

GRESHAM OUTLOOK

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

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"The Linotype Way is the Way that Wins."

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OPEN IT UP.

A trip from here to Sandy reveals several thousand acres of logged off lands that should soon be in cultivation. The most of it is in Clackamas county, yet there are several large tracts close to Gresham that await development.

In the territory between Cottrell and Sandy, embracing nearly five miles square are numerous fields of stumps and brush and a few "burns." All of this territory is susceptible of a high state of cultivation when once cleared, but it seems that people are not settling down there at a remarkably rapid rate and that but little clearing is being done by those who own the land.

There must be some reason for this condition of affairs, but what is it? Are the owners holding the land at a price too high? Has no effort been made to interest settlers? Have the new arrivals no money with which to buy, or is there some other reason.

We are not advised as to what the owners of the lands are asking for them, but it is stated that there are several large holdings which could be cut up into moderate sized farms. That should be done and the lands should be offered at a reasonable figure so as to attract settlers. This is the best location in Oregon for agricultural development and there is no reason why the more than 20 square miles of land between here and Sandy should not be developed to such an extent that it would become the garden for Portland's supply of vegetables, fruits, dairy and poultry products.

DOOMED TO EXTINCTION.

So great has been the slaughter of China pheasants since the first of October that the number has dwindled down to about one bird for every hunter. After three years of protection the ruthless slaying of "chinnamen" has been so great that there will not be as many of them left by the first of November as would have been had they not been protected at all.

The so-called game law seems to be a farce, in this section of the state at least, and should either be repealed or be made to protect the birds perpetually. The former recourse would seem to be the best, for then the farmers would take care of them until killing time and would then only kill what they needed for themselves. Now it is a grab game in which the city sport gets the biggest rake-off while the farmer kills all he can in order to get a taste of the game he has fed and grown up.

It is believed that numerous violations of the law have not been detected, and with the ruthless carnage going on it will be no wonder if the birds are not nearly extinct before the closed season "protects" them again.

Congressman Lafferty has been appointed a member of the subcommittee of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce to draft legislation to prevent the misbranding and adulteration of commodities entering into interstate commerce. Mr. Lafferty will be very glad to receive the views of his constituents as to what provisions should be included in the bill, and anyone desiring to offer suggestions is cordially requested to write to him at Washington.

Hatched in April, 1912, and commencing to lay at the age of five and one-half months, a hen at the Oregon Agricultural College has broken the world's record for the production of eggs in one year. She laid 283 eggs in twelve months, which is the highest record in the United States and two more than the world's record. Her most notable feat, and which probably has never been equaled, was the laying of 99 eggs in 100 consecutive days during the spring months. The hen is a cross between the Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn breeds.

A prominent citizen of Portland who has lately returned from Europe states that there is no doubt that there will be a rush from Europe, states that there is no doubt that there will be a rush of immigrants to the Pacific coast as soon as the Panama Canal is open to general traffic. The steamship companies are selling tickets on the installment plan, accepting small weekly payments and allowing interest on such deposits. In this way families can pay for their transportation with comparative ease whereas raising the money to pay for the tickets in a lump sum would be impossible. The prospective immigrants are mostly of the farming class and they are not particular as to just where they land. Anywhere the steamer happens to stop will suit them. They evidently figure that while some places on the coast may be better than others, any place is good enough.

Preliminary plans have been made and another conference will be held at Albany on October 30 in the movement to combine the eight Willamette Valley counties in the preparation and installation of a great valley exhibit at San Francisco in 1915. It has been decided that this is a better plan than to attempt to put in an exhibit from each county. The proposition has met with general approval and its success is already assured.

Thirty volunteers have been enrolled in Portland to start a campaign of education in favor of the interstate bridge between Multnomah county, in Oregon, and Clark county, in Washington. All the civic clubs and organizations of Portland are lined up behind this movement and it is expected the bond issue to be voted on at the November election will carry by a great majority.

Congressman Lafferty writes from Washington that he reads the Outlook twice a week. Well, he should, for there is something in every issue worth reading. He is not the only one who reads it with great regularity, but very few of them ever tell us so, which is very modest of them but don't hurt a bit.

All the agricultural fairs are over as far as known, but the big fat stock show on the peninsula will be the next attraction. It will come off the first week in December and promises to be one of the interesting events of the year.

When the Girls' Hose Goes on a Picnic

By EUGENE L. THORPE.

When the girls' hose team went out for a picnic the other day they had no idea of anything but having a barrel of fun. Not one of them imagined that I was there too, but I am supposed to be holding down my job under any and all circumstances and one of the circumstances is to keep tab on the hose team.

In the movies a sleuth is sometimes seen going along with an auto bunch by riding crossways behind the tonaue. I won't say that I went to the picnic in that way, nor was I disguised in bloomers and a middy blouse, but I got there just "the same and hid behind a log," so that no detail of the occasion escaped me—and I'm glad I went.

A girls' outing is something different from any other kind. It has to be, for girls are different, somehow and they think, they have secrets that can never get away. They of Gresham will wonder how any of their little confidentials ever escaped—until they read this.

When the plunging auto landed the bunch on the banks of a small creek near old farmer Linchpin's rear fence the girls were looney with delight. It was joy unconfined for them to disport themselves by the babbling brook clad in their racing uniforms, and then—well, here is a part of what I saw and heard:

The girls were playing "King William," each one taking her turn at being "it." They assumed another name on such occasions and I heard some of them called Harold and Wesley and Ray and several more familiar appellations, until I thought for awhile that some of the boys were really there. It was astonishing how they osculated at such times, when the "king" had to salute his bride. I had a notion to

show myself and become the proxy for all of them.

They were dancing around and around on the grassy sward when young Linchpin came down to get the cows. He saw the blue bloomers and white blouses and then he skidded for the house. I learned afterward that he told his dad about seeing a flock of sandhill cranes, and the old man got down his scatter gun and they sneaked down to the fence.

Old Linchpin was astonished but he had seen the girls at the fair and tried to make a sneak back. He fell over a root, his old gun went off with a bang and kicked him in the ribs and the kid yelled and the "King William" seance broke up with a flutter that made every one feel sorry. The girls dashed into the brush like a bevy of quail and when the farmer got his second wind he was as much surprised as any one.

He grabbed the kid by the collar and they went back home while I waited for the girls to come out. Pretty soon one of them peeped and then another, and after awhile they were all assembled for a council of ways and means.

Then one of them screamed. It was not much more than a gasp but I heard her ask another girl for a safety pin. Bloomers have a habit of coming down, you know.

Then they went in wading and they splashed up and down the creek for awhile until a shriek rent the forest like a Panama canal celebration. One of the prettiest threw herself ashore with a big crawfish hanging to her toe and the others crowded around her in wonderment and sympathy. How to get it off was a problem. One suggested squeezing it between two sticks and another wanted to go to the auto for a wrench. The victim howled and then fainted.

One of the huskiest girls took up a big rock and smashed it down with the laudable intention of murdering the crawfish, but missed her mark and took a big toe square amidship. The fainting girl woke up when that happened and gave a heroic kick that loosened the reptile and sent it spinning into the face of the girl who threw the rock. It caught her by the ear and she fell over with her bloomers waving in the breeze and her feet trying to scrape the leaves from a hazel bush. Then she got up and grabbed a piece of bark which missed a half dozen heads as it whizzed through the air and then the suffering crawfish was seen tearing down the road still hanging on like a blue-bottle on a piece of hold-em-fast fly paper. The girl was keeping it company and I only regretted that she wasn't trying to break a contest record.

Half a mile away a young fellow was digging potatoes and she made a been line for him, but he saw her coming and made his get-away over a rail fence.

Then she fainted. They always do, and when the other girls came up the crawfish had let go and was hiding under a clod.

When they got started back to the creek a big red cow saw them from another field and headed them off with a loud bellow and there they were. One of them said "shoo" and tried to waive her apron, but there wasn't any apron. So she said "scat" and picked up a big chunk of dirt to throw at the cow. The chunk broke into a million pieces and the pieces flew into the eyes of five or six of the girls everyone of whom thought it was done on purpose.

The whole bunch was getting mad and excited and I overheard something about "mean thing" and "tell ma," but I was too far away to hear anything. Then the old cow went on about her business and the girls got back to the creek.

It was getting about dinner time and the girls were hungry. Some of them went for their lunch which had been left beside a tree, but a couple of dogs had been there just ahead of them and the most of the lunch was on its way to a sausage factory. Some pickles were left, and girls don't care for much else anyway.

Then they divided up and sauntered around in couples. Two of them came my way and sat on the log under which I was hid, but I'll never tell they confided to each other. When they read this they'll know that they now have one true friend who never leaks.

Then they got together and went back to town where they reported their picnic to have been the greatest ever, which it certainly was.

Read the Want Ads.

1c a word for first insertion; one-half cent a word each subsequent insertion. Minimum, any insertion, 10c.

LIVESTOCK

FOR SALE—One team of working horses. Mrs. M. Nystrom, Gresham, phone 261. tf

HORSE WANTED—About 1200 lbs., to work single or double; no old plugs considered. Address, giving description. V. L. D. Outlook office. *68

FOR SALE—Sow and pigs, and two yearlings. J. L. Dearing, Gillis Station. Gresham, R. 4. *68

FOR SALE—Good horse and single harness. Inquire at E. Easley's. *68

GOOD HARNESS and WAGON for sale. Enquire of B. F. Bauer. 66

FOR SALE—Stock hogs and sows for breeding purposes. At the Kiger ranch, R. 1, Troutdale, on the Section Line road, 3 1/2 miles east of Gresham. *66

Livestock

FOR SALE—10 cows, some beef, some milk; one extra good brood sow, farrow Nov. 20. R. L. Myers, Alsbaugh, Estacada line. *67

Pigs For Sale. Fifteen young pigs for sale. Wm. Shelley, Route 2, Troutdale, phone, Corbett 54. tf

FOR SALE—Two colts, one two-year-old and one yearling. Gust Peterson, R. 2, box 94, Gresham, Oregon. *67

FRESH COW for sale. Chas. Cleveland, Gresham, Oregon. tf

REAL ESTATE AND RENTALS

POULTRY FARM lease, stock and equipment for sale cheap. Ten acres splendid location. High class stock Act quickly. Owner, R. D. 2, box 5, Gresham. Phone 523. tf

FIVE-ROOM BUNGALOW for rent in Gresham. Good location. Inquire at Outlook. *68

FOR RENT—Good pasture. Horses \$1.00, cattle 75c, per month. Inquire J. E. Isell, Troutdale, phone 191. tf

MISCELLANEOUS

Gresham Feed Mill wants oats and wheat. Highest cash prices. Phone 561.

Auto Truck for Hire For picnic parties—10 to 20 people. Hauling to and from Portland. H. E. Davis, phone 21. tf

FOUND—Small rosary of glass beads, silver chain. Call at Mrs. H. E. Davis, Gresham, phone 21. 66

McCarters Auto Truck. For picnic parties Tuesday and Friday mornings about 8 o'clock. Leave hauling at business houses Sherman McCarters, phone 335.

FOR SALE—On account of moving, 150 early hatched pullets, S. C. White Leghorns, 75 cents each. At the Kiger ranch, R. 1, Troutdale, on Section Line road, 3 1/2 miles east of Gresham. *66

WANTED—10 tons good clover hay. Loose or baled. Give price, quality and where stored. Address V. L. D., Outlook office. *68

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Best Bread
On the Market,
Fresh Every Day
**Pies, Cakes,
and other
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Main St. Gresham, Ore.

Church Notices

GRESHAM BETHEL BAPTIST—Sunday services—Sabbath school at 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Rev. E. A. Leonard, acting pastor.
LINNEMANN METHODIST, Gresham—Rev. Melville T. Wire, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 9:45 and Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday nights at 8 p. m.
CATHOLIC SERVICES—Mass every Sunday at 10:30 in Commercial Hall, Gresham, until church is built. After mass, instruction for the children.
MASS will be celebrated every second and fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at St. Josephs church, Powell Valley road. Reverend Father Martin, O. S. B., Pastor.
FAIRVIEW PRESBYTERIAN—Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday school meets at 10 a. m., in charge of Mrs. D. W. McKay. Y. P. S. C. E. devotional meeting at 7 p. m. Rev. Thos. Robinson, Pastor.
FREE METHODIST CHURCH—Gresham. Edwin W. Hight, Pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8.

FARMERS! ATTENTION!

LUMBER SALE

We Will Sell at the Following Prices:
Shiplap, per M. \$7.00
2x4, 16 and 24 ft length, sized, per M. 7.00
2x6, 16 and 24 ft length, sized, per M. 7.00
2x8, 16 and 24 ft length, sized, per M. 7.00
1x6, 16 and 24 ft rough fencing per M. 5.00
Good Sheathing, 4, 6, 8 in. sized, per M. 6.00
4x4, 4x6, 16 and 24 ft. lengths, per M. 6.00
6x6, 6x8, 16 and 24 ft. lengths, per M. 6.00
Common Barn Rustic per M. 8'00

These Prices are Good Until Oct. 25
SANDY FIR LUMBER CO.
Successor to Straus Lumber Co.
MARTIN LENNARTZ, Mangr
Phone 446 Sandy, Oregon

Special Sale of Lumber

30 Days More, till Oct. 25
All lumber in stock belonging to us at the mill near Sandy, will be reduced \$2 per thousand.
THIS WOULD MAKE THE PRICE ON
2 x 4s, 16 ft., 24ft., sized, per M \$7
2 x 6s, 16ft. and 24ft., sized, per M \$7
Shiplap, per M \$7
Cull Shiplap, per M \$3.50
Cull 1x8, sized, Suitable for Sheathing or Similar Work, \$2
STRAUS LUMBER CO.
SANDY, ORE., Phone 446

Great Combination Offer

THE OUTLOOK has made arrangements with the Portland Evening Telegram whereby we can give subscribers the advantage of a gigantic combination offer for a limited period. You can get a Metropolitan evening paper with all the latest news from all over the world and all the news of Eastern Multnomah County at a remarkably low price.
The Evening Telegram is the best paper in the state, market reports unexcelled, Saturday edition contains a magazine and comic section in colors.
The Portland Evening Telegram, \$5.00 per year
The Outlook 1.50
Total 6.50
Both papers through this office if paid in advance for 1 year, on or before December 31, 1913. **\$4.50**

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