



An inveterate builder, so to speak, is Lewis Metzger, owner of the above dwelling which is well located in Lawrence addition. It is doubted if any house in Gresham is better built or more conveniently arranged. Mr. Metzger did most of the carpenter work in his painstaking way. The house is occupied by Dr. Geo. W. Inglis, a physician with offices in the First State Bank building.



Recently built bungalow of Pat Collins on his fine farm on the south border of town. The place is well located with fine residences surrounding and is no longer "out in the country." The handsome new dwelling is the fruit of years of toil and saving and comes as a welcome blessing after many years of struggle.



G. W. Welty has been building and has nearly completed, a very attractive bungalow in Wallula Heights addition, which is already dotted with beautiful homes. The house faces east and is architecturally well planned and the construction is first class, being done almost entirely by Mr. Welty. Wallula Heights is one of the most slightly and charming resident districts of the city.



The above is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thom, a very modern and attractive dwelling house. Mr. Thom built it during the past summer for himself, but it was recently sold to Benj. Cameron, and it is stated Mr. Thom will soon begin the construction of another home. The new owner is president of the Bank of Gresham. His family will arrive soon from Wisconsin.

A FRIENDLY HORSE SALE

A Story that comes pretty close home.

I was deep in the duties of fur-bushing up my shrubberies and the surrounding lawn spaces, when suddenly an old man stood at my side. "I came to see those horses," he said. He spoke of an old gray team I had offered in the "for sale" column of our village paper the day before. "Very good," I said, "we'll go out to the barn and look at them." I don't like to sell horses—for two reasons. If I like them I hate to see them go; and if I don't like them I can't get enthusiastic enough about their good points to get their real value. I have bought horses from good salesmen and I have sold horses to good buyers. The most of these transactions I remember with regret. And I have come to the conclusion that the next worst offense to good horse selling is a good horse purchase. I would not have any mortal remember me with the kind of remembrance I bestowed on a certain man who bought of a boy I might name a certain fine black mare; no, not if it were to win me a whole stablefull of black horses. To take her as he did at his own mean price, she a good roadster and a beauty and I in a corner!

Next to horse-stealing this man's offense I consider the foulest. Therefore I am apt to pay a little more than other people if the horse looks good to me. And perhaps a man, by shouldering me around till I was tired of him, might get the horse I sell at less than its real worth. However that may be, I was this morning face to face with the possibility of a sure-enough deal in horses.

But we did not go directly to see the gray horses. We were among the shrubbery and the old man was looking with wide eyes. "You have a wonderful place here," he said. "I didn't know there was any such place in this country. I tell you I have lived in this country twenty-five years and I know when I say it that there is no such place as this. So many wonderful plants and flowers. So many kinds I have never seen before. What do you call this one?" He stopped to feel of it with his fingers.

When a man does that—puts his hands on my plants and asks about them—he gets me. I know he understands things I understand and that many people don't take the trouble to understand. This old man, I found, loves to grow things besides field crops. Trees and shrubs are his friends. "I was born on an island in the Baltic Sea," he said, "where they spoiled the land before I was born by cutting off the trees. Now the government has bought up lots of that good-for-nothing land and is making it good again by planting trees. I like to plant. My wife doesn't care. She doesn't understand. She was born in Norway where they cut down trees; they don't plant.

He told me he had raised more than a hundred English hollies from seed and had made a hedge of them. He had a hedge of California privet, and box trees, and two fine berry-bearing holly trees, and had planted a long row of roadside black walnuts. His eyes was attracted by a little nursery row of baby blue spruce in my garden. "Oh! I know them," he said. And that's the way I got my start in this country.

"It was like this," he said. "I worked for a banker. He owned nearly half the county. He got it by loaning money and taking the farms on the mortgages. This was when land was cheap and the state was being settled up. He got me to buy one of the farms. Then he would buy up evergreens and ornamental trees, and have me set them out on the farms, and make them look pretty. When we had more than we needed, he would give them to me. I set lots of them around my place and made it look fine. When he wanted to show some man a good farm, he would take him out to my place and say: "See

this farm. This man and his wife came here without a cent, and now look! They paid for the farm in five years.' And that was so. That's how I came to have enough to buy the good farm I have now."

From one planting to another we went both of us asking and answering questions. "I've seen so much I can't remember half of it," he said. "I don't remember when I've had so good a day. I came to get the old horses, but I almost forgot them (so had I.) This is more interesting than horses."

It was the noon hour. Sue was gone and the noon lunch at our house isn't much without Sue. But I asked him in and set out my spread of bread and milk. Here we spent another hour. I found my guest had four boys, all of whom he had sent to the city high school, and one of whom he was sending to the University of California School of Engineering. All the boys at work were doing well, one of them earning \$200 a month with a large corporation in the city. "I tell my boys," he said, "that if they want to make anything of themselves they must have a better education than the common schools give. I was a millwright in the old country, but that was a going-out trade. I tell the boys to get into a coming-in business and stick to it. It doesn't pay to move about much. I had to move around a good deal just when I ought to have been getting my start."

"Let me tell you what I think," I said. "I think a man who has brought up four clean, fine, wholesome boys has made a big success of life whether he has made any money or not. It isn't much to be rich. I know a lot of very rich men who aren't happy. I never will be rich but I'm getting more joy out of life than any of those sad rich men." He looked at me for a moment, wide-eyed as he did in the garden: "I believe it, I believe it," he said.

The horse deal was but an incident of the day. I yielded as we should all do in a friendly sale of horses. And when the money was paid and he had promised to come back again sure, for the cuttings and slips from the garden, he put out his hand to say goodbye.

"I want to thank you for the day's entertainment," he said, "and I might as well say that I came prepared to believe anything you said about the horses and to pay what you offered them for. I heard you'd tell the truth about the horses, and now I know it."

What could a fellow do in the face of such courtesy? I know one man who was mighty thankful that the good old man was driving away a

good old team of horses every pound of them honest horse.

"One hates to see a team go after working with them for two years," said my man as he watched the grays go down the road. "The old man's got a good deal better team than he thinks he has."

Why a man of seventy-two should elect to drive a team afoot eight miles at the end of the day, I do not know, but he did. After dark I called up. His wife answered the phone. "Oh yes" she said "he got home all right, but he's awful tired. And say: I like the horses very much myself."—Milton O. Nelson, in "The Farmer's Wife."

FOR TWENTY YEARS THE LEADER OF ALL

Through twenty years of sunshine and shadow, catering to the trade of all Eastern Multnomah, the big department store of Lewis Shattuck has become a household word and is known far and wide as the house with "goods of quality."

All the old-timers remember it as it progressed under changing names, and its incipient days are recalled when it first began the successful career that has placed the name of Shattuck at the head of all the business names in this section. The house of Shattuck has marked time through the changing years and is passing the second decade of success with a firm hold upon the confidence of those it has served during all those years, and with a growing personality all its own for the admiration of the later arrivals here, as well as the emulation of its rivals in all the fields of trade to which it aspires.

Embracing as it does the many lines of merchandise in demand by a growing community, it has won and held the esteem of the public for honest dealing, goods of quality, and courteous attention to the requirements of the thousands who are always awake to the interest a mercantile establishment takes in gaining and retaining its patrons.

Such is the legend of the house of Shattuck, Eastern Multnomah's leading store of quality.

BUSINESS ABILITY COUPLED WITH PUBLICITY

Among the Outlook's steady advertisers is the hardware firm of Sterling & Kidder. Commencing about three years ago on a small scale the firm has once outgrown its quarters and is now enjoying a lucrative trade without competition and its growing in the volume of trade to such an extent that it is taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the demands of the public for articles in its lines of everything that go to make up the hardware business in a growing community. Aside from the select quality of goods carried the firm is enterprising enough to keep its wares constantly before the people in well-worded appeals for business through the advertising columns of this paper. Their phenomenal success makes strong the axiom that "advertising pays." That policy, coupled with business ability and constant attention to every want of their patrons has been the keynote of the phenomenal success achieved.

THE OLDEN MISTLETOE RITE.

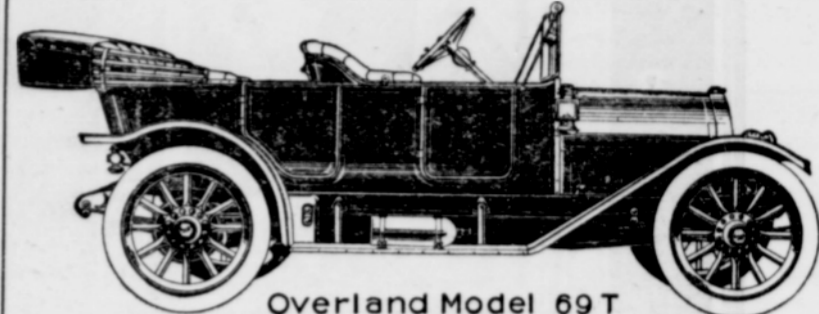
Origin of Present Use of the Classic Plant.

The druids at Yuletide used to cut the mistletoe to place upon their altars with elaborate ceremonies. Their name for it was all heal or all healing. There was a large procession, headed by the druidical priests, with birds singing canticles and hymns; then a herald preceded three druids, furnished with implements for severing the sacred plant, then the prince or chief of the druids, accompanied by all his followers.

The chief mounted the oak and with a golden knife detached the mistletoe and presented it to the priest, who received and bore away the branches with great reverence. Two white bulls were sacrificed during the rite.

On the first day of the new year the branches after resting on the altars in the interval were distributed among the people as a sacred and holy plant, the druid priest crying, "The mistletoe for the New Year." Just when the mistletoe became known as the "kissing bush" is not known.

Paris has 25 women lawyers. School teachers of Copenhagen, Denmark, receive \$320 a year.



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EVERY DELICACY INVITES ANOTHER

Are you dreaming of the days when appetite was the monarch of your destiny. If so, bring back to yourself those other and more joyous days of the epicure by an inspection of the holiday viands at the store of Bragg & Duncan, and the memories of long forgotten dishes such as another used to make.

Make this a bon vivant Christmas. Get the habit of treating yourself to the best for a Christmas dinner instead of lavishing all your wealth on others except in the way of feasting. Be a spug and invest where each delicacy will call for another—and everything that breaks the gnawing tension of a hungry stomach is a delicacy if selected from the mammoth stock of gourmet tempting viands from this popular store.

Then, too, there are other things besides the eatables. The long shelves bursting out with an array of men's, women's and children's articles are suitable for yourself, even if very critical. And if you forget to be a spug you will find just the article that will please, for the stock is up to date and selected to meet the needs of every purse and condition and circumstance. And don't forget to note the prices, which good judgment in buying and a liberal spirit in selling, are for your especial benefit at the store of Bragg & Duncan.

There is enough nitrogen in the 10 tons of clover, or vetch, green vetch to produce 100 bushels of wheat, 1800 bushels of apples, 9000 pounds of beef, 10,000 pounds of pork, or 130,000 pounds of butter, says Prof. H. D. Scudder of the O. A. C. The fertilizing effects extend through a long period of years. Aside from the plant food value, the green manure has highly beneficial physical effects on the soil. The amount of plant food contained in a crop of vetch is practically as great as that contained in the clover. In both crops, from 60 to 80 per cent of the nitrogen comes from the air, and practically all of it is a gain to the soil.

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