

WOULD CHANGE NAME OF HOOD TO LIBERTY

Portland, Jan. 18, 1919.
 Editor Outlook:—For a proper and suitable proposed monument and memorial to our soldiers and sailors in the late world war, I would suggest, that we change the name of Mt. Hood in their honor. Why not name it "Mt. Liberty?" The name itself would be suggestive of the key-note of the ideal in the great allied victory epitomizing the progress toward world democracy and free peoples.

Human hands cannot adequately build a monument great enough, nor grand enough, nor high enough. The ideals, for which the allies fought, for which our boys fought, for which we all helped fight, are as high as yon mountain top, and their motives were as pure as the water from its unending glacial springs.

Only the Almighty could erect a fitting monument to world freedom. And as the rains descend and the snows come down from the heavens; just so, will the Great Spirit perpetually care for such monument and memorial.

Thus, Mt. Liberty is the most beautiful mountain on the American continent, and its re-naming would add to its world renown, and the renown of the West, and of Oregon.

A few years ago, we changed the name of Mt. St. Elias to Mt. McKinley, in honor of our great martyred ex-president, who had fought and won a great fight for a principle. We also changed the name of Mt. Pitt, a beautiful mountain near Medford, to Mt. McLaughlin, in honor of Father McLaughlin who came to the Oregon country, not to conquer and destroy, but to teach the red man the golden rule. Mt. Jefferson is named in honor of President Thomas Jefferson, who sent Lewis and Clarke across the continent as pathfinders. You all know the story well.

But who is Mt. Hood named after? Scarcely anyone in Oregon knows. The author of "The Guardians of the Columbia," says that Lieutenant Broughton of Vancouver's exploring expedition, in quest of new territories for His Majesty, George III (sailing up the Columbia river in October, 1792, saw and named it in honor of Rear Admiral Samuel Hood, of the British navy, who had distinguished himself in naval battles during the American revolution.

Why is it that the name of Mt. Hood has not been changed ere this? Methinks that Providence hath deferred the time until now, that we might name it Mt. Liberty, in honor of our world freedom heroes.

Let "Mt. Liberty" be the climax and coupled with all the other practical suggestions made for memorials: Build a great paved highway from Salem, the seat of government to Portland, the metropolis, coming in on the west side through the proposed municipal liberty or freedom mall, thence out the proffered Wemme road to Mt. Liberty with a freedom victory circle, surrounding the mountain at its base; utilize Barlow road, and connect the north side of circle, with the Columbia river highway, at suitable points. Call it Mt. Liberty highway if you like. Get national, state, and city co-operation and help in the building. It will take time to work it out and develop it, but the ideal is well worth the effort.

Then with development to follow; the farms, the fields, the orchards, the vineyards, the landscape gardens, and fountains along the highway bubbling with liberty glacier water, the purest on earth; the schools, the colleges, the arches, the bridges, and scenic vistas galore on every hand, the deer and elk in the forests, the sheep and cattle on a thousand hills, and all coupled and hooked up with

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Before using this preparation for a cough or cold you may wish to know what it has done for others. Mrs. O. Cook, Macon, Ill., writes, "I have found it gives the quickest relief of any cough remedy I have ever used." Mrs. James A. Knott, Chillicothe, Mo., says "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cannot be beat for coughs and colds." H. J. Moore, Oval, Pa., says "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy on several occasions when I was suffering with a settled cold upon the chest and it has always brought about a cure.—Adv.

our great liberty harbor, the greatest fresh water harbor in the world, 110 miles long, extending like a silver thread to the Pacific, the world's greatest ocean. In our hoped-for Portland of the future, every endeavor will readily lend itself toward this ideal. Then on our memorial days of the future our aviators will circle 'round and 'round yon liberty mountain peak and drop flowers, in memory of departed heroes and comrades, in the eternal snows, of this world's greatest monument to human freedom, and progress.

J. J. OEDER.

JERSEY WITH SATINS IN SPRING FROCKS



The sweater has evolved into the sweaterette for the spring of nineteen. Giving up the Jersey seems to be as hard for women as is the short walking length skirt on all frocks. This new black and blue satin has a long sweaterette sleeveless jacket of jersey caught at the waist with a belt of the self material. The sweaterette is open all the way down the side under the arm. It has a wide binding of the satin which makes a border effect an inch and a half to two inches wide.

CORBETT YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED AT VANCOUVER

Miss Emma Spybrook and Harry Rickert were married at Vancouver last Thursday. Both of these young people are well known in this vicinity having been raised here. Miss Spybrook attended the Corbett grammar school and recently has been working in the telephone office. Mr. Rickert has just finished his service in the army, being recently honorably discharged. This happy young couple are receiving the congratulations of their friends.

It may be that when the President's speeches are translated into Italian one can tell what they are all about.

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ELECTRIC STORE

Electric Building

Terse Tales of The Town

A passenger on a steamship which recently came up through the "lanes of the sea" from San Francisco to Portland says that there was visible smuggling of some of the fast-disappearing elixir that has made California famous as a resort for the thirsty of the other surrounding states. But the Hawkshaws are sleeping with both eyes open, and it is becoming a habit down at the Frisco piers to let the steamship get away with its cargo and then send a revenue cutter after her with instructions to make a search.

The San Francisco agents who sell the booze are also on the watch to find out what the enemy is doing. On this particular occasion they learned the plans of the detectives, and when the ship was half way to Portland a wireless was sent to the steward, telling him all about it.

Then the steward got busy. He had a hundred dollars' worth of rare stuff and he tried to give it away to the passengers. But it was nix for him, as all the travelers were already loaded up with more than they could expect to drink before landing and none of them would take a chance on trying to get any of it ashore. So the steward threw it overboard, and when the ship was searched there wasn't even a smell of liquor on board. But it "beats all," don't it?

Some housewives can sing and some think they can sing, but there is one housewife in Gresham who knows she has no ear for music, but when she is rustling her pots and pans she invariably strikes up a tune to a tin pan accompaniment. She cannot constrain her humming just out of her cleaning up joy.

Now there is also a little neighbor boy who plays under her window. Once when the process of scrubbing tin pans and kettles was going on and she was improvising a ditty, the little fellow looked up to the window with a face all puckered up and serious, as if some question had been troubling him for quite a while.

"Well, Tommy, what's the matter?" inquired the housekeeper.

A long pause—then: "Please, ma'am, is you singing?"

A well-known lawyer of Portland, who spends his nights, Sundays and a part of some other days on a big farm near Gresham, evidently has never belonged to a fire department nor attended a fire drill. There are several others on the farm who are apparently cobweb chasers or dreamers, or else they believe the lawyer should do their thinking for them, seeing that he is the boss.

At any rate the bunch would never make a competent fire company except that they would probably be energetic enough; but they would probably forget to take the apparatus along in case they were called to quench a blaze. They might even pour gasoline on a fire to put it out.

These reflections are suggested by an incident that happened on the farm a short time ago. The former owner was very foresighted and had provided fire extinguishers in his outbuildings, so when a fire broke out in one of them there was a great scurrying, a throwing of bric-a-brac and the crew was acting something like a regiment of bolsheviks in a hash house with tin dishes. Their efforts were unavailing to stop the fire and it burned itself out—then it dawned upon them that two perfectly good fire extinguishers were hanging on the wall all the time, begging

Notice to Pledgers.

In order to meet the pastor's salary and other current expenses of the church during the present closing period, occasioned by the influenza epidemic, the pledgers are asked to kindly leave their contributions at the Outlook office or Bank of Gresham.

C. M. HARRISON,
 Treasurer M. E. Church.

for a chance to get their work in on one of the prettiest little conflagrations they had ever seen.

"We serve the best coffee in town," is the one important line on the menu card that catches 'em either way. Sometimes it is Mocha and Java, sometimes Rio, and sometimes it is a decoction of chickery, sawdust, peanut shells and New Orleans molasses, but more frequently it is the brand advertised. Sometimes it is made every hour or once a week, or oftener if necessary. Sometimes it is served in a china cup, sometimes in graniteware and sometimes in a glazed mug. Occasionally the waiter does not stop the fluid over into the saucer, but such occasions are rare. Sometimes you may put in your own sugar and cream and sometimes the waiter puts in condensed milk and makes you confess just how much sugar your constitution requires. Some of it is strong enough to float a wedge and some seems to have relapsed with the "flu." It all costs the same and for variety it has the world beaten to a frazzle, but in one particular it is always the same. The line on the menu card says, "We serve the best coffee in town."

For the first time since the war began the marriage license bureau of Clark county—Portland's Gretna Green—failed to do business on Monday of last week. The record for blanks was clear, as not "two souls with but a single thought" appeared, and the marrying ministers had a day off.

Some thought the divorce record published in the Sunday papers the day before had something to do with the wedding slackers, and maybe they were right, but finally a newspaper reporter gave out the information that it is considered unlucky in select circles to get married on the thirteenth.

The military salute is one of the essentials of militarism that is not and never will be relished by the people of these democratic United States. After several months of training and frequent lectures on the subject, the soldiers understand, but their mothers do not. Just why her boy should offer this courtesy to another man simply because the other is an officer, does not appear clear to her—unless her boy is the officer.

An officer in the army is a gentleman by act of congress. Sometimes he is a gentleman by instinct, and it might be added to the credit of multiplied thousands of them that it is not frequent that the statute must be invoked to classify them as such. The case in point is not subject to opinion.

A lieutenant was sauntering up a Portland street during the holidays. A private was coming down the street toward him. The latter had bundles under his arms and in his hands, and the two men saw each other at the same time fifty feet away. Here was a case of military etiquette or of being a gentleman and the lieutenant quickly dodged into a doorway of a millinery store and saw the reflection of the burdened private in the plate glass windows as he passed by. The gentlemanly instinct prevailed. Among those who witnessed the act was a little woman with two stars on her service pin. She gave the lost salute, shook hands with the lieutenant and thanked him for his courtesy and passed on wondering why all officers are not so considerate.

If the democratic statesmen had been as industrious in preparing for war before we had a war as they are now that the war is over what a preparedness we would have had.

Again he is keeping us of war and making some of 'em swallow it. Stop reading here and turn to the want ad column.

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CRADDICK SERVICE

FAIRVIEW PASTOR EMPHASIZES PRAYER

An interesting and profitable service was held at the Smith Memorial Presbyterian church last Sunday. The attendance was not large but the attention was good. The pastor, Rev. I. B. Self, read Governor Withycombe's proclamation calling for special prayer for the stay of the fearful epidemic which is sweeping over the country. His sermon theme was "Prayer, its reasonableness, its objects, importance and results." An additional offering for the Armenian sufferers was taken. The regular services for next Sunday were announced.

Rev. Mr. Self announced his expected attendance upon the New Era Movement conference to be held in Portland January 20 and 21 and at the Portland Presbytery on January 22.

Chamberlain's Tablets.

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