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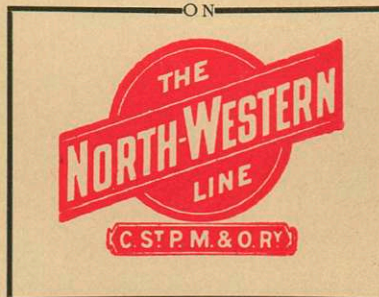
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Premiums ..	1,242.93	undivided profits....	96,556.88
Cash and due		Deposits.....	3,156,587.38
from correspondents	820,674.12		
	<u>\$3,503,144.26</u>		<u>\$3,503,144.26</u>

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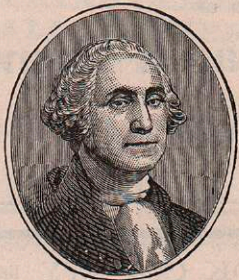
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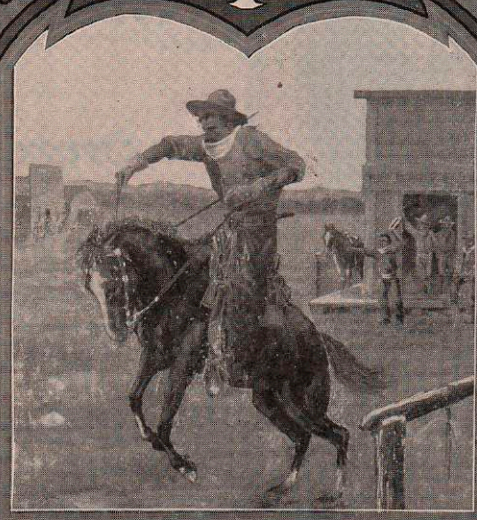


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A VISTA IN THE FAIR GROUNDS

The Lewis and Clark Journal



A Portion of Portland Harbor showing Many Vessels taking on Lumber, Flour and Wheat

Vol. II

PORTLAND, OREGON, JULY, 1904

No. 1

OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR
ISSUED MONTHLY BY

The Lewis and Clark Publishing Company

200-208 Alder St., Portland, Oregon

J. D. M. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT

C. BEN RIESLAND, SECRETARY

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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Entered as second-class matter, April 5, 1904, in the postoffice at Portland, Oregon
under the Act of Congress of March 3 1879.

The Lewis and Clark Journal will be issued each calendar month.
It will spare no endeavor to furnish information about the
forthcoming Exposition, the Pacific Coast and the
Orient. Letters and facts relating to
its purposes are invited

Paid pre-exposition admissions to the Lewis and Clark Centennial Grounds number 200 per day and about 500 to 1,200 Sundays. Ninety-five per cent of the visitors are tourists and transients in the city who declare themselves impressed by the advanced state of preparations.

Designs are now being prepared at the Philadelphia mint for the souvenir Lewis and Clark gold dollars, with a likeness of Lewis on one side and Clark on the other. The first issue of 25,000 will be ready in about two months. As these coins will not be minted at the Exposition, it has been decided that the mint bureau, as part of its exhibit, will coin medals of award and souvenirs of the Exposition.

Director-General Goode is greatly pleased with the outcome of the government plans. After several important conferences in Washington, D. C., with the National Board, he said: "We could not have fared better. We now have all the space we require, and from assurances given me, I am convinced we will have buildings of the most attractive design, and an exhibit equal, if not superior to that at St. Louis. The government is taking hearty interest in this work and intends to give us the best that is to be had."

The Lewis and Clark Corporation has, within the past few days, put forth a strong arm to arrest what appeared to be an attempt on the part of speculators to corner rooms and advance the prices of lodgings during the time of the 1905 Fair. A thorough investigation was at once made of the methods employed by this company masquerading

under the name of Lewis and Clark Accommodation Bureau, and an official warning was issued to the public by the corporation, requesting "the people of Portland not to contract for their rooms with anyone until the executive committee can thoroughly investigate the matter and make a public report." The executive committee has plans of its own for organizing a bureau of accommodation, and will not countenance for a moment any effort of speculators to raise the prices of rooms during the Fair.

Owing to the economy shown by the State Commission in letting contracts for the state buildings and the surplus on hand, it has been possible by transferring \$8,000 more to the building fund, to raise \$80,000 for three additional buildings. This has accordingly been done by the State Commission and there will be an auditorium, a building for livestock, and another for machinery, in addition to the buildings heretofore enumerated. Festival Hall will not be as originally planned, but is converted into a building for foreign exhibits. These three important additions to the States buildings to cost \$80,000, are made possible by a simple transfer of about \$8,000 of the state money from the general fund to the building fund.

The American Medical Association which will hold its annual convention in this city next summer, will bring to Portland 6,000 men of keen observation and special talent for making logical and correct inferences from all that they may see in a new country. No other organization of its kind in the world embraces a larger number of independent thinkers of brilliant intellectual powers, trained in correct methods of observation and reasoning, who carry such sound and cautious judgment into original lines of research. Men of large culture, and still larger influence, each having an extensive clientele in the community from which he comes, these doctors can do more to disseminate reliable information concerning the marvelous resources of this Northwest country, after their return from the Lewis and Clark Fair, than any other visitors that could be brought to Portland. Such men are guests whom Oregonians will delight to honor, and it is needless to say every hospitality and courtesy will be extended them. Many of these physicians and surgeons have achieved notable discoveries in the realm of medical science, such as have earned for them the gratitude of the civilized world. The total membership of the organization is 30,000.

At the Portland Rose Show

"Theirs was the noon's rich languor, and for them
The maiden moon her haloed beauty spread;
For them the bobolink his music spilled
In bubbling streams; and well the wild bee knew
Their honeyed hearts."—*Ednah Hayes.*

It was June and the Annual Rose Show had opened in Portland. The winds that swept across Multnomah Field wafted to every newcomer a fragrant greeting from the heart of the great fir-embowered rose-pavilion. Within, banked against this sombre, refreshing green a dark coolness reigned, brightened by flashes of riotous color, quivering, sparkling lights of splendid scarlet from a little colony of Gloire de Bourg la Reine roses that catch the eye from afar, rich, sumptuous crimson of General Jacqueminot, pale moonlight rose-bloom of La France and her companion beauty Caroline Testout, the delicate glamorous beauty of Maman Cochet and all her train of high-born tea-roses, thousands of enthralling rose-beauties, each one appealing to the stranger-guest by some compelling charm of color or intoxicating fragrance. And through the long witching green vistas are throngs of fair women exulting in low caressing tones over the marvelous tinting of petal and flushing bud. Little knots of angular, black-coated men, expert rose-growers, may be seen here and there discussing with severely professional air the bright ethereal presence that environs them, analyzing, with the cold logic of the connoisseur, the sovereignty of Oregon roses over those of all the world beside. But sometimes the critical faculty gives place to unpremeditated enthusiasm.

"I'll grant," says a well-traveled Englishman whose monocle had been sternly fixed on a languishing Folkestone near at hand, in a vain search for a tell-tale, gormandizing aphid or other sign of unhealthy life. "I'll grant that while California roses may possibly be more prolific in bloom, they do not by any means reach the wonderful perfection that your Oregon roses do. Ah! Really, I have never seen anything to compare with this Catherine Mermet and that Bridesmaid or the white Maman Cochet, even in our London rose shows. And what size they attain! Why, that giant over there — the Paul Neyron — is actually 11 inches across by measurement," and he took from his pocket a trim Lilliputian rose rule which he applied to the splendid "specimen rose" that was just then monopolizing the attention of a group of worshipping rose enthusiasts.

"And your La France and Testout cannot be equaled anywhere in the world," he continued with astonishing candor. "Nor can that Niphetos, and it is grown in the open air, too — wonderful, wonderful!"

And then one drifts off to a little group of pretty women belonging to the Portland Rose Society who are busy tying white ribbons to prize-winners, Caroline Testout, Marie Van Houtte, Mrs. John Laing and other stately beauties.

"Conundrum!" exclaims one merrily: "Among all the English poets which one in the blossoming of his genius has been likened to the rose?"

And the answer was tossed back triumphantly across the intervening rose-bloom by a bright-faced club woman,

"Shelley, the hectic, flamelike rose of verse,
All color, all odor, and all bloom."

"It was William Watson — was it not? — who made the comparison. Shelley himself in 'The Skylark' likens the melody of the lark to the 'soul-dissolving odors' of the rose."

"What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence, showers a rain of melody."

"Like a rose, embowered in its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves."

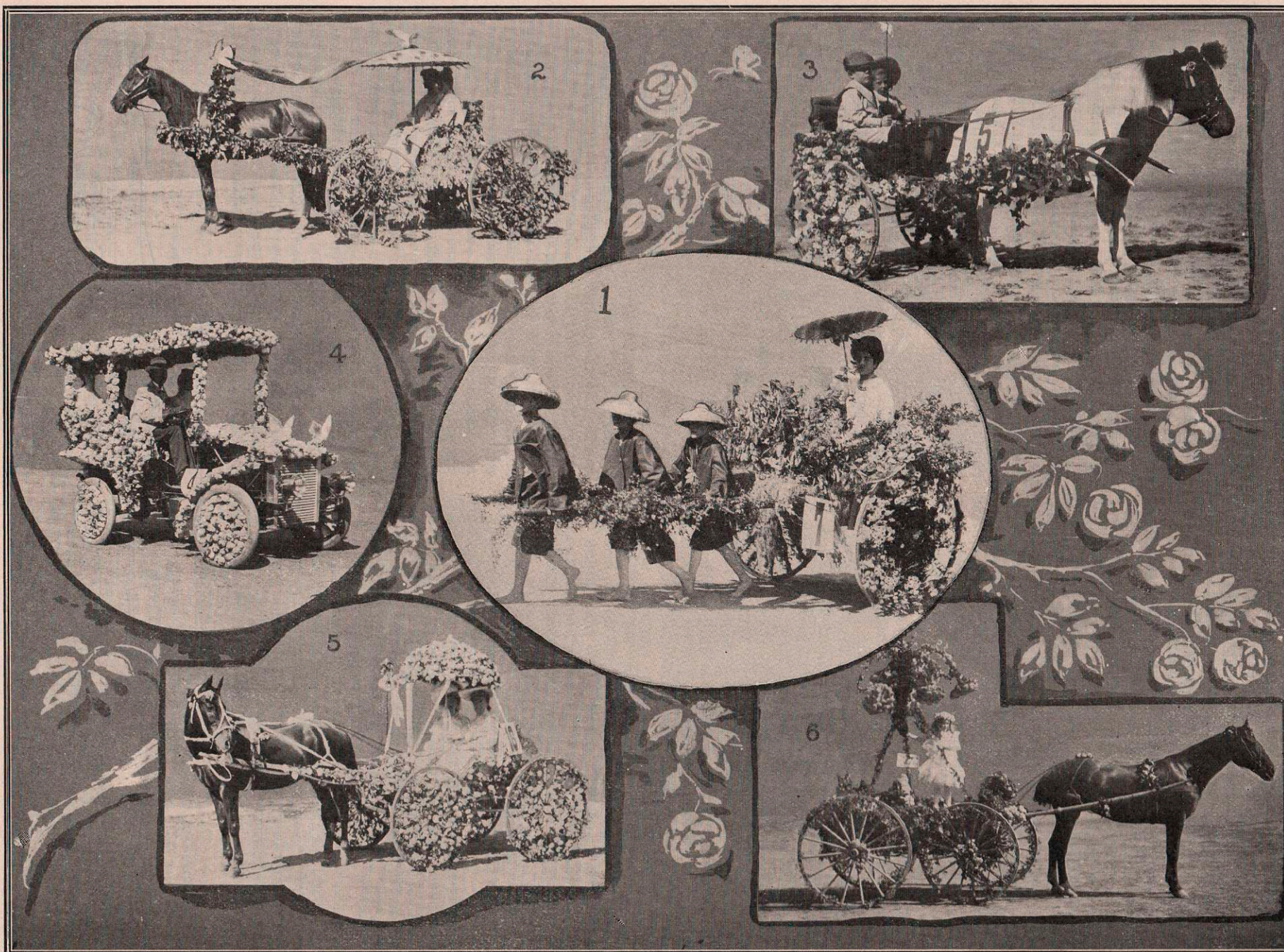
"That is so odd as a comparison because it suggests that the same mental impression may be produced by following two entirely different sense-avenues to the brain."

A heavy trumpet-note of warning to all loiterers sounding from outside put an end to all philosophizing and emptied the rose pavilion of its shifting, kaleidoscopic throngs of humanity. Multnomah Field was a riotous mass of color. Gaily decorated booths, ghosts of roses frozen in huge blocks of ice smiling strangely at one from their icy prison-house, bon-bons, bizarre souvenirs, sherberts, and rose ice-cream, tempted the unwary aside. Thousands of women in diaphanous, delicately tinted summer gowns, relieved here and there by sober-liveried men, made a background for the splendid pomp and pageantry of the procession of floats. Winding their way past the cheering crowds of spectators the floats that had been entered in the lists halted under the grand stand for the crucial moment of scrutiny from the judges, — rose-decorated automobiles, drags, traps, tally-hos, Japanese rickshaws, haywagons laden with pretty young women in enchanting flower hats, a picturesque cavalcade from the riding club, a company of uniformed, white-helmeted cadets, pilgrims from the Land of Peach-blossom, a fairy sprite under a garlanded liberty bell, and troops of white-robed maidens pelting their friends by the way with a storm of the fragrant, dawn-tinted petals.

A Harvard student whose summer *Wanderlust* had brought him to this far-away rose-fete, stooped and lifted a Mme. Alfred Carriere rose fainting in the dust at his feet, while trolling in sonorous bass to his Oregon chum:

O, far-off rose of long ago,
An hour of sweet, an hour of red,
To live, to breathe, and then to go
Into the dark, ere June was dead!

"Hm!" sniffed his chum scornfully. "Perhaps you call that good American poetry, but it doesn't apply to Oregon. Come back here, old fellow, at Christmas time and I'll show you that rose in full bloom out-of-doors!"



SNAP-SHOTS AT THE PORTLAND ROSE SHOW

2. *From the Land of the Peach Blossom* 3. *A Happy Trio*
 4. *First Prize-Winner Among the Autos* 1. *Flower-decorated Jinrikisha*
 5. *A Pretty Story in Rose-Shadow* 6. *Pink Fairy Ringing the Liberty Bell*

Oregon as a Health Resort

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, A. M., M. D.
Secretary Oregon State Board of Health

Of all the misconceptions under which Oregon has suffered, the worst and falsest is that she has a bad climate. The first thing that everyone hears about the Oregon climate is that it rains thirteen months in the year, and the worst of it is that we, ourselves, have contributed to further the spread of that impression. Not content with meekly accepting the slanderous nickname "Webfoot," as our state name, we have adopted the umbrella as our sign manual and three frogs rampant upon a mackintosh field gules, our coat-of-arms. As a matter of fact we have almost exactly the same number of inches of rain (48) as every other part of the modern civilized world; in fact we are a little below instead of above the average. The only factors which have contributed to this ridiculous Oregon rain myth are two in number, and when they are mentioned it is exploded as completely as Santa Claus.

The first is that owing to the seasonal sweep of our air currents, practically all our rain, or 80 per cent. of our precipitation falls in the winter season, between October and May, and as more people visit the Pacific Coast in winter than at any other time, this factor started and still aids in keeping up the myth. Even Lewis and Clark had the bad luck to strike the Oregon Coast in the winter time.

The other, which is almost more potent, is that the precipitation is of such a gentle and gradual character that an amount of rain, which an Iowa, Ohio, or Pennsylvania thunder storm or equinoctial storm would dump down in three hours and think nothing of, will occupy three days in reaching the ground in Oregon. An Oregon rain is the driest thing under that title on the face of the earth. I have walked frequently in an Oregon rain from three to six hours at a stretch, without an overcoat, in an ordinary tweed hunting suit, and not been uncomfortably moist at the end of the time. It is no uncommon thing to see laborers in the middle of winter working in their shirt sleeves in the rain. Nobody thinks of staying indoors on account of Oregon rain. Ten bushels of it could be consumed without injuring the most delicate constitution; and Munchausen-like as it may sound, the air instead of being raw, cold and sodden is mild, balmy and bracing during the rain, and with good reason, for it is the direct breath of ocean, tempered only by thirty miles of the fir-clad ranges of the Coast Mountains. The only effective way of describing a climate is, of course, by comparison, and the climate of Oregon is practically identical with that of the South of England, (the Isle of Wight, and Cornwall,) and the Cork and Killarney region of Ireland, except that it is rather milder, and is no rainier in the winter time than the others are all the year through.

Roses are blooming in the gardens of Portland all the year round, though it is, of course, only a scarce and occasional blossom which appears during the months of January and February. Grass remains green the whole year, instead of being parched to a Sahara-like brownness twice during the year, as it is in most Eastern states. Roses of

every description from the sturdy brier to the most delicate hybrid, holly, English hawthorne, fuchsia, geranium and ivy live and flourish in the open air all the year round. Oregon's climate lies in fact in that broad, cool, green world-belt in which the white race has always reached its most perfect flower of civilization.

There are two kinds of health resorts.

One which temporarily soothes the suffering and prolongs the feeble existence of the invalid, providing he has resources to live elsewhere seven months out of the year. The other gives health and vigor the year round and length of days to all comers. The first is a mere sanatorium; the second a home.

It is a singular fact that the native inhabitants of health resorts of the first type are usually poor physical specimens, from the Riviera to San Diego. The normal man is a semi-aquatic animal and climates which are to breed him in perfection must be reasonably moist. The requirements of a health resort of the second class, which will keep a well man healthy and make him stronger and more vigorous year after year and generation after generation are, first a mild equable climate, free from violent extremes and with plenty of moisture at all times of the year to keep him growing. As to Oregon's qualifications for mildness and equability little need be said, as they are universally admitted. Entirely free from cyclones or violent wind storms, practically so from thunder storms, seldom or never a frost which does not melt away in the rays of the midday sun, with the snow never lying for more than 48 hours on the level, except in the mountains, where it can be seen for the greater part of the year and is quite near enough for all picturesque and poetic purposes. Nowhere can hymns in praise of "Beautiful Snow" be sung with greater fervor than in Oregon, for it is in plain sight the whole year round, and completely out of reach, — which is infinitely the best place for it.

Admitting that the Oregon winter is cloudier than most other American winters, though infinitely preferable to either the blizzards of the Mississippi, or the sleets of the Alleghany region, the summer is ideal. No more perfect type of weather has ever been invented yet, or could be made to order, than that of Western Oregon from May to October; brilliant sparkling days with air like champagne and a temperature which only drives one into the shade from about 11 to 3 o'clock, and then crisp and refreshing nights. To awake at sunrise in summer in Oregon is like a daily resurrection from the dead.

Another requirement for a perfect health resort is the absence of virulent climatic diseases, and this is strikingly true of Oregon. There is practically no malaria whatever in the state; for two reasons, first, that Oregon, like the Ireland of O'Connell, is "the land of the green valley and of the rushing river," and there are no stagnant pools left in which the malaria-bearing mosquito (anopheles) can breed in the summer time. The second is the cool, crisp nights which obtain all the year through. There are mos-

quitos in Oregon, but they are exceedingly infrequent, and in fact the large majority of the species which render life a burden all through the East on summer evenings, would not be able to fly in the temperature of our Oregon summer nights. The only exception to the absence of malaria are certain parts of Eastern and Southwestern Oregon, in which the irrigation ditch has introduced a breeding place for the mosquito, and one or two valleys in the southern part of the state where there is a combination of stagnant water and comparatively hot nights.

The next great earth and water-borne scourge, typhoid fever, though commoner in Oregon than should be if reasonable sanitary precautions were enforced, is of a remarkably mild type. This is particularly true of the western third of the state, which contains half of the present population. The average death rate of typhoid fever in private practice throughout the Eastern states is from 7 to 20 per cent. In Western Oregon the death rate is barely from 2 to 5 per cent. The cause of this is not as yet explained, but it seems probable that the remarkable coolness of the soil and water all the year and the absence of baking nights at any time has much to do with it.

None of our contagious diseases are more virulent in Oregon than the average, and several of them much milder. This is particularly true of scarlet fever, which has an exceedingly low death rate. The report of a death from it is decidedly rare. Diphtheria, measles and whooping cough run only the average course.

Strange as it may seem in a climate which is distinctly damp during the winter half of the year, bronchitis and pneumonia are not a whit more common or severe than in Eastern states, and the other disease popularly associated with dampness, rheumatism, is distinctly less prevalent and less severe when it occurs.

I do not wish to be understood as claiming that Oregonians when they wish to die have to move to California, but merely that Oregon has an excellent representative climate of the North Temperate zone, distinctly milder than the average in winter, and warm without torridity in summer, with a remarkably low prevalence of contagious and endemic diseases, and a low general death rate.

Oregon is an excellent place for the average man to come, to raise a healthy, vigorous family of children.

There seems to be a distinct tendency toward not only big trees but big men and women; the average height and girth of the Oregon regiments in the Philippines was higher than those of any other state.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

Supervising Architect Taylor, of the United States Government Board, Lewis and Clark Fair, has now in hand all the necessary data for his work on the buildings that are to be erected on the Peninsula, and he is applying himself to the attractive task with much zeal. In his opinion all the plans and specifications will be ready in time to have the contracts let by September 1, with a view to having them finished and ready for occupancy January 1. The government exhibits will then, without further delay, be transported to Portland from St. Louis.

The effect of this group of buildings on the Peninsula will be unusually picturesque and beautiful. The main building will face the Exposition Grounds and will probably be flanked on one side by the Oriental building and on the other by the Forestry, Irrigation and Fisheries buildings. Charming boulevards, by-paths and gardens, laid out by the Department of Agriculture, will occupy the

intervening space between the facades and the lake. A fascinating and instructive feature of the exhibit will be a United States life-saving station. East of this group of buildings several acres will be devoted to an interesting open-air display of the methods of work employed by the Bureau of Irrigation in reclaiming arid land. Here also the Forestry Bureau will give helpful object-lessons in its special line.

CONVENTIONS OF 1905

A special auditorium will be built for the purpose of accommodating the numerous large national conventions which will be held in Portland next summer. This auditorium will probably have a seating capacity of about 7,000 and will take the place of Festival Hall, which as originally planned was to accommodate 5,000 guests.—Oskar Huber, Director of Works.

Conventions Meeting in Portland in 1905.—National Woman Suffrage Association, probable attendance, 2,500; United Commercial Travelers of Oregon and Washington, 250; National Good Roads Association, 4,000; National Association of Letter-Carriers, 1,500; Order of Railway Conductors, 2,000; American Editorial Association, 1,500; American Medical Association, 6,000.

Conventions Which Will Be Asked to Meet in Portland in 1905.—Lewis Loyal Legion; Photographers' National Association; National Conference of Charities and Correction; American Association of Newspaper Circulation Managers; National Association of Window Trimmers; Traveling Passenger Agents' Association; National Educational Association.

FREIGHT RATES TO PORTLAND

Assurances are given that the transcontinental railroads will grant a most favorable rate for freight on exhibits to be brought to Portland. At conferences held in Chicago by railway officials during the past week this matter has engaged attention and a decision favorable to the interests of the Lewis and Clark Exposition is expected. Foreign exhibitors and others at the World's Fair at St. Louis are greatly interested in the subject of freight tariffs upon exposition exhibits which will be transferred from St. Louis to Portland. The plan is to effect an agreement with the transportation companies so that exhibits at St. Louis may be displayed here, next year, with a nominal extra cost of transportation, through the opportunity offered by the free return freight rates established on goods sent to the World's Fair for exhibit purposes.

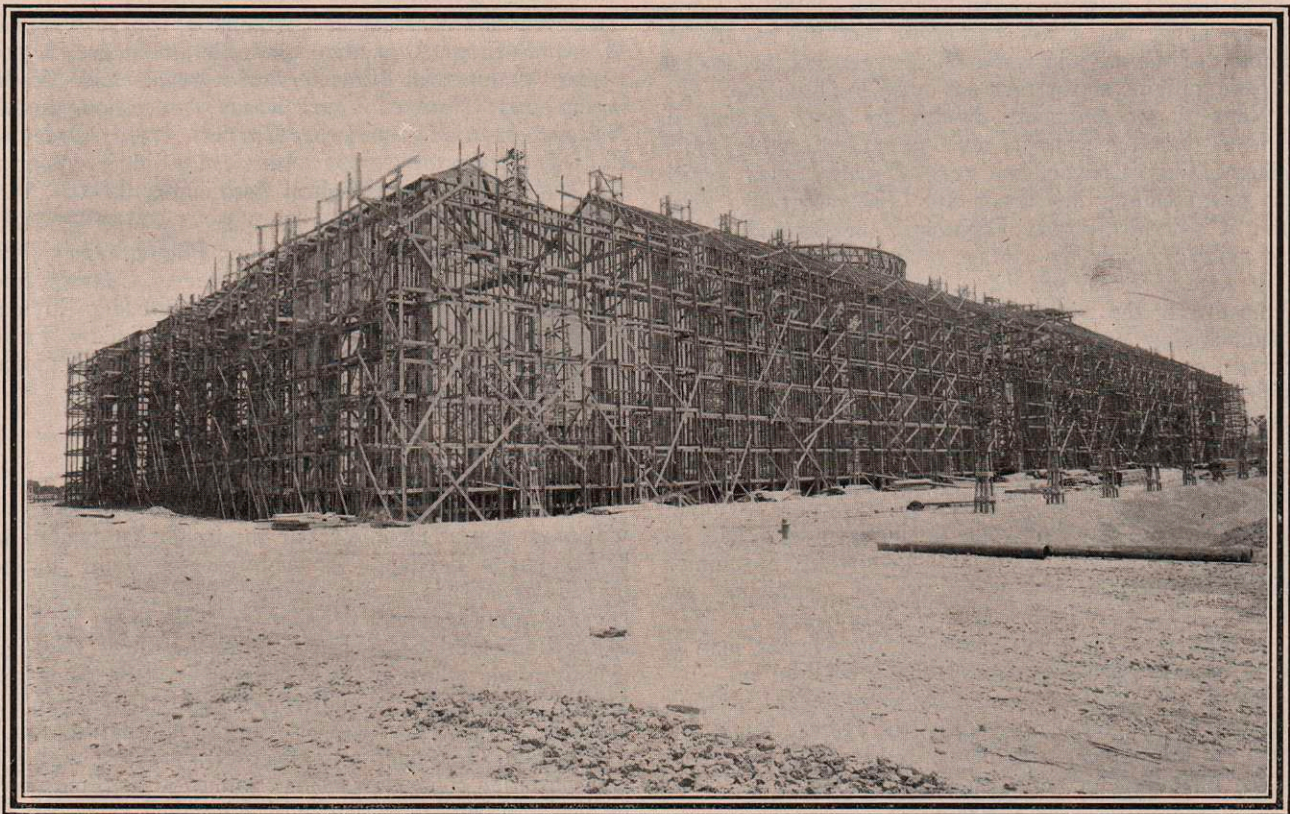
WASHINGTON'S APPROPRIATION

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce is energetically supporting the effort to obtain an appropriation of \$100,000 by the next Legislature of Washington in behalf of the Lewis and Clark Centennial. J. B. Meikle, the enterprising and capable secretary of that organization, says: "The Legislature should provide \$100,000 to make an exhibit for this state. That is the sum I should like to see made available, and in no circumstance should the amount be less than \$75,000. Washington must make a good showing at Portland and should have its own building on the Lewis and Clark Fair Grounds. The St. Louis exhibit can be used as a nucleus, but a large amount of new exhibits must be added."

Constructing The Western World's Fair

A forest of yellow timbers reaching far up into the sky and spreading out in serried flanks over many acres, vast colonnades of rough hewn posts crossing and re-crossing one another endlessly into space — this is the aspect presented just now by the Lewis and Clark Exposition Grounds. It is a busy scene. Several hundred men are at

Arts, \$51,720; Forestry Building, \$14,552; Foreign Exhibits, \$55,425; Administration Group (five structures) \$26,000. Practically all of these, except the Forestry Building, which is waiting for some heavy machinery to move its giant logs, have their frame work up to the roof. The Agricultural Palace, 200x450 feet, largest of



The Agricultural Building is rapidly nearing completion—It will contain 90,000 feet of floor space.

work with donkey engines and derricks raising the giant trusses that are to support the roofs, running up ladders a hundred feet high, or climbing fearlessly over the rafters so far aloft that they look like pigmies poised midway between earth and sky. The sound of the hammer is heard in the land, the cheerful monotone of the cross-cut saw and the shrill shriek of the foreman's whistle as he gives the signal to the engineer stationed at the "donkey" that one of the massive posts is ready to be raised. Indeed every variety of noise known to the world of busy carpentry is there, and through all this well-ordered commotion stalks with cheering word and an eye for every detail the man who has all this work in charge, F. A. Erixon, the superintendent of construction.

Rapid progress has been made since the ground was broken a few weeks ago for the several palaces. The Agricultural Palace, contract cost \$69,130.60; Liberal

all the palaces, is being roofed, having just passed through that critical and exciting phase of its existence when the enormous trusses were put into place. There was some skilled engineering required for raising the great circular truss of 100-foot span, and the 60 other smaller trusses of 50-foot span that support the roof. The weight of one of these trusses, braced as it is with numerous iron rods from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, is enough to make any donkey engine groan.

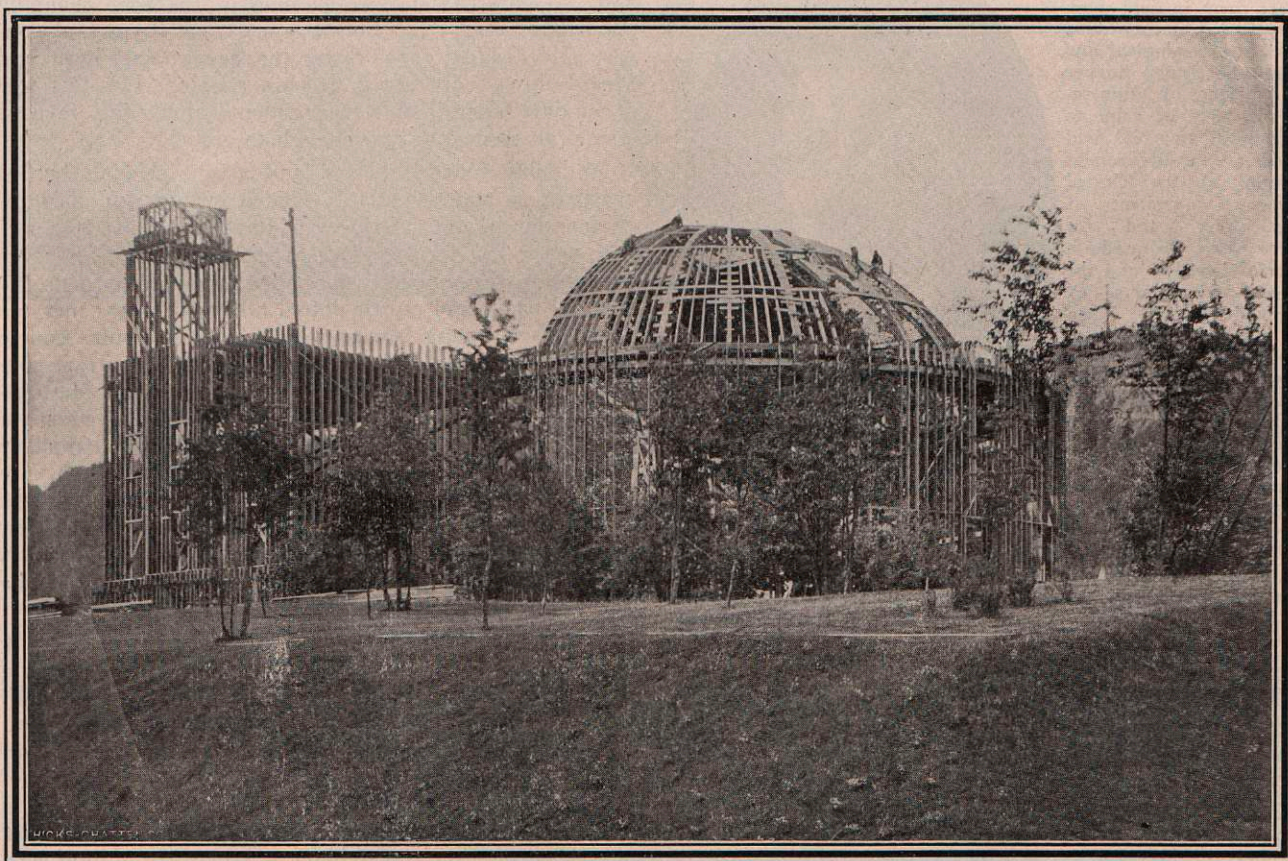
Men are busy pulling up the immense roof timbers all over the building, and a hot race is going on between these and the workers who are engaged in bracing the walls with the Byrkit-Hall sheathing, for it is important that the walls should be thus braced before the roof is adjusted; otherwise a strong wind might do havoc with the frame work.

A great dome 90 feet in diameter is a feature of the

Agricultural Palace, and about 50 feet up in the air is a walk three feet wide running around the building for the purpose of operating hose reels at that level. Every precaution is being taken in the way of fire protection. It is considerably over 150 feet from the ground to the highest point on the roof and the sensation of the workmen who ply their tools at that height with only a frail bit of scaffolding between them and eternity, cannot be exactly pleasant. Such workers are called "loftsmen," and receive 50 per cent. higher wages than those who work at a lower elevation. A good contractor will not allow every aspiring laborer, eager for the extra compensation, to work aloft. A man must first prove himself specially adapted for such work, possessing a steady, level head without any propensity for getting his brain in a whirl when his glance is directed downward a hundred dizzy, perilous feet.

the fire department, public shelter and public comfort buildings, and the Greek colonnade.

Colossal logs weighing from twenty to thirty tons each will be a feature of the Horticultural Building, which is to be the most remarkable log structure in the West, if not in America. The base logs will be five feet in diameter by fifty-four feet in length, so long in fact that it will require two cars to haul one log, the length of the log far exceeding the length of the car. The Terminal Company has extended its railroad track to the site of the Horticultural Building for the purpose of transporting these enormous logs, and a two-cylinder donkey engine is there waiting to hoist them into position. Only an extra heavy boom derrick can swing these gigantic logs into place, explains Mr. Burrell. The derrick that will be used has a mast sixteen by sixteen, and sixty feet long, the boom being sixteen by sixteen, and fifty-six feet long,



Foreign Exhibits Building surrounded by Nature's wild flowers and shrubs.

Workmen are busy at the Liberal and Industrial Arts Building sheathing the sides and making A derricks for raising the great trusses. Massive posts, 14x14 inches, support the cafe, which in turn is to be capped by a roof garden. At the Foreign Exhibits Building the center of attraction is the swinging boom and enormous cables of the derrick at work pulling into place the posts on which will rest the trusses now lying ready-made on the floor.

Through the open framework of all these buildings enchanting glimpses may be caught of the glistening waters of the lake near at hand, and park-like vistas.

The finishing touches are being put upon the roof of the two-story Administration Building. This structure is 40x145, and is to be warmed by electricity. The four other buildings that belong to this entrance group are being pushed forward with the same zeal and enterprise—

swinging around a huge circle one hundred and twelve feet in diameter.

In two long workshops that bear the bloodcurdling but fascinating legend "Danger!" enforced by deadly looking skull and cross-bones, are the plaster of paris workers, industriously creating the decorations of plaster and staff to be used on the exterior of the buildings. This will be the magical finishing touch which will transform them into white marble palaces, Spanish Renaissance in style.

Work on all these buildings is progressing so rapidly that it is now well assured they will be finished as expected this fall. It may be stated authoritatively that the opening day of the Lewis and Clark Fair, June 1, 1905, will find Oregon fully ready to receive her guests with that hearty and generous spirit of hospitality which has always been so characteristic of the West.

An Oregon Nature Study

By EDMUND P. SHELDON
State Superintendent of Forestry

The Lewis and Clark State Commission is fortunate in having a forestry expert in charge of its work who combines practical field knowledge with university training in science. Edmund P. Sheldon received his degree from the University of Minnesota, after which he remained associated with that institution for several years as a teacher, devoting himself to botany, ornithology and chemistry. Six years were spent in field work in forestry in connection with the Geological and Natural History Survey of the State of Minnesota. In 1897 he came to Oregon as a special field agent of the Division of Botany of the United States Department of Agriculture, and for three years he made a careful study of the trees and plants of Eastern Oregon. Then he turned westward to the Coast and for three years has been making botanical collections in California, Oregon and Washington during the summer months. In the winter season he was largely in the employ of the Eastern & Western Lumber Company, of Portland. Thus for a number of years he has had actual experience in lumbering. On the other hand his pedagogic work fits him for the educational work of a great Exposition. This work he is now engaged in at St. Louis where he is in charge of the Oregon Forestry Exhibit. It will be followed by work of a similar nature for the Lewis and Clark Fair next summer in Portland.—The Editor.



The Coos Bay region has attracted much attention of recent years, because of its latent resources, and the numerous attempts of its enterprising residents to place the products of this wonderful country on the markets of the world. It was, however, entirely with a view of studying the scenery, the gigantic forests and the wonderful flowers and shrubs that led the writer, accompanied by Mr. A. O. Hulberg, to visit the region during the month of April, 1903. Arriving at Marshfield by way of the steamer Alliance we found ourselves in a bustling little town on a remarkably good harbor, along which are scattered many big mills, engaged in sawing the giant Port Orford cedar, fir and spruce logs into lumber.

The beautiful Port Orford cedar, so well known in cultivation as Lawson cypress, is here in its native land, and several immense trees were found. Oregon claims this tree as her own, as Coos and Curry Counties are the only localities known where it grows sufficiently large to admit of commercial use. It furnishes one of the most valuable woods known, and is largely used in shipbuilding, in the manufacture of matches, broomhandles, trunks and clothes chests. It is also extremely valuable for interior finishing and cabinet work.

I have never seen a more beautiful bit of nature than the South Fork of the Coos River. On the afternoon of

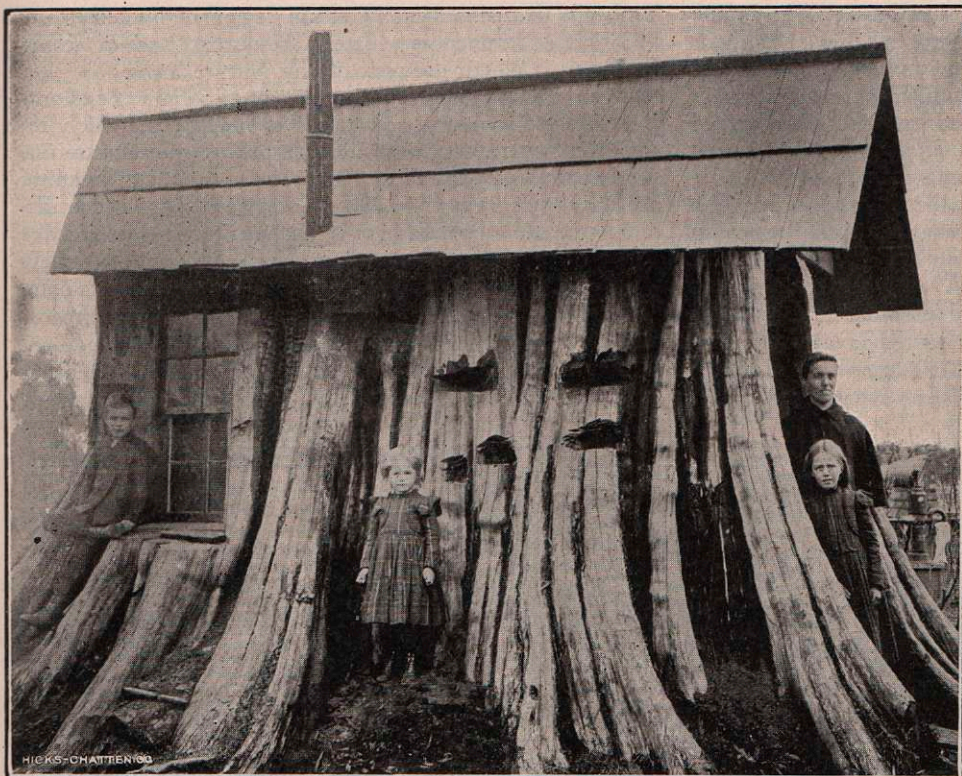
the last day of March, which we selected for our first view of this portion of Nature's Wonderland, we fairly reveled in the constantly shifting, increasingly beautiful scenes that came to our view as we rounded bend after bend and gazed on banks and cliffs and wooded hills. The water was placid, but the force of the incoming tide bore us onward up the stream so rapidly that we often forgot to row, so absorbed did we become in the ever changing panorama about us. The steamer Coos River and consort glided silently by, flying the flag at half mast and loaded down with silent, solemn people. For this was a Sunday funeral, and the residents along this favored stream all seemed to care enough to go.

A double funeral it was, and as the steamer landed ahead of us and we silently floated by, we saw the procession calmly and quietly wend its way over a green terrace to the last resting place of the departed. Thoughts of the beautiful, quiet ceremony lent a silent charm to the terraced banks and myrtle-dotted hills which next met our view as we swung squarely back on our former course and floated quietly toward steep moss and saxifrage-covered cliffs, above which were boulevards of Nature's making, spotted with the blue-white flowers of *Nemophila* or baby blue-eyes, and the yellow buttercup and monkey flower. Upon one long, straight terrace I counted twenty Holstein cows grazing along the top of the green, straight bank, which for half a mile came close to the dark green water; we could see reflected the image of each cow, as well as the picture of the adjacent fir-clad hills and the floating clouds in the sky above.

Onward to a succession of surprises until, as the day began to wane, we approached the State Fish Hatchery, a quaint structure, set among beautiful myrtle trees, with their deep, dark green foliage, wide-spreading boughs and immense trunks five and six feet in diameter. Here we received a royal welcome from the Superintendent in charge, and spent a profitable evening studying the finny residents and learning something of what the State is doing here to keep up the supply of salmon. Over three million eggs were taken in 1903, and all but ten per cent were raised and turned loose in the Coos and Coquille Rivers. These were all Chinook salmon, which have well earned the title of the "Royal fish."

The next morning we started afoot for a tramp up the north bank of the Coos River to Big Creek, where we spent an entire day in a wild, rough, unsettled, yet picturesque region, with the river full of beautiful bends and roaring cascades, the tumbling, clattering creeks which came in from either side only adding to the difficulty of our progress and the beauty of our path. In the quiet pools lurk many a trout, and the water ouzel jumps from rock to rock, often disappearing beneath the spray of some waterfall.

But we are not out altogether to fish and study birds; the trees, the beautiful shrubs and Spring flowers are the special objects of our investigation. We find an attractive plant here on an immense boulder which apparently



A novel home hewn out of a cedar stump 22 feet in diameter.

is new to science. We notice that it bears bulblets in its axils. This is an anomaly in the genus to which it belongs, and it excites much wonder. We also find a pretty little monkey flower, its dark yellow flowers spotted with purple. On the branches of the Oregon maple which overhangs the river bank we find a beautiful polypody, a peculiar fern which grows only on the moss-covered branches of trees, and with its roots fastened tight to its host, this seeming parasite sends out a perfect mosaic of leaves which surpasses anything the landscape artist can produce, — scientific though he may be.

The trees attract us. The myrtle here attains its greatest size; I measured several trees six and seven feet in diameter at the base. This tree is decidedly worthy of our study. It is a beautiful evergreen, with shining, dark green leaves, and furnishes a very hard and very beautiful light rich brown wood, much prized for cabinet purposes. It grows in an ovate shape; even the young trees or bushes, one, two to ten feet high, take that form and keep it until they become mature trees. To see a hillside near the forks of the Coos River covered with these green, egg-shaped trees of all sizes from one foot to one hundred feet high, replacing the fir of the original forest, is a rare sight indeed, and makes one won-

der who has been at work planting and trimming these attractive plant-like terraces.

The most common tree of the hillsides and mountains is the Douglas fir. This is the chief timber tree of the Pacific West, and needs no description. I measured several trees seven and eight feet in diameter. But the wealth of it and the immense stands per acre are worth noting. In one place I estimated an acre to contain fully 100,000 feet B. M. We found many more beautiful and unique trees and shrubs before our return to the Hatchery for the night. The most potent, immediate effect of such a trip as this is a feeling of extreme weariness as we have tramped all day over the hills and mountains and along steep canyon sides, where we had to hang on to ferns and rocks and limbs to save our lives and catch choice views of the incomparable scenery of the Upper Coos River.

The next day we planned a hard trip up the Coos on the south bank. It is a rough and seldom traveled region, and we secured the services of Mr. John Eliason as guide. A good one he proved to be. A hale and hearty old man of sixty, for many years a sailor, but for twenty-five years past a resident of the Upper Coos River, he was fitted to guide us to the beauties of nature among which he lives and for which he has an almost insane devotion. So marked, indeed, is this that he has been often labeled "off color" by his neighbors. But if an appreciation of Nature



Cedar Stump that will accommodate two "sets" in an old-fashioned square dance.

and a deep love for it be insanity, then let us all be insane at times and so esteem in some degree what we see about us. In company with our guide we climbed a mountain trail back of the hatchery, along which were noted many Rhododendrons, Oregon wild currants, with their scarlet bouquets, hazels with their tassels, and the oso berry with its pendent bunches of cherry-like flowers.

A noteworthy tree here was the Alaska cedar, the branches of which have a somewhat drooping, weeping habit, as if they felt sorry that they had wandered so far south and found a climate so mild. Down over a zigzag puzzle that was once a trail, and past oceans of Oxalis and Dentaria we came again to Coos River at Twin Sisters. The twins in this case are two giant rocks which seem to have fallen from no one knows where, and which

we begin to realize that here is a region of immense possibilities, of tremendous latent resources, and of scenic beauty well worth the visit of any Nature lover.

After this we spent one short week in botanical exploration along the minor tributaries of the Coos, which resulted in many new plans, and more of special interest, such as the Garrya or tassel tree, the beautiful manzanita, the dark red bark of which is noticeable even in the distance, the alder, which here attains such a size as to make it a valuable wood for commercial purposes, and the stately madrone, which is very abundant and is now in full bloom. The wreck of the steamer Alliance, the subsequent crowding of the stages and the impassable roads of the lower Umpqua, together with the desire for further adventure and study of mountain scenery, were the factors which



An Oregon Tideland Spruce—Largest in the World—Diameter two feet from the ground, 30 feet, 11½ inches.

almost fill the narrow gorge and give the waters of the river a puzzle as to how they are to pass. Among the myrtles and maples we look across the river and note the apparently inaccessible cliffs and canyon sides upon which we only yesterday spent so much energy and left so much epidermis and fragments of our clothing.

Upon our return to camp we catch upon the mountaintop a glorious view of a sunset upon the Pacific Ocean. Those who have seen it on the Coast have thought it wonderful, but to observe it from one of the mountains of the Coast Range with seemingly interminable forests around you and the gleaming myrtle-bordered Coos winding its way toward such a sunset before you, is a panorama once seen, never to be forgotten. Such were our experiences for two days in this favored region, and as we float quietly back down among the terraced banks again,

caused us to return overland, over the Umpqua Mountains, to Drain by way of the Loon Lake trail. We took passage on the steamer Alert from Marshfield to Alleghany on the Millicoma River. With an early start we left Alleghany the next morning in the rain. The mud was in just that sticky condition that nothing but wet adobe or Missouri yellow clay can produce.

For seven miles the trail winds around the picturesque cliffs of the Upper Millicoma River, and then leaves it to ascend the more rugged if less muddy canyon sides of Glenn Creek. If mountain-climbing is hard work in mid-summer, when the days are fine, the trails dry and solid, one can imagine what it must be when rain, sleet, fog and mud combine to hinder every step. But onward and upward we climb toward the top of the snow-covered Umpquas, and by eleven o'clock we are rewarded by our first

view of Golden Falls. This is a wonder, and will some day be visited by many a tourist in search of something new and wonderful.

Glenn Creek, the stream we are ascending, is about fifty feet wide where it rushes over this horseshoe setting and down three hundred and seventy-eight feet into the that of the Upper Coos and Millicoma Rivers and the chasm below. Near the bottom it disappears for a moment in a mass of boulders, but comes out below in a nest of foam that would take a poet's pen to describe. Golden Falls lacks the majestic grandeur of Niagara or Multnomah, but has all the unique charm that gave Minnehaha its fame before the park fiends destroyed its natural surroundings. Truly Golden Falls is a jewel in an emerald setting. And as the sun kindly peered through the mountain clouds and lit up the foaming cataract we at once realized from its color whence had originated the name of Golden Falls.

After a lunch and a short rest we went further on our weary climb up among the clouds, where the trees take on a dwarf, sub-Alpine appearance. Through salal brush to our shoulders, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, we are overtaken by Mr. Mattson, a pioneer who has spent the previous Winter in building the trail over which we are now traveling. With Mr. Mattson as leader and guide we ascended to the top of the divide, and as we rested, our guide entertained us with tales of people lost on the Umpquas. He himself, with his son, thirteen years of age, had been lost for three days in trying to find the trails on which we were traveling. A tale of a party of three who had been lost within a few miles of us and were without food for thirteen days and ultimately perished, just as rescue came, made us thankful that we had been overtaken by so good a guide.

Along these sub-Alpine ridges at the summit of the Coast Range grow many interesting trees and shrubs which are as yet not in flower. I found a manzanita, a buckthorn, several species of mountain willows, large groves of mountain hemlock, and stretches of white and yellow fir to vary the monotony of our tramp. Soon our guide led us to a place where we descend into Loon Lake Valley. Down the zigzag, muddy trail we went until the bottom was reached, and we came upon a lovely valley of thirty-five hundred acres in extent, covered with a fine growth of myrtle and maple, and dotted here and there with typical Oregon pioneer ranches. Three miles through muddy roads and swollen streams, which we waded waist deep, brought us to the hotel, the one-room log-cabin of Mr. Kuhn. After a bachelor supper and a dry around the fireplace we find the pleasure that comes from a rest in a haymow after a hard day's tramp. But we are up again early the next morning, as we have another mountain to climb.

This morning as we climb up out of Loon Lake Valley we cannot help gazing back at the wonderful growth of myrtle and thinking of the money it will bring when on the market. It is by far the most valuable timber of the Pacific Coast. Here, with hundreds of acres of this priceless timber spread out before us, we begin to speculate upon the commercial future of this secluded locality which now boasts of a haymow as its best accommodation for itinerant wanderers. All the forenoon we climb and clamber, with salal bush to our shoulders and mud to our ankles.

About the middle of the afternoon we come out of the mountains and into the Umpqua Valley. Here we find open fields, yellow and red mineral-looking bluffs and wooded hills; and through it all the lovely Umpqua winds

its tortuous way. Here the Spring flowers change and we find wake-robins, adder-tongues, shooting-stars and pretty little lilies which we did not note in the Coos Bay region. The trees change somewhat also, and we discover scattering pines and ash, together with many interesting willows just now in full bloom and as showy as a Mimosa.

The scenery of the Lower Umpqua and Elk Creek from Elkton to Drain is beautiful, but not so noteworthy as Umpqua Mountains through which we have just passed. We journeyed by pleasant farms and well-kept orchards, over meadows spotted with abundant baby-blue-eyes, and along bluffs and cliffs where grow ferns and buckthorns, with the sweet-scented Erythronium near by. All along the roadside we find a pretty buttercup just ripe for the picking, and with such beauties to study and collect as we tramp along we arrive safely at Drain and prepare to take the midnight train for Portland.

We have completed sixty miles over one of the roughest, muddiest trails one could imagine. We are tired, unkempt and some of us are limping. But the tired and aching condition of our anatomy will wear off. Our clothes can be changed for better and less tattered ones. But the remembrance of the beautiful sights and unexpected surprises given by Mother Nature in a short journey into her undisputed domains will remain impressed upon mind and heart as we think of our ramble over the Umpqua Mountains by the Loon Lake trail.



NOTE AND COMMENT

A fund of \$500 has been set aside by the Oregon Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star for the purpose of making an exhibit at the Lewis and Clark Fair.

An orchard of 2,000 young fruit trees, — apples, pears, cherries, plums, and other fruits, — was planted about two months ago in the Experimental Farm on the Exposition Grounds. This orchard will be in bearing next summer for the Lewis and Clark Fair.—Oskar Huber, Director of Works.

Director-General Goode, while in the East in the interests of the 1905 Fair, received from President Roosevelt a personal expression of his continued cordial good-will toward the enterprise and his determination to do all in his power to be present at the Lewis and Clark Centennial.

The government printing office is preparing 2,000 copies of a 600-page book containing all reports bearing on the early history of Oregon. The contents of this book were taken from the files of both the House and Senate by Congressman J. N. Williamson, who personally edited and indexed the complete work. This will be one of the most valuable documents for the people of the Northwest that has ever been published.

Dredging operations in Guild's Lake, which were interrupted temporarily during high water, will be resumed and completed within a short time.

The sunken gardens in Columbia Court, between the Agricultural Palace and Liberal Arts Building, are now being excavated and will next be balustraded. An important piece of work underway is the erection of the terraced cement steps from the esplanade at the end of Columbia Court to the shore of the lake.

Oregon Day at St. Louis

Good cheer and the spirit of breezy Western hospitality prevailed on June 15, the day when Oregon held open house at the St. Louis Exposition. The interior of old Fort Clatsop was gay with peonies ranging in color from rich crimson through rose-pink to pure white. The Oregon coat-of-arms emblazoned on cloth of gold stood out conspicuously from the wall. A delicate, rich ornamentation of old gold served as a background for the notable assembly of distinguished people that gathered to do honor to Oregon. The guests were received by President Francis, President Jefferson Myers and his associates of the State Commission—Frank Williams, Richard Scott and Prof. F. G. Young,—Senator Thos. H. Carter of Montana, President of the National Commission, and W. H. Wehrung, General Superintendent of the Oregon Exhibit, Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery, Mrs. George W. McBride, Miss Ethel Wehrung, Mrs. Weatherred, and Mrs. F. G. Young, acting as hostesses. Special guests of honor were Governor and Mrs. Beckham, of Kentucky, whose state building had been dedicated the same day. Several descendants of Wm. Clark, the explorer, were present from Washington, D. C., and it was expected that the youngest of these in direct line, Master George Rogers Clark, would unfurl the flag that Lewis and Clark carried on that memorable journey, but it was accidentally delayed on the road and failed to arrive in time for the ceremony. By actual count 844 Oregonians were present at the dedication of their state building. An audience of 3,000 people congregated in the stockade to see this reproduction of the first structure ever raised on the Pacific Coast by civilized man. The enormous fir logs of which the realistic frontier fort is built naturally won much admiring comment.

Hon. Jefferson Myers extended a cordial welcome to the guests in behalf of Oregon, sketching clearly and tersely the leading historical events in the building of the state. He made a particularly happy allusion to Missouri in concluding his address, as follows:

"In addition to the services of President Jefferson, Capt. Gray, Lewis and Clark, John Jacob Astor, and many other noble pioneers, there was that splendid service of Senator Linn and Senator Thomas Benton, two grand old pioneers of this great state of Missouri. Had it not been for the war waged by these noble men of your state in the Senate, month after month, in favor of the retention of the Northwest territory, it is not improbable that the statesmanship of Jefferson, the genius of Gray, the hardships of Lewis and Clark and the enterprise of Astor would have been without avail. The great state of Missouri has contributed through her people the greatest work and the greatest service in acquiring and holding the Oregon Country of any state in the Union and no people have a greater admiration for the success of your great enterprise, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, than the Oregon people.

"In 1905, in the City of Portland, the citizens of this territory will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the expedition of Lewis and Clark. We have about 17,000 native Missourians in the State of Oregon. I therefore take great pleasure in inviting you to be present and par-

ticipate in our Exposition, and meet your old pioneer friends, who left the dear old state many years ago with the ox-team, his family in the old prairie-schooner, assuring you that the trip which you now make will be filled with many more pleasures than the one they made, and the home which will receive you on the far Pacific shores will be more inviting than the one which presented itself to your old friend who went by prairie-schooner in the early '40's.

"Now in behalf of the State of Oregon and the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition Commission, I desire to dedicate this building, a fac simile of the first building ever constructed on the Pacific Coast by American citizens, for the purpose for which it is intended, a state building for the State of Oregon at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition; and I most cordially invite you, one and all, to partake of the hospitality of this building during the whole time of this World's Exposition."

President Francis was so pleased with this address that he appropriated the original copy, a compliment that had not been shown any other state. In his speech that followed, President Francis said that when Secretary of the Interior it became his duty to approve a map which described the boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase and which included Oregon. But Binger Hermann issued a later map, — which he much against his will, was obliged to sanction, — in which the western boundary was fixed at the peaks of the Rocky Mountains. "However," said President Francis, "in the hearts of the officials of the Exposition, Oregon will always be a part of the Purchase, and they will never consent to any theory that will separate you from us.

"We, of St. Louis, feel something of a proprietary interest in the Lewis and Clark Exposition. It was here that the party was fitted out and began the trail which stretched across the continent."

He then congratulated the people of Oregon that notwithstanding the small population of their state, they had the energy to prepare a great exposition by way of celebrating so significant an event.

Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who followed, brought a laugh by his witty remarks. In recounting the many changes that have taken place since Lewis and Clark went West, he said that while President Francis was making his address, his words were being sent over the wire and would be read on the streets of Portland two hours before he spoke them.

Prof. F. G. Young, of the University of Oregon, made an able and scholarly address which is in part as follows:

"Everything is assured for an Exposition next year in Oregon and by the Oregon people which will rival this in the quality of its exhibits. Oregon has made an investment far greater in proportion to her means than was ever made by any other people for the purpose of getting the world's best achievements before her people to stimulate them to keenest emulation."

A dainty luncheon was served in the stockade at the close of the program, each visitor receiving among other toothsome viands a prettily decorated bag of luscious Royal Ann cherries, as a parting gift.

Choosing the Site of Portland

By JOHN MINTO, Pioneer of 1844

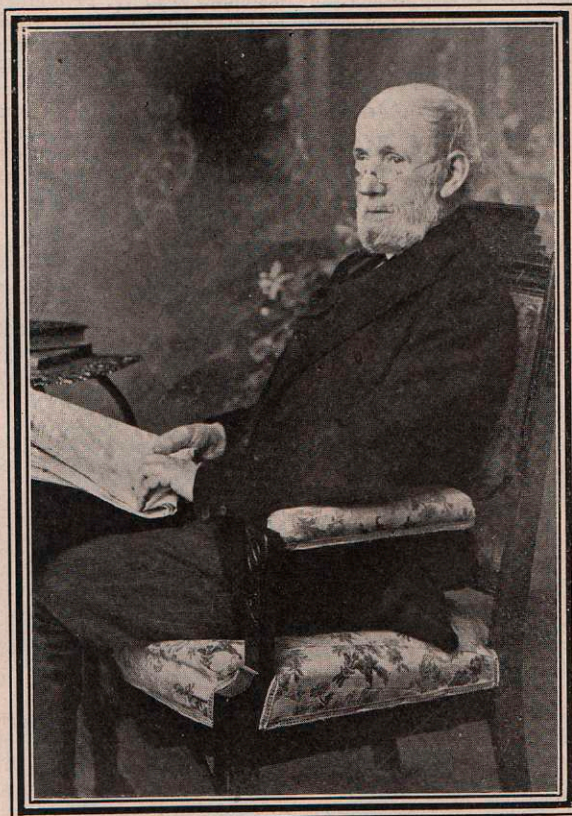
(John Minto has lived in Oregon sixty busy, earnest years. Born in the coal districts of England in 1824, to the heritage of a sunless existence of working in the bowels of the earth for his daily bread and butter, he emigrated to Oregon in his early manhood, crossing the plains in 1844. His only capital at that time was a pair of willing hands.

It would be hard to find in the annals of this state a more remarkable instance of what American institutions can do in developing the latent powers and resources of a man, which, in the Old World, would have atrophied for lack of use. John Minto's native talent and boundless energy found their rightful environment in pioneer life in Oregon.

He tells the story of how, upon his arrival in Oregon City, he was offered, in the depth of winter, the unaccustomed luxury of a night's sleep upon a feather bed. But he caught a severe cold by it, as it was the first time he had slept in a bed that winter; so he declined a bed thereafter, and was glad to return to his old-time habit of sleeping on the bare ground, winter and summer.

Although he had never studied two pages of English grammar in his life, his natural ability had so impressed itself upon the community that about 1868 he was elected by the State Agricultural Society to edit the *Willamette Farmer*, then just beginning its existence. In this way and others he proved that the Oregon pioneer was something more than a mere deer-slayer or bear-hunter.

Along industrial lines he has been an important factor in developing the agricultural resources of the state. Sheep-raising, in particular, has received a large share of his at-



tention, and there is probably no better authority on this subject today in the State of Oregon than John Minto. In 1892 he wrote a monograph of 100 pages for the United States Department of Agriculture on Sheep Husbandry in the United States from Earliest Times up to 1892. This was regarded as the most valuable report on the subject that had ever been made, and was in such demand that it went out of print immediately, and was republished as a private enterprise by a New York firm.

John Minto has been deeply interested in every phase of state development, has represented his county in the State Legislature a number of terms, and for many years was secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, rendering most efficient service. He has been a frequent contributor to the press in all branches of industrial activity, the trend of his efforts lying always along practical rather than theoretical lines. In accuracy of detail and general reliability his memory of early Oregon days has always been held to be unimpeachable, and is still so regarded, although he has now reached the advanced age of 82. His tireless activity of body and mind even now would shame many men in their prime.

Genial by nature with shrewd mother-wit that never fails to hit its mark, and an unerring instinct for justice and honorable dealing, he has also those qualities of industry, thrift, and fertility of resource, which, with his dauntless energy and pluck in the face of difficulty, have made him a potent force in the building of the state. Although born on English soil, he has proved himself a most loyal and patriotic American in all that constitutes good citizenship.)—The Editor.

Portland on the Willamette—what a beautiful city! What beautiful and grand surroundings! One hundred and thirty thousand people on little more than six miles square of territory in a greater measure of average comfort than is probably the lot of any similar number of people on the face of this earth of ours, this first day of June, 1904.

How many of this busy throng of well-to-do people will believe that the writer of these lines has passed and re-passed the site of this live, young city, seeing no sign of human life or habitation from the canoe in which he paddled up and down the beautiful river? Yet such is the absolute truth.

In the winter of 1844-5 I had knowledge of Wm. Overton having a rude shed near the bank where he ate and

slept while making shingles or staves to sell at Oregon City, and I had seen him arrive there with a canoe load of his goods. In March, 1845, I saw a gentleman named Carter, on a sick cot in the hospital maintained at Fort Vancouver by Chief Factor Dr. John McLoughlin, of the Hudson's Bay Company. I was not surprised to learn a few weeks later of this Mr. Carter's death. He had built a cabin on the east bank of the river within the present limits of East Portland. Memory locates this on ground near, if not covered by the warehouse at the East Portland depot.

In June, 1845, I was at Oregon City, glad to get employment with James Welch, subsequently one of the proprietors of Astoria. Mr. Welch had taken the contract of gathering and booming for Dr. McLoughlin's

sawmill below the Falls, a large lot of logs which had not been properly rafted, and breaking apart had largely scattered and lodged on the shelving rocks on part of which the electric works now stand, as I believe. It was wet work and not free from danger to roll these logs into deeper water and on over the Falls, but it was done.

I was boarded by Mr. Welch while thus assisting him; but neither in his home, — which sheltered David Ingalls and family, as well as the Welches, — nor at the only hotel, was there any convenience for a bashful youth, who had not a change of clothing to his name, to dry before sleeping-time the clothes he had waded in, frequently up to his armpits in water.

From Mr. Welch I got the hint of James Stephens' cooper-shop near by, and having made Mr. Stephens' acquaintance when he, his wife, and little daughter were weather-bound on their way from The Dalles to Oregon City the previous December, I made bold to use his fire for drying myself, and often conversed or read by the fire-light afterward. Uncle Jimmy talked and worked, and of course in a high key.

One night I was enjoying a novel wherein the hero, Roland Graeme and George Douglas were aiding Mary, Queen of Scots, to escape from Lochleven Castle, when Uncle Jimmy called out "John!"

I answered, "What is it, Mr. Stephens?"

"Bill Overton," he replied, "has offered me his claim down the river for 300 new salmon barrels and will give me two years to make them in; but I understand that Pettygrove and Lovejoy are thinking of buying it to start a town there, and I have no money to do that. The claim of Carter, who recently died at Vancouver, is to be sold soon by Probate Judge Nesmith, and will probably be more within my means. Should I buy it?"

Feeling rather flurried since this was the first time I had ever been asked such a question, I replied by another: "What do you want with land, having such a good trade, Mr. Stephens?"

"It has been the ambition of my life to own a good orchard," he replied.

"Well," I returned, "there is some good land near the Carter cabin, and you will be close to where you get your stave timber and hoop poles, you say. I don't see but that would suit you."

A few days later Mr. Welch finished his job and paid me with an order on Dr. McLoughlin. Needing clothes I presented it to Wm. C. McKay, his grandson by marriage and his very efficient clerk. Learning that I wanted clothing ready-made, he said: "We cannot meet your wants, but grandfather and all of us have seen you assisting Mr. Welch, and I feel sure that if you can get what your order will purchase from Mr. Pettygrove, grandfather will honor the bill."

I left good Billy McKay and went to F. W. Pettygrove's store, and there found him and A. L. Lovejoy, Captain John H. Couch and James Binnie, Factor at St. George (Astoria) earnestly talking over the Overton claim as a favorable point for ships to meet the land trade. Very low and quietly Captain Couch said that it was the best point on the Lower Willamette for general depth of water.

From sheer bashfulness I sat and heard this quiet talk which may be said to be the inception of a city now greater for its age than New York at 58 years.

Early in 1846, as I passed the point, Mr. F. W. Pettygrove was living in a neat frame house about 200 feet

back from the river, and a small warehouse had been built by him nearer the bank.

(In November, 1843, the idea of founding a city at this point seems to have first suggested itself to A. L. Lovejoy and Wm. Overton. As it happened to be midway between Oregon City (their headquarters) and Fort Vancouver, whither they went by canoe to obtain supplies, they frequently found it necessary to stop over night at this wild and solitary spot on the river bank. After examining the topography of the country they concluded that it was the most eligible location for a town-site. Their plan was to build a cabin close to the ravine where now is the foot of Jefferson street, in South Portland, and begin operations from that point. Overton, however, — "a desperate, rollicking fellow who afterwards sought his fortune in the wilds of Texas," — sold his claim to F. W. Pettygrove. The new partners had the claim surveyed and the boundaries established during the summer of 1844, and in the winter of that year built a log house somewhere lower down on the river where now is the corner of Front and Alder streets. This cabin was occupied by their man employed in clearing the land. In the summer of 1845 they employed Thomas A. Brown to lay off a portion of their claim into streets, blocks and lots. Mr. Lovejoy up to the time of his death in 1882, often used to tell the story of the naming of this embryo city, and what is substantially his version of it we find in an old city directory of Portland, published in 1863. The reliability of this as the most accurate account extant is vouched for by George H. Himes, of the Oregon Historical Society, who has heard the story from both Mr. Lovejoy and Mr. Pettygrove.

"Mr. Lovejoy suggested that the place be called Boston in honor of the capital of his native state. Mr. Pettygrove contended that Portland was more appropriate, inasmuch as it was the head of steamboat navigation and the port where would land all the freight intended for the valley of the Willamette and all the southern portion of the territory. In order to decide this vexed question it was proposed by Mr. Pettygrove to toss a copper cent, which he had brought with him as a souvenir of his Eastern home; this being agreed to by Mr. Lovejoy, the cent was produced and Mr. Pettygrove proving the winner, *Portland* was adopted as the cognomen of the embryo city."

Mr. Himes comments upon this as follows: "The idea uppermost in Mr. Pettygrove's mind — as he has often told me — was to have the new town named in honor of the city of Portland in his native state, Maine. The thought of this name being specially suitable for a town that was destined to become a great world-port, was a secondary consideration. The copper cent that was thrown, not once, but three times, to decide the question, was of the coinage of 1835."

Mr. Lovejoy having much to occupy his attention at Oregon City, sold out his interest in the Portland town-site claim to Benjamin Stark in the winter of 1845-6. In the spring several log houses were built by various people, and among these was the first store in Portland, erected by Mr. Pettygrove. This stood at the southwest corner of what is now Washington and Front streets. In October, 1848, Mr. Pettygrove sold his interest in the Portland claim to Daniel H. Lowndale.

A picture of those early pioneer days when the site of Portland was a forest jungle, the home of the mountain lion and black bear, has been given to the Oregon Historical Society by the Hon. J. W. Nesmith, a pioneer of 1843. He made a careful computation of the white settlers in Oregon, Washington and Idaho previous to his arrival, and found that they numbered 157. The immigration of 1843 added 268 more to this number. There were no settlers between the Missouri border and the Cascade Mountains, and no Americans north of the Columbia River.

Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento city, at a distance of 600 miles south, was the nearest white settlement in any direction. Oregon City was the principal town west of the Rocky Mountains. It was located by Dr. John McLoughlin, then governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the east side of the river, and consisted of about half a dozen houses. On the west side of the Falls, as it was then called, was Linn City, more commonly known as the Robin's Nest, owned by Robert Moor, Esq., and just below it, at the terminus of the present canal (1875), was Multnomah City, under the proprietorship of Hugh Burns, a shrewd Hibernian and the principal blacksmith west of the Rocky Mountains. Salem (now the capital of Oregon) contained three houses, and no other towns were known.

"I remember as late as 1847," concludes Mr. Nesmith, "standing with some friends on the banks of the Willamette, when we discussed the possibility of any of our number living to see its placid bosom disturbed by the wheels of a steamboat." Yet today, half a century afterward, we think nothing of breaking the world's record by the rich cargoes of wheat and lumber that we send to the farthest corners of the globe.)—The Editor.

Gold Mining in Oregon

By J. H. FISK
Mineralogist to the State Commission

J. H. Fisk has been for many years a member of the American Investment & Mining Engineers, and was a student in mineralogy and metallurgy long before there was any mining school west of the Missouri River. He had the only assay office in Portland from 1870 to 1879, when he assayed over \$3,000,000 in gold dust for the United States, without an error. He operated the first quartz mill in Oregon in 1867 for Col. Ruckle, now known as the Virtue mine; afterwards he had charge of the Carter mine in Hoggum, now known as Sanger, and later in 1880 he superintended the Rye Valley Silver mine, which he subsequently sold in Boston.

In 1882 and 1883 he visited all the great reduction works in America and studied the different methods and treatment of reduction of ores. He was employed by the Boston Syndicate to examine and report upon several mines in Old Mexico, where he remained for some time. He negotiated a sale of the Dalles Military Road & Land Grant in London for \$600,000, which involved him in litigation for over ten years in collecting his commission. He has one of the finest libraries and the best equipped laboratories in the state, and his reports are accepted as good authority from Eastern investigators, among whom he is well known.



The great gold producing districts of Oregon are found in the Blue Mountain region of Eastern Oregon, the Cascade Range, and the mountainous section of the southwest. And yet for all the numerous mining camps found here this region has hardly been prospected. Hundreds of thousands of acres have never had a pick struck into the ground, nor have they been visited by white men.

The discovery of gold on the Pacific Coast and the emigration of '49 and '50 to California led to the early advent of placer mining on the Klamath and Rogue Rivers in Southern Oregon.

It was prosecuted with great energy and vigor for many years, or as late as 1860, when subsequent prospecting of the more northern part of Oregon and Idaho, then Washington Territory, led to many discoveries of placer gold, mined in the well-known camps of Oro Fino, Florence and Elk City, in Washington Territory, and in Baker and Grant Counties, in Eastern Oregon. All of this has since passed into history. As these camps became almost exhausted the want of transportation caused the mining industry to lag for a number of years, but since the advent of the railroad great attention has been paid to quartz mining, working over the ground whence these camps drew their supply of gold.

It is a well-known fact that the City of Portland, which has a population of 130,000, owes its origin and prosperity to the early mining in the state, and today is being largely maintained by the more recent quartz mining, which every year seems to open up new sources of wealth in the great undeveloped Cascade Mountains extending through the whole length of the state. And after a lapse of fifty years the many hydraulic mines in the southern and eastern part of the state are not showing any diminution in their production of the precious metals.

The development now going on in the different quartz mining districts of our state surpasses anything heretofore known. These districts are now found to be rich in a vast quantity of mineral wealth of great variety, and a large amount of Eastern capital is invested in the quartz mines of Blue River, Gold Hill in Josephine County, Bohemia district in Lane County, and the Santiam district in Lane and Linn Counties. Each of these districts has very large and extensive mines, with about fifty quartz mills in operation.

The following is a list of some of the producing mines in Southern Oregon: Ajax, Cramer and Palmer, Gopher, Vulcan, Yellow Horn, Eureka, Rising Star, Mountain Lion, Braden, Bill Nye, Golden Wedge, Golden Standard, Hemmesly Mine, Mule Mine, Oregon Belle, Mayflower, Greenback, Granite Hill, Shorty Hope, Copper Stain, Wymer, Old Channel, Galice Consolidated, Sterling, Lucky Boy, Oregon Security, Black Butte Quicksilver Mine, Almeda, LeRoy, Millionaire, Baby Mine, Williamsburg, Uncle Sam, Great Northern, Blue River, Gold Mine, Gold Hill, Nickel Mine, Chromate of Iron Mine, Poor Man's Mine, Treasury Mine and Badger Mine.

In the eastern part of the state, in Malheur, Grant, Baker and Union Counties, some of the greatest mines are located, and here also much Eastern capital is invested. There are a large number of quartz mills, besides a great deal of placer mining. The following is a partial list of some of the producing mines of this section: Alamo, Baisley Elkhorn, Belcher, Big Four, Blue Bird, Chloride, Copperopolis, Cougar, Cracker Jack, Cracker Oregon, Cracker Summit, Del Monte, Dixie Meadows, Emma, Eureka and Excelsior, Flagstaff, Golden Wizard, Gold Hill, Gold Ridge, Great Northern, Highland, I. X. L., Jay Gould, La Bellevue, Magnolia, Maid of Erin, Mammoth, Maxwell, May Queen, Midway, Monumental, Octo, Ohio, Oregon Monarch, Oro, Owl and Elephant, Security, Snow Creek, Standard Consolidated, Uncle Dan, White Swan, Yankee Boy.

The annual output of gold in this state at the present time is not less than \$6,000,000, a part of which might be attributed to the placer mines in operation, whereas the Government only give us credit for about \$1,800,000.

The renewed activity in the search for, and the development of these sources of wealth is due to many causes. It is apparent that under the present economic conditions,



Hydraulic Mining—Pipeman and a "giant" stream.

though all other products may fall in price from overproduction, the mining of gold cannot be overdone. The low price of labor, the extension of steam transportation and the highly improved methods of production and treatment of ores, are important factors in the development of the mining industry. When Kustell first announced his process of treating base ore by the chlorination method about thirty years ago, it was claimed that the ores must be worth at least \$25 per ton to make this process profitable. This method has now been improved upon so that today base ores worth not more than five dollars per ton can be worked to advantage.

Base ores running two dollars in gold, ten per cent in copper and three or four ounces in silver, and two or three per cent in lead are abundant in the Cascade Range. One mine belonging to the Almeda Company has a ledge of this character 100 feet wide and with over 500 feet of backings, showing more than one million tons of ore in sight at an average value of \$12 per ton in all metals. A smelter is in process of erection on this mine which is only one of the many now being opened up. The Connor Creek and the Virtue mines of Eastern Oregon, in Baker county, have been producers for the past thirty years.

The mining interests of Oregon are now beginning to grow and will continue to grow until the mining industry will be of paramount importance in this state, engaging the attention of a great number of people and calling for the employment of many skilled superintendents of knowledge. Mining is decried by many. For what reason? I make this as an assertion that for every dollar lost in mining there are a thousand lost in other industries. For the benefit of those who are uninformed as to the growth of the mineral industry in the United States I would respectfully refer the following statistics:

In 1880 the gold production of America had more than doubled, from \$36,000,000 a year to \$79,000,000.

During the year 1901 the precious metal mines of the United States added to our permanent wealth 3,805,500 fine ounces of gold, valued at \$78,666,700; 55,214,000 fine ounces of silver, commercial value, \$33,128,400, with a coinage value of \$71,387,800.

In 1902 the gold production of the United States reached the enormous amount of \$87,710,189. In 1903 it was \$74,425,340. Thus in three years was

For the past thousand years it has been the first duty of the miner to explore the surface of a country for minerals and metals. They are not only a necessity but an actual measure of civilization, for it cannot be denied that the country that possesses the greatest weight of manufactured metal has attained a corresponding degree of civilization and influence in the world.

To the prospector we owe much. He is the forerunner of development. He throws the niceties of life to the winds and strikes out into the solitude of the mountains where nothing but hardships await him. He bakes his bread in a frying pan and broils his bacon on the end of a stick. His bed is made of fir boughs and he sleeps with no protection but his revolver. He is a born speculator and takes long chances, but whether his home is in the log cabin or the hovel, he is a bee and not a drone in the hive of human industry—the kind of man that makes the world move and many such are to be found among our millionaires and statesmen.

I knew Alvonzo Hayward when it was said his credit was not worth a fifty-pound sack of flour. One year from that time his income from his mine was about a million dollars per day. He died a multi-millionaire. In the



Hydraulic Mining in Southern Oregon.

early '60's Senator George Hearst and myself prospected in the Northern part of Idaho and Eastern Washington on a diet of bread and bacon, using saddle blankets for our beds and saddles for our pillows, on the dry hard ground, and often found in the morning that rattlesnakes had been our sleeping companions. Hearst was a good and great man and died a multi-millionaire from his mines. Such men can be counted by the hundred.

Few people have any idea of what the development of a great mine means. The first step is the building of a wagon road to the mine by the nearest route. The next requisite is the building of a saw-mill in order to build sheds, barns, stables, boarding and bunk-houses, residences and a school-house.

A mail route, postoffice and store must be established, and the storekeeper reaps a rich harvest, as he handles all the cash and checks. It means an immense mill with great machinery for the reduction and treatment of the ore, adding millions to the national wealth and converting a howling wilderness into a thriving settlement that will endure perhaps for hundreds of years.

It is not generally known that Oregon possesses one class of people to whom "hard times" are unknown and who are unacquainted with want.

Of course we have all heard more or less of the Blue Mountains, but principally as the home of the black bear and the cougar, little thinking that they are also the home



Dam in Galice Creek for Placer Mines, Southern Oregon.

of hundreds of happy people for whose peaceful lot many in the city would gladly exchange all their holdings.

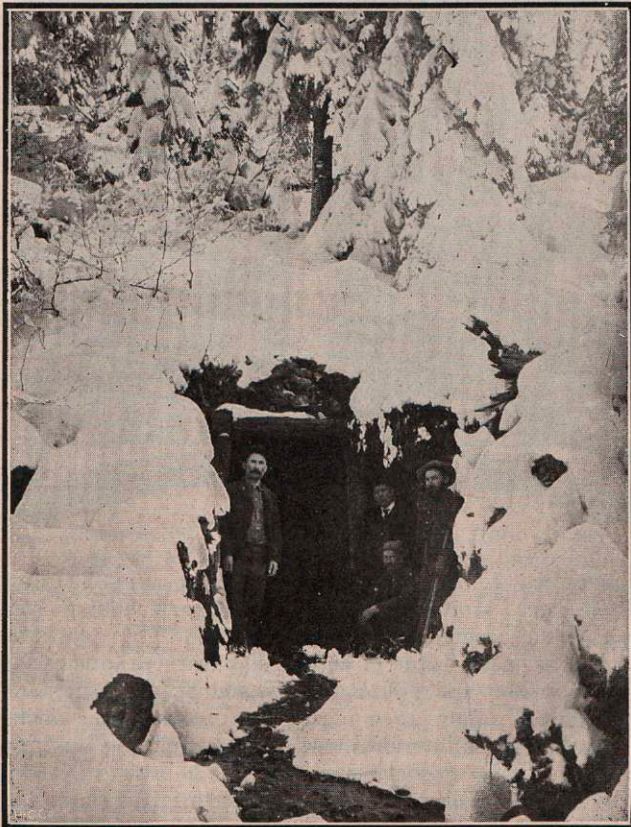
If you look upon the map of Oregon you will find that a large part of our state is composed of the Cascade and Blue Mountain ranges, and that many places in these mountains can be cultivated, good crops being grown. The climate compares favorably with that of Illinois and Iowa, the soil is of the richest and all kinds of cereals grow in abundance.

In 1893 when the hard times were on and the banks were failing all over the country and business was virtually suspended, while Coxey's army of idlers was on its way to Washington City, I was called to Eastern Oregon to examine a mining property, and took a trip through a large section of this country lying between Baker City and Prineville, through Canyon City, John Day, Granite Creek, and out to Pilot Knob in Umatilla county. I found this country rather thickly settled with what you might call the mining rancher, men who picked their locations with regard to timber, water, and chief of all to banks of gold-bearing gravel, which is more or less distributed throughout this region.

Having chosen this favorable locality for his ranch he settles down to stay, little caring how the rest of the world wags. I know of many men who have been in these mountains 25 years or more, who have raised their families there, and who are not only contented and happy but rich, some having as high as thirty thousand dollars in the bank.

Generally the mining claim is within a mile or more of the ranch and from this they take the wealth deposited by nature as a provision against hard times. Mining operations begin in March when the water commences to run. This is often brought a mile or more in a ditch, thence in iron pipes to the claim. When the sluices are set in the spring the piping begins and mining is continued for two or three months, night and day. As the water falls they commence to clean up the bedrock and sluices, the results often being from two to six thousand dollars. The flume boxes and riffles are then taken up and laid away for the next year's use. However, they are not wholly dependent upon the result of their mining operations, as they can always sell a few head of cattle.

After the mining operations are completed the gardening



The main working tunnel on the Vesuvius mine in the dead of Winter.

and ranching occupies the balance of the year. When the hay is cut and the log barn is full to provide for the stock during the winter, a four-horse team is rigged up and starts for Walla Walla or Pendleton to get the winter's supply of goods. All is made snug for winter and ten feet of snow-fall which is gladly welcomed as it means plenty of water for mining purposes. The roads are generally kept broken, however, and a twenty-mile ride in a bob-sleigh to a dance or a wedding is no unusual occurrence. Their tri-weekly mail brings them their school books, papers and periodicals of all kinds.

Their politics and religion are of the highest order and they are well informed on the questions of the day. They know all about the map of Asia and the war in the Orient. Taxes, wood, insurance and water bills do not bother them. Neither does the Dairy Commission, the State Board of Health, or microbes in the water, and many of them have a very snug bank account to their credit running up into the thousands. I know of three in particular who stuck to their claims until they had \$60,000 each, then sold them for \$40,000 and retired. There is still enough in these claims to make a dozen men rich.

Among these ranch miners are some old fossils, indolent and worthless. I once employed one of them to drive me a distance of 25 miles into Baker City. I asked the man how long he thought it would take me to make the trip and he said that if I took a pint bottle of whisky along he would drive me in about four hours, or if I did not we would be ten hours on the road. Needless to say I took the whisky along and made the trip on time. It was the first time I ever realized the motive power of whisky.

Certainly no place in the world affords so great an opportunity for geological research as the Cascade Mountains. On the little North Fork of the Santiam River the strata will be found well delineated upon the mountain sides which were once the floors of ancient oceans. These strata stretch out into the vista of unrecorded history.

When the west shore line of the continent lay east of what is now known as the Cascade Mountains and nearly all of what is Oregon and Washington were submerged, the mud flats that afterwards became the auriferous shales of the present Cascades, accumulated upon the ocean bottom to a great depth. In process of time the Cascade region and its westerly foothills began to emerge from the ocean but so slowly that for many centuries it remained comparatively low and flat. During this period the Pliocene rivers were born and their erosion commenced. With their many branches and ramifications they presented much the appearance of a wide-spread oak, whose branches traversed a region so broad and flat that in pursuing their devious courses they doubled on themselves and ran for long distances in various directions, meandering slowly through the great champlain forming islands, side-channels, bayous, deltas, and lagoons on their long journey to the ocean. Thus it was that the fluvial system which so puzzles the savants and scientists of the present day to decipher was plotted out. These rivers entered upon the work of eroding channels for themselves. The watersheds tributary to them were extensive, covering all of Eastern Oregon and most of the country now drained by the Columbia and Willamette Rivers.

Gradually as the earth-crust continued to be forced up and the grade became steeper and steeper, the current was accelerated and the erosive power augmented while the increased depth also tended to straighten the channels of these rivers, causing them to forsake portions of their former beds to seek more direct routes to the sea.

These ancient streams were the wearing out and transporting power, but all this material was barren, no gold having been ejected from its primary source — the depth of the earth. There was no need of it, no animal having yet been created to appreciate its many uses. The inhabitants of our globe down to and far into the Cenozoic age got along very well without it. The ichthyosaurus, the megatherium and the sauræ that wallowed in the



Gorge on Mt. St. Helens

FORD PHOTO

aquatic seas were of a non-commercial and a non-hoarding disposition. However, a notable event was about to happen in the progress of things terrestrial. Man was soon to appear on the scene of action, and Nature, anticipating the necessities and desires of this animal, made preparations for bringing up a portion of the auriferous metal from the molten interior of the earth and placing it within his reach. To this end she managed a little before his advent, geologically speaking, to inject into the slates and schists already tilted up, numerous gold-bearing quartz veins, besides making a considerable change in the igneous

rocks, impregnating them more or less with the royal metal from the hydro-thermal rocks.

The geological observer cannot fail to notice that the gold-bearing gravel of the Niocene rivers of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, with their watersheds, formed a mountain range as distinct as those of today and that its first summit in general coincided with the corresponding modern divide, which observation proves that the grade of the remaining Niocene gravel channels are, to a certain extent, determined by the direction in which they flowed. The slopes of the Cascades, as well as the Blue Mountains, have been considerably increased since the time when the Niocene rivers flowed over the surface. It seems probable from the study of the grade curves and the remains of the channels, that the surface of the mountains has been deformed during the uplifts, the most notable deformations having been caused by the subsidence of portions of the great valleys adjacent to the Columbia and Willamette Rivers.

These ancient gold-bearing river channels which are mostly buried in a mass of debris of volcanic material, are not only peculiar to Oregon but to California as well. A large part of the Blue Mountains and the eastern slope of the Cascades are capped with masses of volcanic material under which are buried these old channels. The experienced miner can determine at once channel-washed gold from these rivers from that which has been much later eroded from the quartz veins and porphyry rocks. The gold is rough and craggy and bears no resemblance to the smooth and flaky appearance of the former, and as the topography of Oregon has been nearly in its present form for the last two geological periods, what we call the buried or dead rivers, are the gulches and canyons of the present Cascade Mountains which were sealed up about the close of the Pliocene epoch of the tertiary period. This is notably the case east of the Cascade Mountains and along the John Day and Deschutes Rivers which have been much distorted, and the uplifts left many of these buried branches on the summit of the Blue Mountains. The rivers, when once changed, had to gather their waters together again, and in the hundreds of thousands of years that have elapsed these streams have eroded their new channels some places to the extent of thousands of feet.

The scenery of the Cascade Mountains is surpassingly beautiful and sublime. The writer has seen many of the beauties and wonders of the world; the towering peaks of the Andes, the burning Mauna Loa, the avalanches of the Arctic, the Heights of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, the vine-clad castles on the hills of the Rhine, the Bay of Naples with its villas, but none of these can compare in beauty and grandeur with the Cascade Mountains.

John A. Wakefield, director of concessions and admissions, is expected to be in Portland during the latter part of the present month. Mr. Wakefield is in St. Louis at present.

Director-General Goode is busy looking after the interests of the 1905 Fair in the East. He has already had several very successful conferences with the National Board in Washington, D. C., and these will be followed by others in St. Louis, where he will give his time to a careful and systematic examination of the government exhibits in order to select the most valuable and interesting features for transportation to Portland.

OLMSTEAD'S PARK SYSTEM FOR PORTLAND

A magnificent park system, which if carried out in all its details, will probably eclipse in national grandeur and beauty anything of its kind in the great cities of the world, has just been outlined for Portland by John L. Olmstead, the well-known landscape artist of Boston, at the request of the Portland Board of Park Commissioners. Mr. Olmstead's plan is of vast proportions, though not by any means elaborate in design, since prodigal nature has already bestowed upon this city such marvelous wealth of scenic effect that the problem largely resolves itself into the simple question of how the city may acquire and preserve this rich variety of landscape, before its primeval beauty is lost in the demands of commercialism.

Mr. Olmstead emphasizes this point in his official report when he says:

"The City of Portland is most fortunate, in comparison with the majority of American cities, in possessing such varied and wonderfully strong and interesting landscape features available to be utilized in its park system.

"The city ought surely to adopt the policy of securing as much as it can of lands which include these features within or adjoining its boundaries, and where it is impossible, owing to financial limitations, to secure them at once or soon, it should use every endeavor to prevent them from being occupied in such a way as to render it impossible for the city to take them at some time in the future, and to prevent the destruction of the forest growth existing upon them."

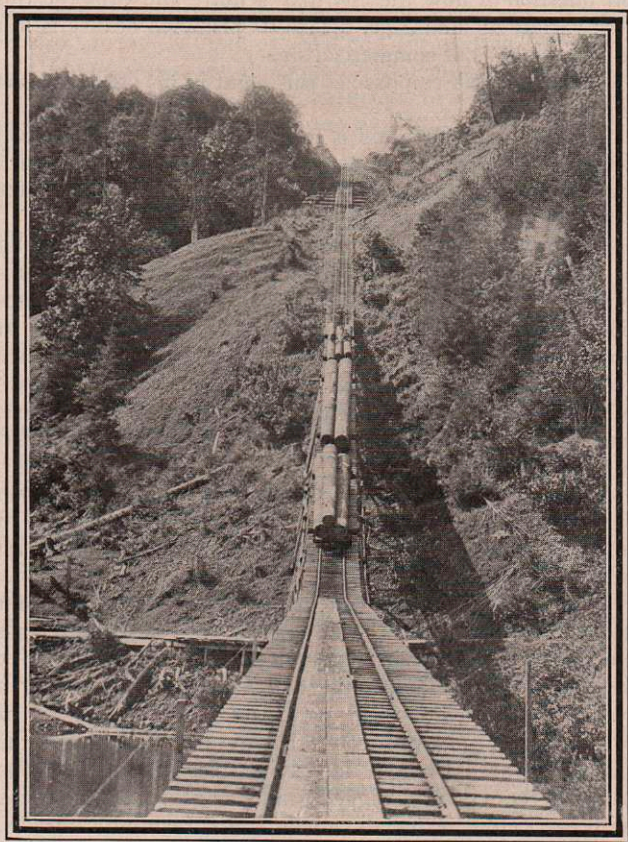
It is easy to see that Mr. Olmstead's plan is built upon the premise that Portland in 25 or 50 years will be in population and extent what she is even now in commercial prestige, — one of the greatest cities of the globe.

The park system outlined in the report embraces about a dozen separate parks, scattered at convenient intervals along both sides of the river, each park having a distinctive individuality of its own, the entire series connected by a system of boulevards and parkways. The diversity of prospect thus obtained could hardly fail to amaze the casual visitor. From a long-lying picturesque lake one passes to the wild and rugged grandeur of a mountain park with precipitous fern-clad canyon walls, foaming cataracts, and serpentine trail winding through the heart of an ancient forest whose magnificent tree-growth can hardly be equaled the world over. And this is all the more remarkable for being within the city limits.

Along the skyline, hundreds of feet above the city, commanding a wide view of a goodly portion of two states and the noble snow peaks of the Cascade Range, the boulevard takes one from height to height, through parks of incomparable charm, till the lower level of the river side is reached. Wooded islands affording delightful recreation grounds only a few minutes from the business heart of the city, are included in this park system. Driveways winding along the river bluffs at last reach the meeting place of the two rivers, the Columbia and Willamette, a few miles below Portland. Here a vast meadow park of several thousand acres, including lakeland and open grove, is advocated by Mr. Olmstead, where boating and fishing may be enjoyed by tired throngs from the busy mart.

This design in its entirety is an ambitious one for a city of 130,000 people. But Portland's citizens have unquestioning faith in the great future that awaits this young metropolis, and the Board of Park Commissioners, in the main, are in favor of following out Mr. Olmstead's ideas as far as practicable. The question will soon come up before the taxpayers for decision.

The Lumbering Industry in Columbia County



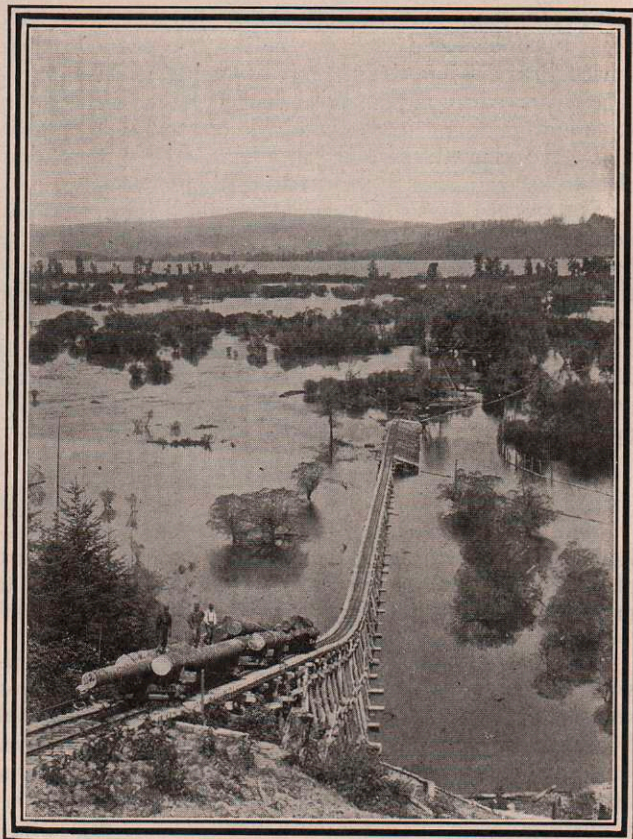
Logging Train of Yeon, Pelton & Co.

The great forests on either bank of the Columbia River are known the world over for their inestimable value. Government forest experts estimate that Oregon alone possesses 335,000,000,000 feet of standing timber, which if cut into boards one inch thick would cover a walk half a mile wide entirely around the earth. If this timber should be cut into lumber and sold at \$12.00 per thousand feet (a very low estimate) it would bring \$4,020,000,000. This is almost twice the amount of money, including gold, silver and bank notes in the United States on January 1, 1902. Another illustration is to compare these timber values with the California gold fields. Since the feverish rush for gold in 1848 up to the present time the total output of all the mines in California is less than \$1,500,000,000. In this century the forests of Oregon will add three times this amount to the nation's wealth. Columbia is one of Oregon's wealthy timber counties. Fifty years ago when the town of Rainier was founded one of the first industries established was a sawmill. Since that time hundreds of men have been constantly cutting the huge trees into saw logs and there still stands within the county's border 10,000,000,000 feet of the finest timber in the world.

Rainier, the principal town, occupies an imposing position at the foot of a high bluff overlooking the Columbia River, and is the scene of large milling industries. Her shipping facilities could not be improved, as the wharves will accommodate the largest vessels that enter the Columbia, and the main lines of the Northern Pacific Railway and Astoria & Columbia River Railway pass directly through the town.

The Rainier Mill & Lumber Company operates the largest sawmill in Columbia county. Its daily capacity is 60,000 feet, which is being increased from time to time. This mill has facilities for turning out "gang-sawed" kiln and air-dried flooring, ceiling, rustic, drop-siding, beveled siding, finishing lumber, door, sash and factory stock, and a general assortment of dimension timbers. The saw logs for this mill are taken out of the forest by Yeon, Pelton & Co., over one of the most wonderful logging roads in the world. The accompanying illustration shows three cars of logs being lowered by means of a wire cable over a bluff at an angle of about 35 degrees.

Rainier is also the home of the Columbia River Sash & Door Company, one of the largest establishments of its kind on the Coast. This is a new mill throughout, having

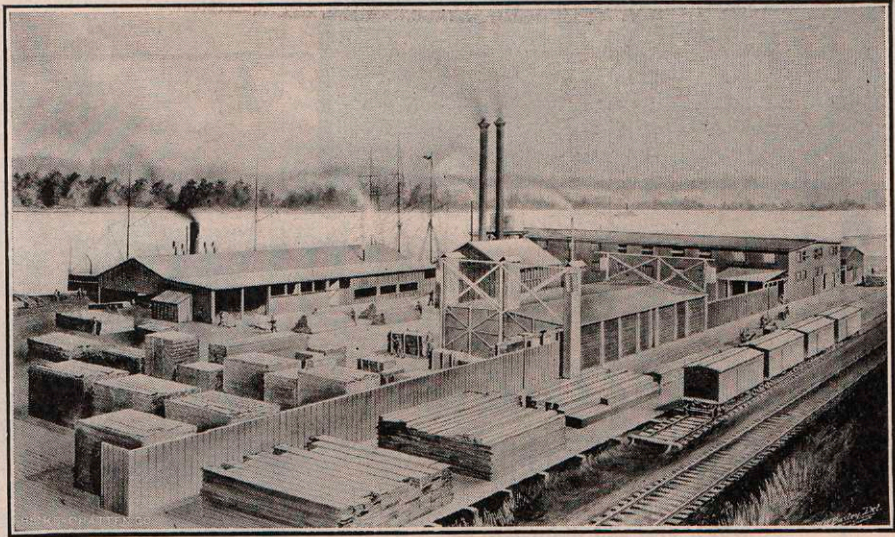


Scene at Rainier during the Summer freshet.

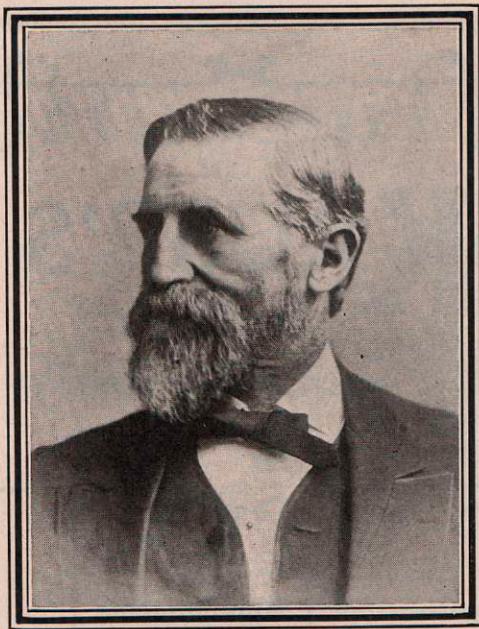
been recently designed and built by Mr. W. D. Plue, who is the president and general manager of the institution. No money was spared in fitting up this plant with the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of sash, doors, mouldings, brackets, turnings and all kinds of house and office mill work. About 800 doors are manufactured daily, besides many other similar products. The largest portion of their product is made from Oregon red cedar, which is famous everywhere for its non-shrinking and non-swelling qualities. The company also operates its own saw-mill which is fitted up with new and modern machinery, made expressly for preparing lumber for the sash and door factory.

The townsite of Rainier was originally taken as a donation land claim by Charles E. Fox, and at that time transportation between Puget Sound and Portland was carried on by means of stage and river boats to a point on the Columbia River opposite Rainier, where the traffic was transferred into small boats and taken across to Rainier, where it was loaded into river boats and carried to Portland.

All ocean steamers entering the Columbia transferred their cargoes at this point into smaller boats, as the channel at that time was too shallow for them to come further



Columbia River Door Company's Sash and Door Factory.



JUDGE DEAN BLANCHARD.

up the river. It was not long, however, before this difficulty was overcome and boats were built that could navigate in the shallow rivers tributary to the Columbia. The channel was deepened sufficiently to carry the largest vessels into Portland harbor. These improved conditions caused the downfall of Rainier and for a number of years the place was almost entirely abandoned, but not so for long, for men of keen foresight saw a great future for

this place because of its wealthy timber surroundings, and immediately set about rebuilding the mills that had gone to ruin. The postoffice was re-established, stores opened and the place again showed signs of activity.

The revival of the now thriving town of Rainier is largely due to the efforts of Judge Dean Blanchard who is that type of man who "does things." He was born at Madison, Maine, December 20, 1832, where he lived until ten years old. He removed with his parents to Woodstock, N. B., but only remained there about three years, when they returned to Maine. When twenty-one years of age, Judge Blanchard, like many others, sought his fortune on the Pacific Coast, journeying by boat via the Nicaragua route to San Francisco and thence to Portland, where he secured a position in Captain Knighton's general merchandise store at St. Helens. In 1855 he entered the government service against the Indian outbreak on the Snake River, during which rebellion he drove a six-mule team and had plenty of opportunity to study Indian methods of warfare. When peace was again restored he returned to St. Helens and for several years spent his time between Vancouver, where he clerked in the Indian department, Fort Colville, Walla Walla and St. Helens. The spring of 1862 found him managing the hardware business of G. W. Vaughn, in Portland, a position he maintained until the fall of 1863, when he moved to Rainier and purchased an interest in the sawmill of T. S. Trevett. It was not long before Mr. Blanchard bought Mr. Trevett's interest in the property, when he immediately enlarged the capacity of the mill, established a general merchandise store and took the lead in upbuilding the community. For thirty years Judge Blanchard served as postmaster of Rainier. In 1858 he was elected county auditor and served Columbia county as its first clerk. He was elected county judge in 1874 for four years and re-elected in 1878, but refused the nomination for a third term. During his administration of office Judge Blanchard was the sole manager of county affairs as there were no county commissioners, and all other county officers were filled by his appointment. In 1892 he was again elected to the judgeship during his absence and without his knowledge, which goes to show the high esteem in which he is held by his fellowmen. Judge Blanchard again refused the nomination in 1896 but is now serving the town as treasurer and his school district as clerk.

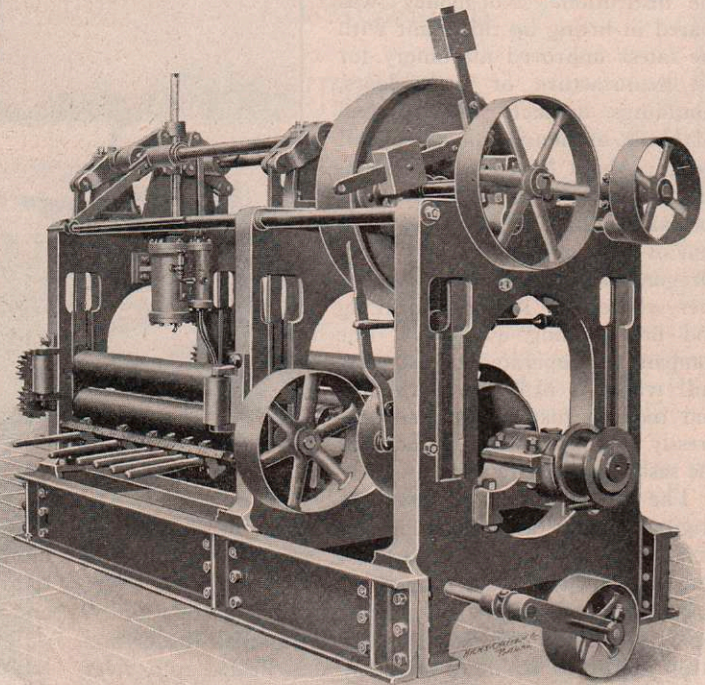


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PORTLAND'S GROWTH

It is not too much to say that few cities in the country promise greater growth than Portland in the next five years. The serious difficulty with most cities, particularly in the West, is that they overdo things and meet with the inevitable setback. No city in the whole West is in such fine business shape as Portland. Few cities are growing faster. And yet it is not nearly so well known as many other cities of less population and much less claim to metropolitan advantages.

But the dawn of a new day is here. The people are beginning to wake up to a realization of the fact that there is no better city in the country than Portland. They are beginning to appreciate its possibilities, to realize that it would be a crime against it and them if when the next Federal census is taken the population should fall short of 200,000.—*The Oregon Journal*.

The banner wool sale of the season, or indeed since 1892, took place June 2 at the little town of Shaniko, Eastern Oregon, one and a quarter million pounds being sold. The highest price realized was 17 $\frac{3}{8}$ cents. The 6,000,000 pounds of wool tributary to this point embrace some of the finest clips in the West. The first sale of the season took place May 26 at Heppner, Ore., when 1,500,000 pounds changed hands. June and July will see still heavier sales. The sealed-bid method in which sales days are designated so that a number of growers and buyers can get together, was inaugurated three years ago. The bids of the buyers are placed in a hat, the highest offer taking the clip, if the grower desires to accept it. This method has been very successful.

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Thriving Washington Counties

CLARKE COUNTY, in the extreme southern part of Washington. It has perfect drainage, a variety of soils adapted to every kind of farming and fruit-raising; climate mild and free from sudden or extreme changes; the finest water in the world; an abundant timber supply, mostly fir. Its industries are cheese and butter-making, fruit and vegetable canning, logging and lumbering, Italian prune growing and packing, poultry and cattle-raising, and general farming. **VANCOUVER**, county seat, on the Columbia River, the Hudson Bay Company established their first fort and trading post in 1824. It is now the most important city in Southern Washington, has hourly connection with Portland by ferry and electric line; railroad connection via Northern Pacific railway with the world; fine harbor. Has exceptional facilities for lumbering, manufacturers, and commercial pursuits. Sash and door factory and other similar enterprises wanted. Camas, well known for its paper mills, its school and churches, its beautiful lake and large water power. Ellsworth, "that enterprising hamlet," six miles above Vancouver, attracts attention. Ask why? Washougal, 15 miles east of Vancouver, is an important river shipping point, surrounded by a prosperous dairy, horticultural and agricultural district; important mining interests. For reliable information concerning Clarke County, address J. H. Ellwell, Vancouver, Wash.

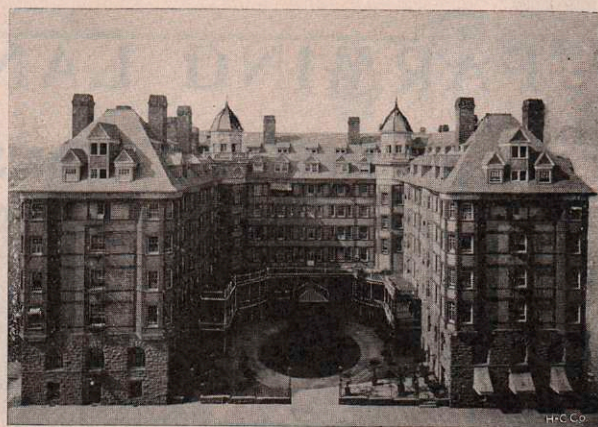
LEWIS COUNTY calls attention to its mild and delightful summer season; its immense timber resources; its brick and pottery clays; its farm lands, at low prices; its adaptation to diversified farming, hops, dairying, poultry and stock-raising; its excellent country and city schools; its ample mail and telephone facilities. **CHEHALIS**, the county seat, midway between Seattle and Portland, on N. P. Ry., with branch to Willapa Harbor, is the center for bulk of Lewis County trade. A fully equipped modern city of 3,000 population, planked streets, finest hotels, solid stores and store buildings, banks and shingle mills, furniture, sash and door, woodworking and condensed milk factories, etc. Citizens will welcome and assist any enterprising new-comer. Winlock, 14 miles from county seat, 77 miles from Portland, on Olegua Creek and N. P. Ry., has population of 1,000 and pay-roll of \$10,000 per month; a sawmill town, ship knee and spar manufactory, schools, churches, express, telephone and paper. Near by are abundance of good timber, farm lands, coal and potters' clay; distributing point for large district. Centralia has the most manufacturing interests of any town in Southwest Washington. Has immense lumbering interests. A good modern town, population 3,000; surrounded by timber country with much good farm and fruit lands in valleys. Branch railroad to Gray's Harbor points. Is 85 miles from Tacoma, on N. P. Ry. Address inquiries to W. H. Kenoyer, Chehalis, Wash.

KELSO, on N. P. Ry. and Cowlitz River. Population 1,000; has five sawmills and second largest shingle mill in state; four churches, school, bank, weekly newspaper, etc. Surrounding land is very fertile. Fine dairy country.

CASTLE ROCK, on N. P. Ry. and Cowlitz River. Has two sawmills, three churches, bank and weekly paper. Town lighted with electricity. Land about is a rich black loam. Inducements offered for location of industries.

BUCKLEY, on N. P. Ry., 30 miles from Tacoma. Population 1,500; saw and shingle mills; bank, weekly paper, good stores, good high school, five churches; electric lights, city water; pay roll \$10,000; good farm lands, soil very fertile and hop raising extensive; rural district prosperous. Homeseekers will please address Board of Trade.

PUYALLUP—Metropolis of the great Puyallup Valley, on main line Northern Pacific, eight miles from Tacoma and twenty-eight from Seattle. Population of city, 3,800; of valley, 20,000. Chief produce, lumber, boxes, hops, berries, fruits, garden produce, dairying and general farm products. Soil marvelously fertile, yielding profits from \$250 to \$500 per acre in berries and hops. Splendid educational advantages. All modern improvements. Hourly electric car service with Tacoma. Climate perfect. An ideal location. Steady and growing market for all products at top prices. The Puyallup Valley most famous in the West for its unrivalled resources. Homeseekers welcomed. Board of Trade will send literature.



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THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

NEWBERG, Yamhill County, an enterprising town of 1500 population; Yamhill Division of S. P. Ry., 26 miles from Portland, on the Willamette River, midway between Portland and Salem. In the center of fine fruit, hop, dairy and agricultural district; good Public School and Pacific College; seven churches; no saloons; two papers, two banks, express office, three rural deliveries, electric lights, superior water system, good stores, ice and cold storage plant; furniture, handle, pressed brick, common brick, tile and sash and door factories; two flour mills, sawmill, logging company, with monthly pay roll of \$10,000; lumber yards with all building materials; creamery, steam laundry, fruit dryers and packing establishments; grain elevator and two warehouses. For reliable information, address Morris & Smith.

LINN COUNTY—Heart of valley; prairie lands, foothills, timbered mountains; fertile soil; Willamette River, navigable, bounds county on west, receives Calapooia, Santiam rivers and two creeks; water power in every part of county; 200 miles of railway cross the county twice in each direction, connecting the mountains and the sea; a settled community of 60 years' growth, with graded schools and colleges; climate controlled by warm Japanese current and protected by two mountain ranges; stock, grain, grasses, vegetables and fruit in perfection and abundance. **ALBANY**, county seat, 80 miles south of Portland, on the Southern Pacific and the O. C. & E. Railways and the Willamette River, has population of 5000, three railroads, hotels, churches, ample school facilities with High School, Albany College and Academy; two daily papers, two banks, numerous factories, mills, warehouses, water works, electric lights, street-car and sewer systems, fine bridges, docks, etc. Address inquiries to Howard & Price, Albany, Oregon.

CORVALLIS invites attention to her educational, scientific and industrial institutions; she takes pride in her public buildings, city, county and state. This is the seat of the Oregon Agricultural College; a place of healthful, moral atmosphere, pastoral scenery and wholesome influences; situated at the head of navigation on the Willamette, at the terminus of the West Side division of the S. P. Ry., the junction of the C. & E. Ry., and styles itself the "Gateway to the Sea." It is a city of schools, churches, newspapers, banks and mills and first-class hotels, and is surrounded by a prosperous rural district. **CORVALLIS** is the capital of Benton county, the center of the matchless Willamette Valley; the county is watered by the Willamette and numerous mountain streams; the soil and climate are adapted to general farming, dairying and orcharding—a stock-farmer's paradise, where clover and vetch often produce three to five tons of cured hay per acre. Address White & Stone.

NEWPORT, Yaquina Bay, 60 miles west of Corvallis, on the C. E. Ry., claims the best summer and winter resort on the Pacific Coast; safe surf bathing, extensive beaches, rich agate beds, sailing and yachting, fresh and salt-water and deep-sea fishing; the luscious Yaquina Bay oyster, and the wonderful rock oyster, only obtainable here and in France; good hotel, cottage and camping facilities. For reliable details address S. G. Irving.

LINCOLN COUNTY—Organized in 1893, lies west of the Coast Range and midway of the Oregon Coast; indented by four good bays, crossed by the C. & E. R. R.; is well adapted to dairying and orcharding; cheese factory and creameries take all the milk produced; county offers granite quarries, coal fields, timber, orchard and dairy lands, while thousands of acres of wild mountain government lands afford open ranges. **TOLEDO**, the county seat, on the O. C. & E. R. R., 60 miles west of Corvallis, on Yaquina River, 12 miles below tide water, 12 miles from Newport and the harbor, and seven miles from the rich Siletz reservation, now open, is the principal city, occupying a healthful, slightly location, and is a good business point. Address Judge C. M. Brown, or O. O. Krogstad.

WOODBURN, Marion County, Oregon, situated at the junction of the Woodburn-Springfield branch of the S. P. Co., with its main line, 17 miles north of Salem and 35 miles south of Portland; the center and commercial mart of a region famous for the fertility of its soil; one result is that here are located the largest and oldest nurseries in the state; there is shipped annually about 125 cars of potatoes, 50 cars of onions, 5000 bales of hops. The city is lighted by electricity and supplied with water by the Union Light & Power Company; there are a number of manufacturing establishments, large stores, bank, hotels, etc. For

further information address Woodburn Board of Trade, Grant Corby, Secretary.

DOUGLAS COUNTY—Situated in the Umpqua River Valley; climate mild the entire year; watered by the North and the South Umpqua Rivers, with numerous streams and tributaries; soil black and red loam, very productive; grains, grasses, fruit, berries, poultry and stock; general contour of county mountainous, with many fertile valleys intervening; valuable timber on all the mountains; great wealth in minerals, coal, lime and marble; copper and gold found over entire county; vast nickel deposit in the southern portion; best section of the state for small diversified farming. **ROSEBURG**, the county seat, has population of about 4000 including suburbs; graded and high schools; two banks, two fruit packing houses, fine hotels and mercantile establishments, planing mills, lumber yards, two grist mills and all corresponding industries; end of all freight and passenger divisions of the S. P. R. R.; fine county buildings; is the site of the Oregon Soldiers' Home, U. S. Land Office and Government Signal Station; is a prosperous town in a thriving county.

LANE COUNTY—Large and progressive, invites investigation of its numerous streams, even temperature, rich soil, superior grain, hops, flax, vegetables and fruit; its advantages for stock raising, its timber lands, immense lumber industries, its gold mines and its other resources. **EUGENE**, the City of Homes, principal town and county seat of Lane County, situated at head of Willamette Valley, 123 miles from Portland, on the S. P. Ry., elevation 453 feet; population, 6000; is in every way an attractive, thriving city; has the Oregon State University, excellent high and common schools, and the Eugene Divinity School, beautiful surroundings, good city government, modern improvements, and especially good trade. Address inquiries to Real Estate Exchange, Eugene, Oregon.

OREGON CITY, at Willamette Falls, 12 miles from Portland by S. P. trains, steamers and motor cars, invites visitors to its beautiful scenery and points of interest. Here are canal locks, great water power plants and paper mills, and the largest woolen mills west of the Rockies. To homeseekers and investors it offers the advantages of a flourishing county seat; 4000 population; large pay roll. Willamette Falls, an enterprising suburb opposite, has cape and shoe factory; fine school and special attractions. Clackamas County offers mountain, hill and bottom land, clear or timbered, at from five to one hundred dollars per acre. Every variety of rural enterprise, with exceptional railroad and river shipping facilities. Address enquiries to C. N. Plowman & Co.

MARION COUNTY, "the county without a public debt," with a frontage of 40 miles on the Willamette River, sits in the heart of the most fertile portion of the valley and in the center of the largest hop producing district in the world. Much attention is paid to pure bred stock and dairying. Fruit is one of the great industries. Prunes, apples, pears, cherries and nearly all deciduous fruits grow to perfection. Large areas sown to wheat and oats produce abundant crops. Salem, the "city that lives within her means," the county seat and the capital and second city in size in the state, has within the limits established since the last census, a population of 13,560; Southern Pacific Railway Company runs 10 trains daily through the city; two lines of daily steamers ply to Portland; here are six state and Federal institutions; all lines of business, the local industries being headed by the finest woolen mills on the Coast. For reliable information address J. G. Graham, Secretary Greater Salem Commercial Club.

FOREST GROVE—College town in Northwest Oregon; seat of Pacific University, highest educational advantages; beautifully situated in prosperous agricultural and horticultural community, 26 miles west of Portland; dairy interests distribute \$60,000 cash monthly; quick railway service in every direction; good stores, banks, hotels, etc. Address Secretary of the Board of Trade.

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I am going to paint a picture with a pencil of my own:
I shall have no hand to help me, I shall paint it all alone:
Oft I fancy it before me and my hopeful heart grows faint
As I contemplate the grandeur of the picture I would paint.

When I rhyme about the river, the laughing limpid stream,
Whose ripples seem to shiver as they glide and glow and gleam,
Of the waves that beat the boulders that are strewn upon the strand,
You will recognize the river in the Canyon of the Grand.

When I write about the mountains with their heads so high and hoar,
Of the cliffs and craggy canyons where the waters rush and roar,
When I speak about the walls that rise so high on either hand,
You will recognize this rockwork in the Canyon of the Grand.

God was good to make the mountains, the valleys and the hills,
Put the rose upon the cactus, the ripple on the rills;
But if I had all the words of all the worlds at my command,
I couldn't paint a picture of the Canyon of the Grand.

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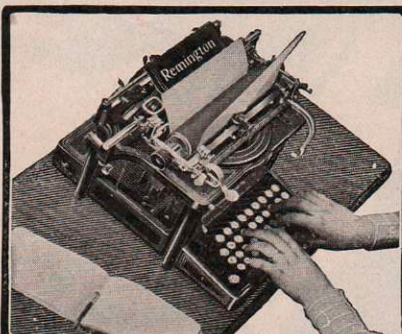
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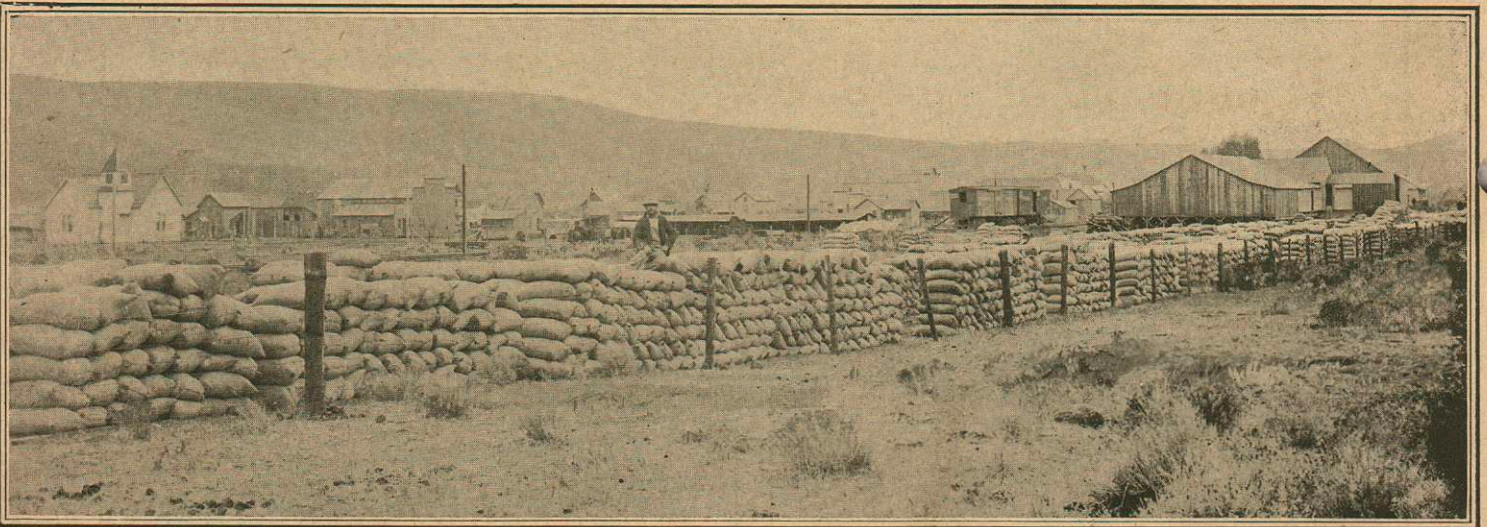
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