



TOGO TOURS (SEEING AMERICA FIRST)

Personally conducted by
HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)



SEEING MILWAUKEE

TO EDITOR, Oregonian, who looks forward to the day when dish-washing, athletics and all other degrading work will be done by machinery and give the Idle Classes a rest.

Dear Sir—
One recent morning Cousin Nogi took our rubbernecking automobile, "Seeing America," out of his garage and brushed him lovingly with a plush rag. "Our next see-sight trip must be to Milwaukee," he pronounce distinctly.

"What is so remarkable about this Milwaukee?" I ask with voice.

"It is a city full of Social Uplifters," suggest Nogi.

"I thought all the Social Uplifters was in Newport," is smart quotation from me. No reply from Nogi, who remain seriously at work tuning up the gasolene.

So we turn our mechanical chariot in direction of Milwaukee which has made the Brotherhood of Man seem almost as delicious as Beer. Both products are manufactured in that town.

Numerous wealthy Americans who had neglected to learn Socialism while living in Wall street, now gladly payed price \$1 for ride in our joyful wagon where they could learn this education. Among these distinguish Tourists was Dr. J. J. Hill, Dr. J. Peirpont Morgan, Prof. Henry Clews and Major Dan Guggenheim. They all sat in neat rows making nice behavior. By their scholarly eyebrows I could see that the very smell of Milwaukee's breweries gave them a thirst for knowledge.

Pretty soon we arrive with honks-honks to City Hall, Milwaukee.

"Are Emil Seidel, Socialistical Mayor, inside?" I require from Hon. Janitor.

"He is busy talking to a perpetual franchise," report Hon. Janitor with steam-heat voice.

"We desire to make speeches with him," I collapse.

"You cannot bore him with your conversation," dib Hon. Janitor.

"To bore folks with their conversation is the privilege of every Socialist," I commute. "Therefore, we demand our rights."

So this important steam-pipe official retreat inside Mayor Office with scornful grunt. Pretty soon door flop openwards and Hon. Emil Seidel, the greatest Socialist Mayor since Wm. Gaynor, walk outwards to front plaza. He is less Irish than you would expect from his name. He has a municipal ownership forehead, generous feet and a propaganda moustache. When he seen us he stood with sad expression peculiar to folks about to make welcoming speeches.

"Comrades," he reproach, "welcome to our city!"

"Comrade Seidel," I reing, "Will you permit me to present you with some new Comrades?"

"I am fond of presents," he enjoin mayoratically.

"Kindly allow me the permission to present to you, Comrade Hill, Comrade Morgan and Comrade Guggenheim," I derange.

"Glad to see you, boys!" negotiate Emil. "We are willing to greet all new members, however humble their position. All men are born equal, ain't they? Therefore, we must not act with snub & scorn when a few sorry Trusts come creeping up to us & lay their sins at our feet. If us Socialists are going to own the Trusts we must act kind & coaxing to them bald-headed giants."

All them Financiers thank him with debased stomachs.

"Has Socialism been vast improvement for Milwaukee?" I require with chivalry.

"Miraculously surprising," he gollup. "Milwaukee is now the perfect city—it has no Graft."

"You call it a perfect city when it have no Graft?" holla Cousin Nogi.

"How like Governor Hughes you talk! Why must you abuse Graft merely because it smells bad? It is necessary to cities like cheese to food. What-say Hon. Rudyard Kipling, famous poet, about Graft? He say, 'You may live without love, you may live without gum, you may live without magazines, muckrakers, rum; you may live without Trusts, you may live without Taft, But civilized man cannot live without Graft.'"

Deep groans for Mayor Seidel.

"Bring your joyful wagon with me," he suggest, "and I will show you what Municipal Ownership have accomplished for our city."

Along central street of this town we drove along unexpectedly. Near parkway drive we noticed 365 babies riding in nurse-carriages. They was very statesmanlike children with dignified eyebrows and tall hair like Senator La Follette.

"The Municipal ownership of Babies," say Hon. Seidel, "is one of the most important improvements we have made since the Socialists got in. Why is it so many children, naturally refined, grows up to be crude and capitalistic Railroad Presidents? Because! Due to the greed of their parents, they have been raised by the Competitive System of Private Ownership. Mothers, before the New Order of Things, wished to keep all the beauty and intelligence of their children to themselves, little realizing that the Child belongs to the State.



"ANY LADY CAUGHT WEARING A CLOTHES BASKET DISGUISED AS A HAT."

But we have changed all this. Please notice these Municipal Ownership Babies. They never cry, suck their thumbs or refuse nourishment."

All Babies look upward with intellectual expression.

"Children, give the Proletariat yell," suggest the kind Mayor.

All Children arrange their mouths and hoot sweetly, "Goo-goo-goo! Who are we? Deo-dee-dee! We are the Younger set of Mil-wau-kee! Da-da!"

Pretty soon we come to a lofty Department Store where 10,000 ladies was mobbing around with raptorial expression under a sign "MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP BARGAIN SALE TODAY."

"Did you ever see a more orderly riot?" require Hon. Emil.

Hon. J. P. Morgan say he never did, not even in financial circles.

"This sight you see is one of the Safe and Sane Bargain Sales being conducted by the Socialist Management of Milwaukee. Before the New Light struck our fair city the death-rate among ladies after bargain day was something pathetic. Hospitals was filled with sweethearts and wives who had lost their thumbs and ears in the mad scramble for a yard of 20c chiffon marked down to 19-1-2. But now, thanks to our enlightened system, deaths and accidents on Bargain Day are unknown. For why? Because, we do not permit any bargains to be offered for sale. The store is opened, to music, at 10 o'clock in the morning. All the aisles are lined

with special policemen with strick orders to arrest anybody who loses her temper or her hairpins. The fair bargain-hunters are permitted to march three times around the store, then they take seats in the auditorium and listen to a lecture on 'Cripple Gowns' by a famous gentleman dress-maker from Paris. After the services they sing, 'Ain't It Funny What a Difference a Few Clothes Make?' and retire quietly to the soda-water department.

"You cannot imagine what a blessing this Safe & Sane Bargain Day has been to the husbands of Milwaukee. Hon. Tired Workman now comes home at night and knows that supper will be ready as usual and Wife awaiting him at the door with all her fingers and toes just where he left them in the morning. And the money

which was once foolishly squandered on calico, near-Irish embroidery, etc., can now be spent for cigars, musical comedies and other necessities of life."

Mayor Seidel wipe away the beads of prosperity from his brows.

"We have not yet finished our Public Ownership Millinery Store," he continue onwards. "But when it's done it will be the greatest improvement that has occurred since Merry Widow Hats went out. The object of this store will be to put a limit to what women wear on their heads. Following will be some of the rules:

"1—If fruits are in fashion, nothing larger than a pineapple will be permitted. Strawberries and cucumbers must not be worn on the same hat. Melons prohibited.

"2—Ladies whose hats will not get through the door must set outside in streetcars.

"3—Any lady wishing to wear hat pins must register same as Dangerous Weapons before Hon. Chief of Police.

"4—Any lady caught wearing a clothes-basket disguised as a hat will be promptly persecuted under Section 23 of the Pure Food Law."

We all stand gawp at this information.

"How progress does progress!" suggest Hon. J. J. Hill with scientific expression of an LL. D.

"But the greatest—or nearly the greatest—improvement in Milwaukee since Hon. Socialists got control of the Republican Party has been in the Municipal Ownership Street Railways. The Conductors are appointed by Civil Service—the most evil in the world. Before getting a situation of employment on Street Cars, Hon. Conductor must pass examination in politeness and give 544 reasons why he is fit to serve the Public without insulting. Instead of yalling 'Fare, please!' with horse voice peculiar to Chicago, Milwaukee conductors is required by law to say, 'Pardon, might I take the liberty of requesting your nickel or transfer as the case may be?' Then, if Hon. Passenger shyly refuses to make cash-pay, Hon. Conductor pulls a lever which turns over Hon. Seat and dumps Hon. Passenger out to street without further impoliteness."

While driving along streets of Beautiful Milwaukee we notice a sound of sweet music wherever we look. At nearly every corner we observed a brass band executing tunes in the German language.

"These bands are employed by the Board of Public Works," depose Hon. Mayor. "Object of them is to make work pleasant for all laborers

employed digging sewers, scorching asphalt, etc. Is it not Love that make the World go round? And is it not Music the soul of Love when played on? So Milwaukee workman accomplish 3 days work in 1, because they must keep time to fast music, supplied by the city."

"What have Socialism ever Done for Beer?" require Hon. Guggenheim with Alaska expression.

"Driver," drive us to the Municipal Brewery," suggest Mayor Seidel to Cousin Nogi. "This place, which we are now approaching to, is called the Brewery Beautiful. Beer in Milwaukee is not a low and sordid thing like coal or potatoes. It is a work of Art. Beer makes lovely thoughts, and therefore it should be manufactured in the midst of lovely surroundings."

We observe a fat stone building resembling Buckingham Palace covered with vines. Folks of Milwaukee was passing in and out dressed in Grand Opera clothes of extreme richness.

"What society place can this be?" I require nervely.

"This is the Brewery," depose him. "We have made it the great Municipal Center of Milwaukee, as it should be. In this Bldg, besides the tanks, we have a New Theater, a Lecture Hall and an Ethical Culture School. As the beer belongs to the municipality, it is patriotic to drink as much as possible. So all the plays, lectures, etc., served in this Brewery are completely dry, thusly promoting thirst. Tonight the lecture will be by Hon. Hurton Bolmes, the subject being 'Travel in the Sahara Desert.'"

So me & Nogi & the Other Capitalists step inside where we watch 600,000 tons of Socialist Hops in the process of delicious fermentation.

Hoping your are the same

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.

S. P.

Please insert following advertisement and pay me your usual rates:

O LOOK!!

Are You Fond of Dirt?

Then get on the Wagon with Hashimura Togo!

Next Week

He Will Show You the Greatest Dirt-Digging Contract in the History of Muckraking.

"SEEING THE PANAMA CANAL!!"

Tour of Portland's Busy Places

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er city—their own not excepted. In addition to this there are 125 cases of eggs, 125 head of dressed veal and hogs and an equal number of coops of chickens received daily. Hundreds of cars of potatoes, cabbage, celery, beets, carrots and onions are received annually and the profits are good. A single item of 11,000 gallons of cream which is received daily, is also one of importance. In the midst of the district, at 103 Front street, is a two-story building. This is the first brick structure built in Portland, and although over half a century old, it is still in a good state of repair. Adjoining this at 101 Front street, is the building which contained the first bank on the Pacific Coast. The building was erected by Ladd & Titton in 1853 and was occupied immediately after completion.

In this district the large machinery supply houses make their headquarters for the Northwest. One can find here machinery of all kinds—with mill and logging supplies in the lead. Transmission of power is also well represented. Wood working machinery is the most expensive and an ordinary piece will cost in the neighborhood of \$1000. If an engine of large horse-power is wanted the price may vary from \$1000 to \$10,000. Donkey engines are expensive and all logging outfits run into money rapidly. Gasoline engines are finding favor in all lines of work and thousands of these noisy fellows are installed annually.

Across the river at the foot of the Morrison-street bridge is the third largest distributing point for agricultural machinery in the United States. All the big Eastern manufacturers have warehouses here and the entire Pacific Coast is supplied from this point. Here one may find traction engines (both steam and gasoline), gang plows, combination harvesters and separators, plows, harrows, wagons and hundreds of other things which lighten the farmer's toil and make it possible to harvest his crop quickly and at little expense. The great fields in Eastern Oregon cannot be plowed as is ordinarily done, nor harvested in the usual way. Steam or gasoline traction engines—sometimes of 50 or more horsepower, drag large gang plows back and forth across the wide stretches of land and turn furrows of rich, mellow soil. The combination harvester and thresher takes the bounteous crop and within a few days it is stored in a warehouse or sold to a grain dealer. The farmer banks his money and the passing of each Summer finds him richer and happier. Portland is benefited by all this to the extent that over \$5,000,000 worth of imple-

ments are sold annually from this point.

Between Ash and Ankeny and Front and First streets stands the wholesale drygoods house of Fleischner, Mayer & Co. and is the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Near this store is the Skidmore fountain, which was designed by the celebrated sculptor, St. Gaudens. Artists who have examined the work pronounce it among the best he has ever done.

Just to the south of the Burnside-street bridge and overlooking the west side of the river, are the sand and gravel bunkers of C. J. Cook & Company. It is interesting to know that a load measuring two and two-thirds yards leaves the office every minute and a half the greater part of the year. There are two other firms in the city, and all doing about the same work. The sand and gravel used for street paving and building of concrete walls, and despite the large amount handled they have difficulty in supplying the demand.

At the corner of Front and Everett streets is the plant of the Portland Gas Company. Last year \$92,000,000 cubic feet of gas was manufactured and distributed through the city. To the north of this stands the first passenger depot built in Portland. It is now used as a Seaman's Institute.

As you pass under the viaduct at the next street intersection you come into the greatest industrial center in Portland. Two miles square are devoted exclusively to manufacturing plants, jobbing houses and railroad yards. There are so many of them it is difficult to go into detail and describe them in a satisfactory manner. Brief mention will be made of a number of the larger and more important ones.

The first is the Hazelwood Cream Company where a large part of the city's toothsome ice cream is made. They are also the chief distributors of the milk and cream supply. They have their own refrigerating plant, and in addition to handling the above named products, they make hundreds of tons of yellow butter. Adjoining this plant are the terminal railroad yards. Black, noisy engines are busily engaged in moving long trains of freight cars. Merchandise of different kinds is segregated and placed on their respective tracks or pushed in the sidings of the numerous warehouses and factories. Heavy trucks and wagons by the hundreds are hurrying back and forth. The scream of whistle, clang of bells and heavy thud as the cars bang together make it a sight worth seeing. The narrow strip of land lying between the tracks and river is covered

by giant warehouses, notable among them being the Great Northern wheat shed, which is 1000 feet long. Near this is the wharf where the first hay was shipped from this Coast to Alaska and the Philippine Islands. This was an Oregon product and was raised in the Willamette Valley. Here also are the coal yards, from which the city gets its fuel supply. Great cranes, with long arms, swing over the vessels and buckets are lowered into the ship's bottom and are then swiftly hoisted by an engine and their cargo of black diamonds is dumped into bunkers.

Lying directly across the river are several other warehouses, where ocean steamers are discharging their cargoes and reloading for some foreign port. Brawny stevedores are bringing truck loads of merchandise to electric carriers and these take the boxes and cases aboard. Many vessels load with their own pony engines, this being especially necessary where the thing to be loaded is very heavy or bulky. The American Can Company, adjoining the coal yards, has an annual output of 30,000,000 tin cans. Over 750,000 pounds of sheet tin are used in their manufacture, and about 300 employees are kept busy.

The million-dollar plant of the Willamette Iron Works is something worth visiting. If one has half an hour to spend he may watch the manufacture of logging machinery. Here the raw material is cast or cut, drilled and caseoled into a hundred different shapes. These finished parts are assembled and what was of little worth until used with other pieces, become valuable in camp and road. Huge cranes which can lift tons as easily as a man can raise his hat, are so simple of operation that a child could handle them. Other plants in the city specialize in certain lines, with mill machinery and transmission of power leading. Good wages are paid and Portland boasts of more working men owning their homes than any other city of its size in the United States.

(To be continued.)

Women and Agriculture.

Philadelphia Record.
Dr. Marion Parrie presided at the congress of women interested in agriculture which was recently held at Bryn Mawr College. Women with practical experience spoke on their experiments in general farming, fruitgrowing, landscape gardening, bee-keeping, poultry-raising, dairy farming, truck gardening and horticulture. The general opinion seemed to be that women could ordinarily carry on successfully any of these branches with a profit of from 10 to 20 per cent.

FAMOUS DESIGNER OF DIRIGIBLE BALLOON MEETS DEATH BY EXPLOSION OF HIS OWN CRAFT.



ERBSLOER AND HIS AIRSHIP.

PATTCHEED, Germany, July 29.—(Special.)—Oscar Erbsloeh, the designer of the dirigible balloon Erbsloeh, was killed recently, together with four other men, when that balloon exploded when about 5000 feet in the air, near here. The explosion is believed to have been caused by the expansion of gas in the balloon when it was warmed by the clear rays of the sun at the high altitude the dirigible had attained. Erbsloeh gained fame in the year 1907 by winning the international cup in the balloon race which started from St. Louis. He flew approximately from 880 to 890 miles, having been in the air 41 hours. He also crossed the Alps at a height of 18,000 feet in February of last year.