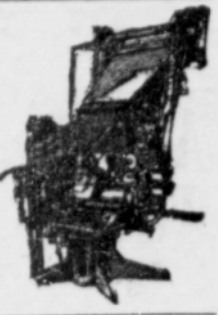


GRESHAM OUTLOOK
TWICE A WEEK
Published every Tuesday and Friday
at Gresham, Oregon.

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

Our Subscription Rates
One year, \$1.50;
six month, 75 cts;
three month's trial
subscription, 50c.

Advertising
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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.

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1911, at the Postoffice at Gresham, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

Three well dressed boys between 16 and 18 years of age were arrested in Portland yesterday for a series of burglaries. One of the boys in his confession after arrest said, "We lived at home and our parents kept track of our spending money. We needed more cash and we got it the best way we could."

Those parents were wonderfully near sighted in their efforts to keep track of the boys' spending money. They probably didn't see their good clothes, nor inquire about their habits. If they had kept track of the boys instead of their spending money things might have been different.

NEW GAME SPECIES.

Suggestions have been made that new game species of birds, animals and fishes should be secured from other countries and propagated here. It is even suggested that the legislature make an appropriation for the purpose and send men to get them. The Oregon Sportsman calls attention to the matter and advises extreme caution.

Such experiments rarely ever bring the best results, the most notable being the introduction of the Chinese pheasant; but there are other noteworthy experiments in this line that have resulted disastrously.

The English sparrow is an example of what should not have been done in this country. In Australia the imported rabbit became a pest. In Oregon the German carp is a nuisance.

Great care should be exercised if new species are to be turned loose here, and it were better to devote the money to protecting what we already have. Nothing can be better than the trout in our streams, nor the game birds we already possess. Only song birds are welcome and they are scarcely worth the trouble and expense. Let well enough alone.

The "Literary Tour" by E. L. Thorpe in this issue is just an imaginary trip—a fanciful sketch; but the poems by Ella Higginson breathe a spirit of life in the west that is incomparably touching to a lover of our boundless mountains, seas and rushing rivers. Mr. Thorpe and Mrs. Higginson were youthful chums, and it is but natural that they should blend their efforts together, he in prose and she in poetry, in their imaginary tour of the northwest.

The Metzger clan, officially known as "The Oregon Society United Descendants Baron Theobald Metzger von Weibnom," will have its annual reunion today. Long may it flourish.

The increasing price of wheat should cause a greater consumption of vegetables, then the price of potatoes would go up and wheat would take a tumble.

In this last year of booze in Oregon the moon celebrates the New Year by getting full tonight. Several human beings will do the same thing.

No, Nancy, it was not the dying gasp of the old year you heard. It was only the honk of an automobile that was watching the new year in.

The Stettler Box factory of Portland will build a large additional plant on the east side to cost \$60,000.

The rural carriers are the happiest people on earth today. Their heaviest work of the year is just over.

The S. P. Co. claims to have spent ten millions on the coast this year in betterments and new lines.

Cheer up. The winter is not over yet. We generally have our worst weather in January.

You probably do not intend to break that good resolution, but you will.

Happy New Year again, just for luck and good measure.

Are you writing it "1914" yet?

A Literary Tour of the Northwest

This is the chronicle of a strictly and purely literary tour which another and myself made over many portions of the great new west; not an account of events nor a vivid description of scenes, but a swinging tour on paper over one of the greatest and grandest portions of a great country. We have seen the beauties of its mountains, its forests, its prairies, and enjoyed the hospitalities of its cosmopolitan people, and have not wearied nor regretted that we have done all this; rather, we are pleased and satisfied that it was our fortune to look upon many places and make many acquaintances and learn many things only to be learned by visiting these places and seeing and hearing for ourselves.

This is the glorious new west, the home, the footstool of our youth, and where we roamed together when children, and where we dwell in the sober days of our middle age. Together we have seen it in many places, and apart we have traveled over its fair domain seeking pleasure, knowledge and recreation. We have become acquainted with its varied resources, its climate, its people, and formed ideas of its future possibilities. In the new west is greatness yet unknown, and the future generations who shall come will make it an empire surpassing that of Caesar or Cleopatra—a garden spot of the earth, the like unto which none other has yet aspired. Two sister states, between which

"Rolls the Oregon," hold the supremacy and advantage in everything that is needed to rank them with the foremost in all the arts of peace or war. Their combined resources, so nearly alike, yet in many ways dissimilar, can make of them the coming abode of greatness such as the Union has never known before. And she and I believe that time will come; if not in our day and generation, then when the years are ripe for such fruition. She and I believe all this, and we believe that many others do. My praise is my word for it, and hers is the poetry.

The New West.

Stand up my West! Lift thy young, noble head
On the strong pillar of thy proud, white throat,
And let thy gold hair on the sea winds float.
In the world's march, keep step with lofty tread
And firm. If passion from the South has fled,
And from the North and East there yet remains
Its leaping fire in thy full, swelling veins;
If others have forgot the flag that led
To independent freedom, and now fail
To stand in their own strength and pride,
And try
To ape the older nations, thou my West,
Stand true—nor let thy stern eyes ever quail
As long as thou hast breath for freedom's cry,
And a strong, passionate heart within thy breast.
—Ella Higginson.

The Willamette valley lies nearly all south of Portland, and its principal city after leaving the metropolis is Salem, with Albany, Eugene and other smaller places sprinkled about. It was at Salem I once heard a diverting story about one of the solid men of the Capital city which is good enough to repeat.

He is a pioneer and came over the plains with an ox train before the railroads were thought of. He can enjoy hearing of the incident, but possibly he might not relish having his name made public, so I will spare him that much; but he is my victim for this yarn:
One day, while crossing the plains, the train came up with a band of friendly Indians, and he made a barter for a good-looking cayuse pony. He was very proud of it, and rode gaily ahead of the cavalcade of ox teams and was soon out of sight. After a few hours the rest of the party came up to him sitting ruefully on the ground, with his pony about fifty feet away quietly nibbling the fresh grass. As it was only about a mile to the final camping ground the party left our friend alone with the problem of how to regain possession of his steed. As he did not show up in camp within two hours, some of the party went back to search for him, and they found him sitting on a stone near the spot where his pony had thrown him off. In his hand he held the bridle rein, and his horse was standing squarely across the road looking doleful enough. The saddle was under his body. Some of them helped to straighten matters out and the cayuse behaved admirably. One of the party was very inquisitive, and the following conversation took place:
"Well, and how did you catch him?"

"Oh, I walked very carefully on my tiptoes up to him."
"And you caught him?"
"I guess not."
"What did you do next?"
"The next time I tried another game. I laid for him in the grass, and when he was near enough I crawled up and snatched at the bridle; but darn him, he kicked me in the side and trotted away; the next time I thought to fetch him, so I sneaked up behind, and when he wasn't expecting it I grabbed him the other way, for he let both heels fly at my head. I think my hat saved my life."
"Poor fellow! How did you finally corral him?"
"That's just what I did. I surrounded the blamed cayuse."
That was the way I found the Willamette valley. She found it and expressed it like this:

Sunrise on the Willamette.

The sun sinks downward thro' the silver mist
That looms across the valley, fold on fold,
And sliding thro' the fields that dawn has kissed
Willamette sweeps, a chain of liquid gold.
Trails onward ever, curving as it goes,
Past many a hill and many a flowered lea,
Until it pauses where Columbia flows
Deep-tongued, deep-chested to the wailing sea.
O lovely vales thro' which Willamette slips!
O bronzed hills that hear its soft voice call!
My heart turns ever to those sweet, cool lips
That, passing, press each rock or grassy wall.
Thro' pasture lands, where mild-eyed cattle feed,
Thro' marshy flats, where velvet tules grow,
Past many a rose tree, many a singing reed,
I hear those wet lips calling, calling low.
The sun sinks downward thro' the trembling haze,
The mist flings glistening needles high and higher,
And thro' the clouds—O fair beyond all praise!
Mount Hood leaps, chastened, from a sea of fire.
—Ella Higginson.

In days gone by the Willamette valley was the scene of several bloody encounters between the whites and the Indians. The most notable was the battle of the Abiqua, about twenty-five miles southeast of Salem. After it was over there was comparative peace, although war mutterings were heard and many depredations were committed. In a few years, however, there was no shadow of war remaining and white-winged peace has hovered over the fruitful Willamette. I appreciate such a condition, and so does she, but the calm monotony does not suit her taste, as she longs for more stirring scenes and the thunders of Nature, as expressed by the warring elements of the surrounding sea.

The Valley of Peace.

This long, green valley, sloping to the sun,
With dimpling, silver waters loitering through;
The sky that bends above me, mild and blue;
The wide, still wheat fields, yellowing one by one,
And all the peaceful sounds when day is done—
I cannot bear their calm monotony!
Great God! I want the thunder of the sea!
I want to feel the wild, red lightning's run
Around, about me; hear the billowing surf,
And breathe the tempest's sibilant, sobbing breath;
To face the elements, defying death,
And fling myself prone on the spray-beat turf,
And hear the strong waves trampling wind and rain,
Like herds of beasts upon the mighty plain.
—Ella Higginson.

Three hundred miles or more by rail on the eastern course lies nestled in the Blue mountains one of the most fertile valleys of all Oregon. It has everything that modern civilization can give it and is truly one of the garden spots of Oregon. If it were an inland sea its breezes would make it the world's resort for yachting, for the wind always blows there, and it blows hard, too. Some queer tales are told of the power of the Grand Ronde zephyrs, one being that a man once plowed up a strip of land for a wheat field and the next day found all the soil he had plowed up had been blown away during the night, leaving only a large shallow hole. He plowed it again and once more the sandy loam flew away with the breeze, leaving the hole a little deeper. Then he filled the hole with water and began raising ducks and geese, which pursuit made him a millionaire in a few years.

It is said that the buildings and fences have to be chained to the ground to keep them in place; and another story is told of how a train of cars was lifted up bodily and blown over a board fence which grew alongside the railroad. It is also re-

lated that the farmers make irrigating ditches by plowing a furrow and giving the wind a chance to do the rest. However true these stories may be, or whether the fence passed safely through the breeze or not, I know nothing; but I do know that it blows up there at nearly all times, for I have felt it blow. I also know that there is no other winter wind so wonderful as the "chinook," which comes along unheralded while the valley and mountains are buried under several feet of snow, and that in twenty-four hours the snow is like a honeycomb, and in a day more is all gone except on the summits surrounding the valley.

In the Grand Ronde valley are also the greatest of hot springs to be found on the coast. On cool mornings they send up great banks of steam all the time—a delicious place to take a bath, good for its cleansing and curative results. Some day it will become a famous resort, as it should be now. The Grand Ronde is the sportsman's paradise, for its miles of tules abound with aquatic birds and its silvery streams are alive with trout. It is almost a paradise, in fact, but she can tell you that better than I:

The Grande Ronde Valley.

Ah, me! I know how like a golden flower
The Grande Ronde Valley lies this August night,
Locked in by dimpled hills where purple light
Lies wavering. There at the sunset hour
Sink downward, like a rainbow-tinted shower.
A million colored rays, soft, change-ful, bright,
Later the large moon rises, round and white.
And three Blue Mountain pines against it tower
Lonely and dark. A coyote's mournful cry
Sinks from the canyon where the river leaps,
A blade of silver underneath the moon,
Like restful seas the yellow wheat fields lie,
Dreamlike and still. And while the valley sleeps
Oh hear!—the lullabies that low winds croon.
—Ella Higginson.

We leave Oregon, the hand of the Beaver, and take a mighty leap to the land of the four-leaf clover and rhododendron bells—the glorious state of Washington. It has many beauties fashioned by man but more that were formed by the hand of nature. From the east to the west—from Idaho to the Pacific ocean—its resources are manifold, and volumes could be written about them, but as she loves the rugged coast and the storms that beat upon its shores, I will go to the furthest point, away to the Georgian gulf, and tell a little story of the ancient fisher-folk that once dwelt upon its bleak and inhospitable shores.

There is a "lover's leap" upon the beach—in fact no beach ever inhabited by Indians would be of any interest whatever without one—and the story goes that a young brave and his dusky bride found surcease and oblivion from persecution and trouble by leaping hand-in-hand from a certain promontory over-looking a treacherous swirl of the gulf. This rocky point juts out into the waters not far from a stretch of shining sand known as Semiahmoo spit; and this is its traditional history. It is a story that will do for romantic people, but the following will probably be more suitable for rational mortals:

On a certain occasion a man was seen riding along the beach on a horse that belonged to someone else. The primitive method of disposing of such malefactors was a rope, a convenient tree and a trial afterward, but the wheels of progress had already struck the territory of Washington and the owner brought suit to recover the animal.

A lawyer from Seattle was engaged to defend the suit and he brought up points of law to convince the justice that the man being in possession of the horse was not proof positive that he had stolen it. The justice instantly overruled the point.

Finally the Seattle lawyer read from Blackstone a case precisely similar.
"What do I care for Blackstone or any other lawyer?" cried the justice.
"I know the man who stole the horse and so I have decided it. That's enough. I am judge here, sir!"
"You honor," replied the lawyer, "I know you have decided the case. I read the point merely to show you what a blooming old fool—"
"What's that?" interrupted the court, springing to his feet in a frenzy of rage.
"Blackstone was," coolly concluded the Seattle sharp, resuming his seat.
But she did not hear of any legends or such stories as I tell. She only saw the poetry of

Semiahmoo Spit.

One long, low, narrow strip of glistening sands
Flung out into the Georgian Gulf, one wide,
Blue sweep of sunlit waves on every side.

Around it reach the hills, like emerald bands,
And further, higher, more majestic stands
Mount Baker, chaste and white—the ocean's bride.
With noiseless feet the pearl-topped waters glide;
Pushing each other up the black tide lands,
Here wild, sweet roses, like an amethyst cloud,
Make pink the air and scent the languorous breeze,
That wantons over those far Western seas;
And when the sun drops downward, flaming proud,
This stretch of water, petaled fold on fold,
Seems one great crimson poppy, flecked with gold.
—Ella Higginson.

Rising in lofty grandeur, o'erlooking all others, stands Mount Baker, solitary and alone, the monarch of the Olympian mountains, wreathed in eternal snows. It needs no description here, for all have read accounts of the Alpine tourists who have ascended its hoary summit to view the pigmy world below. It is at once grand and inspiring and a worthy theme for a worthier pen than mine. It stands a sentinel of Time, one of the galaxy of Titans overlooking a world of pigmies. Of the others are Rainier, Hood, St. Helens, Shasta, Three sisters, Adams, Jefferson and several smaller mountains, all within a radius of a thousand miles, but Mount Baker is the peer of all. It is only her muse that can tell what prose fails to do:

Mount Baker.

Thou sphinx that sitteth at the opal gate
That lets the ocean into Puget sea,
Keeping thy silent watch o'er Time and Fate,
Through clouds that veil thy grandeur mistily,
Or with the sun's fierce halo on thy brow;
Furrowed by lava, rugged, stern and white,
Thou wert a marvel to me once, but now,
Majestic sphynx! I read thy secret right.
God, let me be a mountain when I die,
Stung by the hail, lashed by the terrible rains!
Let lava fires surge, turbulent and high,
And fierce with torment thro' my bursting veins;
Let lightning's flame around my lonely brow,
And mighty storm-clouds race and break and roar
About me; let the melted lava flow
Raw furrows in my breast, torment me sore,
Oh, God! Let me curse loneliness, yet see
My very forests felled beneath my eyes.
Give me all Time's distilled agony—
Let me still stand, mute, beneath the skies.
Thro' storms that beat and inward fires that burn,
Tortured, yet silent; suffering, yet pure—
That torn and tempted hearts may lift and learn
The noble meaning of the word "endure."
—Ella Higginson.

And now our hurried trip is almost over and there must come the return to everyday life in the dingy office, on the crowded street—but that reminds me:
The other day a friend of mine met a member of the Portland government and the latter, clasping my friend's hand said, "Where in sheol have I seen you before?"
"Don't know," answered the friend, "what part of hades do you represent?"
I thought they both seemed to be very familiar with the domain of Satan, but I found that my friend knew Portland very well, also. The official asked him, "Have you ever been here before?"
"Oh yes, I was here several times before the flood."
"Why, you seem to be very young considering the time you've been on earth."
"Come now," said my friend, "what are you giving me? Don't go to slinging jokes at a stranger."
"Well as you were here before the flood perhaps you can tell me something about Mother Noah. History says very little about the old lady."
"Oh, you are away off the track. I didn't mean Noah's flood. I mean the one of '94."
"Oh, let's have a cigar." While they were smoking cigars and indulging in unmeaning talk she was thinking of something more worthy and fitting as a closing tribute. She called it

The Lamp in the West.

Venus has lit her silver lamp
Low in the purple west,
Breathing a soft and mellow light
Upon the sea's full breast;
It is the hour when mead and wood
In the seed-pearls are dressed.
Far out, far out, the restless bar
Starts from a troubled sleep,
Where roaring thro' the narrow strait,
The meeting waters leap;
But still that shining pathway leads
Across the lonely deep.
When I sail out the narrow straits
Where unknown dangers be,
And cross the troubled, moaning bar
To the mysterious sea—
Dear God, wilt thou not set a lamp
Low in the west for me?
—Ella Higginson.

WANTS



Try a Want Ad.

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

LIVESTOCK

LOST, Strayed or Stolen, bay mare weight about 1400 pounds; shod; white on forehead; flow mane and tail. Reward, M. Bu Fairview, Box 64.

FOR SALE—Six cows, three young fresh; three strippers. Three good work horses. Reasons for selling no feed. Must be sold. Come and look them over as I am going to Oklahoma this spring. Your price will be mine. One mile and a half south of Orient. H. McGinness, R. 1, Box 38, Boring. *9c.

FOR SALE—Four pigs, 6 weeks old. Chester White brood sow, farrows in January. Phone 495. *tf

FOR SALE—Horses, Jersey cow, 2 calves, two sows, O. I. C. and White Leghorn hens. H. R. Kane, Phone 293. *88

TEN MILCH COWS for sale, some fresh, some fresh soon; also Brown Leghorn hens for sale. B. F. Hoover, Hoover Sta., Estacada, Line. Phone 42x. *tf

FOR SALE—Team, wagon and harness. All in good condition. Enquire of Hoover, Hoover station, Estacada Line. *tf

BEEF CATTLE, Stock cattle and fresh cows wanted. Andrews Bros., Pleasant Home. Phone 279.

REAL ESTATE, RENTALS

FOR RENT—6-room house, good condition; \$7 a month. Enquire Mrs. T. R. Howitt. *tf

FOR SALE—A nice little bungalow nearly new, plastered, concrete foundation, with 1 acre. \$1250. E. Davidson, Gresham, Phone 509.

MISCELLANEOUS

LOST—One E. Prest-O-Lite tank, on Powell Valley road, between 82d street, Portland, and Gresham. Notify phone 801 for reward.

Grinding and Rolling.

at A. E. DeHaven's mill at New Pleasant Home. Open every day.

FOR DRY CORDWOOD, delivered anywhere, call phone 338. T. Almqvist, Gresham. *tf

FOR SALE—7 h-power, twin cylinder, Yale motorcycle. Otto Magnuson, R. 2, Gresham. *tf

Men Want Work.

Twenty hard-working men desire positions in the coal industry. Able wage. Address: Burnside mens, 195 Burnside Oregon.

FOR SALE—1200 Morse platform scale, cheap. See M. D. Kern.

GOOD SEASONED LIVE WOOD, \$4.50 a cord. Good dead wood, \$4.00. J. Cunningham. Phone 385. *100

A LADIES' CAPE, which was left at the home of Geo. F. Honey on the evening of Nov. 19, is at the Outlook office. Owner may have same by identifying property and paying for this ad.

DRY CORDWOOD, second delivered in Gresham. A. Pratt, Phone 338.

WANTED—Small potato change for mill feed. Mill, Fairview. Phone 79x.

Coal.

I have recently unloa the celebrated King coal from Beato Rock Springs at low land prices. M.

Gravel and Sand.

I am prepared to furnish gravel and sand in any quantity for pits. Also teaming, grading and excavating. J. H. Hoss, 79x.

The Bartel Merca

Wishes to announce to whom they are indebted for produce, merchandise and due bills, to call at B. L. Walrad's residence on South Roberts avenue and we will settle same. Also parties indebted to us, kindly call and see us.
JOHN BARTELT, Mgr.

Cough Medicine for Children.

Never give a child a cough medicine that contains opium in any form. When opium is given other and more serious diseases may follow. Long experience has demonstrated that there is no better or safer medicine for coughs, colds and croup in children than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is equally valuable for adults. Try it. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by all Dealers.