

"Jerry," a Boston terrier belonging to Mrs. Colby Rackliffe, of Belfast, Me., was taken by her mistress to visit in Stillwater. The dog ran away and returned home, a distance of forty miles, in fourteen hours. The terrier had been over the road several times in an automobile.

Dr. W. Byrd Hunter recently left Jarrolds Valley, W. Va., for his home on the Seal Islands, Bering sea, Alaska, after traveling 5,000 miles to cast his vote for President Woodrow Wilson, at his former home there.

The Peoples Bank, of Moline, Ill., will erect a five-room bungalow on the roof of its new six-story building for the use of the janitor and his family.

Shoes and Rubber Goods
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Gresham Outlook

The Grocery Boy.

Life of every sort is a pleasant affair to those who are interested in the people they meet; interested, at least, to the point of forgetting their own precious troubles. A grocery boy, who is just a grocery boy and nothing but a grocery boy, considers himself a most unfortunate youth. He must get up in the dark and feed and pretend to groom an unwilling horse. He must fill kerosene cans, or empty potato barrels, or grind coffee, or run errands, or deliver groceries to impatient customers the whole day long and far into the dark of the evening. His feet get numb with cold, and he is forever carrying about good things to eat with his own stomach complaining of neglect. It is, you see, a difficult place that the grocery boy has in life, a place that may be looked upon as one of the most unhappy and uninteresting variety.

Nevertheless, there is, for the grocery boy who is interested in the people he meets, interested to the point of self-forgetfulness and a healthy curiosity, a charming prospect. You can imagine for yourself how entertaining it would be to go bouncing into everybody's kitchen at the most unexpected times, to know whether or not this woman had washed her last night's dishes, and whether or not this one had scrubbed her floor, ignoring of course, the fact that if she has scrubbed it your clumsy feet are tracking it up again in the most awful way. Think what a treat it must be, no matter how hungry and complaining a stomach you may have, to smell the variety of smells, to see all the pots a-boiling, to know what everybody in the neighborhood is going to have for supper, to glimpse the table in the lighted dining room all spread and waiting for the head of the family to come home.

A grocery boy that is in the mood to enjoy these things is not troubled by the fact that the other head of the family is scolding him and the grocery and things in general because he was not there an hour or so ago. He is off with a slam to the next house to see what they are having for supper. He knows where the good cooks live, and where the cold boiled ham and potatoes chip eaters dwell. You may consider it likely that grocery boys grow weary of the sight of food, but food on the grocery shelves or in grocery wagons is never the same as food on the stove or on its way to the supper table. It may seem to you an unhappy thing to be fed only by sight and smells of other folks' suppers, but it is a very happy thing to go banging in and out of everybody's back doors, being warmed by everybody's cheerful kitchens and by the realization that in every house in town there is going to be some sort of supper. And then, of course, every grocery boy realizes that there was never such a cook as his mother and that after all the best supper of them all is waiting and warm for him.

John McCann, of Chestnut, Ill., was asked by a friend if he voted for Wilson. He answered: "I did, and so did my six sons, four daughters, four sons-in-law, seven granddaughters and my wife. You see this makes twenty-three votes for Wilson right in our own family."

Fire from a defective chimney caught a vacuum cleaner in the house of Harry A. Way, of Burlington, Vt., and in some way started it going. The noise of its operation aroused the family and all got out safely.

GRESHAM PEOPLE AND HAPPENINGS

Frank Carpenter, of LaGrande, is a visitor at the home of J. M. Stanley. He expects to return to eastern Oregon on Sunday.

Ed Aysworth has rearranged the show window of his clothing store. The frame back of the displays has been replaced with glass, making a better showing of goods and a greater lighting effect of the whole interior of the building.

George W. Kenney and wife will leave for California early next week to spend the remainder of the winter among the orange groves.

Attention is again called to the auction sale which will take place on Saturday, February 3. It is for everybody who has anything to sell. All articles should be listed with the business houses of Gresham or O. A. Eastman, who is the manager.

Callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Akin last Sunday evening were Dr. and Mrs. Otis Akin, Dr. and Mrs. John Talbot and son, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Drake and children, Mrs. Clarence True Wilson and daughter Virginia, all of Portland.

Mrs. Ella Aton spent the week-end with her nephew, Morris Wilmarth, of Oswego.

The 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Middleton, who was recently taken to a Portland hospital for a second operation, is reported to be doing well and his complete recovery is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hoetzel and Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Tietz of Lents, former business people of Gresham, called on friends here on Wednesday. The two families are living in the same house in Lents.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cathey and Mrs. Tilford and friends of Portland were callers Sunday afternoon at the home of Don Franklin.

A. E. Staffanson of Coulton, Oregon, is visiting relatives in this vicinity. He is a son of Mrs. Hannah Staffanson and brother of Mrs. A. B. Wood, S. M., Frank, Gust and Pete Staffanson.

Mrs. Chas. Robinson, who has been ill for some time with heart trouble, has been taken to a Portland hospital for treatment.

Arthur Heiney is removing the old orchard on the home place southwest of Gresham, which, when completed, will add greatly to the attractiveness of the farm.

There will be preaching at the Baptist church next Sunday both morning and evening. Rev. A. L. Black, formerly of Portland, is expected to be present.

Word has been received from Borling of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Morand, on Thursday, January 11. Mother and baby are being cared for by Mrs. W. H. Waitmen. They are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sterling entertained a number of friends at dinner last night.

The marriage of Ed. Osburn and Mrs. Lulu Strebin occurred in Portland on Wednesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Osburn are away on a honeymoon trip. On their return they will make their home in Gresham.

Ben Mathews is having electric lights installed in his residence on Roberts avenue.

Mrs. Clara Blair, of Portland, who is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. William E. Bates, was very pleasantly surprised yesterday afternoon by several ladies of Gresham. The afternoon was spent playing 500, after which a dainty luncheon was served. Those present were Mrs. Arthur Dowsett, Mrs. Emil Oswald, Mrs. John Brown, Mrs. Alva Hevel, Mrs. Mary Leslie, Mrs. Roy Kern, Mrs. M. D. Kern, Mrs. J. Cannon, Mrs. Will Hessel, Mrs. C. Merrill and Mrs. Geo. W. Kenney.

Four or five boys took Theodor Brugger's automobile from in front of the Methodist church last Tuesday evening, intending to enjoy a little ride and return the machine in a few minutes. They started eastward on Powell street. At the first sign the steering gear failed to respond and the machine, with its load of boys, plunged into the ditch, causing considerable damage, but fortunately no serious injury to the boys. They have agreed to repair the machine. They only wanted a little adventurous sport which is natural for a boy. Still it is evident their method of enjoying themselves was wrong and would have been just as wrong if it had not turned out disastrously. Boys should think before they do such things and then not do them.

Try a want ad. in the Outlook.

Detecting Zeppelins.

How sensitive the experienced aviators eye and ear become to every indication of an approaching Zeppelin is illustrated in an article in the Atlantic by Lewis R. Freeman, who tells of an evening's experience in London with a member of the air corps. "There's been witchery in the air ever since sunrise," said the air corps man. "I've never known more perfect flying weather. Which reminds me, by the way, that the Zepps are expected in this vicinity tonight. They were on the 'east coast' last night, you know? It's just a little too clear for their purposes, but the air itself is perfect—perfect." Scarcely had they become well settled in armchairs at their hotel for a talk when the aviator, Horne, "abruptly ceased speaking," says the writer, "and leaned forward with his head cocked in an attitude of attentive listening.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered; "and that, and that?"

"Nothing but the chatter of the first dribble of the supper crowd," I answered. "What is it?"

"Bombs," was the reply; "three or four of them. And, I think, gun fire. The Zepps must be nearer London than they have been at any time since last October. Let's go down to the Embankment. We can see from there, if anywhere. They never wander far from the 'river road.'"

"The Strand, packed with crowds from the emptying theaters, was plainly oblivious and unalarmed, and I promptly taxed Horne with letting either the wine or the 'perfect air conditions' go to his head. He said nothing, but, all the way down the black little canyon of the street along which we threaded our way, appeared to be listening intently. Not until we were about to emerge into the brighter blankness of the Embankment did he speak again.

"There have been no more bombs," he said, "but I think the guns are going right along. If the sound is too faint for your 'unattuned' ear, perhaps the fact that you hear no shunting of trains or whistling at Charing Cross or Waterloo (you know the new order which halts all trains during air raids) will convince you that the Zepps are about. Or if not that, then come along here and have some ocular evidence. What do you say to that?" And Horne pointed off down past the looming mass of St. Paul's to where the stationary beam of a single searchlight lay low along the eastern horizon.

"I see the searchlight plainly enough," I said, "but where's the Zepp?"

"Take my glass," said Horne, handing me a small pair of semi-collapsible binoculars which was evidently a constant companion. "Now focus on that point of brighter glow, with a shadow behind it, half way down the shaft—right there straight over the back of the righthand lion at the foot of the obelisk."

"I did as directed, fairly to gasp with astonishment as a tiny blur, so indistinct as to go unnoticed by passersby on the Embankment, sharpened to a long, yellow-ribbed pencil, with pin points of light—fireflies escorting a glowworm—flashing out and disappearing above and below and round about it.

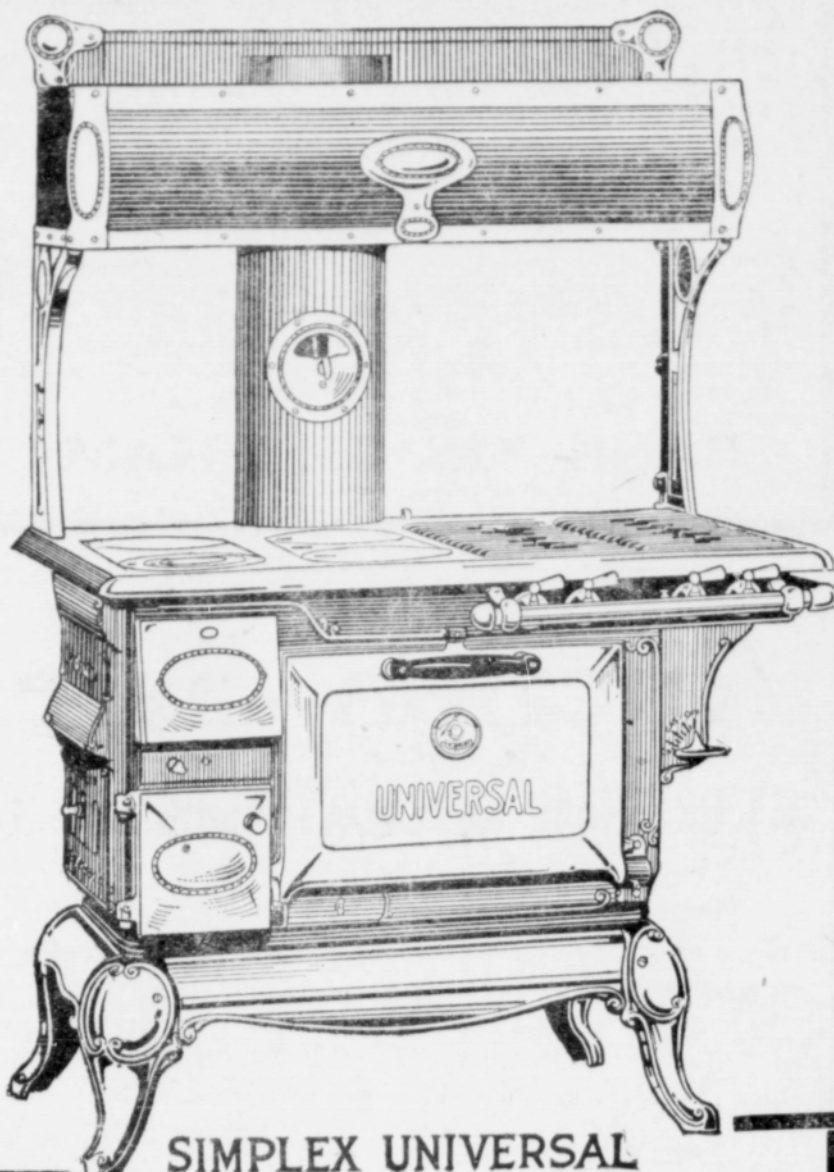
"The first Zepp to get over London in six months," I ejaculated excitedly. "How long will she take to get here? Hadn't we better get away from the river and under cover? But no." I went on, peering through the glass again. "I don't think she's coming this way. Seems to be standing still. Probably hovering over W—, the old objective." "London! W—!" laughed Horne. "Do you realize that you didn't hear any bombs, and that none of these people have any idea that there's a raiding Zeppelin, with shells bursting about it, squarely in their range of vision. That fellow's all of twenty-five miles away, and as for his 'hovering,' you may rest assured that when you see a Zepp with incendiary shells bursting about it, it is either badly hit or else doing seventy miles an hour toward the home hangers. As a matter of fact, I've been expecting to see this fellow begin to drop at any moment. He's evidently run into better guns and gunners than he counted on. Ah, No hope!" (Horne snatched his glass and turned it quickly on the now agitated searchlight beam.) "He's gone. Even the light's lost now!"

Dexter, Me., has given to charity the money which it had voted to use to celebrate President Wilson's reelection, in place of having the celebration.

For Sale, 154 Acres.
The J. W. Rook place four miles east of Gresham. Half under cultivation. Phone 25x. 91

The Habit of Taking Cold.

With many people taking cold is a habit, but fortunately one that is easily broken. Take a cold sponge bath every morning when you first get out of bed—not ice cold, but a temperature of about 90 degrees F. Also sleep with your window up. Do this and you will seldom take cold. When you do take cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and get rid of it as quickly as possible. Obtainable everywhere.—Ad.



SIMPLEX UNIVERSAL

The Simplex Universal saves space in the kitchen as it is practically two ranges in one. Cooks and bakes perfectly with either wood, coal or gas. The same oven is heated by either fuel and guaranteed to do perfect work with either heat.

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Cash paid for Fat Beef, Veal and Mutton, live or dressed. Top prices for Hides and Pelts of all kinds.

FRESH HOMEMADE SAUER KRAUT
Just Arrived, A LOT OF SWISS CHEESE, Very Fine

Card of Thanks.

We wish to tender our heartfelt thanks to Rev. I. B. Self and Prof. J. B. Lent, of Fairview; Rev. G. Hofner, the Swiss Singing society and Mr. William Graham, of Portland, and to the choir of the Fairview Presbyterian church, for their assistance, and to the large company of friends for their attendance at the funeral of our beloved daughter, Lillie. We also express our deep appreciation to all for their kind words of sympathy and floral tributes in loving memory of the deceased.
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Luscher and Family.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our many friends who offered us their help and sympathy in the death of our beloved wife and mother and for the use of autos and the beautiful floral offerings.
A. C. Whilon and Children.

Farm Loans Available.

Arthur Languth, agent of the State School Land Board in Portland, with offices at 606 McKay building, announces that he has plenty of farm money to loan in sums ranging from \$250 to \$5000, on approved security at 6 per cent.

Succeeding With What You Have

is the title of a book recently published of which Chas. M. Schwab is the author. He says: "Nothing is so plentiful in America as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful men than there are forceful men to fill them," but they must be men who have been successful.

SUCCESS MAKES SUCCESS.

They must be men capable of managing their own affairs, otherwise they can not hope to be employed to manage the affairs of others. They must have acquired habits of thrift and economy. Must have been able to save a portion of their income.

HABITS OF THRIFT AND ECONOMY

acquired when young are ready assets always demanding their worth and benefitting mankind. In joining our

Christmas Cash Club

your son and daughter in addition to providing a fund for Christmas are forming habits of equal importance with their higher education and which will crown their later years with success. You, too, will find it interesting to join the club and watch the accumulation of the fund.

Watch this space for the announcement of the successful contestant in the problem announced here last week.

FIRST STATE BANK
GRESHAM, ORE.