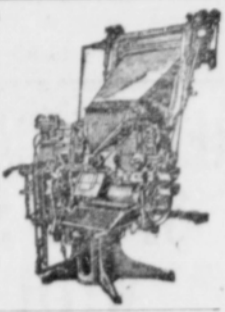


GRESHAM OUTLOOK

Published every Tuesday and Friday at Gresham, Oregon, by the Outlook Publishing Co., H. L. St. Clair, Editor and Manager.

Our Subscription Rates
 One year, \$1.50;
 six months, 85c;
 three months, 50c.
 Advertising
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The Linotype Way is the Way that Wins.

Official paper of the Town of Gresham
 Official paper of the Town of Fairview.

Entered as second-class matter March 3, 1911, at the Postoffice at Gresham, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



THE PER CAPITA COST.

A war outlay of \$36,000,000,000 in one year is something to think about. It is somewhere around \$350 for each person in the United States, its territories and colonial possessions. It is stupendous, and as it is for only the present fiscal year one begins to wonder what it will be in another year of continued warfare.

The United States was nearly three years behind its allies in getting into the war, but it will have the largest war bill when the end comes. But then this country has more resources than any other nation with which to pay the bill.

The military deficiency bill recently passed by congress carries the vast sum of \$6,345,755,000. This sum is in addition to the \$17,500,000,000 provided for in the regular annual army and fortification bills. There are other war appropriations and authorizations which bring the war bill for the fiscal year up to the sum of thirty-six billions.

This one-year bill exceeds Germany's total for the entire war, and is also greater than Great Britain's or France's war bill. As General March explains it, it represents the "maximum effort for a definite maximum purpose."

The scope of America's military enterprise is almost as baffling in its magnitude as the sum of money which it will cost. It includes an army of 5,000,000 men in France and all the activities necessary to their subsistence and military operations. It includes the continued expansion of the shipping program, airplanes, fortifications and every need of a direct or indirect military or naval character, together with the vast civilian machine necessary to operate the administrative part of the task.

To use a general form of comparison, but not necessarily an illuminating one, we fight with an army of 5,000,000 men at an annual cost of \$7000 per fighting man. In marveling at this cost we must keep in mind the inflation that exists. Guaged by the inflation standards and price levels of 1913, the year before the war, the war is not costing nearly so much as it seems, probably not half as much. We are congratulating ourselves, however, that this sort of thing is wealth, and so long as the war lasts we may as well dream on.

The intelligence, the industry, the patriotism and the products of the country are fighting the war behind the lines. The dollars are playing a rather abnormal and erratic part, due to the fact that the true function of money is misunderstood and utterly miscalculated by millions of the people.

Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done but raise whatever sums may be necessary to coordinate and organize the energy and intelligence of the nation behind the lines. The men who think they are getting inordinately rich will find the situation different when they come to pay with deflated currency a war debt the government created by borrowing inflated dollars.

These bothers, however, are for the future. At present, the task is to keep our war program going. There is the intelligence, the energy, the material resources, the patriotism and the purpose to do it. They are the vital elements. The money is highly important as an instrument to measure the burdens and the rewards of the people behind the lines.

THE THING IS DYING.

While it would not be wise to raise expectancy to high pitch; while it would be folly to say that the war is nearly over, the end of Prussianism is growing nearer and is inevitable. The thing that has terrified the world for more than five years is dying. Its death is coming nearer every day.

The cheering news that continue to come from every European source confirm this statement. There can be no reaction from the disastrous blows of the past few weeks. Turkey

is out of it; Hungary will soon quit and Austria is wavering. With Bulgaria now fighting Germany and Serbia regaining her own territory the last hope of Germany is gone and the only end in sight is "unconditional surrender," even if the allies have to march to the very palace doors of the kaiser.

The dying autocracy of Prussia cannot even convince the German people that there is any chance on earth to avert the inevitable fate that must surely eventuate the moment the great overseas machine of the American army rolls over Germany.

Germany might even now save something through unconditional surrender, but her "honor"—God save the mark—requires that possibly another million or two of her deluded soldiers be slaughtered to conform to the traditions of the consummate murderer who has attempted to despoil the world.

Neither her old men nor her boys can rush in to save her desperate situation. They may swear to die in their tracks to a man rather than to

Unconditional Surrender

permit the invader's footsteps upon their soil. They may appeal to the God of Battles. All in vain!

The great sweep of destiny cannot be swerved from its straight course. The rights and wrongs of the centuries are up before the bar of history upon their last appeal and the course of civilization for a thousand years is being determined upon the devastated fields of France and Belgium by a force new to Europe, one that cannot be halted, for in its momentum may be seen and felt the noble and irresistible purpose of the God of Battles, the God of Truth, the God of Justice, and the God of Mercy.

The puny barriers which a decadent and impotent autocrat, already beaten, may in the last moments of his regnancy set up can only serve to emphasize how completely the old order has been doomed.

There will be further resistance, perhaps bitter resistance, and many tens of thousands may yet be offered up to the Moloch of War. But the end is inevitable.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Indian summer, the days of the "blue and gold mistake," faded away with the harvest moon and the "melancholy days" have come with the chill rains of fall, presaging the wintry blasts that will follow before the flowers of springtime shall come again.

The out-of-doors man or woman finds the greatest pleasure in walking during the golden days of late autumn. In this latitude a severe rain only dampens their ardor for a few days. The golden days will reappear at shortening intervals when the air will be crisp with frost, and they will continue their favorite pastime until the heavy storms shall cause them to take less of such healthful exercise.

The glorious crimson of the maples, the rich evergreen of the firs and cedars and the yellow of the chestnut "is a picture" that no painter has the colorin' to mock." The whole world is "a-masquerading" between the alternate showers, frosts and sunshine, and the hunger of the eye grows by feeding.

Especially now should the people take advantage of every clear day. Even a little rain won't hurt if one keeps dry. Being out of doors in the fresh air, is the best preventative known for keeping the malignant germ from lodging where it does not belong. Physicians prescribe walking; it costs less than anything they could give, and not only gives their patients the joy and beauty of the best season of the year, but gives them health.

Many persons have the idea that when the last days of summer come it is time to hibernate; they close their eyes and thoughts to outdoors, and make preparations for a long, dull, sunless winter. Even when those days of brightness come and everything stands in burnished armor, they treat them as a mirage, instead of a glorious reality.

Some people are wondering what the president meant when he said "Let politics be adjourned." Some of the politicians in this neck of the woods think he meant republican politics, judging from the activity of certain democrats while the republicans are too busy to make a campaign.

Not the least of the various kinds of suspense resulting from the war is that of sweethearts who read of the manner in which liberated French women are kissing their deliverers.

The fashion page hints tend toward military sweaters, but the really patriotic young women will let the soldiers wear them and ignore the fashion plates.

A Construction Congress

By WILL H. HAYS

Chairman of the Republican National Committee

The Republican organization on every possible occasion since last March has voiced repeatedly the party's determination:

First, To win the war now.
 Second, For a peace with victory only and never a peace by a compromise bargaining of principles which would make a sacrifice out of our sacrifice.

Third, To prepare now in a sane manner for the great problems of reconstruction.

The imperative necessity of the first point continues today. It is the supreme objective. The Republican party, always dependable in matters of patriotism, says continually—STAND BY THE WAR.

And to this first purpose all our thoughts and actions are directed. Again we declare that we stand irrevocably for a peace with victory only, and we can not too loudly proclaim nor too certainly perform in our determination in this direction. Doubly important is this at this very moment and Republicans renew their consecration to that end.

And now more significant daily becomes our third proposition—the preparation for peace. The next Congress shall be a Reconstruction Congress.

We must not forget for one moment that the men we elect now will also be the men who will shape this country's course through the early reefs and shoals of reconstruction.

Remember, we are as unprepared for peace as we were for war. When peace comes, many millions of laborers instantly will be affected by the cancellation of war orders and the disbandment of the armies.

The myriad problems of reconstruction press upon us for solution. Some of them no man can foresee, others are apparent to all.

We must not wait, until the procession of disasters has passed by. Republicans, in the face of reconstruction, as always heretofore in the presence of vast constructive needs, will anticipate every possible contingency of storm and stress, will make tight every compartment of the Ship of State, and doubly insure its voyage into the coming unknown.

Republicans now demand that the nation instantly prepare for peace. The next Congress will bear the great burden to that end.

Senator Weeks, for the Republicans, has introduced a bill in Congress to start the work of reconstruction. This Republican bill proposes that the work commence under the direction of a bi-partisan Congressional committee of twelve—six Democrats and six Republicans.

A few days after the introduction of this bill the Democrats introduced a bill providing that the work be done by a committee to be appointed by the President.

Just as a Republican Congress is needed in order that both the great political horses may be harnessed to pull the heavy war load, so in like manner Republicans insist both the great horses be harnessed to pull the load of reconstruction.

Remember the need of a Republican Congress to solve the problems of reconstruction.

What Do You Think Is My Share?

By BRUCE BARTON.

He is a conscientious gentleman, who honestly wants to do right. And he came to me shaking his head.

"I want to do my full part in this United War work campaign," he said. "Do you think a hundred dollars is my share?"

And I told him that it would be hard for anyone but himself to decide. "There are so many different ways of looking at money," I said.

A hundred and seventy millions looks big at first glance. It is forty times what Jefferson gave for the Louisiana territory.

It's a dollar and seventy cents for every man, woman and child in the land; it's more than eight dollars and a half for every household.

"You can figure it on that basis," I told him. "On the basis of dollars and cents. Or you can figure it on the basis of boys."

"Of boys?" he questioned. "I do not understand."

"It's less than fifteen cents a day for each of our soldiers and sailors," I answered. "Fifteen cents a day to give them warmth and comfort and entertainment, and lectures, and games, and the thought of mother and God."

"Fifteen cents a day for a boy; two for a quarter a day. How many boys will you take?"

And his eyes kindled. "I think I could take ten at least," he said. He drew his check book out.

"Figure it out and tell me the price," he said. I want you to give them the best you've got. What is it going to cost?"

"For ten boys, for a year, at two for a quarter a day?"

So I figured it out for him: suppose you figure it out for yourself.

It is said the candy makers will turn to syrup. That will be nothing at all compared to the men who turned to rubber when a young lady went up Main street in a rain-daisy. And then, there was Mrs. Lot who turned to a pillar of salt.

Those fellow who say that a democrat can be elected in Oregon next Monday should be allowed to talk away. In that way they might disclose the place where they got the stuff that makes them foolish.

Congress took a brief recess yesterday. It isn't that they need rest, but they want to get out into the bleachers and get a squint at that republican landslide next Tuesday.

The next proposal is to Hooverize the coffee. We have been wondering if it isn't a sharp move of the instant posthale people to boost roasted bran and ground peanut shells.

Julius Caesar will soon be the greatest long-distance prophet. He said: "The Germans turned and ran, nor did they stop until they had crossed the Rhine."

Headline: "We are spending \$50,000,000 a day." Gee, that pencil shaver must be eating eggs fried in butter and has fried chicken every day for dinner.

If the German emperor ever read "Excelsior" he can comprehend the lines "Dark lowers the tempest o'erhead, the roaring torrent is deep and wide."

Military promotions are going on considerably faster among the old folks who stay at home than among the boys who went away. Imagine the enthusiasm of a private soldier when he returns home and finds that his father was a field marshal in a political campaign, his uncle a general and his brother a colonial in a liberty loan campaign and his mother a major in a war chest drive!

Personal Trouble Specialist.

A New Profession

TO YOU:
 The great struggle for food, raiment, shelter, education and spiritual attainment—the fears, worries, sorrows, etc.—form the basis of many nervous, and all mental and physical diseases.

I am a Neuronic Mental and Psychological Specialist, and, during the past year I have prevented over 300 divorces, 175 suicides, 53 murders and 107 people from entering the asylum. As a Psychologist, Psycho-Analyst and Vocational director, I am able to correctly direct you in all personal, domestic, love and business affairs as well as to treat you for nervous, mental and physical diseases. I also "place" misfits in their natural vocation. When you have physical diseases consult an M. D. or a Naturopath; when nervous, mental or physical diseases possess you, consult a Psycho-Analyst, and, when any trouble annoys you, consult a personal trouble specialist.

Yours for "Heaven in every Home".

DR. ALZAMON IRA LUCAS,
 538-9 Morgan Bldg.
 N. B. Address all mail to P. O. Box 567, Portland, Oregon.

Note—You are invited to attend Dr. Lucas' regular Sunday night sermon-lecture and psychic demonstration beginning November 24 in the W. O. W. Hall, East Sixth and Alder Sts.—Adv.

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It will help you to keep your home spotlessly clean without any labor. It will make your carpets look like new and is just the thing for mattresses, portieres, pillows, pictures and walls.

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Weather Forecast.

Forecast for the period October 28 to November 2, 1918, inclusive.
 Pacific Coast States: Rain and warmer first of the week except fair in southern California; probably a second period of rain beginning Thursday; cooler by end of the week.

NOTICE OF EXECUTOR'S SALE.

The undersigned, Andreas Vetsch, executor of the will of David Eggenberger, deceased, will, on Saturday, November 9th, 1918, at 2 o'clock p. m., sell at public auction the tools and household effects of the said David Eggenberger, at the farm house of Fred Suckow on the Sandy Ridge County Road, about three miles west from Sandy. Bidders are invited to attend.

ANDREAS VETSCH, Executor of the will of David Eggenberger, deceased.
 Save for the country's sake.

WANTS

LIVESTOCK

HORSES

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Four head of horses, harness and farm tools. What have you? G. W. Metcalf, 6825-35th avenue S. E., Portland.

COWS

COW WANTED for her keep, also want tugs and hames, small potatoes, vegetables and apples. Phone 78x4. 72

WANTED—New-born calves in any number: 75 cents to \$2 each. Frank Gustafson, Gresham, phone 289. tf

GOOD, FRESH COWS wanted. E. Bauman, phone 901. Gresham. tf

PIGS

SOWS, SHOATS and little pigs for sale. V. H. Hillyard, phone 776.

POULTRY WANTED—Hens, springs and broilers, also squabs. Will pay cash. Will call for them. Benson Hotel farm, phone Gresham 781. tf

REAL ESTATE RENTALS

WANTED—A farm east of Gresham for dairying, 80 acres or over. Must be 40 acres under plow. No rock. Cash rent. Have my own stock. W. Gordon, Palmer, Ore.

MISCELLANEOUS

LOOK! AT OSBORN'S ONLY.

Recoil (Trouble) Spot-Lite.

Before buying your spot-lite, call Osburn and let him show you the Autoreolite, latest invention in spot-lites.

PIANO FOR RENT. Mrs. Charles Latourell, Gresham.

FOR SALE—Forty-Fold seed wheat. Recleaned - J. G. Chiodo, phone Gresham 99.

For Sale.
 Five acres of potatoes in the ground, a good crop at a fair price. Cleaned winter vetch seed at 8 1/2 cents per pound.

Noah Island seed wheat.
 Poland China brood sow with or without pigs.

O. I. C. brood sow, registered. Six fine shoats.

One good rubber tired buggy. Colored beans, any quantity.

J. F. JONES. Call Phone 91.

LOST—on Tuesday, October 22, a mixed fur collar, on either Base Line, Section Line or Powell Valley road, or 82d street, or Buckley avenue. Finder call Gresham 847, collect. Reward.

LOST—Between Pleasant Home and Fairview, on Thursday, one white hog. Weight about 200 pounds. P. B. Eder, phone 368. Reward.

CULL POTATOES WANTED. L. A. Warrell. Phone 257 evenings.

We Want Sales Representatives in Every Town in Oregon.

We prefer men who have sold stock, insurance, real estate, books, or who have had no sales experience but would like to develop into salesmen. We train every applicant accepted and provide a system that will enable anyone who works to make from \$75 to \$150 per week.

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Loan Wanted.
 \$1000 on 80 acres—worth \$4000. Phone 981 or write P. O. Box 213.

WE WILL PAY CASH for Liberty Loan Bonds of the 1st, 2d and 3d issue. Bank of Gresham, Gresham, Oregon.

For Sale or Trade.

One team, 2800 pounds.
 One 3/4 Mitchell wagon, nearly new, with wood rack.
 One 3/4 Mitchell wagon, 4 years old.

One good steam wood saw, \$100.
 One Champion mowing machine and rake, nearly new.

Will sell or trade any or all of the above for milk cows, beef cattle or hogs.

LEE EVANS, Troutdale, Ore.
 Phone, Gresham 849.

For Sale.

One L-15 Blizzard Ensilage cutter, one 13-horse Stickney gas engine, one refrigerator plant complete with 6-horse Fairbanks Morse engine, almost new.

SUN-DIAL RANCH,
 Fairview, Ore. Phone Gresham 611