

A PROPHECY WHICH MAY COME TRUE IN THE NOT DISTANT DAYS OF THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION

By PRIN. E. F. GOODWIN.

In the not distant future I see instead of about twenty-five elementary schools in the territory embraced between the city of Portland boundary line on the west and the Sandy river on the east, three consolidated graded schools. Instead of thirty-five teachers, many of whom are teaching all of the eight grades, twenty-four teachers are doing the work better than it could possibly have been done under the old system. Under the new system each teacher has only one grade and she is very proficient in the subjects she teaches. The children in the primary grade enjoy the inspiration and help of a first class primary teacher who thoroughly enjoys her work. The second grade teacher is not compelled to teach a subject she does not enjoy as under the old system, and so on through all the grades to the high school.

In each of these schools I see a real music teacher who teaches the children to sing and to read music. Manual training, cooking, sewing and gardening are taught similar to music by experts who divide their time among the three schools. Calisthenics is enjoyed by the country girls and boys as much as city children since it is taught by a teacher specially prepared for this work.

These three school buildings are model structures with every convenience for the health and convenience of teachers and pupils. The locations of these buildings have changed the "community centers" of an intelligent and progressive people. The old community center was out of date. Good roads, automobiles and the welfare of the girls and boys demanded a new community center long before the change was made.

However, all honor to the "little

red schoolhouse." It had wielded a wonderful influence in this country since the time of the Pilgrim Fathers! It made democracy safe from the beginning and served to train some of the master minds of this country. All honor, too, to the many teachers who gave their lives as teachers in these small schools. They did the best possible under existing conditions.

The harvester supplanted the sickle and grain cradle; the mowing machine took the place of the scythe, and the automobile made the ox cart and "one hoss shay" a slow means of transportation. The "little red schoolhouse" came with the sickle, the scythe and "one hoss shay" and survived all of them as an inheritance of old colonial days. The writer looks back a few years to the time that the "community center" near his old home in the east was changed—when the old schoolhouse that stood on his father's farm was sold and the land reverted to the owner. It was a sad day to his father and near neighbors, but it meant a better day to the girls and boys who later enjoyed the educational advantages of a consolidated grade school.

The children who attend the three consolidated schools enjoy free transportation and none of them live more than 20 minutes from the school building. They go to school in the dry every day in care of a careful superintendent who drives the consolidated school busses owned by the districts, and best of all the new and better school system does not increase the burden of the taxpayers.

And, lastly, these three consolidated elementary schools furnish Union High School with the best prepared girls and boys in Oregon. Is anything but the best good enough for the young people of Multnomah county?

SANTA CLAUS NEVER REMEMBERS BAD LITTLE BOYS



The Little Fellar's Stockin'

By JOE LINCOLN, in Saturday Evening Post
H. It's Christmas eve and moonlight and the Christmas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleighbells jingle and the Christmas laughter rings
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christmas things,
And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy curly head,
And it's "Merry Christmas!" Mary, once ag'in fer me and you,
With the little fellar's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show,
And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe,
And it's color's kinder faded, and it's sorter worn and old,
But it really is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold,
And the little hand that hung it by the chimney there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong,
So, old Santa, don't forget it, though it isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail and leave us with our plans all gone ter smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, jest so long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?—every time,
And if in amongst our sunshine there's a shower or two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely, smilin', and we'll try not ter complain
'Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me and you,
With the little fellar's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

U. H. S. ELECTIONS CLAIM ATTENTION

Politics reigned supreme at the high school today, this being the regular election of representatives in the senate and assembly. This also established the personnel of the student body organization, the officers holding their positions by virtue of their election to the senate or assembly. The election of the editorial staff of "The Argus" took place this afternoon, too late for reporting in today's Outlook. The Australian ballot system was used. Following are the officers named:

- Student Body Organization Officers**
Ex-Officio.
President, David Peterson.
Vice President, Lewis Skirvin.
Secretary, Gertrude Dowsett.
Treasurer, Lucile McCarter.
Sergeants at Arms, Edward Strong and Richard Satterstrom.
Editor, Clara Nasshahn.
Assistant Editor, Mildred Pullen.
- Senate.**
President, David Peterson.
Vice President, Emmett Welling.
Secretary, Gertrude Dowsett.
Treasurer, Lang Goodwin.
Sergeant at Arms, Edward Strong.
Reporter, Clara Nasshahn.
- Assembly.**
Chairman, Lewis Skirvin.
Vice Chairman, Frank Tacheron.
Clerk, Joe Comstock.
Treasurer, Lucile McCarter.
Sergeant at Arms, Richard Satterstrom.
Reporter, Mildred Pullen.

FORMER GRESHAM GIRL MARRIED IN KANSAS

A wedding of interest to readers of the Outlook took place on Sunday, December 8, in Manhattan, Kansas, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wood, formerly of Gresham, when the latter's niece, Miss Crystal Bramhall, became the bride of Donald L. Wilson, a former Oregon boy, who is now in the navy and stationed at Boston, Massachusetts. This was a naval-military wedding, the best man being a soldier.

The bride was for a few years a resident of Gresham and later of Portland but for a few years had lived in Salem, where she attended school and which was also the home of Mr. Wilson. Early in October she left Oregon to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Wood. She has many friends here who join in wishing her health and prosperity. The young couple left at once for Boston, where they will make their home.

HAD ROUGH TIME OF IT BUT GLAD HE'S ALIVE

The following letter was received recently by Mrs. P. J. Berke from her son Otley, who is with a motor mechanics regiment in France:

November 16.
Dear Mother and all:—Just a line to let you know that I'm in the best of health and having a very enjoyable time as I'm on my seven day leave, the first I've had since coming to France, and believe me I appreciate it for I've had a rough time of it, and am lucky to be alive today to tell about it.

I am in an old town "one of the oldest in France, I think," and am seeing some very interesting things such as old castles and churches dated as far back as the eleventh century. Well I won't try to write about it for I would rather tell about it when I return which I hope will not be very long.

I am staying at one of the best hotels in town and the government pays all expenses—pretty good.

I have had a turn at the front which was very interesting at times—such as driving in mud, ankle deep and other times under shell fire. Well it's all over now and glad of it, and hope to be home soon.

Well mother, it is getting late so will close.

Extra Outlooks of the Christmas issue will be mailed at 5c each.

NOTED EVANGELIST AT ROCKWOOD CHURCH

E. J. Bulgron of New York City, said to be one of the greatest evangelists in the United States, will preach at the Rockwood Methodist church, Rockwood and Base Line roads, next Sunday evening, December 22, at 7:45 o'clock. He has just closed a very successful meeting at Olympia, Washington. His sermon will be "Triumphs of the Cross and Our Triumph."

J. W. Troy, the singing evangelist of Chicago, will lead the singing and give special solos. This is expected to be one of the greatest meetings ever held in this section of the country. All are cordially invited to attend.

President Wilson announces he will exercise the executive function of the U. S. Government during his absence, which is the same as telling Tom Marshall he can't even be a rubber stamp.

The Turks fell on the necks of the British soldiers and wept for joy when the Tommies reached Constantinople, which shows that the Turks are not entirely lacking in good judgment.

Austrians are kicking because Emperor Charles recently got two hundred and fifty million crowns back pay. But it takes a lot of money to live nowadays.

HE WANTS TO GET HOME BEFORE HIS BIRTHDAY

A letter was received a few days ago from Robert Magnuson which relieved the anxiety of his friends as it was known that he was in the last hard fighting. His letter to his brother follows:

Somewhere in Belgium,
November 13, 1918.

Dear Brother:—I will write you a few lines today to let you know that I am well, and that I came out of the scraps that we had without getting even a scratch so I guess I am pretty lucky after all. Our division was up on the line when we received orders that the war was over, so I guess you can imagine what a happy bunch we were. We have been busy the last two days cleaning up the town that we are in and filling up shell holes along the road, and I expect that we will have to follow the Germans back into Germany but that won't take very long because they are getting out pretty fast. I guess you know what the peace terms were. I have received several letters from you and some of them had some good cartoons in them. I have received quite a number of packages of papers since I wrote home the last time. Have received all the letters that you have sent to me lately. I was going to write to Peterson but have had no time because we have been moving all the time, and we could not have any lights until the last two nights. You was saying that you wanted me to send a souvenir of some kind, but I do not know what I could send you. Guess you would like to have a German sword or a helmet but they are too big to carry around. The only use I have for a German helmet is to wash in them.

Well, if this is peace we are going to have I will be lucky to get home by my birthday.

Think I will have to close for this time because my candle is nearly burned out and that is the only light I have. Tell all my friends hello for me.

Now that Uncle Sam is holding so many sales of alien property we can't understand why the price of sauer kraut and limburger doesn't go down.

That chiffon treaty the South Americans are talking about may be a lady-like edition of the Belgium scrap of paper.

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SPREADING RAILS IS CAUSE OF WRECK

There was a bad freight train wreck on the O. W. P. line yesterday afternoon a few hundred feet west of the Gresham cemetery. The train of seventeen loaded cars was going west when the rails spread and five loaded cars were badly mixed together on the track and in the ditch on both sides.

The rear wheels of the second motor were thrown off the rails. It was a close call for the whole train, which was saved by the prompt action of the motorman and the setting of the air brakes.

The wreck happened just before the 3:45 p. m. mail train was due at Gresham from Portland. There was no other trolley car between here and Estacada, but it so happened that the line car had been up the track on some repair work which was a fortunate circumstance. It was hitched onto the freight caboose and in that way the passengers, mails and express were taken on after being delayed more than an hour.

No attempt was made to get a train through after that and the two that should have gone up from here a 5:45 and 7:45 were cancelled. The Gresham cars were routed to the Mt. Hood station from Linneman during the night.

Wreckers worked all night and had the track clear before the 5:25 mail car was due this morning. No one was injured in the accident and all traffic is running again as usual.

MELROSE AND VICTORY

Orrie Conrad has been discharged from the service at Camp Lewis. His brother Percy, of the same place, is home on a brief furlough. They have with them some soldier friends, M. Miller of Montana, Homer Schlegel of Albany, Oregon, and John Crops of Harrisburg, Oregon. The boys went on the highway today for a sight-seeing trip. All these boys and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Conrad and their daughter Ada will be guests at a birthday dinner party this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Conrad.

Here is a Bargain.
One DeLaval separator, 750 lbs., practically new.
One Empire separator, 850 lbs., practically new.
Your choice cheap.
Hessel's Farm Machinery Store, Gresham, Phone 544.

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LAST NIGHT OF BREWING IN BUFFALO

By CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.
Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 30.

November 30th, 1918, at twelve o'clock at night and I am still awake. I have just gotten up, raised the blinds and looked out the window at a big brewery in plain sight of this hotel, and the smoke has died down forever. The fires will go out before morning; and the brewery business is done for in the United States.

They have had fifty years of warning. Every man engaged in it knew the business was wrong, useless, harmful, unpatriotic, extremely selfish; that it could only thrive upon the ruin of home, heart, fortune, soul. The whole liquor traffic is as doomed as Judas Iscariot. It will go with all the poison drugs of the nations, opium, vodka, absinthe, hashish, whiskey, wine, beer. They are on the run; they cannot stand the twentieth century light.

We are going to have a dry United States and then a dry world. Some doubt it? Well, they inherited that doubt from their grandfathers. That is just what the old man thought about piracy on the high seas, wrong but couldn't be stopped; dueling, barbarous but couldn't be stopped; slave trading, slave holding, cannibalism, polygamy, lotteries, public gambling, red light districts, white slave traffic, habit-forming drug trade; all wrong but couldn't be stopped. They have been wiped off this earth. This dying fire in a Buffalo brewery is a symbol to me that all brewery fires are going out and we are to have a world free from this destroyer.

Oh, I would like to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the world without a saloon undoing our work; with no brewery smoke darkening the heavens, no brewery money corrupting modern statesmen; no brewery advertisements debauching daily newspapers, no brewery-owned saloons debasing the communities of the poor; no brewery bossism browbeating presidents, or threatening congressmen; no brewery beer, drowning our better natures and brutalizing mankind; no beer-fed infants growing up, heavy, brainless, nerveless brutes for society to carry; no more prenatal damnation of the innocent by drink-filled parents.

I would like to see a world where there were no saloon doors swinging inward to entrap our boys, no backdoor entrances to engulf our girls; no saloon doors swinging outward to vomit forth drunkards staggering home to wives more than widowed and to children worse than orphaned, no family entrances to teach girls to drink and women to curse the generation yet to be—the white-slaver's opportunity and the deathtrap of innocence and virtue; no rum-made, low-browed thugs, and crooked politicians; no legalized pitfalls set for our new converts; no organized assassin of church, school and home; no corruption of the freeman's ballot or falsifier of its honest count; no inherited tendency to drink, no abnormal craving for booze; a race redeemed from its drug poisons; no more dope fiends, no dreary drunkards, no opium smokers, no vodka victims, no absinthe drinkers, no hashish addicts, no Christian nation insulting heaven, stultifying itself and mocking mankind by raising revenue through debauching its citizens. It is not lawful to put it into the treasury.

Continued on page 4.

FRESH MEATS Good as Turkey

and a Great Deal Cheaper

You will find it out if your Christmas Roast is bought at the Powell Street Market. All meats are stall fed and Government Inspected.

"Everything for the Epicure"

Brown's Gresham Market

Candies for "Her"

WHEN YOU BUY YOUR CHRISTMAS CANDIES

here you are not only going to delight "somebody's heart" with their deliciousness and wholesomeness, but of the purity of our Candies.

Everything else for the Holiday trade in the Confectionery line.

Belt's Confectionery