

INDUSTRIAL CLUB BUILDING STARTED

Construction of the boys' and girls' industrial club house on the county fair grounds began today, with Frank Jones, local contractor, in charge.

The structure will stand near the site of the old dance pavilion, on the edge of the grove overlooking the race track. By the tenth of September the building will be completed.

The plans show a four-gabled bungalow, 100 feet long by 40 feet wide and 12 feet to the eaves. Each gable holds a 4 by 12 window. The interior is divided into 16 booths, eight on each side of a wide central aisle.

It is marvelous what can be accomplished in a short time with co-operation. It was no farther back than last March that the county superintendent with Miss Ethel Calkins, county club leader, began making tours over the county advocating the erection of a club house on the Multnomah county fair grounds in Gresham, a house built by the boys and girls. Teachers, pupils and parents fill in with the plan. Basket socials, entertainments and other money-making devices were resorted to in order to make the quota required of each district. In most instances the amount was quickly made with liberal donations from public-spirited citizens swelling the funds. The schools and the quotas raised are given below.

Gresham, Dist. 4	\$50.00
Lusted, Dist. 15	25.65
Fairview, Dist. 16	20.00
Hillsdale, Dist. 32	20.00
Harburt, Dist. 35	10.00
Bridal Veil, Dist. 42	20.00
Gilbert, Dist. 45	10.00
Pleasant View, Dist. 48	14.62
Maplewood, Dist. 52	20.00
Orieht, Dist. 6 Jt.	40.00
Pleasant Valley, Dist. 15 Jt.	20.00
Powell Valley, Dist. 26	20.00
Terry, and Cedar Districts	10.00
Lynch District	20.25
Russellville District	40.00
Springdale District	10.00
W. C. Alderson	10.00
Mrs. W. C. Alderson	10.00
Ethel Calkins	10.00

H. C. Seymour, state club leader, gives high praise to these schools, the club house being the first of its kind in the state if not in the northwest.

From now on local fairs will be conducted in the county for the purpose of selecting entries for the county fair next month. The Lynch, Buckley and Pleasant Valley districts have decided to make an all-day occasion of it, filling the program with demonstrations, entertainment and a big lunch.

The children's club work covers projects in sewing, cooking, canning, gardening and raising of poultry and livestock, the last named project being the most popular, and Chester White pigs, possibly, the most favorite animal.

Dorothy Woolridge of West Portland will exhibit two Chester White pigs purchased from A. G. Gynip of Gresham for \$18 borrowed from the Livestock bank in Portland. She has named her pigs Archibald and Rosie, probably on the supposition that pigs will thrive better if given pretty names.

Percy Bell of Springdale is training two Chester Whites for the fair also, bearing the significant names of Liberty Bell and Victory Bell.

Donald Grant of Fairview, who carried off the state honors two years ago, will compete with Dorothy and Percy. He is putting Chester's tail in curling papers every night, doing his utmost to have the finest pig in the show.

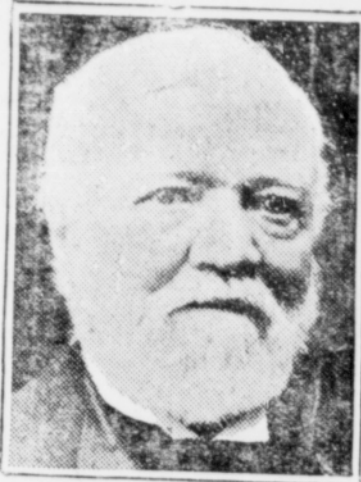
So eager was Walter Anderegg a Lynch boy to put his Holstein calf in prime condition that he gave it a pail of cream to drink. That he did not lose it is proof conclusive that it is a prime calf.

Pleasant View will also be in the Holstein contest. Wilson Hurt will exhibit two purebred calves and very fine ones they are.

Josie Meglore from near Linnton is a promising seamstress. She has completed the third year's work in sewing, which is really quite advanced stitching, cutting and fitting. Nor is that all. According to requirements Josie has had to remodel last year's clothing, making the styles of 1919 from 1918 garments, and do it with economy and modish effect, as her written budget which must be submitted with her work will show.

Miss Helen Cowgill, the assistant state club leader, is collecting exhibits for the Oregon display at the Spokane Interstate fair held the first week in September. Among the choice pieces in the collection will be a jar each of beans, loganberries and salmon, prepared by Alice O'Neil of

CARNEGIE DIES AT 83; NOTED PHILANTHROPIST



ANDREW CARNEGIE

Andrew Carnegie died at his summer home in Massachusetts on Monday, August 11, at the age of 84. He started as a factory hand at \$1.20 a week. His gifts total \$350,000,000 of which \$60,000,000 was for libraries. The beautiful building at Gresham was made possible by this munificence.

GRESHAM GRANGE NAMES CANDIDATES

Gresham grange nominated candidates for the four leading offices of the state grange and one member of the executive committee at its meeting last Saturday night. This is the first step on the part of the local grange in carrying out the new plan instituted by the state grange at its session in May for the nomination and election of state officers. Those named were, Master, C. O. Huffman, LaGrande; overseer, A. H. Tarbell, Warren grange, Columbia county; lecturer, H. G. Starkweather, Clackamas county; secretary, Mrs. M. E. O'Neill, secretary of the Washington county Pomona grange. J. J. Johnson of Portland, master of Multnomah county Pomona, was nominated for the executive committee.

The grange went on record as favoring a league of nations to prevent wars in the future. On account of the extra work involved in preparing the grange exhibit for the county fair which will open on September 15, it was voted to hold the next regular meeting of the grange on Saturday, the 6th, instead of on the 13th.

Of special interest to grangers was the presentation at the dinner table on Saturday night of a beautiful gift to Mrs. Dan Metzger, the faithful and efficient steward of the grange for 17 years, who will soon go to California with her husband to make their home in the future.

The gift not only recognized Mrs. Metzger's good offices to the grange but her great love for flowers. It consisted of a beautiful beveled glass tray on which were a cut glass flower bowl in which was a potted fern. An embroidered linen doily completed the group. Judge George W. Stapleton made the presentation speech, to which Mrs. Metzger, almost overcome with emotion, made an appropriate response.

CURIOSITIES IN WOOD GIVEN DR. THOMPSON

Dr. A. Thompson has been presented by George B. Preston with two beautiful pieces of Oregon hardwood, one of myrtle and one of birds-eye maple, found near Coos Bay. These two interesting samples of native wood are on exhibit in the show window of E. W. Aylsworth's store. The slabs are highly polished, bringing out the curl of the grain distinctly, and curiously the outer rows make the silhouette of a face.

The contour of the piece of birds-eye maple portrays the profile of a "Gibson girl," but has been named the "Madonna of the Forest."

The smaller piece of myrtle wood resembles an elderly lady with rather plump face and simple coiffure. This dear lady is the "Oregon Princess," a rather appropriate name, for the common people are now the aristocrats.

"Kentucky Sue," beautiful, romantic Southern comedy-drama. Masonic hall, Friday night.—Adv.

Troutdale, youngest member of the canning project. Alice has hit upon a novel arrangement for the loganberries. She has placed each berry on its side in symmetrical rows, instead of the helter-skelter way of filling the jars, making a decidedly pretty exhibit.

There is no end to interesting things the children are doing. The account of each child's effort to produce something creditable would make an interesting story. And nothing could be more opportune than the boys' and girls' industrial club house where the children may show what they have accomplished.

GRANDMA SLERET WAS 'LITTLE QUEEN'; PROMINENT IN GRESHAM AFFAIRS

(MARION DUDLEY ELING)

I have lost my heart to Grandma Sleret. A more remarkable woman I have never met. She insists that she is eighty-six years old, so I shall have to make up my mind that such is the case. The charming little lady with whom I visited on last Wednesday afternoon is as brisk and acute and sparkling as is the modish, crisp little taffeta frock she wore.

At eighty-six my grandmother wore a lace and mull bonnet, and dosed softly in my own mind that Grandma Sleret's smart little hat carried some fashionable milliner's label. And she was out motoring with her son, George Sleret, enjoying every minute of her ride through this Powell Valley of so many precious memories to her. There were goodbyes to be said to Mrs. Preston, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Wilson and other friends of pioneer days.

For Mrs. Sleret was leaving for Nampa, Idaho, where she has made her home for several years with her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Lindsey. Early in the summer Mrs. Sleret decided upon a visit to Oregon and Gresham, as most of her sons and daughters are established in this vicinity. So she just boarded the train, politely and firmly declining the suggestion that an escort be provided, and arrived handsily, you may be sure. What is a comfortable Pullman trip from western Idaho to a woman who has driven a four-horse team through a tribe of hostile Indians on the plains that her husband might have both hands free to hold his rifle?

The Slerets came to Oregon during the second great migration to the northwest, at the close of the Civil War. Braving the winter, they left their Illinois farm in February 1865, hoping to drive across the Mississippi before the ice broke. In this they were disappointed. But after a delay of several weeks they crossed the river at Fort Madison, opposite Burlington, and made their way through Iowa and Nebraska, down the Platte to Fort Kearney where they halted while and emigrant train was being organized by the government.

Because of Indian massacres no small trains were permitted to take the trail. A military escort was provided from Fort Kearney to Fort Boise upon the Snake river. Many soldiers, just mustered out, joined the emigrants and with their Henry rifles did much to convince the Indians that an attack would not be a healthful sport for the redskins.

In the train that left Fort Kearney under command of Captain Montgomery were one hundred and sixty men, ninety-five wagons carrying the women and children, many cattle and horses. When the Slerets sold their Illinois farm they invested the proceeds in seven fine horses, having heard of the scarcity of horses and the great possibilities of stock-raising in the Oregon country.

As they journeyed through Nebraska they drove past the rude chimneys standing in the ashes as evidence of the fiendish slaughter and incendiarism of the savages. The Indians were driving all of the settlers' cattle off the Nebraska prairies and attacking all comers. So the party left the Platte and traveled southwest to Denver. While crossing the river at Julesberg the Sleret wagon upset, the shifting sandy bottom of the stream making the fording hazardous. They were rescued and

continued with the train, taking a new road through the Cheyenne Pass up to Fort Halleck on the main road again. There had been a stiff fight between the Indians and the Union cavalry and the pass was strewn with dead braves.

As the train rolled in to Fort Laramie the soldiers drove up with a whole tribe they had bested and captured. With the Indians were a Mrs. Worth and her child. They had been captured nine years earlier while crossing the plains in the prairie schooner that followed the Rook family. At the time of the early massacre the Rooks had gone back to the assistance of the Worths and found them all killed except one small lad whom the Indians had tomahawked and left for dead.

Fort Laramie was the last outpost—the jumping-off place. There the last mail was received from one's anxious friends across the Mississippi, and the last reassuring letters penned home to them. The road to the west led through Devil's Gate, Split Rock, Soda Springs, through narrow passes cut by the Sweetwater and Big Horn rivers.

In these rugged defiles through the Rockies the men marched beside their families, guns ever ready. The women drove the teams, and hushed the whimpering children. The Indian lookouts counted men and guns and "let well enough alone." Up and down the line rode Captain Montgomery, giving orders that no man leave his post. But of course a few hot-headed ones allowed themselves to be tricked into giving chase to a small company of the badgering redmen, following them up a valley off the road. And as the rest of the train started over the summit of the grade ahead they were met by a whole tribe in war paint ready for the attack. After a desperate effort the foolhardy ones were rallied, the wagons closed up, and Captain Montgomery made ready to give battle. His bravery was too much for the Indians; they did not dare attack.

The train was delayed at Fort Hall on the banks of the Snake river. Settlers and trappers had been killed. The train of emigrants following the Montgomery party was attacked and many of the families wiped out.

But the acid test of a man's or a woman's nerve was the trip through the Blackfoot country up the Snake river to old Fort Boise. They were threatened continually. Under the pretense of trading a salmon for a shirt an old Indian would spy on them. This always spelled trouble. One bucked up one's courage, set one's jaw and prepared to meet the worst. Sure enough, over the next hill they would run the gauntlet of several hundred Indians lined up and waiting for trouble. They made way grudgingly for the wagons flanked by riflemen.

On to Baker City, and there the Slerets left the train, remaining there to nurse the oldest daughter, Mary, who was ill with the mountain fever. Instead of following the emigrant trail to The Dalles and down the Columbia they crossed the Blue Mountains and Deschutes river and took the Barlow road over the Cascades south of Mt. Hood. In places there was no road at all. It was necessary to rope the wagon to a tree and let it down over precipices. It was late in the fall of the year and there was no pasture for the horses. The daughter was desperately ill when the Slerets reached

Continued on page 3

JOHN DE YOUNG MEETS TRAGIC DEATH

Last evening news reached Gresham of the tragic death of John DeYoung, late yesterday afternoon.

Mr. DeYoung was just leaving the Bruns' sawmill at Sandy with a load of lumber. The steep grade on the hill road caused the lumber to shift forward. The frightened team plunged ahead, making a quick turn in a bend in the road, tipping the load entirely over, plunging the driver underneath. When help arrived Mr. DeYoung was dead. From all indications he was killed instantly.

John DeYoung was a little more than 26 years old. He is well known and had lived near Damascus. He leaves his wife, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John DeYoung, a sister, Harriet, and a brother, Jake, all at Damascus. Another brother, Rodger, is still in the service.

The funeral will be held Thursday at 11 o'clock at the DeYoung residence near Damascus.

MRS. EVELYN M'CABE PASSES AWAY SUDDENLY

The funeral of Mrs. Evelyn McCabe, wife of Leo McCabe of Sandy Ridge, was held Monday forenoon at the Carlson chapel in Gresham. Interment was in the Sandy cemetery.

Mrs. McCabe's death was a shock to all. She had become suddenly very ill, hasty arrangements were made to take her to Portland for immediate hospital treatment, but she passed away before they reached the city.

Only eleven months ago Mrs. McCabe came to Oregon as the bride of Leo McCabe. Besides her husband she leaves relatives in the east to mourn her passing.

Don't forget the free dance and entertainment at the Masonic hall, Thursday night, August 14, under the management of L. M. Thomas, of the Knights and Ladies of Security, assisted by the Kirkpatrick and Anchor Councils of Portland.

"CASEY JONES" NOW U. S. CONGRESSMAN



Congressman "Pat" McLane from Pennsylvania takes his Washington experience as a bit of diversion—not as a regular job. "Pat" is a locomotive engineer. He went to congress when his brother engineers of Scranton objected to a congressional candidate, nominated him instead and elected him.

VICTIMS OF DROWNING FORMERLY LIVED HERE

The older residents of Gresham have been deeply moved by news of the drowning of H. R. Winchell and his daughter, Agnes, which occurred on Sunday in the Washougal river near Camas, Washington.

Mr. Winchell was for several years principal of the Gresham school, leaving here with his family in 1902. He was a salesman for Lang & Co. in Portland where he had been employed for nine years. Miss Winchell was a talented young woman with the promise of an unusually brilliant future before her.

The Winchell family, including Mr. and Mrs. Winchell and two daughters, left Portland on Saturday for a two-weeks' outing. They were camping on the north fork of the Washougal river, where the accident took place.

According to the report of the accident Miss Winchell had been swimming in the shallower portions of the river, and her father, watching nearby, had warned her against going too near a deep pool. She climbed upon a raft of ties near the Goodsell Logging company's place at the edge of the pool and fell from it into the water.

Leaping into the water, the father was caught by the current and was lost before he could seize the girl. The only other aid near by was a group of children, who became panic stricken. Both father and daughter were swept down stream. The bodies were subsequently found lodged near the bank.

Miss Winchell was one of the first graduates of Reed College and was also a graduate of Columbia university. For the past year she had been a bacteriologist for the government at the Rockefeller Institute. She had recently been chosen for similar work at Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore. She had been in Portland passing the summer vacation with her parents, and had intended leaving shortly for Baltimore to take up her new work.

The funeral services will be held at 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the family residence, 364 Marguerite avenue, Portland. Rev. J. E. Connor, pastor of the United Brethren church will officiate.

Surviving members of the family are, Mrs. Winchell, daughter, Ruth, and son Ralph V. Winchell.

MRS. R. W. CALKINS HAS PRECOCIOUS PULLET

Mrs. R. W. Calkins has a purebred Rhode Island Red pullet that appears to carry off the honors. This pullet is the offspring of a hen that stole her nest in the woods, sitting on top of a cedar log, hatching out twelve chicks on November 2 last. One of the little chicks fell off the log and got chilled, its cries telling where the nest was. Eleven hardy birds grew up from this brood. The first week in March they began to lay, being just a few days over four months old. In May one of the pullets brought off nine chickens, sitting in the woods just as her mother had done. The mother pullet took great pride in her family of nine, raising every one of them and doing it so well that she could leave them to hatch out eleven chickens on August 7, of course sitting again in the woods.

Five roosters from the May hatch have been sold for three dollars, four pullets for four dollars.

To grow up, raise two families of 20 chickens and bring in dollars besides makes a pretty good record for a nine-months old Rhode Island Red pullet. Can anyone beat it?

Read the Want ads.

BEAR AND TROUT SERVED EDITORS

(Chase E. St. Clair)

As a member of the Oregon State Editorial association it was my privilege to represent the Outlook at the session of the association in Portland, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of last week. Every meeting of the session was a source of inspiration.

Friday evening the state association was joined by the National Editorial association, which spent two days in the city as the guests of Portland and its civic bodies. The national association was represented by about 200 editors and their companions from various parts of the United States. They continued on south to Crater Lake, returning through Portland to the north, going over the Canadian Pacific east.

Many words of praise for the royal welcome and general good time extended to them at Laurelhurst Park Friday evening and Saturday, but the breakfast and program Sunday morning at Eagle Creek on the highway, and the wonderful scenery, called forth loudest praise and many of the visitors expressed the wish they might always live in Oregon.

Starting from the Imperial Hotel at 7, Sunday morning, over 100 autos furnished by the Rotary club, took the visitors to Eagle Creek, where a breakfast of Oregon trout and bear was served. The two-hour trip over the state's most scenic highway in the cool of the morning put the appetites of all on edge and when the call to eat was sounded at 10 there was a concerted attack on the food before the 400 who sat at the long table on the trail. To many bear steak and trout were new foods. To some they were a curiosity. But all pronounced the entire breakfast the best they had ever eaten. Many remarked about the spirit of this part of the country where the men would stay up all night to make an event a success. It was something never done in the east they said.

The two bear were year old cubs and were placed in the pit dug for their roasting on Saturday afternoon. From the streams came the trout. Everything served by the Progressive Business Men's Club at this Sunday morning breakfast was a product of Oregon. The club had entire charge of the breakfast.

Features of the breakfast were, songs by the business men, acting as waiters, led by Walter Jenkins of the Y. M. C. A. community service, and a strike of the cooks and waiters' union in the interest of the "poor working girl," as a protest against Judge Jacob Kanzer and Forest Supervisor "Tom" Sherrard, whom the strikers declared were unfair in fostering the picnic. The strike was led by Frank Hilton, Portland lawyer and "I. W. W. orator." As a striking waiter, Geo. F. Honey was very realistic in his actions. These two stunts were the cause of much merriment.

After the breakfast the crowd gathered in the grove and W. J. Hofman, chairman of the general reception committee, called on the business men for some music. Led by Walter Jenkins they sang a song to the tune of "Ja Da" but with the words, "Papa, papa, papa is an editor. Papa, papa, listen to his paper roar." There were solos by Mr. Jenkins and the whole crowd joined lustily in singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic and America.

Mr. Hofman introduced people of prominence who had taken an active part in preparing the breakfast. Among them were, Albert Weisen-danger and his wife, who live in the Eagle Creek reservation; Frank Hilton the "orator"; Walter Jenkins, singer; Judge (Major) Jacob Kanzer, who was instantly dubbed "Major Breakfast"; "Tom" Sherrard, of the forestry service; and others, ending with Judge Geo. W. Stapleton, who made a short talk to the editors.

According to the judge the men who were introduced before him furnished the breakfast and he was to furnish the "hot air." In his usual happy vein the judge said that everything eaten was an Oregon product, even the shredded biscuit were made in Portland by the Portland Excelsior company. He hoped that none of the editors would get any sleep at night until they had sold their sheets and come to the west. He welcomed the editors on behalf of the county of Multnomah outside the City of Portland, and on behalf of Gresham where he lived.

The trip back to Portland after the festivities of the morning brought to an end for most of the editors of the state the most enjoyable convention ever held.