

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah. John Brown, Plaintiff vs. Henry A. Latourell and Charles H. Latourell, Defendants.

To Henry A. Latourell and Charles H. Latourell, the above named Defendants.

In the name of the State of Oregon you are required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 24 day of January, 1918, and if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will take judgment against you and each of you as follows:

That the defendants Henry A. Latourell and Charles H. Latourell are indebted to plaintiff on contract of employment in the sum of \$290 with interest from the 1st day of July, 1917, at the rate of 6 per cent per annum until paid, and that plaintiff have judgment against said defendants and each of them for said sum, together with costs and disbursements herein, also that the real property hereinafter described, which has been attached in this action be sold to satisfy the plaintiffs demands, as above set forth, and that execution issue in said behalf. Said real property so attached is described as follows:

"Beginning at the northwest corner of the tract of land conveyed by John Thomas and Ane Thomas, his wife, to John Rometsch, by deed dated March 16th, 1906, which deed is recorded on page 31, book 357, of the Multnomah county deed records; thence running south 19 degrees and 01 minutes east along the west boundary line of said John Rometsch tract to the southwest corner thereof; thence south 19 degrees and 01 minutes east producing said line to a point 100 feet south 19 degrees and 01 minutes east of place of beginning; thence south 69 degrees and 59 minutes west 51 feet to a point; thence north 19 degrees and 01 minutes west 100 feet to the south line of Powell Valley road; thence north 69 degrees and 59 minutes east 51 feet to the place of beginning. Also beginning at the southeast corner of the above tract; thence running north 69 degrees 59 minutes east to the west line of Main street in the town of Gresham, Multnomah county, Oregon; thence north 1 degree and 16 minutes west along the west line of said Main street to the southeast corner of said tract conveyed by John Thomas and Ane Thomas, his wife, to John Rometsch as shown by deed recorded on page 442, book 363 of said Multnomah county deed records; thence south 69 degrees and 59 minutes west to the southwest corner of said Rometsch tract; thence south 19 degrees and 01 minute east to the place of beginning,—all contained in the northwest quarter of Section 10, Township 1, South Range 3, East of Willamette Meridian, in the town of Gresham, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon."

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof once a week for six weeks in the Gresham Outlook, a twice-a-week newspaper of general circulation, published in Multnomah County, Oregon, by order of the Hon. John P. Kavanaugh, presiding judge of the above entitled court, which order was duly given, made and entered on the 16th day of November, 1917, and the date of the last publication thereof is the 24 day of January, 1918.

MILO C. KING, Attorney for Plaintiff, Gresham, Ore.

CORBETT

We were very agreeably surprised with the holiday number of the Gresham Outlook, it being so much larger than we had expected. This edition of our fine home paper would do credit to a town thrice the size of Gresham.

Pomona grange met at our hall Wednesday with a very good attendance. Several noted speakers were present, among the number were Judge Morrow and County Commissioner Holman. A class of five was given the fifth degree.

Mrs. Lucy Kincaid sold her farm to Mr. Byers of Portland last week.

ROCKWOOD

An appropriate sermon and Christmas tree were features at the church last Sunday. A good program was given and the children were each given a treat. Rev. Thos. Atkinson, the pastor, has announced preaching service every Sunday morning and evening and prayer-meeting next Thursday evening. The Sunday school is growing in numbers and interest and all are invited to attend. Rev. Mr. Snell of Portland expects to assist the pastor in the services.

PLEASANT HOME

Mr. and Mrs. William Beyer returned Sunday from Neillsville, Wisconsin, where they have been visiting with children and other relatives for the past eight months. They were accompanied by their granddaughter, Miss Frances Wagner, who was called east last summer by the drowning of two sisters and a niece. Miss Wagner will resume her studies in the high school in Gresham after the holidays.

TROUTDALE

The Red Cross will hold an all-day meeting at the church next Thursday, December 27. Each member is asked to bring a light lunch for the noon meal. Coffee will be served.

The retail price of milk in England has been advanced from 14 to 16 cents a quart. The sale and use of cream has been prohibited, except for invalids, infants, and for butter making.

Chamberlain's Tablets, Chamberlain's Tablets are intended especially for stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation, and have met with much success in the treatment of those diseases. People who have suffered for years with stomach trouble and have been unable to obtain any permanent relief, have been completely cured by the use of these tablets. Chamberlain's Tablets are also of great value for biliousness. Chronic constipation may be permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Tablets and observing the plain printed directions with each bottle.—Adv.



Christmas Riddance

BY WILLIS BROOKS

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OUR village paper had issued a very creditable Christmas edition. I was looking over the news section by the front window. My wife sat near, absorbed in the story part.

"What's that?" she asked, listening. She was always on the lookout for more eggs. What she heard certainly did sound like a hen announcing the arrival of one-twelfth of a dozen.

"That," I answered, "is Ezra Barnstable in a state of amusement."

We looked through the window, and sure enough, here he came down the street, an expansive smile illuminating his moonlike face.

"What on earth can the man be laughing so about all alone?" my wife wanted to know. She was that way—never content to let a man be happy unless she knew the reason why.

So I went to the door and sang out to Ezra, "Isn't it kind of stinky to enjoy it all by yourself?"

When he had unrolled the wool tip-plet from his neck and taken the rocking chair which the missis had set before the fireplace for him he leaned back and cut gashes in the atmosphere with another flourish of his sharp exclamations. "I've heard of Santa Claus playin' tricks before now," said he, "but I don't guess he ain't never played none no funnier than this.

"It was like this: Three, four days ago my boy Chet come home with a rabbit—one o' them big white critters with the pink eyes—that he'd swarmed off one o' his mittens to the one armed Maybew boy fer. When he come in, loggin' the thing in his arms, his ma ast him whose it was, an' he said it was his'n an' its name was Jimmy an' Eddie Maybew give it to him.

"Them Maybew boys ain't givin' nothin' away fer nothin'," says she. "What'd you give him fer it?" "Chet knowed he was cornered, so he owned up that he'd give Eddie one o' his wool mittens. 'I don't never wear but one much anyhow,' says he, 'an', besides, Eddie's a poor, one armed boy, an' his hand was cold, an' it was comin' Christmas."

"I seen the look in his ma's eye, an' I felt sorry fer Chet, so I says, 'Chet,' says I, severe-like, 'you come to the barn along of me, like I was goin' to lick him.

"That satisfied his ma. So Chet an' me went to the barn an' made a box to keep the rabbit in. I knowed the thing'd freeze to death if he kep' it anywhere but in the house, an' I knowed his ma wouldn't listen to his doin' that, so I puts him up to gittin' rid of it by invitin' his Cousin Artie over fer Christmas an' givin' it to him fer a Christmas present.

"Artie, you know," Ezra explained, "is my wife's brother's boy. You remember my wife's brother, Dan Baker, over in Center township, the one that died an' left a widder with eight children?"

"Waal, when Chet told his ma what he was goin' to do she said he could keep the rabbit in the attic till Christmas an' not a minute longer. So he writ to Artie, an' this mornin' bright an' early here comes the hull family—Mis' Baker an' the hull eight children.

"Chet, he hadn't even got up yet, but I roused him out, an' when he come down he tolt Artie about the Jimmy rabbit he was goin' to give him. Then Mis' Baker chips in an' says she never 'lows one o' her children to accept presents unless all the others gits the same thing. 'It makes the others jealous,' says she, 'an' creates dissensions.'

"I seen trouble comin' to Chet in flocks an' herds, an' I says to myself they's jes' one way to settle this thing. You know, if you give a rabbit a little cuff on the back of his neck he never knows what hit him. So I sneaks up to the attic, but ole Santa Claus had got there ahead o' me."

Ezra rocked back and let out a few more staccato notes of merriment. "What had happened?" my wife asked.

"Wait till I tell you," said Ezra. "I called Chet to come up quick, an' he come a-runnin'. 'Look here,' says I to him, 'you give the eight little ones to the children an' the old one to Mis' Baker. If you do it nice she can't refuse 'em, specially when the little rabbits needs the services of Jimmy fer awhile yet.' So Chet he jugged the hull box of rabbits downstairs an' made such a ebullient, ebullient speech that the widder couldn't do nothin' but thank him an' take the hull mess home with her."

Christmas Means Love.

We cannot picture it without seeing the spangled Christmas tree girl with the faces of gleeful youngsters, glad parents and happy bodies returned home from town or far metropolis. It sounds like bells and crackling logs and shouts of children. And even our old, round shouldered, sorrow ridden planet, with his eye knocked out on his cheek, pauses to smile from sea to sea, and love is everywhere rejuvenated.—James Whitcomb Riley

Tailoring

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

THE U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

In '76 the Minute Men, assembled on the green, America's first Volunteers, in battle each were seen.

The sturdy lads, with loyal hearts, defied a tyrant's might. And every man was a volunteer who enlisted in that fight.

In '61, when Lincoln sounded forth the country's call, A mighty host came forward and offered him their all;

They came from town and hamlet, from North and East and West, And the loyal love of country was burning in each breast.

And now in '17 our boys again march to the fray; Nine hundred thousand Volunteers will surely save the day.

They'll hold to the traditions, as their grandsires did of yore, And fight for home and country and the flag their grandsires bore.

And when the days of war are o'er and Peace allays our fears, The greatest strife the world has known will be won by Volunteers

Who marched away without beat of drum—no crowds wished them Goodspeed— But a grateful nation will thank the boys who came in her hour of need.

No urging was theirs, they needed no praise; their lives were freely given. All they ask was to fight for the flag—the rest they trusted to Heaven.

So a silent prayer goes up from our hearts, as we try to smile through our tears, That God in His infinite mercy will bring back our Volunteers.

—Mrs. R. Moore.

THE ALIEN

An alien born, I cannot claim Full portion in your Strips and Stars; I cannot share your storied fame,

Nor reap the glory of your scars, I know no Father of the Land, No Lincoln came to set men free, For I am of an alien land.

Yet crave to fight for liberty, I know no dear and honored past, No heroes of the rugged years When lives were in the balance cast

And victory came thro' blood and tears. Across the sea-space I was born: An alien brother of the free— My heart leaps up to hail the morn

When I can fight for liberty, A son of a war-cursed state Where Might stalks by with clanking sword.

I bent in terror and in hate— An atom in a servile horde; But at your welcome when I came Across the wide and restless sea,

My soul leaped in me like a flame— I, too, would fight for liberty. Oh, let me stand beside your sons To learn the duty of the hour,

To face the foeman's deadly guns And help to crush his cruel power. I crave to show the love I feel For you, my brothers of the free— Let me share your country's weal— You let me defend its liberty!

W. B. Rose.

FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand Dominion holds on sea and land, In Peace and War Thy Will we see Shaping the larger Liberty.

Thy servants in the hour of stress! Thy changeless Purpose rules them all. When Death flies swift on wave or field Be Thou a sure defense and shield!

Console and succor those who fall And help and lighten each and all! O, hear a people's prayers for those Who fearless face their country's foe!

For those who weak and broken lie, In weariness and agony— Great Healer, to their beds of pain Come, touch, and make them whole again.

O hear a people's prayer, and bless Thy servants in the hour of stress! For those to whom the call shall come We pray Thy tender welcome home.

The toil, the bitterness, all past, We trust them to thy love at last. O hear a people's prayer for all Who, nobly striving, nobly fall! For those who minister and heal, And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal— Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith.

And guard them from disease and death, And in thine own good time, Lord, send Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end! —John Oxenham.

FREEDOM'S SONS.

The waves that beat on Plymouth Rock Bore men who would be free, Stern scions of an ancient stock Who loved democracy.

They brought the Bible and the sword, And manful faith beside; Here built they temples to the Lord That Freedom sanctified. Through centuries the tides have brought The pilgrims of the world, Who peace and liberty have sought 'Neath Freedom's flag unfurled, Here they have found a welcome share Of all this land could give— The right as free as Heaven's air— To work, to speak, to live.

Now do the tides from Plymouth Rock, From all our swamping coasts, Bear men to brave the battle's shock, To fight with Freedom's hosts. The seas that brought the fathers here Call back the sons again, To rid the world of doubt and fear And make it free for men. Oscar C. A. Child.

VOICE OF THE HUNDRED-MILLION

By the Spirit we inherit, By the Blood that made us free, By the Valor and the Merit That gave birth to Liberty, By the Ashes of our Sires' hosts, By the Bond that made us one, we have fanned the battle-drea,

We have manned the shotted gun. For the Sister Nations need us, And the Hour has been told; God Almighty now shall lead us, As he did in days of old.

Not for hero-fame or glory We, the Hundred-Million stand; Not for conquered territory We'll do now the warrior-brand; Not for sordid gain or riches Do we dare the seething sea

And the yawning devil-ditches— But to save Democracy, loyal Shoulder unto shoulder, loyal To the nation and the world, We shall fight the battle-royal Till the despotic flags are furled. —R. H. Dyer.

The Officers and Directors of the BANK OF GRESHAM GRESHAM, OREGON. Extend to you their Best Wishes for a Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year.

The Christmas Rose. It was in Ireland I heard the beautiful legend of the Christmas rose, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. When the great night came and the dark skies were suddenly illuminated with the lights of heaven the shepherds, gathering together their offering, went with haste to find him who had come to be the Light of the world.

PHOTOS ALL KINDS AND ALL SIZES New Gallery. PICTURE FRAMING GILT OR NATURAL WOOD Neat and Cheap. MAX SCHNEIDER Mathews' Bldg., Main St., Phone 141.

EXPERT Auto, Buggy and Wagon PAINTING. SEE E. E. CHIPMAN. Total acceptances of recruits for the army December 13 numbered more than 14,300—the largest number accepted in one day in the history of the country.

CHEVROLET ED. OSBURN, Local Agent Gresham. Illustration of a vintage car.

Emery's Truck Service BETWEEN PORTLAND AND GRESHAM. Office with Pioneer Auto Truck Co., 226 Ash St. Phone Broadway 2854. Furniture Moving and Farmers' Hauling a Specialty. B. W. EMERY, Prop. Res. Phone 173 Gresham, Ore.

Remember Phone 797 If You Have BEEF, HOGS, VEAL CALVES or FRESH COWS for Sale. All kinds of hauling. Prices Reasonable. Fresh Cows Exchanged for Fat Beef Cows. ED. BAUMANN Fourth and Roberts, Gresham.

We Lead the Procession of baking excellence. Every-thing on our counters goes to you just as it should—perfect baking—a l w a y s fresh, pure ingredients, wide varieties, right prices, courteous and quick service—neatness throughout. Patronize the bakery sanitary. CITY BAKERY Gresham. Phone 11. Illustration of bakers carrying bread.

SHOES Men's Work Shoes Men's Dress Shoes Boys' Shoes Rubber Boots and Shoes Men's Rubbers. Shoe Repairing a Specialty. GRESHAM SHOE SHOP Carl Dahl, Prop.

Mountain Meadow Butter Manufactured by SANDY CREAMERY CO. The name "Mount Hood Butter" has heretofore been used by permission of the Mount Hood Ice Cream Co., which has all its dairy products registered under that title. That permission has ceased, hence the change of name, which became effective on January 1. "Mountain Meadow Butter" will be found at all the Leading stores in the county. Ask for it.

C. K. ROGERS Buyer of Livestock. Long Distance Hauling of Stock, Etc., by Auto Trucks. R. 1, Box 392, Portland. Phone Woodlawn 5358.

Home Rendered Lard ALL FRESH AND CURED MEATS, VEGETABLES AND FRUITS IN SEASON. Phone us if you have any Stock for Sale. Andrews Bros. Meat Market Pleasant Home Phone 755.

Helpful Xmas Hints. Vacuum Cleaners Hair Dryers Boudoir Lamps Samovars Toasters Disc Stoves Foot Warmers Milk Warmers Massage Vibrators Cigar Lighters Ovens Waffle Irons. Washing Machines Library Lamps Coffee Percolators Chafing Dishes Flat Irons Curling Iron Heaters Luminous Radiators Tea Kettles Sewing Machine Motors Shaving Mirrors Kitchen Ranges Shaving Mugs. ELECTRIC STORE, Electric Building.