rose and was lost to sight forever.

"The woman looked back but once at the report of the rifle, and then kept on until she, too, sank exhausted in her canoe surrounded by those who had come to her assistance.

"They brought her ashore where she soon revived, and then she told her story. She had become separated from the others over a week before and wandered about in the mountains all that time alone. She was not exactly lost, as it would be hard to lose an Indian, and she finally came out upon the banks of the bay, at a point about six miles from Salmon rock the morning before. Here she had rested for awhile and was about to proceed down the shore when the two young men I have mentioned came along in their canoes on their way to the gathering.

"They came ashore and each offered to take her in his canoe, when a great difficulty arose between them. They began a quarrel as to which should have her company, and she refused to side with either of them. Their quarrel developed into a fight in which one was killed, and the survivor made another attempt to persuade the woman to go along with him, which she refused to do. He coaxed and threatened, but all in vain, and tried to force her into his boat. She was able to defend herself until evening came, when he succeeded in overpowering her and, as he thought, placed her securely in his canoe ready to depart. They went in an opposite direction for several miles, when they landed for a moment and he stepped ashore.

"During the interval she had been developing a plan for escape, and had succeeded in slipping a thong from her wrists with which the man had bound her. As soon as she saw he was ashore she sprang up and seized the paddle and was soon out in the stream, flying back to where she knew her friends would be assembled.

"The man ran along the shore but not as fast as she was going, and when he arrived where the dead man's canoe had been left he got in-

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to it and gave chase. Their race was a desperate one, and he gained steadily upon her until the last moment, but never overtook her, as I have told you.

"Her story caused great consternation in the village, but there was nothing to be done except to dispose of the bodies of the two dead Indians, which was done with much ceremony.

"And here comes another tragic phase of my tale: The maiden and the man who was shot in the canoe had long been lovers, but had never divulged their secret. The girl said not a word until the last ceremony had been performed by laying her lover's body on Coffin Rock, about twenty miles down the river, with his canoe overturned above it. This rock was their burial place, and I have seen it covered with bodies and canoes, but all traces of them have disappeared long ago.

"After the funeral we started back to the camping ground, but there was no more hilarity among the Indians. They seemed soberer and when we got back they were ready for business with us, and we made many trades for their furs and hides which they seemed anxious to dispose of as soon as possible.

"I could scarcely understand their mood, but I noticed that the girl was sad and kept aloof from the others as much as possible. I also saw that sullen looks passed between the relatives of the three dead men. It was evident that trouble would come soon if the band did not disperse, but I was in hopes that we would get away before any open rupture occurred.

"The day before we were ready to leave the maiden became a raving maniac—another peculiar condition, as Indians seldom get crazy—and it became necessary to curtail her liberty as her insanity was of a dangerous type. She was placed in a wigwam with two old women to guard her, but early the next morning she had become cunning enough to elude their vigilance and got away.

"The camp was just beginning to be astir when I came out of my own tent, and the first sight that met my eyes was the maiden rushing wildly down toward the edge of the rock, over which she sprang into the waters of the river which closed over her form, leaving only a few ripples and bubbles where she had disappeared beneath its surface.

"Since then the place has never been visited by an Indian, and when they pass it by in their canoes they keep as far away from it as possible."

Such is the legend of Salmon Rock.

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Leave Portland 7:50 a. m.—Arrive Fairview 8:25 a. m.; Troutdale, 8:30 a. m.
Lv. Portland 4:00 p. m.—Ar. Fairview 4:29 p. m.; roudale, 4:34 p. m.
Lv. Portland 8:00 p. m.—Ar. Troutdale 8:31 p. m.

WESTBOUND
Lv. Troutdale 9:15 a. m.; leave Fairview 9:19 a. m.—Ar. Portland 10:00 a. m.
Lv. Troutdale 4:48 p. m.; leave Fairview 4:52 p. m.—Ar. Portland 5:30 p. m.

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Lv. Portland for Gresham and Cazadero	Lv. Gresham for Portland	Lv. Portland for Gresham	Lv. Gresham for Portland
a 5:20	cb12:25	c12:25	
6:50	b 5:40	d 5:51	
7:45		e 6:30	a 6:07
8:45		f 7:37	7:50
9:45	a 7:50	8:50	
10:45		9:39	11:50
11:45		10:45	a 3:18
12:45		11:39	3:50
1:45		12:45	5:50
a 2:27		1:39	7:45
2:45		2:45	
3:45		3:39	
4:45		4:45	
b 5:35		a 5:03	
d 5:45		5:39	
6:45		6:45	
8:00		7:00	
b10:00		9:45	
c 11:33		10:50	

Light figures denote a. m. Bold figures denote p. m. a U. S. Mail and Express. No passengers.
b Gresham Local to Cazadero on Sundays.
c Saturday through to Cazadero. Running time Portland to Gresham, 1 hour.

MT. HOOD DIVISION			
Lv. Mountavilla for Gresham and Bull Run	Lv. Gresham for Mt'ville	Lv. Mountavilla for Bull Run	Lv. Gresham for Bull Run
a 9:00	8:10	d 7:00	
3:00	a 1:20	3:25	
b 5:55	5:25		

SUNDAY ONLY.
9:00 8:00 d 7:00
1:30 11:50 9:25
4:45 4:15 1:55
c 7:00 6:50 s 5:10

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b To Cottrell only.
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