

GRESHAM DAY IS OBSERVED BY HUNDREDS

They're off! One hundred automobiles, a dozen jitneys and several street cars, all loaded to full capacity with human freight are referred to.

They went to Portland to celebrate "Gresham Day" at the Land Products show.

And just because the Outlook went to press a few hours earlier than usual today it is impossible to tell the whole story.

But they went and were escorted around the city by Uncle Sam's military band. Everybody who saw the parade knew that it was from Gresham, so there is not much to say except that they went and that Gresham was well represented and well advertised.

There were all sorts of people from out here. Some of them had been married for years; some of them belong to this year's crop, and some are waiting, but all of them went down to see how badly the land show had been beaten by the county fair and to sample loganberry juice.

With pennants that cost money, and with a lot of enthusiasm that cost them nothing the Gresham boosters were entertained royally—at least that is the impression when these lines were written, because the Outlook was off the press before the parade started. Those who got past the 1916 bar and lived to tell it will confirm this report tomorrow, so it is the proper time to believe it.

It was a neutral parade, led by General von Zimmerman, with General Honey, of the allied contingent, giving loyal assistance. No submarines were met either going down or coming back. Only a few periscopes were flooded, and someone mistook a jitney for a gun boat when a fresh paperdoro perfecto was touched off, but dinged if anyone made an honest investigation. Some of the men with round trip tickets on the car lines came home a little late and hunted for the keyhole of the back door. They claimed to have had the best time of all. Their wives will dispute their statements tomorrow morning.

One young man who came home Saturday morning claimed to have been chased by a German submarine but the chaser was probably a German schooner which reports say was interned a little later on. He is the kind of a young man that could be recommended as one way "smiles" in adversity.

The Oregonian this morning published Mayor Stapleton's half holiday proclamation and announced that Boring would also be represented in the demonstration, which has been designated as Gresham, Portland and Boring Day.

Gresham is in good company, and which in between her big and little sisters. The parade will form at the Chamber of Commerce building at 2 o'clock. Headed by the U. S. Infantry band of Vancouver the parade will march through the principal downtown streets and then go to the armory. It will be the biggest demonstration put up by any of the outside communities. Three hundred Gresham pennants will be in evidence, also white signs and banners.

Many Will Attend.

A number from this vicinity are planning to attend the state convention of the Anti-Saloon League at the White Temple in Portland next week, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 16 and 17. Governors Withycombe, Lister and Alexander of the northwest states will take part on the program Tuesday evening. Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson will speak Wednesday evening. Many other eloquent and forceful speakers will take part in the convention on Wednesday. The famous Hammar Male quartet will sing at the various sessions and a delegation of Umatilla Indians will be present and sing in native tongue and costume.

A Rooseveltian Sow.

Lady Soux, at the Gresham Heights Farm, is a "sure enough" advocate of large families. She delivered seventeen hustling sucklings of registered Duroc-Jersey parentage, last Monday, to her owner, R. F. Walters.

Tailoring.

For men and women—cleaning, pressing and repairing done well. Peter Lenard, Powell street.

COUNTY ROAD FIGURES IN THOUSANDS

Roadmaster Yeon's estimate of \$588,222 for road work in Multnomah county next year is interesting reading. It provides for a tax levy of 1.8 mills for that purpose, but leaves out several important improvements that have been petitioned for.

His requirements for the Columbia River Highway are estimated at \$73,661.70, and for construction work in other parts of the county he wants \$231,000.

Among Mr. Yeon's recommendations for road work next year are the following items of interest to the people of eastern Multnomah:

Extending the Base Line road to the banks of the Sandy river near the upper bridge, to cost \$50,000.

Eliminating dangerous grade crossings at Fairview, \$8500, and at Multnomah station, \$6500.

Redressing ditches and shoulders along 40 miles of hard-surface roads, \$200 a mile, \$8,000.

Sign-boarding county roads, \$2000.

Relocating and grading Sandy road, from Troutdale to Sandy cut-off, one and one-half miles, \$10,000.

Finishing grading on Sandy cut-off, \$10,000.

Several items of road improvement for which property owners and taxpayers are asking are not included in the roadmaster's budget but will be presented to the county commissioners separately. Principal among them are, hard surface for the Fairview road from Gresham to the Sandy boulevard, a distance of four miles, at a cost of \$45,000, a hard surface for the East Eighty-second street extension from East Gillan street to the Clackamas county line, a distance of five miles, at \$18,000 a mile, or a total of \$90,000.

Mr. Yeon's budget for the Columbia River Highway covers many items that obviously are much needed, such as seeding the slopes to retain the banks and to restore the natural beauty of the landscape; construction of parking grounds at some of the most important points and treatment of the "figure 8" loops on the descent from Crown Point.

In Division No. 9, in the near vicinity of Gresham, westerly, the estimates are:

Maintenance and improvements—Powell Valley road, macadamizing 1 mile east of Gresham, \$5,970.

Section Line road from Gresham, 1 1/2 miles west, with gravel and macadam, \$6,280.

Baxter road, gravel, \$200.

Road No. 413, grading, \$500.

Jenne road, 1 1/2 miles, macadam, \$5,735.

Main street in Gresham, redress, \$500.

Various roads, \$3,600.

Division No. 11, which embraces the territory east of Gresham, comes in for the following:

Beaver Creek road No. 536, graveling and grading, \$1,830.

Section Line road, No. 644, grading and graveling, \$1,575.

Chamberlain road, No. 334, graveling, \$650.

Harris road, No. 551, graveling, \$210.

Anderson road, No. 687, graveling, \$250.

Kane bridge fill road, No. 565, culverts and fills, \$1,900.

Section Line bridge road, No. 644, culverts and fills, \$1,925.

Beaver Creek bridge road, No. 574 culverts and fills, \$1,825.

Woodard bridge road, No. 568, culverts and fills, \$1,565.

Repairs on grader, \$1,200.

Repairs on bridges, \$500.

Powell Valley road, No. 535, macadamizing, 2 1/2 miles, \$15,000.

In the Bridal Veil district the estimates for new work and betterments foot up \$6500.

The sum of \$20,000 is wanted for operating the Kelly Butte quarry, which would indicate that operations are to be resumed there.

The sum of \$5,000 is asked for to oil the macadem roads.

Darn the Old Stockings!

FREE

Come in and we will teach you, free of charge, how to darn your hosiery on any sewing machine.

MRS. W. E. WOOD,
Gresham Millinery.

Eyes tested and glasses fitted.
Dr. Geo. Inglis.—Adv.

GRESHAM WOMAN WRITES OF HER TRIP

NORMAN, Neb., Nov. 9, 1915.—

Editor Outlook:—A number of people have asked that I write a letter about my trip to Nebraska and send it to the Outlook for publication. I have written up my impressions of things along the way and if you care to publish it do so, if you haven't room in the paper there surely is in the waste paper basket. And a word to the wise is sufficient.

I left Portland on the closing day of the Gresham fair, which you remember was a beautiful one. It is hardly necessary to say much about the ride up the Columbia River except there were more pretty scenes between Troutdale and The Dalles than all of the rest of the way together. Of course I am speaking of natural scenery. The varied beauty of the Columbia River gorge is so truly beautiful that one never tires of it.

The scenery at The Dalles seemed unusually lovely that September day for the grass which grows in every look and cranny among the rocks had turned to a bright gold which in contrast to the brown of the rocky scene one would not easily forget.

The next few hours showed a decided change in the landscape for we left the river and could see nothing but wheat fields and long stretches of country on which nothing but sage brush and weeds grew.

It seemed a long, long way between houses and I thought it certainly must be lonesome to live so far from neighbors and not have a mountain, a river, or even flowers to look at. It was quite a treat to see flowers and a nice lawn at the Pendleton depot when we arrived late that afternoon. We were still traveling through sage brush and sand at dark and Sunday morning there was nothing new to see and we got pretty tired before we reached Pocatello, Idaho, at about 2 p. m. where we changed trains and started south to Salt Lake City.

Then the farther south we traveled the more farms we passed and then before one hardly realized the change it was a very pretty farming country and the fields of green alfalfa surely looked good to eyes so tired with dust and sand. One thing of interest that I noticed were large numbers of the brick buildings. There were a great many more two-, three- and four-room buildings of brick than any other material. I remarked on this to a lady near me and she said it was because lumber was so very high. The cheapest lumber was between \$20 and \$30 per thousand while finish lumber soared up to \$70. I could hardly believe my ears but I find the prices not far from that here in Nebraska, but they use lumber for houses never-the-less.

North of Salt Lake we passed through a canyon where the large irrigation pipes lead water to the farm lands beyond. The pipes go through tunnels and across bridges and must have cost a great deal of money to build. I was glad that I lived in a country where the water for crops doesn't have to be imported.

Our train was late so we missed connections at Salt Lake City for which I never will cease to be glad. We arrived just at dusk and through the kindness of one of the passengers who was acquainted in Salt Lake we found a good hotel without any trouble and ten or twelve from our car went to the same place.

Early Monday we started out to see Salt Lake and it is a city worth seeing. The streets are very wide, and there is a small stream of running water on each side which washes the gutters clean. They said it was the overflow from the city's water supply.

Of course we all wanted to see the Temple Square, so made our way toward the Mormon part of the city where we saw the new Hotel Utah and several fine new Mormon business blocks. Then we saw the more historic buildings where Brigham Young and his many wives lived, and Eagle Gate and so many points of interest one could hardly mention all of them or see them even.

Interpretative Reading.

Gerhart Hauptman's masterpiece, "The Sunken Bell", will be given by Mrs. Dave M. Donough, Fairview city hall, Saturday evening, November 13, under the auspices of the Woman's society Fairview Presbyterian church. Admission 25c; children 15c.

Interpretative Reading.

An occasional coat of Lowe Bros. wagon paint will save your wagons and farm implements from rust and decay. It is inexpensive and will save you many dollars. Easily applied. We'll tell you how. Metzger Bros.—Adv.

Several garages in southern California wash the cars with water heated by the sun's rays.

After wandering around in this manner for an hour or two, we went back to the central point of interest—the Temple Square, where we admired the buildings and the grounds and then joined a party who were starting a tour of the buildings with a guide who explains and points out everything of interest.

The grounds and the buildings are all remarkably beautiful in finish and workmanship. Especially did the interior of the buildings interest me. There was such a solid, substantial look about everything, yet, it always missed being clumsy and the finish is fine. The seats and all the timbers are hewn out by hand.

The auditorium, every one has heard about. The roof which is not supported by pillars of any sort, though the building is 150 feet wide by 250 feet long, has no metal of any sort in it except for the metallic covering which has recently replaced the shingle roof. It is made of hand hewn logs put together with wooden pegs and tied with rawhide. I had never known why this was done but our guide explained it very practically. It was a five month's trip to the nearest railroad when the building was put up and nails at \$150 per keg were too expensive. This all added to the acoustic properties of the building and one can hardly believe their own ears when they plainly hear a pin drop 200 feet away and hear the shuffle of a man's hands as he rubs them together. When you can plainly hear a whisper 200 feet is it any wonder that the large pipe organ is so wonderful for we had the good fortune to be there for the recital which they give at noon every day and to which tourists are admitted free. It lasts forty minutes and is too wonderful for expression.

That was really the climax of our stay in Salt Lake and at 5 o'clock we started on our way again. We went past a part of Great Salt Lake which appears to be a sheet of shining silver in the evening. Some of the people we met went to Sattair in the afternoon, a resort 18 miles from the city. They reported a fine time in the water trying to keep their feet under water, it being impossible to sink.

We woke up Tuesday in the mountains and here the scenery is much more desolate than in our own mountains. There were many interesting things to see, however, especially the mines and mining towns.

After riding through the mountains until about 3 o'clock we went through the Royal Gorge, which is so deep and narrow there is barely room for the river and train and in one place not even that for they had to suspend the track over the river. We were not long passing through this noted canyon and then after a ride of an hour or so, we began to come into farm land similar to that around Salt Lake.

We will soon be within sight of Pikes Peak, but it was so nearly dark when we came close to it that we didn't get a very good view of it. It was real dark when we reached Denver, so we only saw the lights of this mountain city.

We were soon on our way again and the next morning I awoke in Nebraska and took my first look at the praries. They were much greener than I had expected, but this was due to the fact that this year has been about the wettest in Nebraska history.

At the present time it is dry enough, the dust being about six inches deep in the main roads.

The crops are very good this fall and the weather is fine for threshing and they are beginning to get the corn in so the Nebraska farmer feels pretty good, and I see a number of building improvements going on, which at the price of lumber, proves they have some extra money.

Well, here is wishing you all good luck and especially the Outlook from whose pages quite a bunch of newsy items are clipped and sent to me each week, and which I certainly enjoy.

I'll soon be back to the best state in the United States so far as I've seen and until then, I will say goodbye.

ALTA GENTRY.

PORTLAND AND SEATTLE SEEN IN CONTRAST

A newspaper reporter, all the way from New Hampshire, visited Oregon during the summer and wrote about the Oregon metropolis as follows upon his return home:

In Portland, Oregon, it seems that every other shop is engaged in the vending of chocolate. Were these establishments not all busy, one could not conceive of the need of so many of them. But neither is it impossible to explain the presence of the innumerable piano stores in Boston or restaurants in New Orleans, for that matter.

To get his impression of Portland one should climb to the top of Council Crest, the great ridge of mountain that looks down on the city and yet makes up a part of it—Council Crest, which is covered with cedar and fir and winter-blooming rose bushes.

From Council Crest the city below looks like a back drop at a theater. There are the requisite number of tall and formal office buildings, there is the regularity of streets with the arc lights blooming out in the dusk, there is the dark river a little further on, and finally the hills tower beyond, with Mount Hood rising in snow-clad grandeur just as any artist would paint it.

The maple leaves are crimsoning in Portland at this season of the year, and one may get the impression that this is autumn in the north. Yet the neighbors still have strawberries in their back yards and the roses will be blooming three months hence. This must be the South, one thinks. But in the end he finds that all climatic rules of latitude fall here.

The mighty Columbia river, reaching into the heart of Oregon, winds down to the warm Pacific through a coastal plain which flaunts the handsomest forests in all the world. This great stream contains a horde of silver salmon thronging its waters as an army might invade the land of its dreams.

After leaving Portland the reporter went over to Seattle and wrote another story home. It was in a different vein and will seem somewhat extravagant to people here who have known all about Seattle for the past 35 years: He says

Seattle is the whirlwind municipality of America. It had less than a thousand people 35 years ago, yet it kicked like blue blazes when Uncle Sam's census enumerators allowed it only 240,000 at the last census.

The next count will show half a million. If you don't believe this, ask anyone who lives in Seattle.

Seattle got its start from a good spring. A sawmill was built near the spring. A boarding house was built near the sawmill. Another boarding house was built near the first one. Then came a store, and more houses, and before anyone could prevent it Seattle was sprawling over the hills in every direction. It took a running start toward being a city, and nothing has ever seen able to stop it—not even those stinky census enumerators.

Talk about your hills! Why the Seven Hills of Rome are molehills compared to what you will find on every hand in Seattle. The only way to do when you travel about the town is to climb a little while, take a good long rest, and then climb some more.

The average citizen of Seattle is not satisfied unless the front of his house hangs over Puget Sound and the backyard rests in the inspiring shadow of Mt. Ranier.

He will have his outlook—and his growth. If these census fellows are not more generous the next time they come around, Seattle will clear its throat and holler right out.

This question of Seattle's growth is not a joke. It just keeps on spreading, no matter what gets in the way.

R. D. SALES SERIOUSLY INJURED IN EXPLOSION

R. D. Sales, a former resident of Rockwood, and well known in this vicinity, was seriously injured at Anacortes, Washington, where he was working in a fish canning factory, when an explosion occurred in a cooking retort. The door blew open and a bolt hit him in the head, knocking him eight feet and rendering him unconscious. His skull was fractured and two ribs broken. He has regained consciousness and has a fighting chance for recovery.

Mr. Sales is one of the best known fish cookers on the coast, having been employed at Astoria and other coast cities.

William Sales of the Base Line road is a brother of the injured man and went at once to him on hearing of his accident. He has returned and hears daily from his brother.

The A. W. Osburn tract consisting of sixty acres near Damascus, recently purchased by Philip Katz of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, was sold this week to Mr. Moosler of St. Helens, Oregon.

America's 1915 cranberry crop is estimated at 4,300,000 barrels.

COUNTY FUND FOR OUR FAIR CUT IN HALF

Multnomah county fair will get but \$1500 next year as an appropriation from the county if the allowance of the budget committee is allowed to stand. For the past two years the allowance has been \$3000, with an additional \$1000 from the state, making \$4000 in all. With a lesser sum it will be necessary to revise the premium list downward unless the county commissioners grant more than the \$1500, as they are not legally bound by the budget committee's estimates or recommendations.

The following extract from the Oregonian of yesterday gives a brief account of the attitude of the budget committee this year toward the fair. The sentiments expressed by the three gentlemen quoted were entirely unexpected:

A letter was read from President Lewis, of the Multnomah County Fair association, asking for an appropriation of \$3500. Mr. Teal didn't think it good county policy to appropriate money for any "boasting" organization. Neither did Amos Benson or A. W. Jones. The fair association finally was allowed \$1500.

As there can be no relief from the legislature for next year it means that more rigid economy will have to be the slogan of the fair board. But it is a sad commentary on justice to note that an institution like the Multnomah county fair should be compelled to languish, when Multnomah county taxpayers are mulcted in the sum of more than \$18,000 for fair purpose. More than \$6000 of that amount goes by law to other counties conducting fairs; \$5000 goes to the fat stock show, a wealthy cattle growers' organization, and \$5000 more is given the land products show which is more of a commercial exhibit than anything else.

The ideas and ways of our city cousins are sometimes past finding out.

CEREMONY PROPOSED FOR NOVEMBER 19

County Superintendent of Schools A. P. Armstrong, has written Principal E. S. McCormick that the Gresham grade school will be declared standardized at any time the district may desire to have it done. He says:

"Either a pennant, or an appropriate sign to be placed on the front of the building, will be provided a school when standardized. I incline to the sign, which would be in view constantly; both to pupils and to passers-by. One or the other will be provided, without cost to a district. "If your proposed exercises when the school is formally standardized can be held on November 19, I shall be glad to attend. Please write me in relation to this feature of the matter, and oblige."

COMMITTEE TO HELP NEEDY APPOINTED

At the special meeting of the city council, last Monday, a committee was appointed to look after the wants of needy persons within the town limits. The appointments were made upon request of the council of women voters. Following are the appointments:

E. H. Kelly, C. M. Zimmerman, Mrs. Charles Cleveland, Mrs. Karl A. Miller, Mrs. J. N. Clananan, Mrs. B. W. Emery, Mrs. Theodore Brugger, Mrs. Roy Kern.

HOLIDAY CLOSING OF GRESHAM SCHOOLS

A meeting of the high school board was held last night at which Principal Goodwin was authorized to give the students a half holiday today in honor of the celebration of Gresham Day at the land show school was let out at 11:30.

For Thanksgiving there will be two days—Thursday and Friday; and for the Christmas holidays but one week is to be given. Christmas comes on Saturday this year and the school will resume work on Monday, January 3.

The board authorized the rental of another piano, which may be bought later.

The grade schools will have practically the same holidays as the high school, including today.

Help Appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hamlin desire to thank the members of the Gresham volunteer fire department and all other citizens for their noble work and kind assistance during and following the fire last Sunday morning which destroyed their place of residence.