

QUICK CROP HARVEST TO SAVE WASTE

Thursday evening the threshermen of Multnomah county met with County Agent S. B. Hall at his office to discuss several of the problems relating to conservation of grain and economical harvesting as well as many other problems which confront the threshermen of this district. The meeting was called by the county agent primarily to take up the matter of accurate and quick crop reporting to the grain division of the Food Administration, and for the arrangement of the work so as to avoid waste of time and machinery in unnecessary moving from place to place. The following were the points discussed and decided upon at the meeting:

Grain Reporting.

Co-operating with the county agent each thresherman will keep complete record and report at the end of each month the number of bushels of each kind of grain threshed, the acreage of grain, and as near as possible the varieties of the same. Each farmer is requested to have available at the time of threshing the names of the varieties of grain and the exact acreage of each kind. This is very important information to be secured for the government.

Unnecessary Waste.

The threshermen discussed fully the question of areas through which each machine was to operate and all agreed to do what they could toward eliminating unnecessary duplication of work by traveling over the same area several times and by several machines operating in the same community at the same time which invariably cuts down the crews of each causing a great loss of time and waste of energy. They requested the farmers to assist them in this matter as much as possible. This can be easily done by working together and as nearly as possible arranging it so that when a machine goes into a community it can clean up all the grain that is ready at that time in a systematic order and avoid jumping backwards and forwards in order to accommodate some farmer that gets in an awful hurry. It should not be necessary for machines to make more than two trips over the same area, once for the early season grain and the second time for the medium and late season grain. Under the present conditions the farmer who insists or tries to influence the thresherman to pull past neighbors whose grain is ready in order to get his done first is not only creating a waste of time and energy and doing his neighbor an injustice but can rightly be considered very unpatriotic. It is requested that everyone co-operate this year to speed up and assist in the economical harvesting of our grain.

The Road Problem.

The past two seasons the threshermen have experienced more or less trouble while traveling over the hard surface roads. The road department is now insisting upon adhering strictly to an existing law which will require the threshermen to cut the lugs on their engines down to one-quarter of an inch or put bands on the wheels. If this is strictly adhered to the indications are that grain in some sections will not be threshed this year, for they deem it impracticable to move their rigs if this law is strictly enforced. A committee was appointed consisting of Mr. Neal, Mr. Latourell and Mr. Strack to wait upon the board of county commissioners to see if some compromise can be effected that the grain may be harvested in due season.

Price Established.

While in session they discussed the matter of price of threshing for the season. Comparison of prices charged last year showed a very wide range of prices charged by the different threshermen in the same communities. After a full discussion of the topic they all agreed to make a uniform charge with only a slight increase over last year just what they figured would cover the additional cost of labor and other running expenses.

Uniform weights were also decided upon. The following is the schedule: Five cents for 36 lb. bushel of oats; 6 cents for 50 lb. bushel of barley; 7 cents for 62 lb. bushel of wheat. The matter of charge for threshing loose grain was discussed and owing to many conditions such

LAST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CAPT. C. O. BRANSON-- FUNERAL SERMON PREACHED BY DR. C. E. CLINE--OBITUARY

The funeral of Captain C. O. Branson took place from the Gresham M. E. church on Tuesday last, the remains being taken to Mount Scott cemetery for interment. Dr. C. E. Cline had charge of the services which were largely attended. Dr. F. Burgette Short, pastor of Wilbur Methodist church, Portland, spoke briefly of the faithful service rendered his church and his country by Captain Branson, through a long life well spent. Rev. E. A. Leonard of the Baptist church offered prayer. Last tributes to the memory of the deceased were evidenced by the presence of the members of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. and the Boy Scouts as well as by many others who had known the captain in life and thus testified their appreciation of his many sterling qualities. A guard of Boy Scouts attended the flag-covered casket during the time it was open. The pall-bearers were Dr. A. Thompson, Thos. Wiles, Joseph Guthrie, N. O. Fuller, M. M. Squire and Chas. Tallman. The business houses of Gresham were closed during the services. Following is the text of Dr. Cline's sermon at the church:

The Law of Death—The Law of Progress.

Text:—"Death is swallowed up in victory." 1 Cor. 15:55.

The dread of death is universal. But it is only the thought of death that is terrible. Death itself is a gentle process to the one in it—peaceful, painless. Instead of bringing suffering, it brings an end to suffering. Death is misery's cure. When death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. Death is an ordinance of nature, and, like every ordinance of nature, is directed by beneficent laws to beneficent ends. What must be in nature at close quarters, is made welcome usually to the party most concerned.

But no sweetness of death sweetens the apprehension of it. Few contemplate calmly their own dissolution, few look quietly forward to the termination of their final existence. To thousands, life is simply an effort to escape from death, to defer the evil hour. Disease loses half its terror when we feel sure it will not prove fatal. Years of sickness, of weakness, of agony, are welcomed in preference to death. Old people, those who have nothing left, either, to do, or to enjoy, shrink from the thought of dissolution. A man or woman with cancer will cling to life to the last inch. Why? It is chiefly the mystery about death. Death seizes on the imagination. Its silence, its secrecy, its unavailability, its impartiality, its pitilessness, its refusal to be questioned, the grim irony of its whole procedure invest it with an awe that is oppressive. And yet, hear me, now, the hour of death should be greeted more joyously than the hour of birth. It is the hour that ushers the immortal being into a cloudless, tearless world. Immortality is the common inheritance of mankind, the general privilege of human nature. By virtue of his intelligence, his affections, his moral will, the power of his personality, the real man, is invulnerable to death. Individuality persists, real consciousness, I think, is uninterrupted. Love overleaps the dividing space between one sphere of existence and another; in fact, no dividing space exists. Death is but a change of form, affecting outward conditions only—a change which, so far from being a calamity, is a process in the orderly growth of the spiritual being.

When the soul comes to what we call death, the terrors of the world beyond are abolished, the awful abyss we dread while living is not there. The heavenly Jerusalem covers the whole plain, where children play, beautiful children.

The hour of departure therefore, is the hour of release, the hour of a new birth, the hour of freedom, of expansion, the hour of answer to a thousand of life's questions, the hour of fruition to life's hope, of deliverance from life's burdens, and sorrows, the hour of meeting friends. Our future place is not one of penalty but of development and satisfaction.

Death Has Its Mission. Death is an ordinance of nature, an institution of the organic world, a provision of Providence,—inevitable, because beneficent, inevitable as the development of life on the planet is inevitable, admirable as the order of the world is admirable. It has its place along with those indispensable agencies of progress which cannot be altered without unsettling the whole plan of creation. It has its mission by the side of the benign powers that bring creation to its perfection. When the force that lies concealed in these human organisms is spent, death removes the frame, serviceable no longer, to the vast laboratory where nature converts all broken and worn out material into forms of new uses and new beauty. It is death that flings open the hospitable doors and bids the crowd of newcomers to the feast of life.

That so many laugh and sing; that so many eat the ambrosia of life and sip its nectar; that, after thousands of years, the beauty of the world is still new, the order of the world still enchanting, the routine of the world still interesting, the joy of the world still intoxicating, the problem of the world still engaging; that the experiences of life, though millions of times repeated, do not lose their zest—all this we owe to the benign ministry of death.

Moreover, but for death there could be little gain, little improvement, languid endeavor, no progress, no fresh intelligence, no renewed will. For the new search there must be new curiosity, for the new curiosity, new impulse; for the new impulse, new blood, new life. Humanity rolls on in successive waves, one wave swiftly following another, each pushing further than the last. The law of death is therefore the law of progress. The beauty of the world demands death for its development, the resources of the world demand death for their maturity; the beneficence of the world demands death that they may be shared; the glory of the world demands death that the myriads of mankind may behold it with freshly wondering eyes; the intellectual and moral grandeur of the world demand death that they may be perfectly understood. Every thing in the earth and in heaven demand death. When space is needed for the new generation that come crowding on, death clears the way for them. One generation goes that another may come. Some great names must be removed to make room for other men that have capability beyond opportunity. Some great trees have to be cut down to make room for young trees of growing sap and struggling to get through the heavy growth to the sunlight. The world owes much to the cutting down power of death. Death makes history as well as life. It is good for progress that men like Jacob Kamm and W. S. Ladd pass on, otherwise Reed college would still be a pasture for Jersey cows.

Death as Old as Life. "Do you mean to say," says one "that death had a place in the universe as it came from the hand of the Creator?" Yes! It is not an alien to earth. Death is not an intruder, not a secondary consideration. It is as old as life. Along the entire track over which creative processes have moved, death is seen. When man was born, death was hoar with antiquity. Its reign is traced upon every cliff, in the lamina of earth's foundation stones. The fossil fish and mammal are the meager remnants of generations of organism varied and multitudinous. The kindly function of death is one of those

starting conceptions which modern science has introduced. What you and I once thought a calamity is an infinite blessing. That which awakens the philosopher's saddest meditation and the poet's melancholy, is to the student of cosmic life only a pause between movements of the universal harmony, an element of the rhythm and cadence of progress. Death is a rung in the ladder of biological ascent. God's universe is more than one story high. Through waste, decay and infinite dissolutions, the vital forces rise to the exquisite endowments of imperial humanity, in organic life death is the efficient means of protection. Through it waste is repaired, failure retrieved, hindrances removed. Death is the great sewer by which nature discharges her refuse. Without it life would repeat itself in tiring monotony, and choke up seas and continents with a plethora of mere flesh.

Now, I propose that we stop thinking of death as a discord and only as corruption. Death is a clear, full tone in the divine harmonies of the universe. Was man's being from the first embraced in these rhythmic pulsations of which death is one feature? In original constitution was man subject to physical waste and dissolution? Inquestionably so. Death is the ending of the lower natural experiences and the beginning of the higher and spiritual.

Built Like Other Animals. Man is a part of nature. Nature strives for man—honors and crowns him—but has not released him from her laws. He is built like other animals. He has the same needs, the same passions, the same processes of waste and supply; his functions have the same issue. Under such conditions, man's bodily life could not have been indefinitely perpetuated. Think of the myriads who have emerged into life through the gates of birth. For unaccounted ages the stream of humanity has been pouring its floods upon the surface of the earth. Imagine this stream checked and held by the dam of deathlessness—men ceaselessly multiplying, with bodies to be clothed and sheltered, and fed!—continental spaces could not contain them, earth's utmost productiveness could not yield food enough to supply their needs. Again: the only escape would be to stop the gates of birth with all the rejuvenations of childhood ceasing. Those living would soon advance into full maturity of manhood and womanhood, then what?

Not another infant would ever lie upon a mother's breast or be lifted in a father's arms. All the prattling music, fond cares, yearning love and gushing joys and hopes associated with the birth and the rearing of children, forever gone. Under wrinkled brows would reside old, old souls pent within earthly limitations, seeing forevermore the same everlasting faces, the same returning phenomena, engaged in the same worn out exercises, amid changeless conditions which could find no stimulant not already exhausted. Thousands of years pass. They have sipped every attainable spring of amusement dry, no new impulse arouses them, no untried experiment suggested. Nor is there any unsounded fortune left. No dim marvels of boundless hopes beckon them with resistless lures into the future. An unmitigated sameness, one eternal monotony! What would men not give to die; to pass into some even unguessed realm.

The Privilege of Dying! Immortality with a life sphere no larger than this little globe of earth would be horrible. Thank God he has given us the precious privilege of dying. Man was originally attuned to the pulsations of all activity. Hand in hand he moves to the harmonies of cosmic music, with its swells, cadences, pauses, its glorious mutations, transmutations, ascensions. Man, creation's apex, looks upward to a destiny in unsearched fields. According to God's original plan, when the earthly course has been run, when experience has taught its lessons and the spirit received the im-

pressions of a full career here below, then passing through the gates of death man is to reach an ampler realm, and by the dissolution of his body break into new delights and new possibilities.

Now, I am aware that what I am saying is not the present conception of death. We have thought it as a thing discordant and unnatural. To express his fear and abhorrence of it man has symbolized it under every form of darkness and terror, black coffins, a fowler spreading his net, a skeleton shaking a dart, a vast misty presence sweeping its victims onward, a bird of sable plumage, a woman robed in night, a skeleton old man with a sythe. We have regarded death as man's marplot, his enemy, implacable and cruel; his curse and doom. But, my friends, this is a distorted vision of that which is natural and benign. We have lost the key to the world of which we are a part. We have lost the meaning of death, and are consequently distrustful of the Creator and his laws about us. The result is, as death approaches with pain or senile weakness, its silence frightens us. This should not be, the law of death is the law of progress. Oh, the joy of passing on to the new realm where our old friends are!

"Why should we mourn departed friends?"

Obituary. Captain, C. O. Branson was born in Gascon, Scotland, May 17, 1847, and died at his home in Gresham, Oregon, Sunday night, July 21, 1918, after a brief illness, aged 71 years, 2 months, 4 days.

He is well known as a Methodist evangelist and a veteran of the Civil War. He emigrated to this country when about 5 years of age with his parents who settled at Chester, Pennsylvania. He was married to Miss Vinnie C. Holcomb of New Lexington, Ohio, December 23, 1902, who has been a faithful co-worker in his evangelistic work, and who survives him. Captain Branson enlisted at the beginning of the Civil war when less than 14 years of age and was appointed as a drummer boy. After a time he took up arms and served as a soldier and was appointed as a captain which office he served well. He was joyfully looking forward to the national encampment which convenes in Portland in August. Two of his company are still living and expect to be present.

For 35 years Captain Branson did active evangelistic work, 15 years of which were devoted to work in Oregon. Captain Branson is survived by his wife, three daughters by a former marriage, sixteen grand children and four great grandchildren. Mrs. Branson lives at Gresham, his daughters and grand children in Michigan. One sister resides in Salem, New Jersey. She is staff captain of the Salvation Army. Four brothers are deceased. He was highly esteemed as a Christian, and loved as a religious worker and will be sadly missed by old and young in this community.

Card of Thanks. I desire to express my sincere thanks for the kindness shown by the many friends in my bereavement, in the loss of my beloved husband, for the singing, the floral tributes, automobiles, the presence of the Boy Scouts, and the service rendered by the G. A. R. and W. R. C. MRS. C. O. BRANSON.

Fruit Wanted.

Home Packing Co., will pay market prices for pears, blackberries, apples and quince. The minimum price for pears, \$40 per ton. Blackberries, 5 to 8 cents per pound.

as adaptability of different machines for threshing loose grain, the quality of grain to be threshed, etc., no uniform charge was established leaving this open to each machine man to make a charge sufficient to justify the operation.

The question of price for set jobs was also considered and left open. The unanimous opinion being that charges should be made according to time required to do the work feeling that the man whose work was available on level ground where no extra time for setting up the outfit was necessary, should not have to pay as much as the man who insisted upon the thresherman having to devote a considerable time to set his rig up and work short-handed with poor accommodations. The thresherman especially request the farmers who have small lots of grain, wherever it is possible, to combine with their neighbors, thereby saving a great deal of time in the harvesting of the grain crop this year.

Information has been received in a Washington dispatch that W. R. Wilcox has been appointed postmaster at Fairview to succeed Mrs. Maude Heslin, who recently sent her registration to the department.

Mr. Wilcox was postmaster at Fairview four years ago, at the time when a competitive examination was required of all applicants and lost out by a few points. Mrs. Heslin being the winner. Mr. Wilcox will take charge of the office as soon as his bond has been approved.

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Mrs. Heslin has been an efficient postmaster and retires with the good will of the public. She will engage in another line of public work, it is reported.

A FAMILY DRIVING MARE, 14 years old, well bred, extra good traveler, pacer, thoroughly gentle, good saddle animal, have worked her to the mower, plow, harrow, wagon, single and double and in 4-horse team. Will sell cheap for cash or will exchange towards cow, hogs, surrey or most anything I can use, as I have two horses and only need one. Anyone needing such an animal would do well to look up this ad. D. M. Cathey, phone 9x2.

SPORTING ITEM NOT IN THE SPORT NEWS Teaching French soldiers how to play baseball is one of the tasks of American Y. M. C. A. war work secretaries in France and it sometimes leads to surprising incidents. A Y. M. C. A. secretary was umpiring and coaching two teams of poilus playing playground ball. The batter took a healthy swing with his small bat and smote the soft ball in a screaming liner straight for the pitcher. The latter protected his face with his hands and the sphere struck him soggily in the chest. The pitcher's expressive features registered surprise and reproach over this so unexpected assault. As for the batter, did he reach first? He did not. He ran straight for the pitcher, embraced him and apologized for hitting him.

Croquet in France. Croquet is proving a popular game among the French soldiers. It is one of the Y. M. C. A. innovations over there.

LESLIE WILES WANTS THE KAISER'S SKULL

Leslie Wiles has written his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wiles, telling of some of his experiences in the naval training station. When his letter was written early this month, he was in Charleston, South Carolina. Parts of his letter follow:

I like the drill here. Yesterday I was given guard duty. I had to walk up and down a fence for eight hours with a big knife at my side and my chest out about six inches from my chin. At the present time I am studying French in a Y. M. C. A. school. I expect to study music from one of the fellows. We have a good piano here and every night we fellows get around it and almost sing our heads off and believe me, we have fine singing.

Well, today is Sunday and our chaplain came in and gave us the best sermon I ever heard. He has a great influence in leading the boys to a better life.

We get fine grub here. Twice a week we have ice cream and cake. When I come home I am going to have the kaiser's skull framed to hang in the cow barn to keep off the flies.

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

Carco spray for maggot on cabbage, beets, turnips, radishes, etc. All sizes at L. L. Kidder Hdw. Co.

FOUR ACRES YIELD SUM OVER \$5,000

An astonishing yield per acre is reported as a seed crop on the Sundial ranch; an astonishing price is also reported on the product, but the most astonishing part of the story is that the crop was a left-over product of turnip culls left in the ground last year when the marketable turnips were taken out and sold.

A large acreage was sown to turnips last year. They were of the White strap-leaf kind that shows purple above the ground. The crop last year was a big one and paid well, but there were thousands of plants left over and remained in the ground all winter. This year they began growing new tops and the possibilities of a seed crop were seen.

The Sundial people reserved four acres for seed and sold four or five acres to Gill Bros. for the same purpose. Last week the crops were harvested and then the astonishing results were discovered.

From the four acres the Sundial harvested 29 seamless sacks of seed, each weighing 138 pounds. The seed has been sold for \$1.25 a pound, or \$172.50 per sack. Multiplying the price of a sack by their number gives a total of \$5002.50. Divide that sum by four, the number of acres, gives a fraction over \$1225 for each acre.

Even though no part of the crop had been sold last year the results would be astonishing, as over \$600 per acre for the two years it took to grow the seed would be a big profit on farming of that kind. But a great quantity of turnips were sold last year and it was only those left as unsalable that produced the seed this year.

Gill Bros.' purchase of a part of the turnip seed crop was made for \$100 an acre. They harvested about 5 acres with the same results and have cleaned up somewhere around \$6000 on their investment.

The land on which this money-making crop was grown is inside the diking that has kept out the high water from the Columbia river this year. It is typical slough land and as productive as they make it. The success of the diking project of the Sundial ranch indicates what may be done on the 8000 acres that its owners are seeking to reclaim in the face of strong opposition from Portland interests which are trying to put a boat channel through every farm between the Interstate bridge and Fairview.

Several hundred acres of flourishing crops are to be seen on the Sundial's diked land this year, and they are only a sample of what the whole district can produce right along.

ONLY THREE CHILDREN AFFECTED BY CHANGE

Portland, July 25th. Editor Outlook: In your issue of Tuesday last under the caption, "Sycamore School District Reduced", are several inaccuracies.

This change was made by the unanimous vote of the County Boundary Board, each member of which was familiar with the situation. The boundary line, instead of being near Sycamore Station, is nearly half a mile west of it. It affects but three children, instead of twenty. These pupils live a half a mile nearer the Gilbert School, and the change in boundary made saves pupils a mile distance each day. The reduction of Sycamore district consists of Lots 4, 5, 6 and 7, of Johnson Creek Park, assessed at about \$3,800.00. The loss of these three children to the Sycamore district will have no possible effect upon the number of teachers employed or the number of rooms, and the assessment loss to said district will be negligible, since the special school tax is but one and one-tenth mills.

Yours very truly, W. C. Alderson, Superintendent.

At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning, Dr. H. J. Talbot, president of Kimball School of Theology, will preach at 11 o'clock. This will be preceded by the Sunday school. At 7 o'clock the Epworth League will meet and will be led by Miss Mabel Brown. A number of members of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Pleasant Home Baptist church are planning to visit the League on that occasion. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services. No evening preaching service will be held.

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