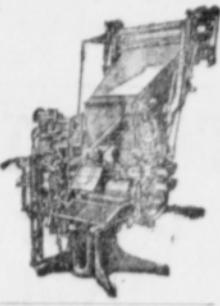


GRESHAM OUTLOOK

TWICE A WEEK

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, \$1.00;
 three months, 50c.
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Phone 701
 "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 2, 1911, at the Postoffice at Gresham, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



WORLD UNITY.

While we are speculating as to what the details of the final settlement may be, let us have a thought as to our domestic affairs. No one can, one would think, doubt that the future peace and safety of the world and the rights of man, must be safeguarded by the great nations that have fought side by side in the war. Between them there must be the closest unity that is compatible with the independence of each.

The United States, Great Britain, France and Italy are the guardians of the future. Whether there is a formal league of peace or not there must be an informal and implied one, including these powers, and, of course, the great free commonwealths of Canada and Australia.

Old quarrels and misunderstandings have vanished in the terrible fires of war. The American people can never forget the wonderful fight that France and Great Britain—and later Italy—made for freedom, or the terrible sacrifices that they have made in its behalf. But for the British fleet and the British and French armies we should have, perhaps sooner than we think, had to fight Germany alone. These nations stood for almost three years between us and the most terrible menace that the world ever knew, stood as the protectors of that liberty which we cherish. We should be thankful that we were able to discharge some portion of the debt, and for the really great part that we have played in the war.

But we must not forget our comrades-in-arms. One and all they are our friends and well-wishers, and their only ambition is to work with us for the general good of mankind. Their ideals, ideas and principles are ours. Any man who seeks to sow discord between us and them should be regarded as a pro-German—and nothing could be worse. We must strive for unity at the peace table, and unity through all the years to come. Any breaks in the ranks of freemen would open the doors to autocracy which would some day seek its revenge. There is as great need for unity among the enemies of Germany as there was during the war.

It will be found impossible to build a republic upon the ruins of autocracy without being compelled to hang a few fools who are anarchists and a few crooks who are murderers and thieves. The raw materials out of which good republics are made abound in Europe, but not among the autocrats.

The inquisitive subscriber writes to know the meaning of "debauch." It is something like that bustup among the Oregon republicans who will vote for Chamberlain and then turn around and defeat West for senator. Germany quit just as the Yankees were beginning to muss up her landscape.

PERSHING FOR PRESIDENT.

Some of the newspapers are already suggesting the name of General Pershing for president. Among such suggestions is one by the Woodburn Independent, which may be likened to all the others. The Independent says:

When General Pershing returns to the United States he will receive a hip-hurray of a reception in this country—a reception that may lead to a big political effect. He may be the next president of the United States.

It is true, as the Independent says, that Pershing may be the next president. But the papers that think so are just about as foolish as Pershing would be to accept the nomination. It may be recalled that General Grant became president and that his fame as America's greatest general became somewhat tarnished and dimmed as a result. Grant was a great military leader, but not a great president and is better remembered today for his qualities as a soldier than as a politician. He is even yet General Grant to the masses who remember him, and will remain so in history.

And there was Admiral Dewey. At the close of the Spanish-American war he was the popular idol. But he lowered himself immeasurably in seeking the nomination for president. He was switched onto the political track by the false counsels of his friends. He knew he was a popular hero and let the presidential bee buzz around his head until he found out that he had reached the pinnacle of his fame. It was a come-down to his vanity and he lost in popularity.

So it would be with Pershing. He is now at the topmost round of the ladder of fame. If his friends will only let him remain there it will be for his own good. To nominate him for president would sever many from their idolatry of him, and, whether he were defeated or elected, he could never retain the same place in the affections of those who will oppose him that he now has. Such a course would alienate one-half of the people from their present estimation of their great hero—and, if elected, he might make a very poor president and alienate another large percentage of even those who would otherwise honor and adore him.

We may as well get ready for the war gardens again. Not counting Russia there are 150,000,000 more hungry mouths to feed now. It is not only a lean and famished enemy who is howling at our kitchen door, but—the ladies will please retire—he's as naked as a Mexican puppy.

One of the things that will militate against settling the logged-off areas of the northwest with soldier-farmers is the fool notion that holding them at corner lot prices on Main street is calculated to encourage the boys to become agriculturists.

From the way Mr. Hoover talks about feeding the conquered enemy, it begins to look as if we are not soon to renew our acquaintance with anything better than short-rib stew, with a few carrots mixed in for flavoring.

Perhaps the order to shut down the near beer factories will be revoked. There isn't a line of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" in a whole trainload of it.

Even the most enthusiastic must agree that it was fortunate the state was "dry." The celebration, otherwise, would be going yet.

Somehow, there has been a vast silence from everywhere since Os. West tried to make Oregon safe for democracy.

We have been wondering if a revolution can spread as fast in Germany as the celebration idea did in this country.

Peace will send cotton so high for the next few years that we may regret that we can't sprout feathers.

THE ORDER OF THE 'FLU.'

What a great opportunity for organizing a new fraternal order. We would suggest another I. O. O. F.—The Independent Order of the "Flu"—with the survivors of the epidemic as charter members. They could organize themselves into an association, the sole qualification for membership in which would be a doctor's certificate showing that the candidate had been a victim of the disease.

Influenza sufferers would have more in common, merely through their joint experience, than the members of the average club or other association. Nothing is more interesting to a person than his diseases. All persons love to talk about them, and there is no pleasure like the one that comes from telling an interesting auditor of the various symptoms. Members of an association composed of influenza survivors would never lack an interesting subject for conversation. A perpetual bond of sympathy would exist between them.

If the name as suggested above should not be agreeable the organization might be called the G. A. R., or the Grand Army of the Recovered; or the B. P. O. E.—that is the Protective Brotherhood of Ex-Sneezers. It might be called the M. W. A., Modern Wheelers of America, or anything that fancy might suggest. The name is unimportant. The password might be made a sneeze, carefully muffled with a handkerchief, or a cough in imitation of whatever degree of depth and severity a member coughed while qualifying for membership. The degrees of the order could be fixed by the different stages of the disease. Gauze masks could serve as insignia, with a clinical thermometer for the coat lapel. The possibilities in devising a ritual are endless. Every one of the thousands eligible to membership will have suggestions to offer.

All should be interested in acquiring membership in an organization which offers such promise of congenial companionship. Opposition may be expected from a few pessimistic souls who take the attitude that what they want to do is to forget about their influenza experience, not to perpetuate its horrors.

It hasn't been three weeks yet and we've already lost nearly all the daylight we saved last summer. We found out long ago that the shortest day of the year is much longer than anybody wants to work. Nobody but Joshua ever needed more daylight.

Our private scouts informs us that the Crown Prince has got somewhere Sherman said war was—and that we will soon get a heliograph, wigwag or semaphore message that the Hohenzollern Bill and Hapsburg Karl have also arrived.

What we want to know does Dr. Anderson's law make it risky for a patriot to import a genuine mince pie from California? The near approach of Thanksgiving makes this matter important. Besides, Christmas is coming too.

It isn't that Germany dislikes the formality and deliberation that are usual to diplomacy, but this is one occasion when she must bawl for immediate attention in order to get three square meals a day.

They say shoes are \$50 a pair in Russia. The person who gives a pair of shoes for \$50 in Russian money is either a philanthropist or a nut.

No one will ever know how many love matches remain unlighted because of the gauze masks worn by the hospital nurses.

The modern version will read: "If thine enemy hunger (first trash him till he bellows and) feed him."

Does anyone remember anything about an election that was held only ten days ago?

LADY CLIFTON IS HOSTESS TO YANKS



Yank doughboys, returning home in victory stride, will tell how they hobnobbed with royalty over there. Here is Lady Clifton of Leighton Bromswold, who will verify their word, for, as hostess, she passed out smokes and delicacies to Yanks in the trenches. She is a daughter of the late seventh Earl of Darnley.

Why not take advantage of this exceptional opportunity to get rid of our American evils, such as divorce, the non-partisan league and squawking motorbikes?

Wilhelm perhaps thought it was better to abdicate than to suffocate—which is usually the result if a man happens to get a rope around his neck.

Some of the kiddies actually don't seem to care how long the schools stay closed.

Bargains in the want ads.

STOP SWEEPING

Clean the Thorough Sanitary Way

Sweeping at its best only shifts dirt. It is hard work; it makes more work. Besides it shortens the life of your rugs and carpets.

An Electric Vacuum Cleaner
 Cleans Like Magic

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.

Come in and see our Stock.

ELECTRIC STORE
 Electric Building

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.

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Serve your country by saving food.

WANTS

LIVESTOCK

HORSES

FOR SALE—One 1100 pound horse, cheap, or to let for his keep for the winter. Enquire at Outlook.

COWS

FRESH YOUNG COW for sale. Mark Nickerson, phone 155.

TAKEN UP—Two heifers; one white and black, about 6 months old, no horns; one black, about year old. On November 1, at my place on Damascus road west of Hillsdale schoolhouse. Urban Peter, Gresham, R. 4. 75

WANTED—A good milk cow. F. Peak, phone 55x4. One mile west of Gresham on Section Line road.

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

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

E. J. Gradin buys cattle and hogs. Phone 359.—Adv. tf

PIGS

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

Poultry

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

For Sale.

The complete furnishings of my home, furniture, mostly Mahogany, in perfect condition. Also farm implements. Call for inspection Sunday or Monday. Mrs. Marie D. Johnson, Bairdsdale station. 75

FOR SALE—Between 17 and 18 acres, all under fence. Lots of fruit, eleven-room house on Main road. Terms. H. W. Snashall.

FAIRM FOR SALE. Ten acres more or less. All improved. Next to Cherry Orchard. Andrew Tollyson, R. A. Box 355, Portland.

FOR SALE—The Anderson home on Wallula Heights. Five-room modern house, barn, 1 1/2 acres of land fruit and berries. F. A. Anderson, 658 Multnomah street, Portland, Phone East 7845. tf

I HAVE many inquiries about land. If you care to sell, list your property with me, I will do my best to sell it for you. S. F. Pitts, phone 36x2. tf

FOR SALE—In heart of Gresham. Store building, living rooms upstairs. Lower floor good for garage. Lot 25x175, \$1200. Easy terms. Inquire M. M., 310, Second street, Portland.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—Almost new 1918 5-passenger Ford. Call 71 after 6 o'clock.

LOST—In Gresham on Monday evening, a child's brown gaitlet glove. Finder leave at Outlook office.

A small neck scarf was picked up near Belt's in Gresham Tuesday morning. It can be obtained at Belt's.—Adv.

FOR SALE—Winter gray oats. Phone 75 Damascus. E. Boese. 76

CHOICE CLOVER HAY, \$25.00 per ton in the barn. Inquire R. Lundbom, R. A. 75

SEED VETCH for sale. H. W. Cooley, Gresham, phone 434. tf

1918 FORD ROADSTER for sale. Good as new. Extras. Dr. W. J. Ott. tf

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

Loan Wanted.

\$1000 on \$8 acres—worth \$4000. Phone 981 or write P. O. Box 213.

For Sale.

One L-15 Blizzard Enslage 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

NOTICE OF HEARING OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Multnomah County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles Reynolds, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Charles Reynolds, deceased, has filed her final account in the above entitled court and estate, and that said court has set and fixed Monday, December 9th, 1918, at 9:30 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the County Court Room in the Court House of Multnomah county, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said final account, together with any objections there may be to the same.

Dated and first published November 1, 1918.

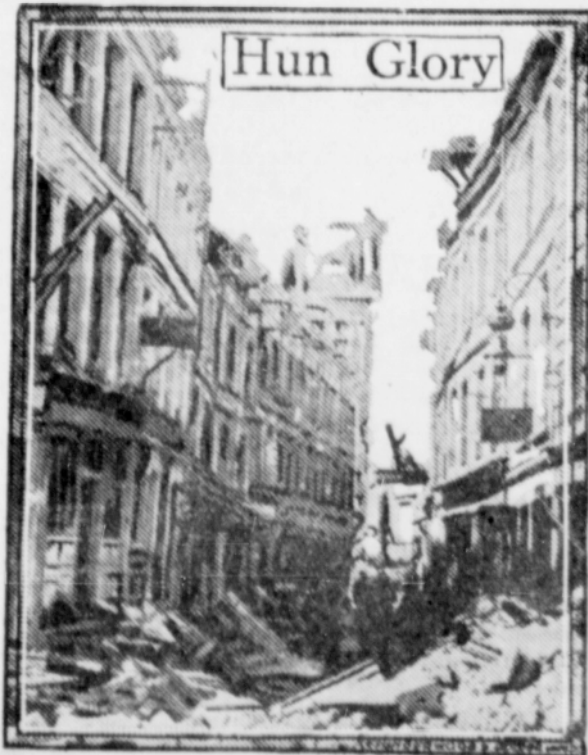
Last publication, Nov. 29, 1918.

HARRIET E. REYNOLDS,

Administratrix of the Estate of Charles Reynolds, Deceased.

J. J. JOHNSON, Attorney, 314 Spalding Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Reign of Terror Fails and Fear Is Now in Heart of Huns



Hun Glory

Fear is in the heart of the Hun. Upon his arrogant, conceited and brutal brain the light has suddenly dawned.

The allies' ultimatum by President Wilson, that Germany must pay to the utmost farthing for all wanton destruction and that for these acts no armistice other than virtual unconditional surrender of the Hun military party would be considered, was the light.

Here are two pictures which prove the Huns' fear. On the left, Bethune, France—the picture taken before Wilson's ultimatum, but just after the kaiser klan had evacuated—but not until his bloody hand had destroyed the town. It was the same with Ham, Roye, Cambrai, St. Quentin and scores of other French and Belgian towns.

On the right is Lille, entered by British troops since the ultimatum. While the town is looted of all metals and art treasures it is the first town not to be razed by retreating Huns.

So fear reigns supreme in his heart.



Hun Fright