

LINCOLN LECTURE

Continued from page 1

point. Mr. Lincoln from that time, was, on every occasion a surprise. Surrounded in his executive office by Seward, Chase and Stanton, all really great men, his judgment and will, while not arbitrary, were in no sense governed or controlled by them. It is well known that every important measure of administration was of his own initiative. His, in every case, was the directing and deciding mind. When we think of the unknown problems he was called to solve, it is really marvelous.

Mr. Lincoln had no theories, no pet fancies, no schemes with which he believed his fame identified. He was not a bookish statesman. His stock in trade was only sensible sense. He had no historic ideals, no school of political thought for a guide. Some called him slow and timid, but he was neither. Results showed him patient, cautious and comprehensive. With flattering deceivers and parasites ever besetting him, he remained the same uncorrupted, original, simple hearted man.

Finally, Mr. Lincoln's greatness was shown in his abounding humanity. Not a few persons listening to me could tell of some incident of Mr. Lincoln's big-hearted compassion. In my battery a private soldier was discharged and sent home to his wife and three little ones, about to perish in a pioneer cabin in the North in that coldest of winters, 1864-5, in answer to the most simple letter, written in indigo ink by the soldier's wife to Mrs. Lincoln saying, "Please ask your husband to let John come home. The snow is deep and I have to drag up dead limbs and brush to burn. Some day my three little ones stay in bed all day to keep from freezing." The result of this message was an order from the War Department to the captain of our battery at Chattanooga, Tenn., to "Honorably discharge Private John McKinstry, and furnish him money to get home. (Signed) Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, by direction of the President."

During the battle of the Wilderness, Grant's first set-to with Lee, when it looked as if nobody would come out alive, mothers and wives of our soldiers went in groups to the White House, pleading, "O, Mr. President, our loved ones are all being slain! Can't you, won't you, stay the head of death?" They found Mr. Lincoln in tears, walking the floor, wringing his hands. "I know it's awful, I know it, I know it!" said he, "but I promised General Grant I would not interfere, and I cannot, I cannot!"

Mr. Lincoln through life was subject to strange spells of depression of spirit. At such times his gloom was something awful. It was the loneliness of a great soul that clung to him from the grave of Ann Rutledge his first love. He seemed a stranger to the harsher and stormy passions that have swayed you and me. Easily grieved, he seemed incapable of hate, and it seems strange that hate in others should have taken his life; but maybe it was God's plan that he should fall at the apex of his greatness, who knows? All his state papers, and public utterances show that he had a humble dependence upon Almighty God.

Mr. Lincoln's body now lies, with that of his wife, under a stone slab snugly fitted over the caskets, the whole covered with solid concrete, 8 feet below the floor of the vault underneath the great monument in Oak Ridge cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. An attempt was once made to steal the body. Since then the state has taken extra precaution, keeping on guard night and day, a member of my regiment, the 7th Illinois Volunteers.

Thank heaven, the awful war is over and gone, while its rich fruitage is seen in a happy and united people. Now the little bird comes from the sunny south and builds its nest in the cannon's mouth. And nothing is heard from the big gun's throat. But the twittering wren and the blue bird's note.

JITNEY JINGLES.

If a street car meets a jitney
Coming down the lane,
And the street car hits the jitney,
I wonder who's to blame?

A \$20,000 fish ladder at Oregon City that kills all the salmon instead of letting them come over the falls is an example of the state doing things.

Portland municipal wood yard finds itself with 10,000 cords of wood on hand that competes with farmers and wood dealers.

VICTORY

Miss Annie Morgan, who is staying with Mrs. Spencer, spent Sunday with the home folks. Mrs. Spencer has returned home from the hospital where she has been taking treatment.

J. Iekler and family, S. Hale and family took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Harry McCreary Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Foth and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. L. Wilhelm.

G. W. Alder has bought two cows and with what he already had is going to try the dairy business.

Miss Jean Lent and Miss Edith Andrews called on Mrs. Morgan one evening last week.

Mrs. H. Payne's sister Mrs. Dimvity and daughter, from Prineville, are here to spend the summer with Mrs. Payne.

Harold McCreary is going into the fur raising business. He has a colony of skunks. He has five old ones and twelve young ones. He can raise fur and scent at the same time.

Harry McCreary has commenced picking strawberries on the Kiger place. They have a large patch of very fine berries.

Arthur Burns was a Portland visitor Saturday.

Mrs. H. W. Cooley and daughters Lena and Hazel made a business trip to Portland Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fritz called on Mr. and Mrs. Rozin Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Lent, from Fairview, took dinner with Mrs. G. W. Andrews Sunday.

Ed. Jones is farming Mrs. T. K. Williams' place this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Kerslake and family made a business trip to Portland Monday.

James Burns and John Biekon dinner with Mr. Spencer's Sunday.

Frank Armstrong is shooting wood down off the hill onto the road below. He has about 90 cords to flume down, which he has sold to Mr. Thompson on the Melrose farm.

Homer Williams, who is a Forest ranger, passed through here Monday morning with a train of pack mules.

John Mitchell, from Cherryville, called on Mrs. Armstrong Sunday.

Miss Isabel Thompson called on Miss Florence Wilhelm Sunday.

A young Shepherd dog followed Mrs. H. McCreary home from Gresham last Friday. Any one who has lost a dog can enquire. Their phone is 43x1.

MELROSE

Mrs. Blanch Stafford celebrated her birthday Sunday at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Thos. Wiles.

Thos. Wiles and wife and Mrs. Branson went to the illustrated lecture on the Passion Play in Gresham. They report it very fine.

Miss Schaffer, of Portland, is visiting at the home of Chas. Tallman.

Miss Mabel Wood, as a guest of Miss Olive Olsen, motored over to Gresham to the ball game Sunday. Mr. Olsen and Roy accompanied them.

A memorial program will be given at the schoolhouse May 29, in honor of the old soldiers of this community. Everyone is invited to attend. After the entertainment the Searcher's class will serve free refreshments to the honored guests and will be prepared to serve everyone else at a moderate price.

The ball game between Troutdale and Cedar, played on the Cedar grounds, was won by the home team, the score being 11 to 5.

ORIENT

P. H. Rook visited Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine at University Park, Portland, last Wednesday, returning on Thursday.

The Sandy ball team was to have played the local team here on Sunday, but failed to come.

Quite a number of high grade cows from the dispersal sale of Charles Hunter's herd came to this district. C. H. Johansen, R. I. Anderson and A. F. Chase being the purchasers. From the high prices paid it would seem that there is still profit in dairying.

The grange hall is getting a much needed coat of paint and when finished this will improve the appearance of the property. Mr. Thomas of Sandy is the painter.

C. H. Johansen's new barn is rapidly approaching completion and gives his place quite a finished appearance.

The school year closes next week. William McAlpine was out from Portland on Sunday calling on Mr. Landauer.

PLEASANT VALLEY

The Pleasant Valley Aid society will meet Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. A. Lehman. The hostess will serve tea for the benefit of the society.

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**CONKLE'S TRIP
HOMeward**

Of Tacoma and Seattle where we spent three days, I need not write; your people know them, or cities like them. Suffice it to say they are awake and it is well you Portlanders do not forget. The Sound, the Straits and the Harbors of your north coast cities are familiar. At 7:45 p. m. we commenced our run from Vancouver, B. C., on into and through the night. Daylight brought us to Kamloops, a rather substantial looking town beyond the Cascades. We slid down and up rivers besides the seemingly endless banks of the Shuswap and Arrow lakes.

At last, so the map tells us, we cross a large and turbulent river called the Columbia. I remember having seen and admired that river three hundred miles south, and on former occasions traced its northward march through the Rockies and the Selkirks. Here it was again as turbulent and unbridled as when it fled down the rapids and dashed through the Cascades.

In the meantime the mountains! Higher they grew and closer they stood. So close were they that it puzzled the "Kicking Horse" river and the train to run side by side along the narrow valley. Indeed several times it was compelled to flee under the mountains to escape the river. The river was fittingly called "The Kicking Horse" by the Indian as I am sure no cayuse could be more obstreperous than the river up which we slowly moved for so many miles. Falls! Multnomah Falls! Talk of your Bridal Veils! Here was a river that fell twenty miles and kept falling all the way.

But the mountains! think of a thousand Mount Hoods, snow capped and regal, planted thick and crowding upon each other from Field through Laggan and reaching miles beyond Banff. From where you enter at Canyon to Banff is one hundred and sixty miles as the railroad runs curves and winds, and every movement you are in speaking distance of more than one of these giants. At Glacier we saw clearly, distinctly the thing itself; the great glistening, shimmering icefield. It was up a mile; it may have been more.

To see them better and study the mountains more closely we stopped for 24 hours at Banff. Banff is set down in a quiet warm spot in the very heart of the Rockies. The room for a city of any size is very much compressed, not large enough for a good western corn field. All around as thick as they can stand are mountains thrust up out of the level from three to five thousand feet. We remember that Banff itself is 4,521 feet above sea level. It seems probable that the level spot on which the village stands was a deep canyon and the swift little river that flows through it, and the frosts, snows and avalanches aided by glacial action filled this canyon and leveled the place on which the village is built. Standing on that level you can count right about you a dozen, and for ought I know as many more giant peaks, measuring as much as ten thousand feet in height some of them. Most of the uncovered ones are crowned with sawback summits. The others are covered with a heavy blanket of snow. The sawback seems a great broken rock shivered by earthquake action and then driven upward by supernatural power. Every tenth step greets you with a new surprise; you see the mountains from a new angle.

Early under the direction of our genial host we sought out the Warm Sulphur springs—one of them, for there are many. Its temperature is 99 degrees. We were directed to find the guide. We found him coming out of a cave. All the weird stories we had read of caves, treasure hunters, etc., came to mind. It was a fitting grottoing place for a giant Despair. But lo, he was a genial, jolly old Scot, who was suave enough to have kissed the blarney stone. He told the story of the cave's discovery by the engineers who planned and found a way for the Canadian Pacific, as we sat by his side looking into the warm sulphur pool now surrounded by a cement basin of not less than 50 feet in circumference. The cave

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is 50 feet high with an opening of several feet at the top. It is now entered by a comfortable tunnel. It originally had stalactites pendent from the top; long ago these were carried away. Sitting there the jolly old man told us the story of his 25 years' familiarity with Banff, the cave interweaving it with poetry, legend, tradition, all well worth the hearing, and worth the retelling had I not the fear of the editorial scissors. Suffice it, the story was such as a true Scot could tell articulated with the Gaelic accent. He gave us his name as a memento of our visit: James Drummond Gallethly. Cave, Banff, Alberta, Canada.

The Canadian Government has here a National Reservation of 5,732 square miles. These sulphur springs have an ornate and elegant bath house, and the absence of a bath robe was the one thing preventing Mrs. C. from enjoying a dive in the Rockies.

J. H. CONKLE.

CORBETT

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Blackburn entertained for a few days last week Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wendling of Hastings, Nebraska, who are delighted with this part of the country.

Mrs. J. S. Otis is here from Free-water, Oregon, where she has been for the past few months. She is greeting old friends and neighbors and will go soon to Portland, where she will make her home for a time with her nephew, Willie Lloyd.

The Methodist Aid society will meet on Wednesday afternoon, May 26 at the home of Mrs. Fred Radford. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

TERRY

Mrs. L. Spencer has returned to her home on the Base Line from the Sellwood, where she has been for treatment. She is somewhat improved in health.

Mrs. E. J. Heseltine has returned from River Mill, where she has been visiting with friends.

Hiram Dodge was a caller at the Calkins home one day last week.

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Insurance Commissioner Wells, receiver of the defunct Horticultural Fire Relief association, which was a mutual company, has just ordered its 3700 members to pay into his hands the sum of \$22,139 to meet the pressing debts which the company left outstanding.—Telegram, May 21.

Moral: When You Buy Fire Insurance BUY THE BEST.
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