

GRESHAM OUTLOOK

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Phone 701

The Linotype Way is the Way that Wins.

Official paper of the Town of Gresham, Oregon.

Official paper of the Town of Fairview, Oregon.

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BOOSTER CLUB NEEDED.

A remark was made yesterday by a prominent citizen that Gresham should have a booster club. The Outlook has said so on several occasions heretofore and now says it again, but claims no patent rights nor copyright on the suggestions.

Gresham does need a booster club and such an organization could find plenty to do right along. When the Commercial club was organized a few years ago it did a few stunts of a social nature and then relapsed into a state of lethargy from which it has not been resurrected.

Perhaps a booster club, with more thought of the welfare of the town and its environs and less concern for holding social gabfests, would fill the bill more satisfactorily than a commercial club, for there is business to do. It only remains for someone to take the lead.

Among the matters that a real wideawake organization might have done is the one pertaining to the hard surfacing of some of the streets, Main street in particular and the extension of that street to Fairview. Another job that was left to individuals was the recent "Gresham Day" parade and visit to the land show. Other similar functions can be recalled.

Nor is Gresham alone in the need of a booster club. Fairview's Commercial club is dead, or at least seems to be; Troutdale's club is in the same throes of dissolution and Pleasant Home's improvement club hasn't been heard from for a long time.

When the Gresham Commercial club was organized it took in fifty members at six dollars apiece and exacted dues to the extent of one dollar a month. It flourished as long as the money lasted, then the members grew tired of putting up their cash for nothing. The club is now dead beyond hope, but on its ruins may be reorganized another club of less pretensions—one that will cost a great deal less and one that will hold its organization, ready for any occasion that may demand the united action of the people of the town. Who will make the first move?

EDEN A BATTLEGROUND.

Grim visaged war is raging in the Garden of Eden, and the aeroplane is seen circling above the ancient battlefields of Sennacherib. The cradle of the race, where history began, is the portal set midway on the road of empire—the goal of Briton and Teuton.

There, in far off Asia, the armies are fighting for supremacy. The ancient city of Bagdad is the goal, which once gained will place the victor in possession of a strategic point. But why should either of them desire to possess it?

Bagdad is one of the gateways of the world which every nation covets and strives to have and to hold. It is like Constantinople, Suez and Kahul. It is one of the portals set midway on the road of empire; and the nation which holds it will take tribute of the trade of half a continent and dictate to unnumbered millions.

Machine guns are now wakening the echoes of dead centuries in the region we read about in Genesis, where scholars tell us lay the Garden of Eden. There, we are told was Paradise, where the first man and his mate heard the sentence of their Creator—the heart of Mesopotamia.

Whether or not a metaphorical story, the scene is now different, and the banks of the four rivers are awakened by the clang of modern warfare while contending nations are striving for the mastery.

Henry M. Wood, a member of the naval advisory board, declares that our navy yards should be located on inland waters away from the coasts. We have always contended that a navy yard should be established on the banks of Johnson creek somewhere close to Gresham. But Gresham was for Lafferty and McArthur won't do anything for us in consequence.

Supposing Roosevelt, Bryan and Debs all refuse to run for the presidency next year! It won't seem like a real election.

A BUGGY COURSHIP.

There's nothing like the old, one-horse buggy to take your girl out riding in. The automobile has its uses but it takes both hands to steer it, while in the buggy behind old Dobbin one hand could always be free, and if the animal was to be trusted both hands could go to waste—or waist. Even the girl could be permitted to drive on special occasions when it was necessary to keep her from falling out, and then there were no speed laws nor motor cops to worry about.

In those other days when you and I were young, Maggie—When grandma had a dimple, And grandpa's smile was gsy, They took a horse and buggy And rode for miles away.

But now its different. You get into a Ford runabout if you don't want any other company and imagine you are going to do as grandma and grandpa did. That's where the machine fools you for "while" you can ride for miles away" you can never drop the lines over the dashboard and put your arm about the sweetest girl you know. You go whizzing down the hard surfaced boulevard instead of swinging off into the shady lanes where the violets grow, and you are just as much alone as if your companion was at the other end of the journey awaiting your coming.

We are writing this as if we knew all about courting in a buggy. Perhaps we have heard a few legendary stories of how it was done in the days before the motor car came along—and well we confess to seeing a few couples go riding by in a buggy, but that was a long time ago. We are only writing this as a matter of history, anyway, for it is but right that the young folks of today should be put wise to what they are missing.

At the livery stables and in the barns on the farms the old buggies and the light driving harness are covered with cobwebs; the sleek roadsters have nearly all been sold to the warring nations across the ocean and the price of gasoline is going up. There is something wrong somewhere, but perhaps it will come out all right when the next generation invent some other way to do their courting—something different from swishing through space at 20 miles an hour with your sweetheart, wishing you were both at home in the shades of evening, with the lights turned down and the old arm chair groaning beneath the weight of its double burden.

Such a courtship is not for this generation, but wait.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.

Workmen with their teams and scrapers have been engaged for several days past in removing the south side of the big fill on Powel street in order to save the embankment from pushing the buildings into Johnson creek.

When the work of filling was done a few months ago it was freely predicted that it would not stand, and the result has verified the predictions. The bulkhead of timbers is too light to stand the pressure of the rain-soaked dirt and it is giving way to the pressure. A large sum must be spent in doing a part of it over again.

A row of piling was driven along the south curb and another about a dozen feet toward the center. A heavy plank was spiked to the green piling when a cable should have been used. The pressure is pulling the spikes out and the fill is spreading and settling to such an extent that it was getting dangerous. Something had to be done.

A solid concrete wall, it seems, would have been better than a wooden bulkhead which will last only a dozen years at most, when the job will have to be done over again. But it was argued that the future could take care of itself. The apparent failure and the resultant cost at this time to repair the fill will bring the cost of a poor job up to that of a concrete wall, but the taxpayers will have to foot the bills instead of the county officials and engineers who are to blame for the loss and extra cost at this time—also for the cost that must come in the future when the work will have to be made permanent.

Yesterday's big football games will be in the movies in a few days. Those of us who missed them on the field may enjoy them in a cozy seat—all but the noise and the other inconveniences that always makes a fellow wish he had stayed at home.

Just imagine how easy Jack Frost could put that ice rink out of business for awhile this coming winter, and not make a bit of noise about it, either.

It is astonishing how "a neatly turned ankle" will grow to thirteen inches in warm weather and then twiddle down to three in the winter time.

"I hain't got it" is not good grammar even if you "hain't got it."

ROBBING THE RAILROADS.

Why isn't it perfectly fair for Uncle Sam to rob the railroads? Listen: An estimate that the railroads are underpaid to the extent of \$11,900,000 for carrying the United States mail was contained in a report made public October 25 in New York by the special committee of the Merchants' association, which conducted an investigation of that subject. The committee figured that the railroad should receive in addition to payments now made \$4,000,000 a year for the use of their compartment mail cars; \$2,200,000 a year for side service, which consists of transforming mail to other railroads and between certain stations and postoffices and about \$5,700,000 a year on weight allowances because of the parcel post system put into effect since the last official tests of the weights carried by the railroads. And that serves to remind us that once there was a man who was just as reluctant to rob a corporation as he was to have a corporation rob him.

Sulphur deposits are found on White Island, in the Bay of Plenty on the coast of the North Island of New Zealand, about thirty miles from the mainland. This island, which covers about 600 acres, attains a height of 900 feet on one side and opens to the sea on the other. Its topography indicates an old crater, and the boiling lake on the island, which is one of the awe-inspiring sights of New Zealand, is a further evidence of volcanism. After the New Zealand Sulphur company had spent \$100,000 in preparation for mining sulphur in this locality, a volcanic disturbance wrecked the camp and killed ten men.

A theatrical man, in an appreciation of Junius Brutus Booth, declares that "intellectually he stood above any actor of his own or any other time." In justification of this praise these claims are made. Booth had a knowledge of seamanship (acquired as a midshipman), was an expert printer, had studied law and medicine, was an acute theologian, and spoke eight languages fluently, besides being "the greatest actor who ever spoke the English language."

At eighty-three, Sir William Crookes, the scientist, says he does not feel any different from what he was at forty. As to how to keep fit, here is his dictum: "A good deal of my own present feeling and position is due to the fact that I have always been working tolerably hard and always doing something I take a great interest in and am enthusiastic about. That, I think, keeps one's mind healthy and in a good state, and tends to keep one going."

Harvey Lawrence, known among the inmates of the Hutchinson (Kas.) reformatory as "the piece of a man," recently escaped from the institution. Lawrence acquired his name through his physical condition. He has lost one arm, one leg and one eye. He was sent up from Ford, Ford county, for stealing a Ford car. Lawrence is a chronic wanderer and told the officers at the time of his arrest he was tired of hopping around on one foot.

I rather think the orchestra appreciated the novel applause, for some of its members smiled, and looked round, and they didn't do that for the handclapping. And, after all, wasn't it just about as sensible applause as our promiscuous, noisy, handclapping or the waving of gemy handkerchiefs?

Pink overalls may not look pretty after a few days' wear, but the laboring men will prefer to wear them rather than resign. By the way, how would it do to put the office holders in pinks?

It is said that the dust from a vacuum cleaner makes a fine fertilizer. Who knows but the demonstrators who sweep your floors sell the dust and pocket the money as a side graft.

Uncle Sam needs just enough defensive power so that when the world takes a squint this way it will say, like Davy Crockett's coon, "hold on, don't shoot, I'll come down."

According to the chief of the bureau of printing and engraving the average life of a dollar bill is three weeks. Another argument for Bryan in favor of silver.

A man who is not "wanted" can disappear from his home and never be heard from again. Sometimes those who are wanted can do the same thing.

The wheat crop promises to be smaller next year than this. Nature always strikes a balance—the war will not leave so many mouths to feed.

Which one of the forty-eight states will be the last to use the rum blossom as a state flower?

If Turkey should threaten to wage a holy war it would be a holy terror.

BACK TO BUSINESS

As Thanksgiving is over we turn our minds back to business and by trading with FRAKES you will soon SAVE enough to pay for your Thanksgiving dinner.

Flour, sk. \$1.30, Bbl. \$5.10 Small White or Mexican Beans, 4 lbs. for 25c Van Heuter's Bleaching Soap, 6 bars for 25c Golden Star Soap, 7 bars for 25c Gold Medal Catsup, Two 16-oz. bottles 25c Brooms 30c grades, 20c; 45c grades 35c; 60c grades 50c Coffee J. A. F. BLEND Reg. 30c for 25c FRAKES SPECIAL Reg. 35c for 30c

J. A. FRAKES

PHONE 831 GRESHAM

MASONS.

GRESHAM MASONIC LODGE—Meets second Tuesday each month, 8 p. m. Worshipful Master, Max Schneider; secretary, H. J. Puffer, Gresham, Oregon.

FAIRVIEW MASONIC LODGE—Meets first Saturday of each month, 8 p. m. Worshipful Master, M. J. Fox; secretary, Earl Tegart, Fairview.

SANDY MASONIC LODGE—W. M. W. A. Proctor; secretary, C. D. Purcell, Sandy, Oregon.

TROUTDALE CHAPTER, O. E. S. No. 80—Stated communication the third Saturday in each month, Masonic hall, Troutdale. Margaret McKay, worthy matron; Margaret Sales, secretary.

GRESHAM CHAPTER, O. E. S. No. 117—Meets first and third Tuesdays each month in Odd Fellows' hall. Worthy Matron, Anna Brown; Secretary, Rose I. Dair.

ODD FELLOWS.

GRESHAM LODGE, No. 125, I. O. O. F.—N. G. J. E. Metzger; secretary, R. H. Todd. Meets every Saturday evening.

ROCKWOOD REBEKAH LODGE, No. 205—Meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock. N. G., Mary E. Rowen; secretary, Mary Richmond.

GRAND ARMY.

M. A. ROSS POST, G. A. R.—Commander, Wm. Butler, Fairview; quartermaster, Joel Bates, Troutdale. Meets every third Saturday of each month.

M. A. ROSS RELIEF CORPS—Mrs. D. D. Jack, president; Mrs. Clara Kane, secretary. Meets every third Saturday of each month, Gresham.

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WANTS

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

LIVESTOCK

COWS FOR SALE—Young registered Holstein bull, J. W. Townsend, Troutdale, Oregon. Phone 213.

PIGS FOR SALE, very cheap—One 2-year-old thoroughbred Duroc-Jersey boar, weighing 500 pounds, and 2 fine brood sows, that will come in early in the spring, at Columbia View Farm.

FOR SALE—Sows with little pigs. Phone 341. 78

POULTRY ROVEN DUCKS for sale. W. H. Cleveland. Phone 471. 77

HOISES STRAYED—Small greyish roan saddle horse 3 years old, from Boring barn, on Monday night, November 22. Notify B. Fujhl, owner, Boring, or phone 397. 79

FOR SALE—Heavy team, wagon, wood rack, harness, blankets, chains, very cheap for cash or can pay for same by hauling wood. Man must show satisfactory evidence of integrity and reliability. First State Bank. 76

REAL ESTATE, RENTALS RENTALS FOR RENT—Four-room house, \$4 a month. Apply to Outlook or Mrs. A. Ekstrom, phone 798. 75

FOR RENT—The 6-room bungalow now occupied by C. M. Zimmerman on Hood avenue. Will be for rent after November 9th. Electric lights, hot and cold water and bath, etc. Good garage. Inquire Bank of Gresham. 74

BARN FOR RENT, with two tons of hay. L. P. Manning. Phone 797.

MISCELLANEOUS SMALL POTATOES wanted. T. R. Howitt. Phone 516. 74

BUNGALOW PIANO-PLAYER for sale for \$350. An Elber, cost \$650 two years ago. Good as new. S. H. Sheller, R. 1, Gresham. 73

A Bargain. For sale, Ford Runabout, with 1915 magnet, electric lights, master vibrator, speedometer, Nobby-tread tires. In good condition. Price \$250. R. W. Forbes. 77

Horses, Wagons, Implements For Sale—Large Buckskin team with harness, \$200. Will work anywhere, gentle; also one black farm horse, work anywhere, \$50. One large 1 1/2 ton spring wagon with large body, good as new, cost \$225 one year ago, now \$115. Two horses new disc \$22.50. Three horses John Deere plow with coupler and cutter \$15. One horse express wagon, nine foot body, 3/4 ton, \$25. One double flexible harrow \$7.50. One horse Queen Ann cultivator, \$3. One top buggy with harness \$35. One acre good kale cheap, besides other small garden tools.

W. H. WILSON, 1/2 mile north of Fairview.

ENGLISH WALNUTS for sale. S. C. Joffe, Phone 91. 74

Do You Have Sour Stomach? If you are troubled with sour stomach you should eat slowly and masticate your food thoroughly, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. For sale by Gresham Drug Co.

Do You Know the saving a want ad. will be to you? Then try it. Get the habit. Read those in today's Outlook.

MACCABEES. ROCKWOOD TENT, K. O. T. M., Meets first Saturday and third Friday evenings each month. Commander, James H. Schram; record-keeper, Herman Anspach, R. D. 1, Gresham.

CHARITY HIVE, L. O. T. M.—Meets second Thursday and fourth Saturday afternoons each month. Commander, Mrs. Josie Stanley; record keeper, Miss Marie Chanin. Gresham, R. F. D. 1.

W. C. T. U. WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Meets at the Library second and fourth Thursdays each month at 2:30 p. m. President, Mrs. H. L. Wostell; secretary, Mrs. George F. Honey.

WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT. CLOVER CIRCLE No. 202, W. O. W. Meets every fourth Tuesday at 2:30 in the I. O. O. F. hall. Guardian, Neighbors Mrs. D. D. Jack, Gresham, R. 2; Guardian clerk, Eliza Metzger, Gresham.

BORING REBEKAH LODGE No. 213, I. O. O. F. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays at 8:15 in I. O. O. F. Hall Noble Grand, Mrs. Louisa Johnson; secretary, Wm. A. Morand. Visitors welcome.

BORING LODGE No. 234, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday at 8:15 in I. O. O. F. hall. Noble Grand, Geo. Tachron; secretary, Wm. A. Morand. Visitors welcome.

ROCKWOOD I. O. O. F., NO. 213.—Meets in Macabee hall every Thursday night at 8 o'clock. C. E. Cree, N. G.; B. N. Hall, secretary.

Take advantage of Want Ads.