

MID SCENES OF LANG SYNE

Continued from page 1

the surface lines, the subway trains of seven coaches per train, and the elevated trains, also seven-coached each, all making a desperate effort to handle the crowds. These trains run every one half minute and stops at stations consume only eight seconds. Each train carries fourteen hundred passengers or two thousand eight hundred per minute on the elevated railroad alone. The subway does even more and the many surface lines are crowded to overflowing. There are more passengers carried daily in New York City than there are inhabitants in Wyoming, Colorado, New Jersey and Delaware combined. If my friends will imagine ten trains between Gresham and Linnemann Junction carrying fourteen hundred passengers each with one half minute headway, he will get some idea of the passenger traffic on one line alone in New York City. The greatest treat for me was my visit to the most wonderful art gallery in America, and ere long it will be the greatest in the world. I was spell bound as I saw for the first time in my life the master pieces of the greatest painters of all times. I was surprised to find that these great works of art held me in perfect awe, and only by a second visit could I content myself to leave this place of gems. The collection of Mr. B. Altman, the multimillionaire merchant of Fifth avenue, costing him fifteen million dollars seems to me a greater collection of modern art than those left by the late J. P. Morgan. Many of the latter collections are reputable because of the great amount of money the Shylocks of Europe succeeded in extracting from Mr. Morgan. The Altman collection contains a wonderful sixteenth century salt celler made of solid gold, pearls, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, costing two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is the only article in the museum that is honored by being locked in a vault every night. The museum of Natural History had a special attraction for me, for I had anticipated seeing there the original Bull Moose of my name sake "Teddy." Of exceeding interest was the meteorite of solid iron found by Explorer Perry in the frozen north and weighing thirty-six tons, the Dinosaur, meaning the Great Lizard, measuring sixty-six feet, eight inches in length and weighs forty tons. Also interesting was a collection of ring stones—sets for a ring. Each stone is different, some were inlaid with diamonds and sapphires, rubies and other valuable stones. They were owned by a German gentleman of the seventeenth century; each stone was worn in his ring, being changed daily. It was purchased and presented to the Museum in 1873 by Samuel T. Avery.

A Japanese long tailed rooster with feathers nine feet long. Some tale, Eh? A fin-back whale sixty-two feet long—but then if I were to describe a hundredth part of what I saw, the Outlook could not contain it, and my friends might not believe me. The Grand Central station is a city in itself, covering sixteen blocks, sixty-nine acres, the exact size of my old Gresham-Butte farm. If Gresham possessed as many business houses, as are contained in this railway station alone, Gresham could afford to be proud of her growth. It is the largest and most costly station in the world. It has thirty-one miles of tracks for handling two hundred trains and seventy thousand passengers each hour. There are forty-five tracks for suburban trains in course, twenty-five feet below the city streets.

Now don your Palm beach suits and join me on a tour in the city in a motor car, with the pleasure of seeing noted places in history, the palatial homes of America's most famous millionaires and modern business palaces, and here are some of the things I saw. B. Altman & Co., the largest dry goods store in the world, and the only store that displays no signs. Washington's headquarters during the revolution,

the church he attended and the very pew in which he sat. Grant's tomb and the caskets in which General and Mrs. Grant lie. St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue the largest and most beautiful church in America, costing three million dollars. The place where the Stokes and Fisk tragedy occurred, and Madison square roof garden where Harry Thaw became infamous. I could fill columns of the Outlook with descriptions of the highly interesting things I've seen, but I want something left to talk about when I return. By the way, I intend to furnish to the guests of Hotel Congdon for one month after I arrive home, a real New York McAlpin dinner free. The only condition there will be is that each guest pay an admission fee of one dollar, more or less, for the privilege of entering the dining room to see the magnificent five hundred dollar oil painting that I have had painted of myself from life, by one of New York's foremost portrait painters.

In my trip by special motor boat, and in circling the entire city via East river, Harlem river and the Hudson, I saw many places that this wonderful city has made famous. Who has not read and longed to see the great bridges that span the East river? One alone cost seventy million dollars. Ward's Island with its thousands of insane, Blackwell's Island where the city prison and work houses are located, also the new Industrial Farm of Henry Ford, which adjoins his mammoth new assembling plant. It will interest Mr. Latourelle to know that on this farm Mr. Ford will raise nothing but squirrels. The squirrels will be educated (A la Ford Institute) and each purchaser of a new Ford will be presented with two squirrels to pick up the nuts along the trail of the car. I tried by all kinds of red tape and wire-pulling to have my name entered at the "Hall of Fame." I offered to pose in the act of making one of my celebrated "German fried" but was told that there would be nothing doing before the year two thousand, I couldn't wait. O. J. Brown, you're next.

Riverside Drive is in my estimation the finest ever, and mind you I have seen Columbia River Highway, too. Along this Riverside Drive are the homes of many multi-millionaires, and here lives Mr. Adams, the maker of the Pepsin gum. I saw Adam in the Garden just in the act of putting some "pep" in his gum. I was unable, however, to meet Eve because, as the servant said "She is not dressed, the leaves have not yet begun to fall." I have been at the favorite rendezvous of the "gun men" in the notorious Becker case and stood upon the very spot where Rosenthal was shot. I wandered along the Bowery.

"But they do such things And they say such things I'll never go there any more." I have climbed to the top of the Statue of Liberty, went up into the head three hundred and sixty-five feet above the water and looked upon the world through the very eyes of this wonderful statue which was a gift to the United States, from "la belle France."

While riding up Fifth Avenue on top of a motor bus, a fine buxom damsel suddenly, very suddenly, planted herself on my lap. The bus jerked, turned and ran so fast that she could only blush and apologize, but I assured her that it was quite all right, I being from Gresham was perfectly neutral. I remained in the city much longer than I originally intended, because Tammany Hall was neglecting many important contracts. The mayor asked me to put a new wall around Wall street, a new handle on the Flat Iron building and a new pair of hinges on Hell's Gate. I could have had the contract of putting a new cone on Coney Island, had I not been so infatuated by the seven hundred and fifty thousand bathers in the ocean surf. I came here to do this old town to see the Great White Way and things not so white. New York is the hub of the amusement world, and yet, the opportunity for making big money is here today as much as it was in Boss

Tweed's time. Here is a proposition that I have had put up to me, and I may organize a stock company as soon as I arrive home: The object of this company is to operate a large cat ranch in or near Gresham where land can be purchased cheap for this purpose. To start in with, we will collect about, say, one hundred thousand (100,000) cats. Each cat will average twelve (12) kittens a year. The skins run from ten cents each for white ones, to seventy-five cents for the pure black. This will give us twelve million skins a year, to sell at an average of thirty cents (30c) a piece, making our revenue about ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) a day gross. A man can skin 50 cats per day for two dollars (\$2). It will take 100 men to operate the ranch, the net profit will therefore be about nine thousand eight hundred dollars (\$9,800) a day.

We will feed the cats on rats, and will start a rat ranch next door. The rats will multiply four times as fast as cats. If we start with one million rats, we will have, therefore, four rats per day for each cat, which is plenty. Now, then we will feed the rats on the carcasses of the cats, from which the skins have been taken, giving each rat a fourth of a cat. It will thus be seen that the business will be self-supporting and automatic all the way through. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats, and we get the skins. How does this proposition appeal to you Mayor Stapleton? Mr. King next!

It being one hour past high twelve, I will call from labor to refreshments. Just wait boys until I get home, I've got some stories for you that wouldn't look well in print. Sincerely, W. H. CONGDON.

TERRY

Mrs. Annie Swank, of Fairview, spent Sunday with Mrs. Coons.

Mrs. Pelton and son, Henry, from Sellwood have been visiting at the home of J. W. Coons and wife.

Mrs. E. M. Waldrip and Mrs. J. W. Coons made a business trip to Portland one day last week.

Mrs. May Hanning was a caller at the home of Mrs. Coons last Wednesday.

The funeral of Miss Olive Fancher was largely attended by friends from near and far who came to pay their last loving tribute to one they had so dearly learned to love.

THE HAM SANDWICH.

One of the greatest attractions at the county fair is the ham sandwich counter. Everybody gets hungry and the ham joint always gets patronage when other places are passed up. Just how favorably they will show up this year is getting to be a subject of deep concern, for there's nothing that shows the effect of the withering hand of war like the ham sandwich; and watching it dwindle into a mere shadow of its former self has been one of the most interesting studies of the war.

Who don't remember the plump, glistening five-cent sandwich of a few years ago? The bun or two slices of bread were full sized and had a beautiful finish. They were buttered with real rich yellow butter, and the ham between was home boiled, pink and sweet and fringed with fat as white as snow.

There was no attempt to cut the ham to fit the bread. It was cut thick and carelessly and portruded with reckless abandon on every side. But the five-cent ham sandwich has shrunk, and its shrinkage has been so gradual and cunning that we've scarcely realized it.

The first alteration in the five-cent ham sandwich was brought about by the European conflagration was the substitution of undyed oleo for butter. Then the hog prices began to soar on account of exports, the ham grew thinner and conformed more accurately to the bread or bun area. In fact you couldn't tell a ham sandwich from a one-leaf lettuce sandwich until you lifted the lid.

Then with the advent of the ruthless submarine campaign and the awful loss of wheat at sea, flour went up, and the first to suffer was the five-cent sandwich. A smaller bun was necessary if the great sandwich industry was to live, so the war bun followed—a poor, undersized, sallow excuse for the buoyant, robust peace bun with a hardware finish. The present day bun has no lustre. There is something cold and clammy about it. It's hard and unyielding, and when made into a five-cent sandwich, it opens and closes with the rattle of an old, dried out tobacco box.

Even the splatter of oleo has disappeared from the five-center, the ham is worth fifty cents a pound, and when you buy one and lift the top off to see what you've drawn, the interior wears a brazen expression and seems to wink the other eye. We expect to keep one of them as a souvenir to show our grandchildren what we had to eat when their dads were fighting for liberty.

TROUTDALE

Some of the friends of Mrs. Arthur Van DeWalker gathered Thursday evening at the home of Z. G. Schanck, where she was staying the night, to bid her farewell on the eve of her departure. A pleasant evening was spent and dainty refreshments were served. It was a farewell also to the Schancks, who were leaving Troutdale. Mrs. Van DeWalker has made many friends during her short residence among us, and we sincerely regret her departure. She left Friday for a visit in California, after which she will return to her former home in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

We lose good citizens in the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Schanck, who moved Saturday to Oregon City, where Mr. Schanck is employed in the paper mills.

Mrs. Jay Bailey and children returned last week from a visit to her father in Florence, Colorado.

C. I. Thomas returned Saturday from a week's visit at Newport, where he left his daughter Elizabeth with her aunt, Mrs. T. H. Halleck. Mrs. Thomas left this morning for Newport for a short stay.

Mrs. C. I. Raker went to Olympia last Wednesday for a week's visit with her niece, Mrs. L. M. Rose.

Owing to the prevalence of whooping cough and so many summer vacations, the Troutdale Sunday school will have a vacation during August, meeting again the first Sunday in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shirling and two children departed last week, after a most delightful visit with relatives here, for their home in Mont Martre, Saskatchewan, Canada. They are so pleased with the country that they are planning to return and make their home here in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden had quite a gathering at dinner Sunday at the Sun Dial ranch. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Morris McGinnis and daughter, Carl Damgard and Miss May Burnett of Camas, Wash., Miss Miriam Inglis, C. I. Raker and Ellsworth.

Mrs. T. H. Larwood and sons, Donald and John, and daughter Helen, of Eugene, were visitors Sunday at the C. I. Thomas home. Mrs. Larwood came to Portland to bid good bye to three of her sons Donald, Walter and Leonard, who have all answered their country's call.

SCENIC

Mrs. B. C. Altman is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alice Wolters at Auburn, Washington.

Recent callers at the DeHaven home were Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Chase and son, Harry, late of Los Angeles, Mrs. Helen Cady of Hastings, Neb., and Chas. Dake of Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss Ellen DeHaven, who has been having some eye trouble, visited an eye specialist in Portland and had a slight operation. The eye is somewhat improved.

Mr. Bell, of Sandy Ridge, was a caller at the Duncan home one day this week.

Mrs. Mary Zingsheim, of Portland, visited her sister, Mrs. J. R. Duncan, several days last week.

PLEASANT HOME

The Shining Light class of the Baptist church has bought fifty-three Bibles to send to soldiers at different places.

A party of girls went for a picnic in a grove near Pleasant Home. They spent the afternoon in eating watermelon, playing games, and all had a fine time.

Mr. Egbert, of Hood River, spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. F. Caddy.

The Willing Workers society of the Cottrell community church will meet with Mrs. Lizzie Radford all day Friday. Mrs. Radford will give a tea in the afternoon.

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MELROSE AND VICTORY.

An ice cream social will be given at the Victory schoolhouse next Saturday evening, August 11, by the Embroidery club. A short program will be rendered, after which ice cream and cake will be on sale. The proceeds will be for Red Cross work. It is hoped that a large number will be in attendance from this and surrounding districts, to help a worthy cause. Local ladies are asked to bring cakes.

The next meeting of the Embroidery club will be with Mrs. Grace Fritz on August 15. Note the change in date and place of meeting.

The usual services will be held at Iliff church next Sunday forenoon. The hour for Sunday school is 10 and for preaching 11 o'clock.

The fourth quarterly conference of the Iliff and Pleasant Home charge has been announced for August 16 and 17 at Pleasant Home. These will be two all-day services with basket dinners. Pastors and people from neighboring charges are invited to take part. Members of the quarterly conferences are urged to have their reports written for the meeting.

Rev. Peterson, Seventh Day Adventist preacher of Portland, is holding Bible readings at the Victory schoolhouse each Sunday afternoon, to which all are invited.

H. D. McDonald of Dallas, is visiting his mother, Mrs. S. J. McDonald, and his sister, Mrs. Alex. Thompson. Mr. McDonald is taking in Buyers' week in Portland.

The Best Laxative.

To keep the bowels regular the best laxative is outdoor exercise. Drink a full glass of water half an hour before breakfast and eat an abundance of fruit and vegetables, also establish a regular habit and be sure that your bowels move once each day. When a medicine is needed take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are pleasant to take and mild and gentle in effect. Obtainable everywhere.

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"I am bothered with liver trouble about twice a year," writes Joe Blumman, Webster City, Iowa. "I have pains in my side and back and an awful soreness in my stomach. I heard of Chamberlain's Tablets and tried them. By the time I had used half a bottle of them I was feeling fine and had no signs of pain." Obtainable everywhere.

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