

NEW MACHINE WILL PREVENT OVERDRAFTS

A new system has been arranged for at the First State Bank beginning the first of the new year. All accounts will be handled by means of a bookkeeping machine, one of the latest inventions, which adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides. It is operated by electricity and is capable of covering a great deal of work in one day. Under the new system duplicate accounts are kept of each individual and one set of books must balance the other set at all times thus insuring greater accuracy than is possible to obtain otherwise. The customer at the end of the month receives an exact reproduction of the banks work and on the back of the sheet is full instructions for the reconciliation of his account with that of the bank, making it very convenient in all respects. The more progressive business men claim it is far superior to the old way of having pass book balanced as they have a complete duplication of all of the bank's work. The pass book being used only and as a temporary receipt for deposits made.

The machine performs almost unbelievable tasks. If a collection is made for a customer the machine prints the information on the sheet. If the customer pays interest it shows the item to be "Int. Paid." In the event a check is returned from the bank on which it is drawn the machine shows same to be a charge against the account because of a check on which payment was refused. The machine will perform any mathematical task but absolutely refuses to record an overdraft. In its calculation it works perfectly until it comes to the column of credit balance when if there are not sufficient funds to the credit of the individual's account the machine automatically locks itself and refuses to go forward or backwards until sufficient funds are deposited to balance the account.

The First State Bank also installs the beginning of the year an Addressograph machine which will print the customer's names on all ledger sheets and statement and is capable of addressing several thousand letters in one day.

The bank has expended about \$2000 in improvements for the betterment of the service in the past few weeks and it is determined to make its service during the coming year second to none.

PROMINENT MULTNOMAH COUNTY TEACHER WEDS

On Saturday, December 29, at 4:30 in the afternoon, at the First Presbyterian church in Portland, occurred the marriage of Miss Ethel Mae Smith, formerly of this place, to Mr. Alexander Dunsmuir Stewart of Portland. Dr. John H. Boyd performed the ceremony in the presence of the bride's mother, her cousin, Fred C. Reed and Mrs. Henry Nelson, nee May Littlepage, who acted as matron of honor.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Clara E. Smith and has numerous friends in this vicinity. At the age of twelve years she received an eighth grade diploma from the Corbett grade school and took one year in high school here and continued school at the Lincoln high in Portland. She afterward took a course at the Behnke-Walker Business college, from which institution she was awarded a certificate of accuracy, and also holds an Oregon state teachers' certificate, having taught successfully in Multnomah and Columbia counties. For the past year she has been with the Columbia River Ship Building corporation, and as an appreciation of her services there and a mark of the high esteem of co-workers and employer she was the recipient of a chest of silverware.

The groom was educated in the schools of Scotland, where he attended the Heriot college and the University of Edinburgh. For the past seven years he has been with the Northwest Steel company and at present is superintendent of the bolt and rivet shop.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our kind friends who extended their sympathy and kindly assisted us during our recent bereavement.

MR AND MRS. S. B. HALL.

The Kaiser's recent peace piffle indicates more hotairial activity on the part of the Germans.

MEN LEAVING STORM-BOUND CAMP MILLS



LIEUT. FRED H. CRANE.

The subjoined letter is from Second Lieutenant Fred H. Crane, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Crane, residing on the Sandy boulevard, west of Fairview. Lieutenant Crane served four years in the National Guard of Oregon and was a corporal on the border summer before last and was promoted to sergeant when war was declared against Germany. He took the officers' reserve course at the Presidio of San Francisco for the months of May, June and July, and while there was on detached duty, and the training he received there was very beneficial to him and helped him get his commission as second lieutenant in the National army which he received on the 20th of October.

During part of his enlistment in the third Oregon he had a furlough to attend the Oregon Agricultural college, and at the time he was called to the colors he was second lieutenant of his company at that place. His military instructor, Colonel Caldwell, gave him a letter to the department at San Francisco highly recommending him for a commission and stated that Fred was a valuable asset to the government not only in the national but also the regular army. Fred takes to a soldier's life by inheritance, as one of his ancestors, a Colonel Miles, was chief of staff with General Washington during the Revolutionary war.

The letter tells of the great storm which struck Camp Mills and which was the cause of so much talk about the sufferings of the boys there.

Camp Mills, Dec. 9.
Dear Mother and Father:—We are in the midst of a terrible storm. It started in with a wind, followed by snow for about three hours, finally turning into rain with a driving wind. Water was six inches deep all over the camp and in the ravines it was two feet deep. Our tent was torn down and we were some wet. It has lasted two days with more snow last night and lots of wind. I am an officer of the guard, and sure have some job.

I expect we will move very soon. We are going the most direct way to Europe. You can address my mail in the same way as before and I may get it some day—maybe. Have not heard from the package yet. I guess it is lost.

I suppose I shall eat Christmas dinner on shipboard on the briny deep. One has to wear two pairs of socks to keep his feet warm. We are expecting some zero weather. There is no other place like Oregon. I am buying \$150 worth of liberty bonds and have directed the bonds sent to you. If anything happens to me you can turn them in and get the face value of them. I also took out \$10,000 insurance payable to you. It will give you \$57.75 per month if I am totally disabled, or if only wounded in certain ways, so much for the injuries.

Well, I suppose by the time you get this letter I shall be on the way. As soon as I get settled I am going to allot a certain sum per month to you which you can bank for me.

Your loving son,
FRED.

Umbrella Repairs.

Will be in Gresham until January 15, and am prepared to furnish umbrellas covers and do expert repairing. Residence on Second street, west of Belt's confectionery.

J. J. RYAN.

Mrs. S. A. Burr had as guests last Sunday her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stone of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. L. Stone of Pendleton.

For Hire Service
Automobiles anywhere, night or day. Phone 791, Gresham, M. M. Squire.

Bargains in the Want Ads.

A Happy New Year

The Outlook extends its heartiest wishes to all subscribers, patrons and friends for a Happy and Prosperous year 1918.

To the many whose contributions and correspondence have helped broaden the influence and enliven the interest of the Outlook during the past the editor extends his most cordial appreciation of the pleasant relations of the past and good wishes for the new year.

To the business men of this locality and others with whom we have had dealings in the past, we trust mutually profitable, and to all active workers in the civic, patriotic and educational movements of the localities of eastern Multnomah, we extend greetings and best wishes for a prosperous 1918.

To the many who have gone from this locality for patriotic service for our country and for humanity, we say, A Happy and Triumphant Year 1918. The Outlook extends a personal greeting and wishes full of deep interest to everyone whose name is on our Honor Roll.

And last of all, A Happy New Year to our Uncle Samuel, from the worthy president to the humblest citizen who appreciates his and her patriotic duty in this time of war and is striving unselfishly and loyally to do all possible to bring victory to the cause of democracy and peace with honor to the forces that stand for "liberty with equal justice for all."

A Happy, Prosperous, Victorious New Year.

"C'EST LA GUERRE" EXPLAINS ALL

Following are extracts from three letters received recently from John K. Honey. That they are nearly six weeks old does not in any way detract from their interest, as they reveal more and more of the vicissitudes through which the writer is passing:

U. S. A. S. with French Army,
A. E. F., France.

Section 28, 640 Nov. 27, 1917.

Dear Folks:—This letter will arrive so terribly late that it will sound almost out of place. Two or three months between the sending of a letter and receiving the answer to it, is a long time, but as the French say, "C'est la guerre", or in U. S. language, "It is the war". They explain all the inconveniences away with this expression, and a shrug of the shoulders. I'm getting the habit, for I look at my pajamas, hanging neatly on the wall, then remember that I'm "on call" and next roll into bed entire, minus only boots, with "C'est la guerre", trailing sleepily from my lips. Two or three hours later, when a light flashes in my face with a call to such and such a post, I roll out shivering, only to hear the sergeant laugh and say "C'est la guerre".

Haven't been out of my clothes for three days now, but tonight's the night when I get a good sleep, with very little fear of interruption. We had quite a lot of snow the other night, but it all disappeared. In fact the weather has been much pleasanter the past month than it was the first month, warmer and less rain. Received several letters from home today, also one from Fritz. Perhaps no more mail will show up for a week or two, and then another big bunch.

I don't know whether this picture will get through or not, but as it is entirely personal, and does not show any country, it may. The subject is of course myself. In looking over my pictures, I find a couple of others that convey no information of value. The one shows a German prisoner in a French hospital. One of our ambulances brought him in. Had both hands nearly shot to pieces. A bullet through his leg, and also was shot through his side. In spite of it all, he was cheerful, and seems to be glad that he was through with the war. One of our section is sitting beside his bed. The other shows my two bunkmates and myself, with the steel helmets that we have to wear most of the time. The third picture was focused mainly on myself. I had been out to some observation posts above the German lines, with a French officer, and had his coat, cane and field glasses when this picture was taken. Behind me are the old barbed wire entanglements, which had not yet been removed.

I jabber away like a "missing Ford" with my French. I guess the French find it amusing, but I like to furnish the free entertainment. Received a letter from my old room mate at Stanford, the other day. He was in command of the American battery that fired the first shot against the Boches. Has a captaincy in the U. S. Field Artillery. Incidentally, he is pulling every string to get me into the same service and I'm hoping that he will succeed. There are times, when I'm bringing in the poor fellows that are badly shot up, that I feel like a piker, but I'm afraid that I'll have to remain one.

FORWARD LOOK OF M. E. SUNDAY SCHOOL

The prospects are flattering for a prosperous Sunday school year. With lingering memories of success, pleasant associations and fine fellowship, we bid goodbye to 1917 and expect greater achievements for 1918.

Class No. 13, Miss Durst teacher, for six or seven consecutive Sundays has carried the banner for collections. Other classes please take notice and come to the rescue at once, and save this class from the "rut" habit.

The Sunday school record shows the following for December: Total enrollment, 149; officers and teachers, 27; average attendance, 119.

unless Heard succeeds in getting me in.

Have been fairly free from fleas so far but good fortune ends some time, and bad fortune, in the form of bad fleas, lit on me with a bang the other day. Again that expression, "C'est la guerre".

Well this has been a rambling letter, and that good sleep that is forthcoming to me looks inviting.

November 29, 1917.

Thanksgiving day, and we celebrated it in great old style. Even had an American girl, a nurse, who has been over here for nearly three years. Had a minister to say the blessing, and more than thirty healthy Americans and eight Frenchmen could eat. Turkeys were impossible to buy, but had dandy geese, salad, celery, potatoes, jelly, nuts, raisins, cheese, roasted onions, fruit cake, from the United States, apple pie, turnips, olives, pears, and even butter. Also bread that was not war bread, and as my memory works, sardines, tea, figs, and dates, come back. Doesn't this make your mouth water? I hope that you folks had as good. It would be impossible to have better. After supper McAully and I went down town and got in with a bunch of French who were going into the trenches in the morning. They were celebrating the event. They surely were a gay lot and we had a lot of fun with them. This town or village is deserted by its civilian population, only a very few staying to keep shops open.

This letter will reach you, or at least should reach you about Christmas, and I want to wish you all a great time, and a Merry Christmas on that day.

December 3, 1917.

Dear Folks:—Was very sorry to hear of grandpa's death, although I was not much surprised, for when I left Gresham, he seemed so old and feeble that I knew I'd never see him again. We should be thankful that he passed away with so little pain.

We are having regular Oregon weather, cloudy but not cold. Had a little snow one night, but it was all melted by morning. Our work is getting a little monotonous, mainly because there is not enough to do. The front assigned to us has been shortened, and just at present things have been quiet. Every car "rolled" one night, though, when the Germans delivered a gas attack. Several of the fellows had headaches from poor masks but not to amount to anything. My roommate at Stanford, Ralph Heard commanded the American battery that first shelled the Boches. He signs his name with a Captain in front of it now. Pretty good for a young fellow. I hope he succeeds in getting me into the artillery service.

Saw a fight between two French and two Boche planes a few minutes ago, but no one was shot down. Could see the planes very clearly through my field glasses, and surely was interesting. We had a regular shower bath of flat or shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns. The roads were frozen solid this morning, but the day is clear as a bell. Am receiving the Post regularly, but the "Outlook" and "Life" have failed to reach me. You may have me put on the subscription list of the "Literary Digest" as a Christmas present. It will be appreciated.

Love to all,
JOHN HONEY.

Total collections, \$17.51. Other collections amounted to \$64.12 which were turned into the relief fund for Palestine sufferers.

It looked like a deliberate "walk out" last Sunday when the Sunday school convened, with Superintendent Goodwin; Junior Superintendent Mrs. Rusher, Choirister C. E. Rusher and some teachers absent. One thoughtful pupil, to placate disappointed feelings, was heard to remark, "they will all be back next Sunday better and stronger than ever." That will mean the conferring of some superlative degrees.

C. M. HARRISON.
Remember the Wheatless and Meatless Days and keep them wholly.

LEAGUE WAS ENDORSED BY STATE GRANCE

Several independent newspapers of Oregon, among which may be named the Spectator, the Oregon Merchant's Magazine and the Oregon Voter, are devoting considerable space to the Farmers' Non-Partisan League, declaring it to be a menace to the prosperity of Oregon. The League is a product of North Dakota and was mentioned in terms of warning more than a year ago by the Outlook. It is characterized by those who claim to be familiar with its works as a single tax organization—a problem which this state has successfully contended with for several successive elections in different forms.

That the Non-Partisan League is invading the state of Oregon is well known, but its objects are not so familiar to the people as they should be. According to one authority the scheme is to take over all the banks, commission houses, mills, warehouses, stores, newspapers, insurance companies, and whatever else there may be of private business. That is what it has partially accomplished in North Dakota where the League is rampant. It is doing the same thing in Montana and Idaho and seven other states where its propaganda is in advance of its work in Oregon.

North Dakota is infamous for its protection of the I. W. W. It is socialistic in the extreme, and, "as everyone knows socialism presupposes community ownership of the instrumentalities of production and the elimination of private property," according to the Spectator, the only thing left for the people of this state is to be constantly on guard and vote down every proposition on the ballot that looks like a Non-Partisan League measure, no matter how mild and innocent it may appear.

State Grange Misdled.

That the League has already made a great start in Oregon is found by reference to the proceedings of the Oregon State grange, held in Astoria last June. It was noted in the newspaper reports of the session that State Master Roy McKaig of North Dakota was in attendance, but no special thought was attached to his visit other than in a fraternal way, yet he was undoubtedly there for a purpose. This is now apparent from reading the preamble and resolutions introduced by James S. Stewart of Clackamas county, as published in the State Grange Journal, as follows:

Whereas, The Oregon State Grange in forty-fourth session assembled, feels the need of more concerted farmers' movement for political action, and

Whereas, The Farmers' Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, has overturned an entrenched spoils system and restored popular government, and has extended its organization into ten other states;

Be it Resolved, That the State Grange endorses this Farmers' Non-Partisan League movement and organizes the same to come in and organize this state, and be it further Resolved, That before the said Non-Partisan League enters Oregon, the Executive and Legislative Committees of the Oregon State Grange meet with the officers of said league and committees from other state wide farmers' organizations for the purpose of working out a legislative program specifically adapted to meet the needs of Oregon agriculture, and that definite systems of accounting, reports and surety bonds be established as in other states which will absolutely preclude the possibility of this movement coming under suspicion of dishonesty or graft.

A Saving Clause.

The above resolutions were discussed by nine of the members present and the matter was "explained" by Worthy State Master McKaig. The report fails to say anything about the discussion or on which side the speakers were lined up, but the resolution was adopted.

Thus the grangers of Oregon, through their representatives, were committed to the North Dakota system. Yet it will be noticed that the last part of the resolution has a saving clause, in that the matter must first be referred to certain committees for certain worthy purposes.

That precaution, however, may be of no moment, for it will stop no one from preparing an initiative bill to be voted upon next November. One can hardly suppose that the delegates to the state grange were fully informed as to the workings of the league in North Dakota, as is now being made public. Too many persons are always looking for a way of re-

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GIVES STORY OF 18 YEARS IN GERMANY

Through the courtesy of Mrs. O. A. Eastman the Outlook is favored with a copy of the Plattville, Wis., Journal from which the following extracts of a war story are taken, given in a talk by Clarence E. Metcalf, who lived in Berlin, Germany for 18 years:

He showed that Germany and Germany alone was responsible for the war and that the Kaiser was the absolute dictator of the affairs of the German government, and that upon him alone rests the blame of the stupendous war now in full swing.

He said that unless the United States has sufficient force on the Western front to break through the German lines before 1919, that in his opinion the war would end by the collapse of Germany through failure of her supplies. That her economic condition would bring about a final defeat for her.

He also said that the German people absolutely believe what they are told, that they look upon the entrance of American into the war as a joke, that they point to Mexico and say, "Why you were even afraid of Mexico." He said there was no question but what when the German people thought they could trespass upon our rights, that they would have gone further and further in the trespass, until, if we had not declared war, we should have lost respect for ourselves and the nations of the world would have lost respect for us. He also stated that there was positively no danger of a revolution in Germany at this time, that they consider they are the winners up to date, that they have parts of Russia, all of Poland, practically all of Belgium, all of Serbia and parts of Italy. But he says the Revolution will come when the German people find out they have been deceived, that the war they are waging is not a defensive war, and that their rulers have been unable to do as they were lead to believe they would and could do. Mr. Metcalf further said that the old people in particular were suffering from food shortage, and that they were really dying of slow starvation and exhaustion from lack of proper nourishment.

He says that the shortage of man power in Germany is apparent from the fact that in the beginning of the war no one under 20 years old and over 45 were accepted by the Government and that now, while not compulsory, they are urging young boys of fifteen to enlist and that the seventeen year old class has been called out. Also that men formerly rejected as unfit physically were being called to perform service.

He said that the food allowance was small, 8 ounces of meat a week, 2 ounces of butter a week, two or three ounces of oatmeal when it was to be gotten, occasionally a few onions or other vegetable. He says that the entire civilian population of Germany is suffering from slow starvation. The bread was very bad and they would frequently find wooden slivers an inch long in it, and they were allowed four pounds per week. If a meal was purchased at a cafe you must have your bread card with you and they would take from it the amount you ordered.

Intoxicating liquors have disappeared entirely from Germany, tea and coffee supplies were long since exhausted and he sold to his friends as a special favor to them, 6 pounds of tea he had on hand at \$9 a pound, and 15 pounds of coffee at \$4 per pound.

Mr. Metcalf says that horses have been practically all taken for the use of the army. That an ordinary 1000 pound horse brings \$1,500. And that he being the owner of the only breeding stable in Berlin and dealing largely with farmers was able occasionally to get a ham, or a piece of bacon, or few eggs or a little lard. He did get three hams and they cost \$2 per pound. Both he and the farmer from whom he got them were liable to a fine of 15,000 marks (40,000 dollars and imprisonment for one year, if they were caught).

Mr. Metcalf says that during the first year and a half of the war it was not safe to discuss the war with a German, but that later they have become much discouraged and you may say most anything to them without their resenting it. And that they are anxiously waiting for peace. But he says further that should peace be made at this time the German government would at once begin preparation for another war, and he thoroughly hopes the war will be continued to a final decision.

Mrs. Ross Marston, who has been seriously ill for the past week, is reported to be improving. Her mother, Mrs. Douglass of Sandy, has been here for a week or more.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but when it gets on the Easter hat its price doubles again.

Perhaps those prisoners at Salem just couldn't stay there when there was so much doing elsewhere.

The food you waste today may mean hunger to someone, somewhere, sometime. Be saving!

The Twice-a-Week Outlook one year for \$1.50. Renew promptly as the paper will be discontinued at expiration.

Bargains in the Want Ads.