

TROUTDALE

Mrs. L. A. Harlow was a guest on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. C. W. Hayhurst in Portland at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. J. F. Hill, president of Oregon Parent-Teacher association, and Mrs. D. B. Kelley, president of Portland council, who have recently returned from the national Parent-Teacher convention at Louisville, Kentucky.

The Troutdale Camp Fire Girls gave another successful dance on Saturday night. The receipts were \$73.

Those attending the Parent-Teacher County Council at Russellville Saturday from Troutdale were Mrs. L. A. Harlow, Mrs. Mary Parsons, Mrs. W. Robinson, Mrs. A. D. Kendall, Mrs. E. C. Shaw, Mrs. Grace Otto and Mrs. Frances Fox.

Amy Kendall is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Evelyn Lampert.

Friends to the number of 35 came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Simoni with well filled baskets on Saturday evening, the occasion being the birthday of Mrs. Simoni. It was a complete surprise.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Spence spent a few days last week visiting friends and relatives at McMinnville, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Federspiel of Bull Run, Oregon, were week-end guests at the Thomas Low home.

Camp Fire Girls and some of their friends had a picnic on the banks of the Sandy river at Knarr's place on Sunday.

Sunday dinner guests at the L. A. Harlow home were Mrs. Harry Appleton and Mrs. F. W. Calhoun of Seattle, Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beveridge and Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Fleming of Portland.

J. P. Laudan visited relatives at Canby, Oregon, on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. I. Thomas and daughter Elizabeth visited relatives in the upper Hood River valley on Friday and Saturday.

James Cook sold a Chevrolet touring car to J. Burns, of the Ruby Stock farm, a touring car to Lon Ogden of Troutdale and a used Dodge touring car to Wm. Knapp of Corbett.

Mrs. Alma Larson and daughter Alice of Portland visited at J. P. Laudan home on Decoration Day.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. J. R. Knarr on Wednesday, June 6.

Miss Grace Mickley of Portland spent the week-end at the home of D. W. Mickley.

Willard Dill and Alice Spence of Portland were Sunday guests at the W. C. Spence home.

UMPIRE YOUR OWN GAME

(By Richard Lloyd Jones)

Boys have the greatest respect for the fellows who play square. The boy who cheats, who breaks the rules of the game, may seem to be successful; he may claim the fruits of temporary victories, but once he is discovered in wrong-doing, he has lost more than in all the hollow victories he seems to have gained. His playfellows view him with suspicion, he has lost the priceless possessions of confidence and trust.

The world is ever ready to cheer for the fellow who will honestly lose and find victory losing. The world has nothing but contempt for him who seeks victory by a conduct that short-circuits character.

When the New England baseball league brought its season to an end a few years ago excitement ran high among the fans. The two teams that played off for the pennant had each won two games in the final contest. The bleachers were packed to witness the last struggle that should decide.

In the last half of the ninth inning, the score stood 2 to 1 against the team at bat. There were two out; two men on bases; the batter up had twice fanned the air; the grandstand was tense.

The pitcher delivered, the batter swung, the grandstand sprang to its feet—a phenomenal hit. The ball shot upward and outward as if started on a journey to Mars. The fielder raced to the corner of the grounds. It was a desperate race.

The keeper of the grounds had not calculated that any ball would ever be driven so far. Along the fence there was a margin of tall grass. Into this the fielder raced. He sprang for it, and with it fell into the grass. The crowd stood breathless. Then from the grass the fielder rose and held high

the ball in his hand, an evidence that he had made the catch, that he had made an out, completed the inning, won the game, gained the pennant for his team.

The moment was his. The fans of his city spent their wild enthusiasm in maddening cheers. Then all was changed. The hand that held the ball high was lowered and the head that had risen defiantly out of the tall grass sank and was shaken negatively. The cheering ceased; funeral silence lay over the bleachers like a cloudy blanket.

The fielder had won a victory that was above the pale of pennants. He who hung his head in humiliation was lifted into the glory of heroism by men who admired a man who dared umpire himself honestly, who could be as fair by his opposing team as by his own team who could put the Golden Rule upon a baseball diamond and make it a thing of matchless glory.

Every man is instinctively honest. Every man wants to be honest. But the hunger for success, the ear that aches to hear his fellow men cheer, oftentimes dulls the conscience to compromise with self to shade the truth with shallow falsehood. But each such compromise makes more blunt and bending that conscience which is the prop of character. And victory, real victory, comes only to those who have made character the Gibraltar of their lives.

The boy who learns to play the game squarely will become the man who plays the game of life squarely, who will take no mean advantage, who knows that no game is ever won unless it is rightly won.

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HOME BREW WRECKS SEWER

Contraband Wine, Beer, Bran and Mash Poured Into Manhole Let Go With Serious Results.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Inhabitants of Jamestown consider home brew an infants' drink unless it will remove the enamel from the kitchen sink, it is said, but that test is too mild for Poughkeepsie hooch hounds. It must be of sufficient strength to wreck a sewer system, a lumber yard and a river front before they can get any kick, according to Cyrus Watkins, who knows what good likker is.

When a manhole blew up, throwing the cover many feet into the air and toppling over lumber piles and smashing windows by the concussion of the report, it was remembered that Sheriff Everett P. Davies had poured considerable contraband wine, beer, bran and mash down that hole.

Couldn't Understand.

Recently a member of the police department was sued for divorce. A man was sent to police headquarters to serve the papers on him. The man, unfortunately, was directed to the sergeant's desk and mistaking the sergeant for the defendant in the suit, started to read the papers without mentioning the defendant's name.

The desk sergeant listened patiently. Gradually his mouth drooped, a sorrowful expression came into his eyes and he appeared dejected.

"I can't understand that," he said. "I was only married last December. I just rented a new house and bought some new furniture and two tons of coal. Gosh, she appeared cheerful and happy when I left this morning. I don't see what's the matter."

A few minutes later the mistake was noticed and the desk sergeant showed his relief, and the man with the papers went in search of the defendant.—Indianapolis News.

Shark That Swam in Kansas Sea. Agassizodus variabilis, a shark from Kansas, will soon have his once wicked teeth brought to foodless rest in the National museum. Dr. George P. Merrill, curator of geology, has received as a gift from Dr. Frank Springer the paleontological collections of the late Orestes St. John which contained the fossil remains of this unique fish, which chased its prey through a Kansas sea many million years ago.

The cartilaginous body of the shark disintegrated, but a complete set of teeth, such as has never been found elsewhere, remained in the coal measures of Kansas to tell his story. Doctor St. John gave the name Agassizodus to his find in honor of the famous Harvard naturalist, Louis Agassiz, who was his teacher.

A Want Ad means additional income with little outlay. Let the Outlook prove it.

Let the Farmer Watch His Step

The law has inferentially acknowledged that commercial money cannot thrive on a seven per cent interest rate, and while the relief of the farmer will be appreciated, it will be found mighty hard scraping for the farmer to get adequate reward for his labor at this lowered rate. Danger lies in the likelihood that the farmer, so long used to extortion, will over-borrow at the new rate, and will be disposed to seek temporary ease in finance, not realizing that the mills of Wall Street, like the mills of the gods, grind slowly but they grind exceeding small and that the day of settlement is as certain as the day of judgment. The farmer may obtain money at 5 1/2 per cent when borrowing through a co-operative marketing association, but here again the overhead steps in and the additional charges foot up to a sum that still must make the tiller of the soil bend to the burden.

The announcement of the Federal Farm Loan Board that \$12,000,000 is now available for farm loans under the new agricultural credit law, and at interest which while high is heavily compared with existing rates, will put heart into many a man who for years has been struggling under the burden of financial oppression; but it is hoped the tempting bait will not be swallowed to the point of saturation.

The new system will have the effect of reducing interest charges in some states from 10 per cent, to 7 per cent, or perhaps less. This sounds as cymbals heralding approach to the promised land, but it should not be forgotten that in many states interest on private loans in excess of six per cent is considered usury, and the lenders are punishable under the statutes. However, there appears to be one law for the commercial business man and another for the farmer.

CORBETT

The mass meeting held at Corbett was largely attended by people from far and near. The program was very good and the exhibits of school work unusually interesting. Among two-room schools Bridal Veil took first prize for exhibits and first for entertainment. Miss Yates and Miss Brown are the teachers. The Mountain school took the first prize for one-room schools. Miss Ethel Stewart is the teacher.

Miss Emma Fleming of Portland is the guest of Mrs. Clara E. Smith this week.

Catches of salmon continue light on account of rising water.

Mr. and Mrs. David Butler were business visitors in Portland on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tregakis have a baby boy.

The mountain school held an all-day picnic last Friday as the closing exercises of the school. Cafeteria lunch was served at noon and the afternoon was devoted to a short program and races. Miss Hazel Butler is the eighth grade graduate. The large attendance of parents and pupils indicates the interest the people take in their school, and many expressed themselves as being pleased with the success of the school during the past term. Miss Stewart was showered with candy and expressed her thanks to the parents for their helpfulness and cooperation during the term.

Mr. Solen of lower Corbett, who is quite ill, is under the care of Dr. Hughes of Gresham.

ALAS, WE KNOW HIM WELL

Penter—"I heard a good story last night. Let's see, what was it? Oh, yes. Did you hear that one about the newspaper—black and white and read all over?"

Doda—"No, go ahead."

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DAMASCUS

Plans are well under way for the big picnic to be held in John Hoffmeister's grove on Saturday, June 16, under the auspices of the Farm Bureau, the Damascus grange and the Parent-Teacher circles of Damascus and Union school districts. A fine program is being arranged for morning and afternoon and a big picnic dinner at noon. Grant B. Dimmick of Oregon City, Mrs. J. F. Hill, president of the state Parent-Teacher association, and George A. Mansfield, president of the State Farm Bureau Federation, will be the speakers. The

committee has been fortunate in securing the Luscher quartet of Fairview for this event. Games and races will be held in the afternoon.

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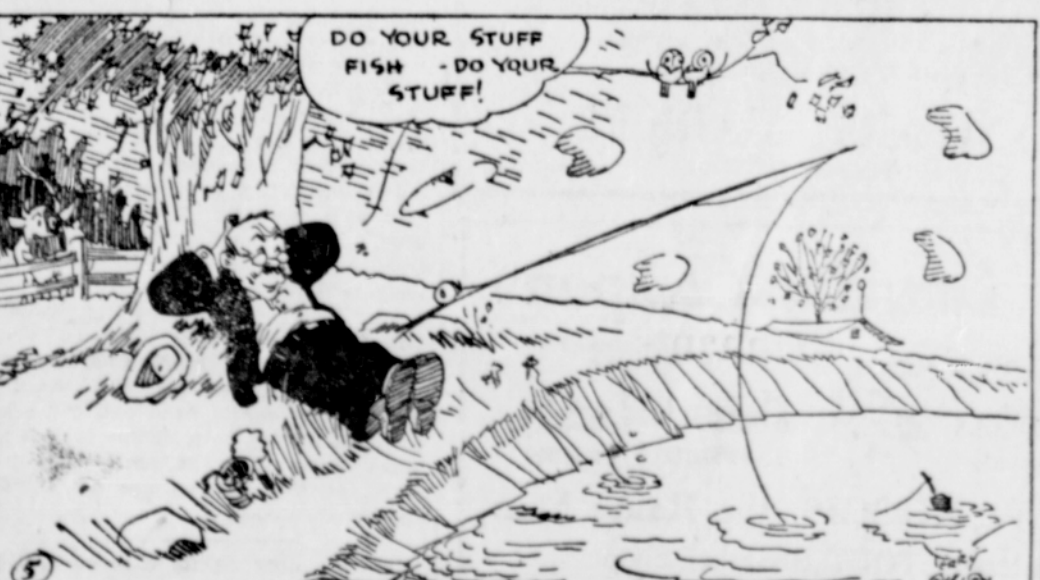
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HOME SWEET HOME

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HOME HABITS

R.C.B. SENT THIS ONE—MY HUSBAND GROWLS WHEN HE DROPS HIS COLLAR BUTTONS IN THE BATH ROOM AND THEY ROLL UNDER THE BATH TUB!